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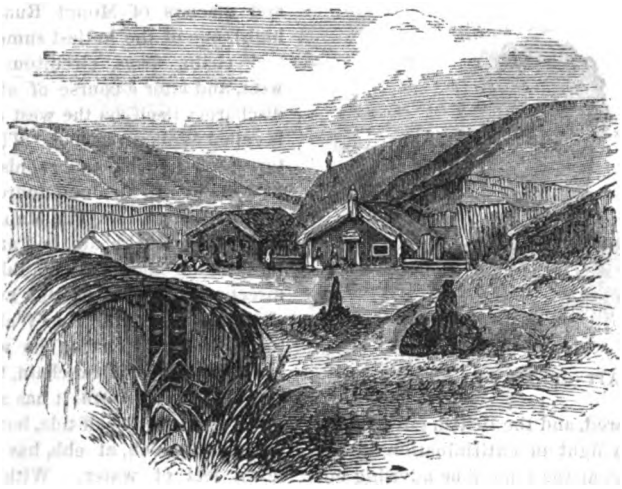
THE

DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII.—No. 1.....JULY, 1865.....WHOLE No. 127.

NEW ZEALAND AND ITS PEOPLE.



A NEW ZEALAND PAH.

WHEN the inhabitants of a certain part of the world have defended themselves for a long time against a brave foe, with all the modern instruments of war to assist him in the task of subjugation, it is but right and proper that the people of our country should know more of the land and inhabitants capable of such heroic resistance. New Zealand is the country and the New Zealanders are the people who have for so many months defied the power of the British nation. They are rude savages, nearly naked, armed with the most primitive of weapons, owning but few muskets of the oldest pattern, with hardly powder enough to load them, without military talent, destitute of help or resources of any kind from the outer world; yet these men have defeated numerous expeditions that have been sent against them, and caused several remarkable panics in the ranks of well-disciplined English soldiers and sailors.

One reason for this is the mountainous condition of the country. The natives are acquainted with every foot of the territory. They know where to make a stand, and when to retreat so as to draw on the confident foe, and lure him to his destruction. Their chief, Ko-towa-towa, is a shrewd fellow, and never fights unless the advantages are all in his favor. He makes no rash attacks, but his de-

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fences are obstinate in the extreme, and much mourning has he and his followers caused in Great Britain.

The New Zealanders are fighting for their homes, of which the English seek to despoil them. The natives claim the land as theirs by the right of settlement, and are unwilling to leave territory which they have considered their own for years. The English farmers wish to expand, and do not like the natives for neighbors. Besides, they claim the islands on the ground of discovery, ignoring the rights of the original inhabitants. When the black, tattooed savages refused to give up their farms, the settlers fired their cabins, their crops, killed their cattle, insulted the men, ill-treated the women, and were much surprised when the New Zealanders resisted such oppression, and raised their hands against it. They committed retaliatory acts, murdered the whites, burned their houses, and at last

PORTRAIT OF KO-TOWA-TOWA.

war was declared, and the British government commenced a fight of extirmination, killing old and young, at the same time advising our government to deal with the rebels of the Southern Confederacy in a gentle manner, forgetting the cruelties which were perpetrated in one of its colonies, towards a people who had been goaded to madness by wrongs.

But we have no desire to show the inconsistency of Great Britain. We wish to give our readers some reliable account of New Zealand and its people, so will state that it is a group of islands in the South Pacific Ocean, latitude 34.20 west, 47.30 south, and longitude 166 to 177 east, and consists chiefly of two principal islands, the one called North Island, New Ulster, or Eaheinomauwe; and the other, Middle Island, New Munster, or Tavai-Poenameo; and of a much smaller island, called New Leinster, Stewart, or South Island; length of the whole group, north to south, measured on a line curving nearly through their centres, about 12,000 miles; area estimated at about 97,000 square miles.

The streams which descend from the mountains of New Ulster are extremely numerous; and several of them have much greater lengths than might be expected, from the extent of the island and the configuration of its surface. In general, however, they are mere mountain torrents, totally unfit for any navigable purpose, both in consequence of the rapidity of their current and the rugged nature of their channel, and still more of the immense deposits of shingle, which they have brought down in their course, and deposited at their mouths, and in which they are not unfrequently altogether lost before reaching the ocean. The largest of the rivers are the Waikato, augmented by the Waipa, and the Manawotu. The former rises in the snows and glaciers of Mount Ruapehu (9000 feet high), one of the loftiest summits of the central chain, flows circuitously north-northwest, and after a course of about 250 miles, discharges itself on the west coast, into what is called Waikato harbor. Though much interrupted by falls and rapids, it is navigable from its mouth for one hundred miles by vessels of thirty tons. The Manawotu, rising in the same central chain, and at no greater distance from the Waikato, takes an opposite direction, and, after flowing nearly due south, along the base of the Rua Wahine mountains, turns west, and forcing its way across a depression of the central chain, falls into Cook's Strait. At its mouth, it has a width of three hundred yards at half-tide, but is encumbered by a bar which, at ebb, has not more than seven feet of water. Within the channel deepens, and is navigable by small vessels for fifty miles. Most of the streams have their sources in lakes, many of them obviously filling the craters of extinct volcanoes; and though often not of great extent, so embosomed among mountains and magnificent forests, as to present scenery of extraordinary grandeur and beauty. The largest of all the lakes is Taupo, situated near the centre of the main body of the island, of an irregular triangular shape, about thirty-six miles long, by twenty-five miles broad. About thirty-five miles northeast from it, is Lake Roto-Rua, which forms nearly a perfect circle of eight miles in diameter; and is remarkable for the number of hot springs which rise close to its banks. Wairarapa, and several other lakes

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near the extremity of the island, cover an area of about 50,000 acres. In the same locality is one of the most extensive plains of the island, occupying an area of above six hundred square miles.

As yet a considerable portion of the two principal islands remains unexplored, and of course any attempt yet made to describe the geological structure must be very imperfect. Almost all the loftier summits bear obvious indications of having been either volcanic cones or craters, and in the truncated cone of Tongariro, situated in the central chain of the north island, considerably east of the settlement of New Plymouth, at the height of 6200 feet, the volcanic force is still active.

NEW ZEALAND WARRIORS.

Many other parts bear manifest signs of frequent upheavements and violent convulsions, and since 1846 numerous shocks of earthquake have been felt, particularly at Wellington, where, in October, 1848, the shocks were so violent as to shatter most of the houses and public buildings, and spread general terror and dismay, causing damage to an amount estimated at $75,000. Granite seems to be of rare occurrence, but isolated masses of quartz occur in various places. On the west side of the north peninsula of New Ulster, near the mouth of the Hoki-anga, transition slate is abundant; in the vicinity of Auckland the strata form cliffs of a soft pepper-colored sandstone, or sandstone conglomerate, with occasional seams of lignite. New Zealand appears to be rich in remarkable fossils of birds. The most extraordinary of them is the Gigantic Moa (*Dinornis Giganteus*), some species of which must have been from ten to fourteen feet high. The natives affirm that it is not extinct, and that living specimens of it still exist in the almost inaccessible forests of the interior. It is probable, from the geological structure of New Zealand, that minerals of much value will be discovered. Rumors of rich auriferous deposits have repeatedly been heard, but hitherto it has not been found in sufficient quantity to render its extraction profitable. Copper-mines have been opened in the vicinity of Auckland with satisfactory results; sulphur also is very abundant, and titaniferous iron is found in various places. There are also indications of tin, lead, silver, bismuth, and nickel.

In a country stretching through twelve degrees of latitude, covered by mountain ranges, several of them clothed with perpetual snow, and exposed along an east coast of above 1500 miles to the tempestuous winds and dense clouds which are carried from the antarctic circle to the warm regions of the north, the climate is necessarily very much diversified. The characteristic feature in the climates of both principal islands is humidity. At Auckland the annual quantity of rain is 51.84. The climate of New Zealand is remarkably healthful; and although at Auckland the number of days in which rain falls

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is 179, yet other parts of the islands enjoy a larger number of dry days, even if the total quantity of rain that falls be not any less. The summer months of December and January, and the autumn months of February, March and April, are the driest.

New Zealand, with the adjoining groups of Chatham, Auckland, Macquarie, forms a botanical centre from which a peculiar class of vegetable forms is supposed to have issued. The species at present known are 632, nearly equally divided between the monocotyledonous, the cellular, and the dicotyledonous plants. Some of them are more than thirty feet high, and remarkable for the elegance of their forms. One of the most common is the *Pteris esculenta*, the root of which is used as food by the natives, and greedily devoured by pigs, which, in consequence of its abundance, are now running wild in great numbers. Another remarkable plant of great economical value is the flax-plant (*Phormium tenax*), which seems so natural to the climate that it is found in almost all situations, on the driest hills, in swamps, and on the seashore, within reach of the spray. One species of the *Phormium* has leaves twelve feet and flower-stalks twenty feet long. The finest flax is obtained from a cultivated variety.

The animal kingdom is extremely limited. Captain Cook found no trace of any quadrupeds except a sort of fox dog, and a few rats, and no others have since been discovered. Of the animals which have been introduced, the hog thrives best and multiplies prodigiously, finding abundance of food in the fern root, and occasionally varying it with the oysters and immense cockles strewn upon the shore. All the other common European quadrupeds appear to be easily acclimated. Birds are not remarkable either for variety, song or plumage, but exhibit in the Apterix, so called from having no wings, one of the most curious and gigantic class of birds in existence. Several varieties of whales and seals were so abundant on the coasts when first visited, that great hopes were entertained of establishing productive fisheries of them; but the capture of them was pursued so ruthlessly, without sparing the breeding whale and her young, that a most important source of revenue has been almost destroyed. The coast still teems with minor fish, among which one of the best is the *Hapuka*, resembling the cod, but superior to it both in nutritive properties and flavor, and weighing from ten to seventy pounds, and occasionally one hundred pounds. The natives of New Zealand, supposed to belong to the Malay family, furnish, perhaps, the finest specimens of savage man. The men are tall, strong and active; the women often handsome, and both sexes almost uniformly well shaped, and dressed in mats of various kinds, made of the native flax, braided by the hand, some of them very coarse, and worn by the women, and others finer than carpeting. Filthy in their habits, they seldom bathe themselves, or wash their clothes, which are usually worn till they drop off from age. Their intellectual and moral qualities keep pace with their physical, and with the exception of cannibalism and infanticide, both of which, though once common, have been almost extirpated, they have either never been addicted to, or have ceased to practise, the vices common among savage tribes. They practise tattooing, and form designs over their bodies of remarkable elegance. They usually live in villages, or "pahs," situated frequently on an eminence, and generally surrounded by a palisade, sometimes strengthened so as to form a strong defence against infantry. But, though esteemed intelligent, they are, in respect of the construction of their houses, much behind other islanders of the South Pacific. Their houses are small, low, begrimed with soot, besmeared with grease, and filled with filth. Those of the chiefs are larger than those of the people generally, and are often ornamented in front with rude and grotesque carvings.

New Zealand was first discovered by Tasman, in 1642, but little was known of it till the visits of Cook, in 1769 and 1774. Its coasts were afterwards repeatedly visited by whalers and others; but the first permanent settlement was made in 1815, when a missionary station was established in the Bay of Islands. It had been long recognized as a British possession, but no regular authority was established by government till 1833, when a resident was appointed, with very limited powers, and subordinate to the government of New South Wales. In 1840 it was erected into a colony, and in 1841 was formally separated from New South Wales, and placed under its own independent governor. The principal settlements yet made are those of Auckland (the capital), New Plymouth and Wellington in New Ulster, and of Nelson, Canterbury and Otago in New Munster.

The population of the islands is about 160,000 at the present time. Of this number the natives embrace 140,000, or perhaps a few

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EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

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thousand less. They have taught the world a lesson of endurance and heroism, and in spite of their dirt and barbarity, should be respected even by their enemies.

BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

In the June number of the DOLLAR MONTHLY we published an engraving representing one section of the interior of the Boston Athenæum. We now present our readers with a striking view of the outside of the building. It is located on Beacon street, a few steps from Tremont street; is 114 feet front, of irregular breadth, and sixty feet high. It is built of Patterson freestone, and the front is quite plainly ornamented, no pretensions being made to show. Light and convenience were desired by the architect, and they were attained. Some of the choicest books in the country can be found at the Athenæum. We have several other designs of the interior of the building, which we shall publish when we have room for them.

THE MAGIC LANTERN.

The representation we give on page 18 is a picture of the magic lantern, one of the most popular of the scientific toys employed by "professors" and others, for the amusement of young people at "entertainments" and evening parties. Generally admired, however, as are the effects so produced, there are very few lads capable of properly working the magic lantern. But there is no reason why this want of knowledge shou'd prevent boys —or, at any rate, the boys who read the Dollar Monthly—from amusing themselves and delighting their friends with this capital optical toy.

To produce an entertainment with the magic lantern, various apparatus is necessary. First we must have the lantern itself, with its lamp and means of lighting it; next the painted slides; and lastly, a white sheet or screen on which to reflect the images painted on the slides.

We presume that most of our readers are acquainted with the form of the oblong box known as the magic lantern. Here is a diagram showing the general arrangement of the lamp, and the reflector at the back, next the handle. The slides are slipped in immediately behind the lens, and the rays of light passing through, cause the images to be reflected on the screen. The slides must be reversed, or turned upside down, in order that the figures painted on them may appear in an upright position. The room is to be darkened; and then, before the exhibition commences, the operator will do well to discover the focal length of the lens—that is, the proper distance between the lantern and the screen, so that the images may be distinct and clear. The lenses employed are a plano-convex—or what is commonly known as a "bull's-eye"—nearest the light, and a double convex glass for the focusing of the picture, which must be inverted. This is the reason why the slide must be turned upside down in the slit of the lantern.

Now, then, you may commence your entertainment. Place the slides in the slit, and adjust the focus according to your subject, by drawing out and pushing back the tube in front of the lens. In all good lanterns this tube is constructed on the principle of a telescope or opera-glass. Numerous subjects may be chosen for representation, landscapes, portraits, a storm at sea, summer and winter, comic faces, etc. The transition from summer to winter, or a landscape, or from a calm to storm at sea, is produced by two slides, one of which is slowly withdrawn while the other is inserted. By this means many curious and laughable effects may be produced; eyes may be made to roll, mouths to open and shut, heads to nod, etc. Many instructive subjects may also be shown, as the motions of the sun, moon and planets, etc. By means of a double glass fixed in a frame, with a handle to turn the slides in opposite directions, you may produce that great variety of beautiful revolving figures called Chinese fireworks.

Few philosophical toys may be made so useful as the magic lantern, and hence its frequent adoption in educational lectures, etc.

THE CONDOR.

The condor is an enormous bird, having a warty excrescence on the crown of the head, and a naked throat. It inhabits South America, and its size is so great that the wings, when extended, measure twelve or sixteen feet from tip to tip. The largest quill feathers of the wings sometimes measure two and a half feet in length, and the quill part one and a half foot in circumference.

The body is of a black color with a white back; the neck is surrounded with a collar of longish white feathers; the chin is reddish; the head is clothed with brown down or wool; the eyes are black with chestnut or light red-

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dish irides; the bill is black with a whitish point; the legs and feet are black, and the claws are straight. The tail is quite small. The female is considerably larger than the male, which it resembles, except in having a tuft or crest on the back part of the neck.

The condor builds its nest on the highest mountains, under the shelter of some project-

THE CONDOR.

ing shelf of a rock, in which the female lays two white eggs. It preys on calves, sheep, goats, and such animals, and when very much pressed by hunger, it has been known to carry off children of ten years of age, and two of them are said to be able to devour the carcase o a cow at one meal.

When it alights upon the ground or rises from it, the noise of its wings is such as to terrify and almost to deafen any one who happens to be near the place. The Indians kill a cow or other animal, and moisten its flesh with the juice of some strong intoxicating herb, then bury the body till it putrifies. In this state they take it up and lay it on the ground. When the birds come near they are intoxicated with the odor and rendered motionless. In this state the Indians in wait softly draw near, suddenly fall upon them and kill them. This lure is successful with the largest birds. We have seen as many as half a dozen lying on the mole in Valparaiso, with head and feet tied together to prevent escape or attack. The Indians or Chilians bring them to the city on horseback and sell them to foreigners as curiosities.

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A DAY IN JULY.

BY EARL MARBLE.

Steal soft and warm, O breathing wind!
From out the lazy western skies,
And bring back scenes long since enshrined
Beyond the ken of tearful eyes.

Breathe softly from the occident,
And hasten quickly to the sea,
The turmoil sad from waves nigh spent
Thus bearing far away from me.

You clear the clouds that lingered low
Round memory's dull horizon,
Revealing to glad eyes the glow
That shimmered round a day far gone,—

A day that glistened in life's morn
With sparkling gems of hope and love,
Like blushing rose, to beauty born,
Bedecked with dewdrops from above.

The shade beneath the old "twin-tree"
That stood upon the meadow's rise
Ne'er seemed so grateful, Nannie Dee,
As then, when gazing in your eyes.

Adown their depths gleamed worlds of love,
As we sat gaily chatting there:
While you bouquets of magic wove,
I knotted garlands in your hair.

I had lain there an hour or more,
And fought persistent gnats and flies,
While listening to the sea's dull roar
That sounded so like lovers' sighs.

I watched the growing load of hay
That slowly plodded through the field,
And heard the farmers' laughter gay
That o'er the meadow loudly pealed.

Then, as I gazed along the fence
That led towards the distant cot,
I heard a joyous song from thence,
And saw you winding round the lot.

The ribbons of your broad-brimmed hat
Hung loosely in the summer air,
And soon you revelled in the mat
Of flowers spread in richness there.

A very load you culled, and stored
Away to deck your simple home,
And then tripped lightly o'er the board
That spanned the brooklet's tiny foam.

A swelling song burst from your soul,
As once again you homeward turned,
And through the air in fervor stole
To be for aye in memory urned.

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A glance around the meadow's sward,
And quickly died the song away;
And then, without a sound or word,
You turned your steps to where I lay.

And that is how we chanced to sit
Beneath the meadow's great "twin-tree,"
And whisper each the faintest bit
Of story old as is the sea.

And here I sit again, and dream
Of all the wealth that then was mine;
And fancies troop so thick I seem
To see your face in radiance shine

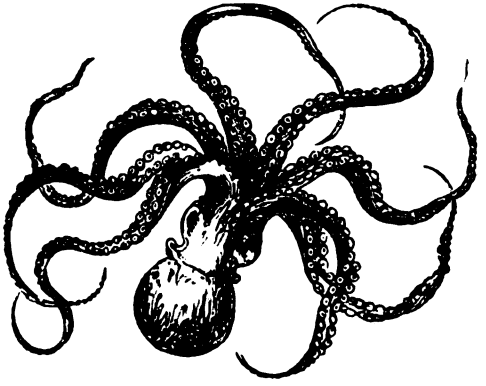
Upon yon white-winged cloud of noon,
That rests so calmly in the skies,—
So like a peaceful, calm lagoon
Stretched from the Sea of Paradise.

* * * * *

O watchers in the silent way
That cleaves the earth from heaven's light!
Why send ye ne'er a single ray
Of brightness o'er the fearful night,

That mourners here may pierce the gloom,
And see again the forms of yore
That gladdened them when love was bloom,
And ere the *one* had "gone before"?

THE CUTTLE-FISH.



The common cuttle-fish when it is in danger of being taken, is said to emit a black liquid, like ink, contained in a bag near the colcum, in considerable quantities, whereby the water being obscured, it finds an opportunity of escaping; and from this property it has donned the name of the ink-fish. It is not wholly a stranger to our seas, as appears from its bones being found on our shores, and it is occasionally caught on the southern coasts of England, but more frequently on those of Italy. It is provided with eight arms and two long tentacles, all of which radiate from around the head. The tentacles are provided with suckers, and reach beyond the arms to seize prey, and serve also to moor the animal. The suckers hold so fast to objects that the limb will part from the body before they let go. By means of their arms they walk on the bottom with their heads downward. The same organs aid them in swimming, and a propelling force is obtained by violently ejecting water from their branchial chamber.

The eggs, the scales, and the black fluid of the fish are used as medicine. They also enter into the composition of dentrifrice powders. The goldsmiths use them to make their moulds for casting spoons, forks, toys, etc., because their spongy part easily receives the impression of metals. The ink is used as the basis of China ink, and for drawing is in many respects preferable to China ink. The pulverized bone is also used in the polishing of silver.

It is said that the Greek women use the back bone of the cuttle-fish as a pin-cushion. In the Isle of Scio they calcine it and reduce it to a very fine black powder, with which they blacken their eyebrows.

The solid and most osseous part is the bait with which the Greek fishermen furnish their lines in order to take the rarer eight-armed cuttle-fish.

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THE LAMP FISH.

A human body is a kind of locomotive furnace that has to be kept up to a given temperature by fuel—its food. Under a tropical sun not much fuel is needed, and that of a sort that will not keep up a large fire. Man, therefore, wears clothes made from vegetable fibre, and eats fruit and rice, the lowest in the scale of heat-making materials. Far north, among the Polar ice, where you cannot touch metal without its taking the skin off your fingers, the human locomotive is protected by thick coverings of fur. The native takes the jackets from his furry four-footed companions and covers his own skin with them. But the grand oil springs, the locomotive's necessary coal mines, in another form, are in the bodies of the great seals and whales. Oil and blubber burn rapidly, and give out a large amount of heat. With a fur suit outside, and inside a feed of seal's flesh washed down with seal's oil, the steam of life is kept up very easily.

But all the fat of the sea is not in the bodies of those great blubbery whales and seals. There is a fish, living far north, small in size, not larger than the smelt, that is fat beyond all description. It is clad in glittering silver armor, and, on the coasts of British Columbia, Russian America, and Queen Charlotte's Island, is called by the natives Eulachon, or Lamp Fish.

My lot having been cast for some time in those desolate regions, I have had both leisure and opportunity to make this fish's intimate acquaintance. I have played the spy upon its habits, its coming and going, and have noted how it is caught and cured.

My home is in an Indian village on the north shore of British Columbia, latitude fifty-four degrees forty minutes north. The village is prettily situated on a rocky point of land, chosen, as all the Indian villages are, with an eye to prevention of surprise from concealed foes. Rearward it is guarded by a steep hill, and it commands from the front the entrance to one of those long canals, like the fiords of Norway, here often running thirty or forty miles inland.

The village consists of ten or fifteen rude sheds, about twenty yards long and twelve wide, built of rough cedar planks; the roof a single slant covered with poles and rushes. Six or eight families live in each shed. Every family has its own fire on the ground, and the smoke, that must find its way out as best it can, through cracks and holes (chimneys being objected to), hangs in a dense upper cloud, so that a man can only keep his head out of it by squatting on the ground. To stand up, is to run a risk of suffocation. Under the smoke are the children, of all ages, in droves, naked and filthy; blear-eyed old squaws squatted around the smouldering logs; innumerable dogs, like starving wolves, prick-eared and sore-eyed, snappish brutes, unceasingly engaged in faction fights and sudden duels, in which the whole pack immediately take sides. Felt, but not heard, are legions of bloodthirsty fleas that would try their best to suck blood from a boot, and by combined exertions would soon flay alive a man with clean and tender skin.

The moon near its full creeps upward from behind the hills. Stars one by one are lighted in the sky. Not a cloud flecks the clear blue. The Indians are busy launching their canoes, preparing war against the lamp fishes, which they catch when they come to the surface to sport in the moonlight. As the rising moon now clears the shadow of the hills, her rays slant down on the green sea, just rippled by the land breeze. And now, like a vast sheet of pearly nacre, we may see the glittering shoals of the fish. The water seems alive with them. Out glides the dusky Indian fleet, the paddles stealthily plied by hands far too experienced to let a splash be heard. There is not a whisper, not a sound, but of the measured rhythm of many paddles, as the canoes are sent flying towards the fish.

To catch them, the Indians use a monster comb or rake: a piece of pine wood from six to eight feet long, made round for about two feet of its length, at the place of the hand grip; the rest is flat, thick at the back, but thinning to a sharp edge, into which are driven teeth about four inches long, and an inch apart. These teeth are usually made of bone, but when the Indian fishers can get sharp-pointed iron nails, they prefer them. One Indian sits in the stern of each canoe to paddle it along, keeping close to the shoal of fish. Another, having the rounded part of the rake firmly fixed in both hands, stands with his face to the bow of the canoe, the teeth pointing sternwards. He then sweeps it through the glittering mass of fish, using all his force, and brings it to the surface, teeth upwards, usually with a fish impaled on every tooth, sometimes with three or four upon one tooth. The rake being brought into the canoe, a sharp rap on the back of it knocks the fish off, and another sweep yields such another catch. It is wonderful to see how rapidly an Indian

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A VIEW IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH.

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will fill his canoe with lamp fish by this rude method of fishing. The dusky forms of the savages bend over the canoes, their brawny arms sweep their toothed sickles through the shoals, stroke follows stroke in swift succession, and steadily the canoes fill with their harvest of living silver. When they have heaped as much as the frail craft will safely carry, they paddle ashore again, drag the boats up on the shelving beach, overturn them as the quickest way of discharging cargo, relaunch, and go back to rake up another load. This labor goes on until the moon has set behind the mountain peaks, and the fish disappear—for it is their habit rarely to come to the surface except in the night. The sport over, we glide in under the dark rocks, haul up the canoe, and lie before the log fire to sleep long and soundly.

The next labor is that of the squaws, who have to do the curing, drying, and oil-making. Seated in a circle, they are busy stringing the fish up. They do not gut, or in any way clean them, but simply pass long smooth sticks through their eyes, skewering on each stick as many as it will hold, and then lashing a smaller piece transversely across the ends, to prevent the fish from slipping off the skewer. This done, next follows drying, which is generally achieved in the thick smoke at the top of the sheds, the sticks of fish being there hung up side by side. They soon dry, and acquire a flavor of wood smoke which helps also to preserve them. No salt is used by Indians in any of their systems of curing fish. When dry, the lamp fish are carefully packed in large frails made from cedar bark or rushes —much like those one buys for a penny at Billingsgate—then they are stowed away on high stages made of poles, like rough scaffolding. This precaution is essential; for the Indian children and dogs have an amiable weakness for eatables, and, as locks and keys are unknown to the redskin, they take this way of baffling the appetites of the incorrigible pilferers.

The bales are kept until required for winter. However hungry, or however short of food an Indian family may be during summer-time, it seldom will break in upon the winter "cache."

I have never seen any fish half as fat and as good for Arctic winter food as these little lamp fish. It is next to impossible to broil or fry them, for they melt completely into oil. Some idea of their marvellous fatness may be gleaned from the fact that the natives use them as lamps for the lighting of their lodges. The fish, when dried, has a piece of rush pith, or a strip from the inner bark of the cypress-tree (Thugia gigantea), drawn through it, a long round needle made of hard wood being used for the purpose; it is then lighted, and burns steadily until consumed. I have often read comfortably by its light; the candlestick—literally a stick for the candle—consists of a bit of wood split at one end, with a lamp fish inserted in the cleft.

These ready-made sea candles, little dips wanting only a wick that can be added in a minute, are easily transformed by heat and pressed into liquid. If the Indian drink instead of burning them, he gets a fuel in the shape of oil that keeps up the combustion within himself, burnt and consumed in the lungs, just as it was by the wick, but giving only heat. It is by no mere chance that myriads of small fish, in obedience to a wondrous instinct, annually visit the northern seas, containing within themselves all the elements necessary for supplying light and heat and life to the poor savage who, but for this supply, must perish in the bitter cold of the long dreary winter.

As soon as the Indians have stored away the full supply of food for winter, all the fish subsequently taken are converted into oil. If we take a stroll down to the lodges near the beach, we shall see for ourselves how they manage it. The compound odor that breaks over us like a wave, is not such as the breezes waft from the Spice Islands. It fairly sets one a sneezing by its potency. There is an indescribable mixture of putrid fish and rancid oil, with a strong savor of dog and many other disagreeables. The fish reserved for oil-making have been piled in heaps until partially decomposed; five or six fires are blazing away, and in each fire are a number of large round pebbles to be made very hot. By each fire, are four large square boxes, dug out from the solid pine-tree. A squaw carefully piles in each box, a layer of fish about three deep, and covers them with cold water. She then puts five or six of the hot stones upon the layers of fish, and when the steam has cleared away, carefully lays small pieces of wood over the stones. More fish, more water, more stones, more layers of wood, and so on, until the box is filled. The oil-maker now takes all the liquid from this box, and uses it over again instead of water in filling another box, and skims the oil off as it floats on the surface. Vast quantities of oil are thus obtained; often as much

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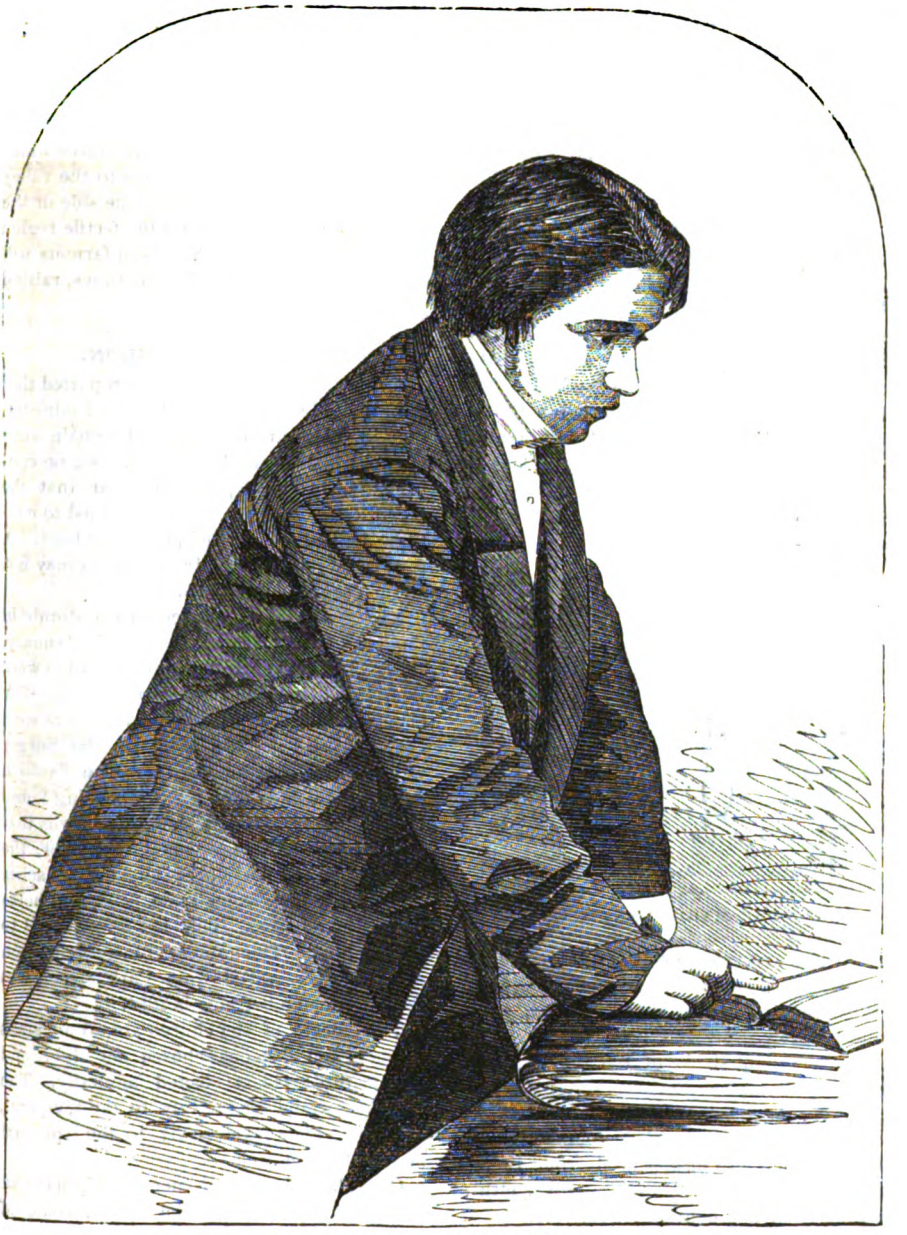

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

as seven hundred weight will be made by one small tribe. The refuse fish are not yet done with, more oil being extractable from them. Built against the pine-tree is a small stage, made of poles, very like a monster gridiron. The refuse of the boxes, having been sewn up in porous mats, is placed on the stage to be rolled and pressed by the arms and chests of Indian women; and the oil thus squeezed out is collected in a box placed underneath.

Not only has Nature, ever bountiful, sent an abundance of oil to the redskin, but she actually provides ready-made bottles to store it away in. The great sea-wrack, that grows to an immense size in these northern seas, and forms submarine forests, has a hollow stalk,

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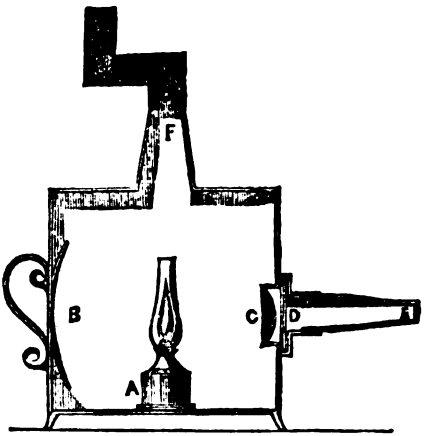
expanded into a complete flask at the root end. Cut into lengths of about three feet, these hollow stalks, with the bulb at the end, are collected and kept wet until required for use. As the oil is obtained, it is stored away in these natural quart bottles, or better than quart bottles, for some of them hold three pints.

The specific name of the lamp fish, as given by Sir John Richardson, is Salmo (Mallotas) Pacificus. Eulachon is its name among the Indians, in whose waters it arrives early in July. Its length is about seven and a half inches; the color of its scales and belly is a silvery white, passing on the back into dark greenish olive, irregularly dotted with oval spots of yellowish orange. It has a small



THE MAGIC LANTERN.

dark spot over each orbit, a head somewhat conical and pointed, a large mouth, and eyes rather small; the fins are unspotted, and of dingy yellow.

But the silent stroke of the Indian paddle has now given place to the splashing wheels of great steamers, and the Indian and the Eulachon are fast disappearing together. The Eulachon has also disappeared from Puget's Sound, and is now seldom caught south of latitude fifty-five degrees north.

VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH.

The beautiful engraving on page 15 is a view in the valley of the Shenandoah, where so many hard battles have been fought, during the present rebellion. Standing on one of the mountains seen in the centre of the picture, the eye can sweep over an immense extent of territory; and look which way you will, the soil has been enriched by the blood of soldiers, guerillas and civilians. On the mountains which are so conspicuous, some forty miles from Winchester, General Sheridan used to keep scouts posted to watch the movements of Early, when the latter was preparing for action. Many of the farm houses which once gave life and cheerfulness to the valley are heaps of ruins, burned by one side or the other. But in a few years the fertile region will teem with life, for Northern farmers will settle there and make their fortunes, raising grain and cattle.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

A few months since it was reported that the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, the noted minister, was to visit this country and remain some months; but as we have lately seen no confirmation of the reports, we fear that the eccentric gentleman has determined to continue in London, for the present at least. A few facts relating to Mr. Spurgeon may not be unacceptable at this time.

Mr. Spurgeon commenced his pastorate in the Park Street Chapel, London, in January, 1854. The church and the congregation were then in a low and scattered state. The chapel, which will hold about 1200, was soon crowded, and Exeter Hall, or the Surrey Music Hall, was engaged for the Sabbath evenings. These large buildings being found insufficient to accommodate the crowds that thronged to hear the young preacher, the present tabernacle where he now preaches was constructed, which seats 5500, and holds when packed, 6500. This has never failed to be well filled. The number of members, when the church removed from Park street, was 1178. The number now is 2881.

The officers of the church are an assistant teacher, ten deacons chosen for life, and twenty-three elders elected annually. The deacons attend exclusively to the temporal, and the elders exclusively to the spiritual affairs of the church.

Candidates for church membership have an interview with one of the elders, some of whom attend at the tabernacle for that purpose every Wednesday evening. If satisfied with the candidate, the elder gives a card, which qualifies for direct intercourse with Mr. Spurgeon, who has a fixed time set apart for that purpose. If he thinks favorably of the case, the name of the person is announced at a church meeting, and visitors are appointed to make the most careful inquiries. If this investigation is satisfactory, the candidate

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appears at a church meeting, where he is examined by the pastor, after which he retires, and the visitor gives his report on the case. It is then proposed to the church for its adoption, and if approved, the pastor gives the right hand of fellowship. As soon after this as convenient, the candidate is baptized, and on the next first Sabbath in the month unites so that the absentees are known, and inquiry in due time is made respecting them.

This form of church government has risen out of the peculiar circumstances of a rapid increase; and it has seemed thus far to answer all the ends of communion, and discipline, and co-operation contemplated by a Christian church. It enables a church of nearly 3000

LIGHTHOUSE AT MARBLEHEAD.

in the communion service, having first been recognized before the whole church by again receiving the right hand of fellowship.

Each member on admission, and at the beginning of each year, receives a ticket corresponding with the periods of communion. These tickets are collected by the deacons just before the communion service commences. The numbers and dates of the ticket correspond with their names in the church books, members to observe all its ordinances with order, solemnity and profit.

If the reverend gentleman should visit this country, a warm welcome would be extended to him. His portrait on page 17 is called an excellent likeness. Just at the present time it is the rage in London to be married by Mr. Spurgeon. Some of the fees which he receives for the service are large, while others are quite humble.

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LIGHTHOUSE AT MARBLEHEAD.

Marblehead is gradually creeping into favor as a summer resort. In its immediate vicinity are hotels, conveniences for bathing, unsurpassed sea fishing and rare opportunities for sailing. To those who enjoy views by the seaside this place furnishes many points of interest. Though there is nothing peculiarly striking in the scenery surrounding the place, yet the location on the coast is one bracing to health and conducive of much enjoyment.

Marblehead was originally a part of Salem, from which it was separated and incorporated as a town in 1647. The township is a rough and very rocky peninsula, extending for some three or four miles into the sea, and considerably elevated above it. The harbor is deep and safe, a mile and a half long and half a mile wide, and surrounded by land, excepting a narrow entrance lighted by the lighthouse which is represented on the preceding page. By the aid of this picture it will be seen what opportunities are offering for summer recreation and retirement from city dust and heat.

JOSIAH HUNT, THE INDIAN FIGHTER.

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UNAPPRECIATED.

BY HARRIET OF ALDENLOW.

Her eyes were dim, and in their depths
I marked the unshed tears:
The bitter fount that must be sealed
Through all life's coming years.

Patiently waiting under the cloud
For the light to come at last;
Bearing with her a lonely heart,
Smarting with wounds that are past.

For it was drowned with untold grief,
And it was sore, and would not rest
Its ceaseless beatings to be free
From her tired, life-worn breast.

Ah! life's a weary load for her,
Since she must walk alone
The rocky uplands to the end,
Nor stay to sigh or moan.

Her life so strange, ah! it is like
That subtle, dreary power,
No kindred finding—and the world
Knew not her greatest power.

But our dear Lord shall comfort her,
And pour out oil and wine;
The rich profusions of his love—
Poor heart, it shall be thine!

We little dream the priceless thought
That fills the hearts around,
More precious than Golconda's gems
That ever yet was found.

Then cherish such when they are found,
O, heed their longing cry!
The passion will consume their life
Before their time to die.

JOSIAH HUNT, THE INDIAN FIGHTER.

BY SIDNEY HERBERT.

In searching among the records for the perfect type of that class of men who are pre-eminently entitled to the cognomen of "Indian fighters," we have been able to find none in whose individuality was combined so many characteristics of the class as in the person who is the subject of the following sketch.

Nature had given Hunt a frame of iron mould, and a constitution which no hardship, privation, or suffering could impair. Reared in the midst of those scenes of trial through which the early settlers were compelled to pass, to win from the wilderness a home and home comforts; trained from boyhood to the use of the unerring rifle; hunting for a subsistence in the wild forests which covered the Western country, and eating his food in the simplicity which Nature gave it, without any of those appliances for increasing the relish with which epicures season it, he grew to man's estate free from any of the "ills that flesh is heir to," well-knit, strong, hardy, robust, capable of enduring any amount of fatigue, his senses taught by experience in the woods and in constant strife with the most subtle foe; with an eye like a hawk, a hand as quick as thought, and with limbs in which were combined great strength and agility, he was "every inch a man."

As a hunter, he was rarely equalled. His habits, his inclinations, his early life and his necessities all combined to make him expert in the pursuit of game. Adopting all the craft and cunning of the red men, to which he added the intelligence of the pale-face, he was always successful where others would have despaired. By constant and unremitting observation and practice he could imitate the voices of all the denizens of the forest, from the growl and bark of the bear, to the call of the smallest songster of the vale; and these powers were of immense service to him in luring the game, as well as in deceiving an enemy. As an Indian fighter, he possessed all the subtlety and artifice of the foe, with the tact, stratagem, powers of concentration and persevering determination of the white man. No trap, however artfully and cunningly laid, ever caught him unprepared; and the Indians themselves awarded him the praise of being the most silent, artful, and dangerous enemy they ever met.

When Wayne was despatched into the North-western country to chastise and bring

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to terms the various tribes who had leagued together with a determination to restrict the approach of the whites to the Ohio River, he gathered about him all the Indian fighters, scouts, spies and hunters whom he could in any way induce to join his army. There were Wells, Kibby, McClellan, May, Hickman, Thorp, Mahaffy, the Millers, and a host of others, who deserve more than a passing notice, and there was one who excelled them all—Josiah Hunt.

While the army was stationed at Greenville, in the winter of 1793—4, Hunt was employed in furnishing the tables of the officers with game, and of course was exempted from every other duty. He had a *carte blanche* to go and come when he pleased, take what he wished, and do as he desired; in fact, was free of the fort in every respect. The country was overrun with Indians; the fort was watched by scouts and spies, who stationed themselves in trees the better to overlook the garrison; and when a person was seen to leave, note was taken of the course he pursued, his path ambuscaded, and his scalp secured. Hunt was too cunning for them, however. He invariably left after dark; and "when he got into the woods," he used to say, "without their knowledge, he had as good a chance as they had." To spend the night in the woods without a fire, during the severe cold of that winter, would have been almost certain death; for no human being could do it without the most imminent danger of freezing to death. To show a light, however, was to invite certain destruction. Hunt did the one without fear of the other. His mode of procedure was as follows: He would leave the camp about three hours after dark, and travelling by a circuitous route for some miles in the direction of the section where he intended to hunt the next day, he would bivouac for the night.

His arrangements for this purpose were made in the following manner: With his tomahawk he cut a hole in the frozen earth about the size and depth of a hat-crown, and after it was made to his liking, with as little noise as possible, he prepared some "roth," or white-oak bark, from a dead tree, which will retain a strong heat when covered with its ashes. Kindling a fire from flint and steel at the bottom of his "coal pit," as he termed it, the bark was severed into strips, which were laid crosswise in the hole until it was filled. After it was sufficiently ignited, it was covered over with dirt, with the exception of two air-holes in the margin, which could be opened or closed at pleasure. Spreading down a layer of bark or brush to keep him from the ground, he sat down with the coal-pit between his legs, enveloped himself in his blanket, and slept catdozes in an upright position. If his fire became too much smothered, he freshened it by blowing into one of the air-holes. He declared that he could make himself sweat whenever he chose. The snapping of a dry twig was sufficient to awaken him, when uncovering his head, he keenly scrutinized the surrounding gloom, his right hand on his trusty rifle, "ready for the mischance of the hour."

What a picture of self-reliance, bodily endurance, firmness of nerve, and cool, calm courage is here presented! The citizen of the present day, surrounded by every appliance of civilization and comfort, without fear of danger, cannot realize the situation of this hardy son of the forest as he sat, undistinguishable in the darkness from an old stump, surrounded by hordes of enemies—cruel, blood-thirsty and implacable enemies—who sought with untiring energy and increasing vigilance to take his life; while the wild beasts—the bear, the panther and the wolf—roamed the woods round about him in search of prey. Alone in the wilderness, with no friend to aid, no arm to save him but his own, there he sat, that lone man, nodding in his blanket, while the winds of winter howled the sad requiem of the departed year, and the pitiless storm raged with fury perhaps, with every nerve on the stretch, every faculty on the alert, ready at a moment's warning to engage in the deadly struggle for life, knowing that success depended upon his rifle, his own right hand and unerring eye. How little of this can we realize, as we sit about the blazing hearthstone, sheltered from the inclemencies of the weather, or retire to our comfortable blanketed couches, free from danger, and "with none to make us afraid." Yet there must have been an excitement, an intense and thrilling interest in such a life, calculated to send the blood with electric rapidity through the veins, and make such a man infatuated with it.

As soon as it was light enough to see, he was on his feet, and, leaving his camp-ground, would proceed to hunt for game, keeping, at the same time, a good lookout for Indians. If he discovered a deer, he would slip a bullet into his mouth, to be prepared to load again immediately. This was his first care—never to be caught with an empty rifle. After shooting his game, he secreted himself until satisfied that the report of his piece had brought

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no Indians into his immediate vicinity, and he would then proceed to skin it. Approaching it cautiously, he would drag it to the nearest tree which answered his purpose, and after leaning his rifle against a tree within reach of his hand, would commence the operation. He would skin for awhile, and then raise himself up to scan the forest in every direction, to see if the crack of his rifle had brought a foe to the vicinity, and then proceed with his work. If the breaking of a twig or any other sound evinced the proximity of animal life, he was immediately on the alert, with rifle in hand, prepared for any emergency. Having skinned and cut up the deer, the four quarters were packed in the hide, which was so arranged as to be slung to his back like a knapsack, and in this manner he wended his way to the fort. If he was at a distance from the garrison, only the hind-quarters were brought in. On one of these excursions, he discovered three Indians in a party, proceeding along the base of a ridge on which he was. Quickly concealing himself, he took aim, but waited for two of them to get within range, being willing to risk himself with the other. But they continued to march in Indian file, and although he could have killed either one of them, he concluded that the odds of two to one would be too great, without gaining more than the death of one enemy; so he let them pass.

When the army moved forward to the Maumee, for the purpose of giving battle to the Indians, Hunt was with it, and took an active part in the action at the "Fallen Timber." In the midst of the confusion consequent upon the first charge, he was about to spring over a fallen tree, when an Indian behind it fired at him so close that the flash almost singed his face. He had been obliged to fire in such haste, however, that he missed his aim, although the ball passed between the ear and the head of the hunter, making his ear ring for an hour afterward. As soon as he fired, the Indian sprang up, and darted off at his utmost speed, running zigzag, "like the worm of a fence," dodging up and down, and endeavoring in every way to escape the ball from his enemy's rifle. He knew the man he had fired at, and knew also that *he* never missed his mark. His body was naked from his waist upward, and had a bright red streak painted up and down the back, which afforded a prominent mark for an experienced shot. Hunt sprang over the tree, and threw his rifle into the hollow of his shoulder, exclaiming, "Hold on a moment, stranger, Kill-deer has got a word to say to you;" and taking aim at the red strip, he seized the moment when the Indian was rising to his feet, and fired. Although a snap-shot, it was an effectual one, and the redskin fell dead. He had fought his last battle.

At the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, the Indians seemed to consider Hunt as the next great man to Wayne himself. They inquired for him, gathered around him, and were loud in their praises and compliments: "Great man, Captain Hunt—great warrior—good hunting man; Indian no can kill!" They informed him that some of their bravest and most cunning warriors had often set out expressly to kill him. They knew how he made his secret camp-fires, the ingenuity of which excited their admiration. The parties in quest of him had often seen him—could describe the dress he wore, and his cap, which was made of a raccoon's skin, with the tail hanging behind, the front turned up, and ornamented with three brass rings. The scalp of such a great warrior they considered to be an invaluable trophy; yet they never could catch him off his guard—never get within shooting distance without being discovered, and exposing themselves to his death-dealing rifle. He settled in Greene county, Ohio, after peace was declared, and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Captain Wells mentioned at the beginning of this sketch was taken prisoner when a child, and adopted by Big Turtle, the most eminent forest warrior of his time. When he grew up, he became, in all respects except color, an Indian. He took part in all their battles, and was at the defeat of Harmar and St. Clair. In the latter action he commanded a picked corps of Indians, who were opposed to the artillery, and caused such slaughter among the men who served it. After that affair, foreseeing that the whites would make such exertions to punish the Indians as must, by their preponderance of power, be successful, he left them, and soon after joined Wayne's army at Greenville. His thorough acquaintance with the habits, customs, and resources of the various tribes, made him a valuable auxiliary to the army, and he was placed in command of a chosen corps of spies, composed of intrepid men like himself, and was allowed to choose his time of coming and going, as well as to take whatever he wanted, even to his pick of the dragoon horses. Among the six or eight men who took part with him were three—Henry Miller, Christopher Miller, and

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a —— May—who, like himself, had been taken prisoners when young, and grown to manhood among the Indians.

On one occasion, while Wayne was building Fort Defiance, he wished to ascertain the intentions of the enemy, and he sent Wells, with his corps, to bring in another prisoner. Setting off, dressed and painted, as usual with them, in the Indian fashion, they went down the Maumee to the Indian village, opposite to Fort Meigs. Riding boldly into the village, as if they had come from the British fort, they were readily taken for Indians who had come from a distance to take part in the expected battle. Entering into conversation with the red men in their own language, they picked up considerable information, and then passed through the village. About half a mile therefrom they met an Indian and squaw returning from hunting, and mounted on horseback. They made prisoners of these, and started on their return for the fort. On their way they came upon a large encampment of warriors, who were merrily amusing themselves about their camp-fires. Tying and gagging their prisoners, they rode boldly into the camp, with their rifles lying upon the pommels of their saddles. They inquired of the Indians when they had heard of Wayne and the movements of his army, and how soon and where the battle would be fought. The Indians standing about Wells and his party were very communicative, and answered all their questions without any suspicions of deceit on the part of their visitors.

At length an Indian, who was sitting at a distance, remarked to another in an undertone, and in another language, that he thought these visitors had mischief in their heads. Captain Wells overheard the remark, and gave the signal agreed upon. Each one fired the contents of his rifle into the body of an Indian, at a distance of not more than six paces, and then, putting spurs to their horses, lay with their breasts close down to their necks, so as to lessen the mark to fire at, and darted off at their utmost speed. The moment the Indian had made the remark, he and his companions had risen to their feet, with their rifles in their hands, but not before each of the spies had shot his man. A volley of balls followed them as they fled, one of which struck McClelland under the shoulder blade, coming out at the other shoulder, while the arm of Wells was broken by another, and his rifle dropped from his grasp. May was chased to the smooth rock on the Maumee River, where, his horse falling, he was taken prisoner. The others escaped unhurt, and rode full speed to the spot where they had left their captives, mounted them, and pushed for camp. Wells and McClelland, being severely wounded, and their progress being slow, a messenger was despatched in advance for a surgeon and a guard. As soon as he arrived, with an account of the wounds and perilous situation of these faithful spies, very great sympathy was manifested. Wayne's feelings for the suffering soldier were at all times quick and sensitive. We can then imagine the intensity of his solicitude when informed of the sufferings and perils of this, his confidential and chosen band. He instantly despatched a surgeon and a company of his swiftest dragoons, to meet, assist, and guard these brave fellows to head-quarters, where they arrived in due time, and the wounded soon recovered.

May was recognized by his captors as having once been an Indian, and his fate was sealed. They told him a day or two before the battle, "We know you. You speak Indian language. You not content to live with us. To-morrow we take you to that tree," pointing to a very large burr-oak at the edge of the clearing, near the British fort; "we will tie you up and make a mark on your breast, and try which Indian can shoot nearest to it." Accordingly, the next day, he was led forth, tied to a tree, a mark made on his breast, and his body riddled with at least fifty bullets. Thus ended poor May. He died like a brave man, showing no signs of fear.

This little band of spies, during the campaign, performed more real service than any other corps of equal numbers belonging to the army. They brought in, at different times, not less than twenty prisoners, and killed more than an equal number. As they had no rivals in the army, they aimed in each excursion to outdo their former exploits. What confidence, what self-possession was displayed by these men in their terrific encounters! To ride boldly into the enemy's camp, in full view of their blazing camp-fires, and enter into conversation with them without betraying the least signs of confusion or trepidation, and openly commence the work of death, proves how well their souls were steeled against fear. They had come off unscathed in so many desperate conflicts that they had became callous to danger. Captain Wells was killed in the massacre at Chicago in 1812.

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JUNE.

BY P. M. HATHAWAY.

O June, from out thy floral hand
What sweets thou layest down!
Fair leader of a glorious band,
'Tis thine to wear the crown.

News of thy coming earth inspires—
Nature hath found her goal;
And joy leaps o'er the spirit wires
That centre in the soul.

Thy softest whisper in my ear,
At morning, noon or eve,
Tells of sweet bird-songs, breaking clear
From woods that live and breathe.

My own loved home 'neath just such shade
As fills the forest bowers,
Seems now to me on purpose made
For thee to spend thy hours.

My favorite rose beside the door
Adoringly looks up;
Such smiles I never saw before
Play round its fragrant cup.

By the pure streams that murmuring flow
In low and dreamy tune,
Mid *all* the haunts that thou dost know,
O, linger ever, June!

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS.

A STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY CAROLINE B. LEROW.

So Arthur Telfair was a rebel. It was hard to believe at first, for we all know what significance that word bore among us four years ago, when our ears became accustomed to the sound and our lips to the use of it. A little word, but it meant a great deal, and could it be possible that Arthur Telfair had so far forgotten honor, loyalty and manhood, as to give his aid to the foulest outrage on humanity the sun ever shone upon? It seemed impossible; but who of us mingles one day in this strange world without hearing and seeing things which twenty-four hours before we should have declared impossible.

We were forced to believe it, hard as it was to do so, and though our lips said, "Arthur Telfair is a rebel," our hearts refused to acknowledge it.

It is my sister's story that I am trying to write, and I look back four years and a half, before our country had learned by experience the meaning of civil war, before the "third angel poured out his vial upon the fountains and rivers of water and they became blood."

There were only two of us, Winifred and I, left to our dear old father. When our idolized mother was taken from our home by sudden death, the blow had almost crushed him; and before time had healed the wound, our only brother, our noble, manly Harry, who had been our only earthly staff of comfort during the dark months of bereavement, was taken from us. From his double affliction my father never rallied, and his daughters found solace for their heavy grief in devoting themselves to the beloved invalid.

I was sixteen when my mother died; Winifred a year and a half my senior; but I could never realize that she was the elder of the two, and no one would have suspected the fact. My beautiful sister! that sunny head heavy with curls just reached to my shoulder, and I could almost have lifted the fragile figure with one arm. We loved each other as I fancy sisters seldom do, notwithstanding there is so much fine sentiment expressed upon the subject. Our hearts were welded together in the fire of affliction through which we had passed hand in hand, and our tears had mingled in the sorrow of a common lot.

Never in my life did I experience a pang at the striking contrast between us. Not homely enough to attract attention, I was plain in face and figure. Naturally I was energetic, active, capable, "right smart," as Yankees would term my only recommendation. I was

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my father's housekeeper, commander-in-chief of the domestic forces, and I rested contented, satisfied with the love of my fond father and beautiful sister, whom it was my blessed privilege to watch over and care for.

It was by accident that we became acquainted with Arthur Telfair, for circumstance plies the loom of our lives, and into the web are daily woven threads which become warp and woof.

I had been riding one afternoon with my father, and as we drew near home I slackened the reins and the spirited horses flew over the familiar road. Turning a corner at full speed, a large sheet of white paper fluttered to the horses' feet, and they reared and plunged, dashing furiously forward. Intent on controlling them, I did not notice a man who sprang suddenly before them and checked their speed, but not before the pole of the carriage struck his shoulder, and he fell stunned to the ground. I was beside him in an instant, and the gardener, who had seen the accident, came running towards us. We carried him into the house, which fortunately was but a short distance across the lawn, while father, who had driven the horses to the end of the avenue, reached it almost as soon as we. Medical aid could be had on the spot, for our father was a retired surgeon, and the young man was in skillful hands. Examination proved that his shoulder was dislocated, and the operation of setting it was extremely painful. It was heroically borne, however, for he never flinched, but when it was over, closed his eyes and lay back on the lounge with a deep sigh of relief.

As he lay there in the stupor which so often follows the cessation of severe physical pain, I took occasion to scrutinize him. A young man not more than twenty-two or three—not handsome, but with a pleasing face, on which sensibility, intelligence, and, plainer than all, *goodness* were unmistakably written.

Winnie came singing down the stairway. Stepping quickly to the door, I placed my finger on my lips, and drawing her into a side room, told her of the accident and its result. We entered the room together. The stranger, roused by Winnie's singing, rose as we entered and bowed low, while his face flushed crimson.

"You must be kind enough to pardon this intrusion, ladies," in a voice that trembled, "it was my carelessness that started the horses—"

"Not a word of that," and father smilingly raised his finger. "I don't know what might have become of us if you had not shown the courage you did. We can spare apologies."

"O, my father," and Winnie sprang to his side, the quick tears filling her eyes, "were you then in such danger, and I did not know it?"

"Never mind now, child. Thanks to our friend here, we are safe, though he has paid the price. My daughters feel with me, Mr. Telfair, that we cannot thank you sufficiently," and as he spoke Winnie went to the lounge and extended her hand.

"We thank you," she said, simply and earnestly.

He blushed again like a girl.

"It was all my fault," he stammered. "I was sketching this house and grounds, and trespassed on the lawn; the sketch was whisked away by a gust of wind, and—and—well, you know the rest, and I have reason to thank you for the kindness you show in pardoning my trespassing, and the help you have rendered me." And as he talked on he recovered the easy grace of manner which was natural to him, but which the awkwardness of his position had put to temporary flight.

And this was our introduction to Arthur Telfair. He was a Southerner—his home, New Orleans; but the commercial crisis of 1857 sweeping away his father's large property, compelled him to place his son, his only child, in a position where he could depend upon his own exertions. Arthur chose the medical profession, and had pursued his studies at the South for some time, but at the time we first met him was completing them under a distinguished physician of New York, his father's friend, intending to return eventually to his native city. He was boarding with a distant relative, a young man three years his senior, whom he called cousin (though such a degree of relationship hardly existed between them), by the name of Herbert Edes.

At Arthur Telfair's earnest request, for he could not be induced to accept father's earnest invitation to remain over night, Mr. Edes was informed of the accident by a messenger from our house, and soon arrived with a carriage. A formal introduction from his friend made us acquainted with him; but the philosopher who can solve the mystery of "natural antipathies" can alone tell why I shrank from that man. He certainly was the most finished gentleman I ever saw, of remarkably fine appearance, tall, commanding figure and a strikingly handsome face—the beauty of the trop-

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ics, one might have thought, but he was a genuine New Yorker.

Promising to accept father's urgent invitations to call, the gentlemen rode off, and though we said but very little of what had occurred, we all felt that into the placid stream of our secluded lives, Fate had that day dropped a pebble, and the ripples would not soon cease.

Our father took a strong liking to his temporary patient, whether from the peculiar circumstances under which they met, or his own attractive powers, and through his repeated invitations, to which he would hear no refusal, Arthur Telfair became a constant visitor at our house. We lived in the suburbs of the city, and owing to our father's health and the troubles which had visited us, very quietly. It was pleasant to have him there. He filled in a great measure the place in our family left vacant by our brother's death—reading aloud for hours to father, who was never tired of listening, and blending his voice with Winnie's as we clustered around the piano. I could not sing a note, though long and close application to instrumental music had enabled me to excel in that, but Winnie was a natural singer, with a voice as sweet as a bird's.

He was an ardent lover of the profession he had chosen, and in that respect his sympathies were akin to father's, who had been obliged to relinquish practice, but still retained his former interest in the science of medicine, and they spent much time together in medical discussions.

And what more natural than that he should love my beautiful sister Winifred? It was no marvel to me to see those two pure hearts grow together in a love stronger than death; but it seemed as if no one else noticed the strengthening attachment. Herbert Edes still visited us constantly with his friend. His attentions to Winnie were marked, but she accepted them quietly, and if any depth of feeling prompted them, we were ignorant of it; but I sometimes suspected it, though I wondered in my heart if it was possible that he was blind to the love which breathed in every tone and flashed in every look between Arthur and Winnie.

The months glided swiftly by—the time drew near for Arthur to return home to begin the practice of his profession, and Winifred but waited her father's consent before plighting her faith to him who had won the first love of her woman's heart.

When Arthur went to him, and in a voice which betrayed how fully he realized the request he was making, asked him for his eldest child, he was startled and saddened. Calling her also to him, he joined their hands, while a look of deep tenderness glowed upon his face, and the old familiar words which can never lose their sweet significance—"God bless you, my children!" broke forth from his quivering lips.

I at least knew how hard, although short, had been the struggle undergone before he could give our beloved one to another's keeping, but he loved Arthur as a son, and we both felt sure that Winnie's future happiness was secure in his hands.

For myself, had I been in the habit of availing myself of that peculiarly feminine privilege, I should have cried on the spot, grieving to lose the darling sister who was so precious to me, yet rejoicing that she had found so true a heart to rest upon, and that, should our father fall from his children's side, she, at least, would not be left alone. Thinking of this, I stepped out into the garden for a solitary walk. In an instant a tall figure came close to my side.

"Pardon me," said the voice of Herbert Edes, as I started back a little, "I did not mean to startle you, but I was just entering the library by the side door when I became aware that I was intruding on a family conference, and withdrew."

I made no reply. His presence was unwelcome just then.

"Not, however, before I heard your father's words, and I suppose I understood their purport; your sister is betrothed to our friend!"

"She is," I said calmly. "We give her to him, feeling that he is worthy."

"He certainly is," in the same strange tone.

"It is no easy thing, however, to resign our claim to her, for, after all, no one can love her better than her father and sister; but she will not leave us for the present; there is comfort in that."

"Ah!"

"Arthur is to return home immediately, but he's to leave her with us for a year. So generous of him! for father in his failing health could hardly bear the pain of separation."

We had been slowly walking along through the garden as we talked, and we met Arthur and Winnie. They stopped on seeing us. There was a new light in Arthur's eyes, a nobler carriage to that noble head, which told half his story, and the sweet blush floating over Winnie's happy face completed it.

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Arthur took the hand extended towards him.

"I congratulate you, my friend; accept my best wishes, Miss Leighton." And the little hand which she placed in his he bowed low over, and raised to his lips with the most polished courtesy in the world.

Winnie's face glowed deeper, Arthur's eyes were fixed with fond pride upon her, and I alone saw the look which flashed from Herbert Edes's black eyes, as he said, softly:

"May all happiness be yours."

A strange, fierce look it was which I detected there, and though transient, it haunted me for days.

The lovers resumed their walk, and Herbert Edes and I passed on till we reached the house. Silently, however, for I did not feel disposed to talk, and a moody fit had stolen over my companion. At the door he spoke:

"I called this evening to bid your family good-by, for the present."

"Good-by!" I repeated, surprised.

"Yes. I leave New York to-morrow, and shall be absent some months;" and stepping into the room, he went straight to my father.

"I called to take leave of you, sir, as I start for Washington to-morrow, to be gone some time."

"Going away! Is it not unexpectedly?"

"Rather. I have had news to-day which hastens my departure. I thank you for your hospitality, Dr. Leighton, and my frequent visits here are among the most pleasant memories of my life. Should I never return, be assured that the acquaintances here formed will never be forgotten." But the voice was the same hard, chilling one I had heard in the garden.

He puzzled me.

"Then you intend to remain there permanently?"

"That is undecided as yet. My sister, the only relative I have in the world, is visiting there from St. Louis. She urges me to meet her there, and I may possibly embark in business with my brother-in-law, and return home with her; but good-by, sir," extending his hand, while his voice sank.

Father took it, cordially.

"Good-by, my dear boy. We wish you all success, but are sorry to lose you."

He came over to the window near which I was standing, thinking of him, and his strange manner.

"You will please bid your sister good-by for me, Miss Kate," he said, in a quick, hurried tone. "I did not wish to intrude myself on her to-night, and Arthur does not yet know of my departure;" and my hand ached with the grasp of his. "Good-by, good-by," and before I could reply, he was gone, taking long strides down the avenue, as if trying to escape destiny.

"Rather a sudden leave-taking, my daughter; what do you think of him?" as we watched his retreating figure.

"I don't know. He appears strangely excited to-night, and I should hardly have thought he would have shown so much feeling on leaving us."

"Perhaps he has heard bad news," taking off his spectacles and wiping a tear from them.

"Perhaps." But I thought my own thoughts. I had never succeeded in liking Herbert Edes, and his manner that night, instead of rousing the least feeling of sympathy or pity, disturbed and irritated me.

On the whole I was glad he was gone, for my woman's instinct was aroused and on the alert. It occurred to me that I had the solution to this enigma in the fact that he loved my sister, and the hopelessness of his attachment had sent him from us. It did not seem strange that he should love her, yet very improbable under the circumstances; for how could he help knowing? And concluding that I was wrong, I did not pursue the train of thought further.

Arthur was greatly surprised to hear from us of his friend's departure.

"I had no suspicion that he intended to leave New York;" and the subject was dropped, with the remark, "but Herbert is so peculiar."

Arthur left New York the week following, but Herbert, as he had stated, the next day—leaving his friend as much in the dark as any of us in regard to his sudden departure.

It was my father's wish that Winifred should remain with us a year, which, considering his broken health and the fact of her future home being at such a distance, was not unreasonable, nor considered so by Arthur. And so he left us; a tearful parting on our side, but calm, manly and hopeful on his.

"Only one year, Winnie, with a smile," and we shall not be separated." But the smile was a forced one, and he did not prolong the pain of parting.

Nearly ten months passed, and during that time we heard regularly and often from Arthur, but not a word from Herbert Edes, and we had almost ceased to think of him,

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when one day as Winnie and I entered the library on returning from a walk, we found a gentleman in earnest conversation with our father.

He rose instantly, and his greeting was courteous and friendly.

"I trust you have not entirely forgotten me, ladies."

"Mr. Edes!" rose simultaneously to our lips, but Winnie alone uttered it. She seemed glad to see him again. I detected it in the tone of her voice. For my part, I could not share her pleasure; but my father seemed gratified with his return and near residence to us, and his visits were as frequent as before. I could see a marked change in him. He had apparently lost the old haughty, peculiar manner which repelled me during our former acquaintance, and I liked him better. He corresponded regularly with Arthur, and his letters were always handed to us for perusal.

The weeks glided away, and we all felt, though no one mentioned it, that the time was fast approaching for Arthur to claim his bride. We avoided even the thought of it; but father was too unselfish to lengthen the time he had specified a single day, and Arthur had waited patiently. He merely hinted of his return once, seeming purposely to avoid the mention of what was so distressing to us.

"It is but a month before I shall be with you again," he wrote, "a short time in reality, but long in anticipation." And though we rejoiced at the thought of seeing him, it was still strongly associated with the fact that he returned to take Winnie from us.

But there were strange rumors floating on every breeze, through the month of March, 1861. A great nation held its breath and listened with throbbing heart to the heavy footfalls of some undefined trouble. It was surely coming, but heard and felt rather than seen, and the heavy clouds grew larger and blacker, and at last the storm burst; and with straining eyes and quivering lips, with its great heart beating with anguished throes, the North read the alpha of a civil war, written in blood and fire on the shattered walls of Sumter—the determination of the South, "War, war, war!" and it needed no Daniel to interpret the writing. A dark record following, with "The end not yet" written in the volume which the world shall wonderingly read for ages.

And while the echoes of the cannon which bombarded Sumter were still ringing in our ears, personal feelings were laid aside. Our hopes, our aims, our wishes and prayers were for our country, and for the brave hearts who went forth to defend her, at the call of humanity and justice.

But during that time there came no tidings from Arthur. We heard from him near the last of March, and then his letters suddenly ceased. We had regularly received two a week, and their sudden termination was a great surprise to us.

"Winnie," I said, one day, after one of the servants had returned from the city without any letters, "it must be that Arthur is coming North sooner than he intended, and that is why he does not write."

"But it is four weeks since we heard from him, and even Herbert has written three letters which are unanswered. O Kate, what can it mean?" And she nestled down at my feet, with sobs which could no longer be restrained.

I caressed the beautiful head in my lap, and tried to soothe her, but my own heart was heavy. For days a vague, shadowy fear had held possession of me. Try as I might, I could not shake it off, any more than I could explain it, and it was stronger than ever then.

"Anything is better than this suspense," moaned my poor sister, and my heart said "Amen." But the suspense we felt so cruel was to be ended soon.

"No letters to-day, my daughters," said our father, at the tea-table. I glanced at Winnie. Her head was drooping.

"O, I expect Arthur is intending to surprise us, by bringing himself instead of sending a letter. I should not be surprised to see him at any moment." And I tried to turn the conversation from what was uppermost in all our minds.

"Can we not have some music to-night, children? It is so long, Winnie, since I have heard you sing." And he lay back wearily in his easy chair and closed his eyes, little thinking of the self-denial required to gratify his request.

I opened the piano, which had been untouched for weeks. Winnie sang several songs, her father's favorites, and while we were at the piano, a bass voice mingled with hers, and turning, we saw Herbert Edes, who had entered, unnoticed.

The sight of him seemed to give her strength. His presence always seemed a pleasure to her, perhaps because it was associated with the absent one; but I felt my old

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antipathy towards him return in full force while he stood there, and when his arm happened to touch my shoulder, as he turned the music, I shrank away as if he had hurt me.

At father's request, Winnie left us for a moment to close the window near which he sat. Stooping down quickly, Herbert whispered in my ear:

"I have just heard from Arthur."

"From Arthur!" But the words were loud enough to be heard by the others, and uttered before it occurred to me that what ought to have been glad tidings was communicated privately. But it was too late then. Winnie was back in an instant, pale, breathless.

"Have you heard from Arthur?" she cried.

"I am sorry to—"

"What is the matter?" clutching his arm, "have you bad news? is he sick—*dead?*"

"Dead to us, at least," in a low voice, and somehow it reminded me of the cold, hard tone I heard in the garden, nearly a year before. Why did memory recall it so vividly then?

"Tell us the worst," I said.

"Arthur has entered the rebel army."

The words were uttered slowly, deliberately. A heavy groan from father who was listening intently; but from Winnie not a word or gesture. For a moment her eyes were dilated—glaring on this man's face as if trying to comprehend the full meaning of his words, and then with a face pale as ashes she sank down at out feet—stunned and fainting.

Herbert lifted her and carried her to a lounge, but did I see aright in the twilight that filled the room? I fancied I saw him press a passionate kiss upon the face which lay so white and still upon his arm. Had I been sure of it, I should have struck him, for I hated him, unreasonable as it was, for the tidings he had brought. He seemed to me like my sister's murderer.

It was not many minutes before Winnie recovered, sitting upright like a statue, with her eyes fixed on Herbert. But not a word came from her lips.

"How did you hear this?" I inquired.

He handed me a letter.

"Read it aloud, my daughter." I obeyed.

"MY DEAR FRIEND HERBERT:—Probably you will be surprised at the news I communicate, though possibly it may not astonish you. I have fully decided to join the army—without hesitation—for I see my duty too clearly to doubt what course I should take. Still it costs a great deal to resign some fondly cherished plans; but the sacrifice must be made. I trust, however, that the time will be short before we are at peace again, and those who drive us to this bitter extremity punished as they deserve. We have quarrelled amiably for years, but who could foresee bloodshed? My time is constantly occupied in making arrangements to leave home.

"Your friend, ARTHUR TELFAIR."

I noticed that there was no date to the letter, but Arthur generally dated his at the bottom, and here there was no room, for his name was signed on the last line. Perhaps he had forgotten it.

"Poor misguided boy!" moaned my father, who was a firm patriot, and whose righteous wrath and horror for those who had taken up arms against their government had been freely expressed.

"I feared this, though I hardly dared whisper it even to myself," remarked Herbert Edes. "But it is hardly to be supposed that Arthur, born and educated at the South, should see its errors as plainly as we do, and his decision was probably a hasty one."

"Had he enlisted on the side of right and justice, I could have borne it better, but this is terrible."

Terrible we all felt it, except the bringer of the tidings. In my impatience I broke out;

"You do not seem surprised at this, Mr. Edes." I had never called him Herbert.

"It was not as unexpected to me, Miss Kate, and I had time to recover from what little surprise I felt before coming out to-night."

"Why did he not write to Winnie?" I cried, passionately. "There is some mystery here that I cannot fathom."

I read the letter through again.

"And this is all!" I said, angrily, for the sight of my sister's suffering stamped so plainly on her face, almost drove me wild, and I would have thanked Heaven had I been able to pronounce it forgery, falsehood, anything, to make that man whose black eyes gleamed upon me, shrink from our presence. The mere sight of him exasperated me. I had not my sister's disposition.

"All!" I remember that he started as I asked the question—"why do you ask?"

"Because it is so strange—so cruel. O, Winnie, my sister, this is hard." And I sat down beside her and wound my arms around her.

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"I don't understand it," was all she said; but the quiet tone and manner made my heart ache worse than before.

If she would only rave and storm, only give vent to her grief in tears, I should have been better satisfied. But I did not know my sister. This delicate, clinging child, who had so gradually developed into a woman that we never thought of her as such, caressed and petted, shielded from every care or sorrow which a loving sister and fond father could avert, was no longer a child, and we saw and felt it then. It is suffering alone that reveals the inner nature.

She rose, went to the table on which I had thrown the letter, and read it through herself, then left the room slowly, as if going to a grave. I started to follow her. She turned her head:

"Not now, Kate; I want to be alone."

I drew back, for I knew there are some hours when the tenderest sympathy is torture. And she was alone for three hours—alone with God and her own heart. I went up stairs at the end of that time, and entered at the "Come in" which answered my knock.

If I had doubted her strength to conquer, that doubt was set at rest. On that pale face I read her determination. The struggle had been hard, but it was final. I clasped her hand in mine. The nerves were tense as a greyhound's.

"What shall you do, Winnie?"

How *could* she answer so calmly?

"Nothing, Kate. He took his choice, and I have given him up. A traitor to his country can never call me wife."

I could not speak for sobs. It seemed as though my own heart was breaking; but she shed no tears. And in the days and weeks following, during which there came no further tidings from Arthur, I learned to know my sister. There were depths in her nature which the hand of trial alone could sound, unknown until then, even to herself. She whom I had thought necessary to cherish and care for, was far above me in will, strength of character, and firmness of principle, and I learned from her how a true woman can bear sorrow, the sorrow that crushes, but cannot deaden or harden a noble nature.

She tried hard to appear cheerful for father's sake, but though human fortitude was taxed to the utmost, she could not conceal the change which had come over her. She had grown old suddenly. We missed the sweet voice that used to warble in the house in the happy days gone by. There were settled lines about the mouth which told their own story of patient endurance. But not once to my knowledge did she shed any tears over her trouble. I had not experienced then that intense form of suffering to which such relief cannot come, and I could not understand it; but it recalled to mind and proved the truth of what she once used to sing:

"But the rainbow will not cheer us,
If the showers refuse to fall;
And the eyes that cannot weep
Are the saddest eyes of all."

But the physical strength was lacking for this constant strain, and, as I feared, her health gave way under it, and a slow, nervous fever held her its victim for three long, weary months. But I pass over that dark period.

The weeks dragged by, and Bull Run, Manassas, Fort Donelson, and Shiloh were written indelibly on a nation's heart; but no word to us from Arthur Telfair.

A little more than a year and a half after our last news of him, our father was taken from us, failing so gradually that we could not realize how near the destroyer was, until we were left in truth orphans. Death is always sudden, no matter how long anticipated, and although we had known for so long that we were to be left alone, the bereavement found us unprepared for our desolated condition, and was none the less hard to bear.

Herbert Edes, who was as constant a visitor as ever, took upon himself the entire responsibility of arranging and settling all business affairs, which was a great relief in our heavy trouble, though there was no lack of kind, thoughtful friends and neighbors to sympathize with and aid us.

Our father was not wealthy, though the property left us was sufficient to support us comfortably, but not to enable us to retain our large house, which was accordingly sold. We left it without regret; for though the scene of many happy days, it was also identified with some of the saddest memories which darken the human heart; and now that mother, father, and he who was once so dear to us had crossed its threshold for the last time, we left it without regret.

Old Dr. Atwood and wife, intimate friends of our father, urgently solicited us to make our home with them, and to their entreaties we offered no opposition, thanking God in our hearts that our home was not to be among strangers, and that although we were orphans

—and those who bear the name alone know its full significance—we were not without precious, true-hearted friends.

Three months after the great change in our life, Herbert Edes made my sister an offer of marriage, professing his love in the most passionate terms, and begging her to be his wife.

It was a great shock to her, and a surprise to both of us. We had seemed to overlook the possibility of his ever being more than a friend, and our intimacy with him had been unrestrained.

His proposal seemed to me an absurdity, and to her a sacrilege, under the circumstances, for the cloud which Arthur's desertion had cast upon her had never lifted, and the bruised heart which had buried its only idol belonged alone to God and her sister.

Three days after, he called upon us, dressed in uniform, having just joined a company which was to leave immediately for the South. He explained as much to us, in very few words. No questions were asked in regard to this sudden movement, for we understood his probable motives. He left us with our best wishes, for he had done much for us during our late bereavement, and had been the trusted companion of our father for many months; and as we watched him until out of sight, we both felt that the only remaining link which bound us to a dead past was broken.

He left a packet on the table heavily sealed and addressed to Winnie. I found it immediately after he left, but we had no idea of its contents.

"Come up to our room, Kate. We will read it together."

She cut the seals, and opening it, it proved to be a letter of several pages. Out of it dropped two smaller ones. I took up one, and we both started as the familiar writing, which of late we had neither seen nor looked for, caught our eye. It was in Arthur's hand, and began at the top of the page:

"P. S. Having a few moments more leisure, I add a few words. The reason why my letters have not reached you must be the irregular state of the mails. I have received those from the North regularly, but I send this by a more reliable conveyance, and you will please deliver the enclosed letter to Winnie. Darling girl! I feel sure that she will bid me godspeed in this work, though it postpones our marriage for the present.

"Your friend, ARTHUR.

"New Orleans, April 20, 1861."

We looked at each other in utter surprise, and took up the letter addressed to Winnie in the same hand. The date was the same.

"MY DARLING WINNIE:—Three letters from you have reached me, which show that those I have sent you as regularly as before have either been delayed or lost, which is not strange considering the condition of affairs; but I am confident that this will reach you, as I send it by a friend who is going North. As he passes through New York, he has offered to take it, and Herbert Edes will place it in your hands. Winnie, my dear one, do I judge rightly when I believe that were I with you now you would not only consent but urge me to join the brave troops who are guarding our capital, to do my part towards punishing the cowardly villains who fired upon our flag at Sumter? Though the South has been my home I leave it without regret, regarding with horror those whom I have called brothers, but who now are exulting in the prospect of destroying our Union. I shall never return here to live, and when the three months have expired shall hasten to you, feeling confident that I shall be all the more welcome that I have done my duty, and that, though I claim you for my wife, the pain of separation will be spared you all, for I must find a home where liberty and justice have a safe abiding place. My love to our dear sister Kate, and father. I fancy I can almost hear the words which would fall from his lips were I there to receive his blessing before going to the relief of our country, for I know he is a true-hearted patriot, and his benediction would cheer my soul. I write in haste, but as soon as I reach Washington you will hear from me by mail.

"Your own ARTHUR."

"O Kate, Kate, what does this mean? Am I dreaming?"

"No, Winnie, this will explain all, no doubt;" and I read the other letter aloud to her, for she was weeping convulsively, her head on my breast. It was in Herbert's large, peculiar writing.

"WINIFRED LEIGHTON:—It is now nearly three years since an accident led to my acquaintance with you, but that acquaintance was hardly numbered by weeks before I loved you. The hackneyed terms which describe such love are powerless to express the depth of mine. It became the absorbing passion of my life. But hopeless even then, for it was more fitting that your pure spirit should find

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companionship with one naturally allied to it, and that my noble-hearted friend, Arthur Telfair, should gain the love which I craved in vain.

"But even knowing, as I did, that you could never love me, I would not acknowledge it even to myself until your betrothal, when I accidentally heard from your father's lips the words with which he gave you to another; and in my despair I hated the one who had obtained what I would have laid down my life to win. He who had been so true a friend to me, and was as innocent as a child of any design of harm towards me—I could have murdered him in his happiness, when I learned for a certainty that there was no hope for me.

"I left New York the next day, manufacturing some pretext for my sudden movement, and I left my farewell for you with your sister, for I could not endure the sight of your happy face again after meeting you in the garden. And during the time that Arthur was at home, I forced myself to stay in Washington, hearing from you only through his letters, which always contained your name, mentioned lovingly; and in my weak madness I cursed the hand which had planned our destinies so differently. But as the time drew near for him to return and take you with him to his distant home, a wild longing to see you took possession of me, and I recklessly came back.

"Mails from New Orleans were irregular for a time during the unsettled months of March and April, 1861, which accounts for no letters reaching us from Arthur, and the one I received from him was brought by a gentleman who was coming North from Arthur's neighborhood. From him I learned verbally that he was making the necessary arrangements for leaving home permanently, and was hastening to join the Union army, hesitating not an instant when our flag was fired upon at Sumter, and that in a few days at the farthest he would be in Washington. I read his letter, which, owing to his friend's message, was not very explicit, and a depraved heart whispered the use I could make of it.

"'I have fully decided to join the army,' he wrote. 'Make her think it is the rebel army,' my heart said; 'he is a southerner born and bred, and it is unusual for one of them to lend his aid to our side; what more natural?' And I cut the sheet in halves, and the page which would have told you all and the letter addressed to you, both of which I now enclose, I laid aside, and I went that night to your home, and the poison administered by a trained villain did its work.

"You read the letter, but with the words 'rebel army' ringing in your ears, and you believed him a traitor to his country and to you, and it was I, who now write this black record of sin, who dealt the blows so fatal to your confidence and love.

"'She is too noble to love long where she cannot respect,' I reasoned, and correctly. Is it unreasonable that I could worship you as I did and yet make you suffer so? Love, I know, seeks to shield its object from pain; but it was my selfishness which enabled me to inflict the torture. 'If she will only give him up,' I thought, 'if I can win her love, I will make amends for this by every means in my power. As my wife I can and will make her happy,' and, unreasonable as I was, I tried to persuade my deceived heart that I could win you, for I loved you, Winifred Leighton, madly, blindly—I lived only in your presence and for you.

"But in the months which followed I realized how murderers feel. Had I killed Arthur Telfair with my own hand I could have experienced no deeper remorse, and during your long illness I felt indeed that Heaven's curse was upon me. But I could not confess this thing.

"Arthur wrote to you several times after reaching Washington. I intercepted the letters. I opened the first, but hardened and desperate as I was, it cut me to the heart, and I burned the rest unopened. I never answered the letters he wrote to me, and lost sight of him at last.

"But the love for which I had bartered everything was never to be mine. You did well, Winifred, you did well not even to listen to my appeals, and in a few hours at the farthest I shall look my last upon your face, and then offer to the bullets and bayonets of our country's foes the life which I have so recklessly abused. As to forgiveness, I am not insane enough to hint at such a thing. I neither expect it from God or ask it from you, but I could not die with this sin on my soul unconfessed.

"Repentance comes too late, for Arthur Telfair was killed in the battle of Shiloh, left dead upon the field, as I learned six months ago from an acquaintance who recognized him and saw him fall. But I have done for you, Winifred, all that I ever can. I place in

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your hands proof that he to whom your love was given was not unworthy of it, and I unmask myself, and in the bitterest remorse for the past, anguish for the present, and despair for the future, I sign the name which was so sweet to me when falling from your lips,

HERBERT EDES."

I read these pages through, hurriedly, of course, and God only knows with what emotions. Winnie wept as I had never before seen her. I did not try to check her tears, for they relieved and soothed her. She grew calm by degrees.

"It is such a blessing to know that Arthur was not a traitor, and that when he fell he was doing his duty towards his country."

She could speak calmly of his death, for he had been so long dead to us that the news was robbed of half its bitterness.

"But Herbert Edes?"

"He is in God's hands," she said, solemnly; "his punishment is now greater than he can bear."

I sneered in my heart at her pity of the wretch.

"You are not like me," I said, though I did not intend it for news. "I wish he was in my hands for awhile; I could put as many bullets through his heart as it would make a mark for;" but I checked my wrath, ashamed of it and myself as I saw the reproach in her eyes.

"If I can forgive him you surely can," was all she said.

She slept peacefully that night. A great calm seemed to have fallen upon her, but the night hours dragged by wearily to me. I thought of the brave boy who had given up everything for his country when her anguished cry for help first struck his ear; of the confidence with which he had relied upon our willingness to have him go; of the suspense he had endured—no letters either from friends or betrothed—the agony of doubt, the gradual dying out of hope, the possible regret of the step he had taken. But the heart which had suffered all this was at rest forever. I saw him on the bloody, hotly-contested field of Shiloh, where we nearly suffered defeat, but were finally victorious, wondering where he lay, if his body was buried by comrades' hands or left to decay upon the field, perhaps consumed by the flames from the burning forest set on fire from exploding shells. I thought of my father's words: "If he had enlisted on the side of right and justice I could have borne it better," and I bitterly lamented that he had died in ignorance of the loyalty and bravery of him whom he had loved as a son.

Then came thoughts of Herbert Edes; of the dislike I had always felt towards him until he had been so attentive to our father during his declining days, and so kind to us in the dark hours following his death; but being less a saint than my sister, I could not forgive him as she had done, and the more human wish rose to my lips that he might meet in this world the reward of his sin.

And looking back three years, I realized how nobly she had borne her sorrow, and how her womanhood had developed during that time of trial, and I comprehended, in a measure, how humanity is made "perfect through suffering." And the night wore away.

To our friends, Dr. Atwood and his wife, we showed the letters we had received, and I was glad to find that they sympathized with me in my feelings toward Herbert Edes, while they rejoiced with us in the glad assurance that Arthur Telfair was not a rebel.

On the first, second, and third days of July, 1863, was fought the battle of Gettysburg. The groans of the wounded and dying were heard in our midst, and the call came for help for those brave men. Dr. Atwood announced to us one day his intention to start for Washington, to do his part towards caring for the sick and wounded from the battle-field. For some time he had thought seriously of moving to that place, although his practice in New York was quite extensive; but he felt strongly that he could work there to greater advantage, but he had not wholly decided on fixing his residence permanently there, though he was going on to see if he was correct in thinking his services could be of greater benefit than at home.

For some time Winnie had cherished a strong desire to enter one of our hospitals; I had discouraged the strange wish as much as I could, but was not successful in driving it from her mind. Finally, by way of compromise, I had promised her that I would not oppose it and would accompany her, provided she could obtain Dr. Atwood's consent, of which I had not the faintest fear. She had hesitated about laying the matter before him, for I had laughed at her whim, and of all persons she was surely the most unfit for such a position as hospital nurse, and she was hardly willing to undertake it without his consent and assistance, of which she felt doubtful; but as his intention was announced, she began

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her plea. She urged the subject eloquently, and only stopped for want of breath, but to Dr. Atwood's intense astonishment, who I believe thought she was insane, on that point at least.

"What is that child thinking of?" he asked, turning to me for an explanation after she left the room, saying, as she closed the door:

"You haven't said no, remember."

I explained to him her project, adding:

"Of course she must not go alone, and I promised to accompany her on condition of her obtaining your consent, and she promised to return if she finds the undertaking too much for her. She has not had the courage to mention it before, but your announcement seemed to inspire her with sudden bravery."

"Well, no doubt you could be of much service, but she can never endure it in the world. However, as she is set upon it, and has promised to come back if she fails, I wont say anything against it, though I don't like to have her go."

I was disappointed at his easy compliance. The prospect was not a very inviting one to me, but I was ashamed to own myself behind her in philanthropy, and of course I could not let her go alone. I comforted myself, however, in the thought that she would be glad to relinquish her scheme after testing it by practical experiment. I did not entertain any of those poetical ideas of hospital service which suddenly animate some breasts as suddenly to die out, but I set my hand to this new work with energy, thinking that perhaps, after all, as I had no "mission," my place was beside those who had so nobly fallen in the fulfilment of theirs.

And Dr. Atwood, Winnie and myself found ample work in the field we had entered. The soldiers loved that dear old man like a father, and his constant regret was that he had not gone before.

"I can do for those soldiers what I should have wished done for Arthur in their place," was Winnie's final argument before leaving home, and I found myself becoming a convert to her idea. I grew attached to the place and its inmates, and though the labor was constant and fatiguing, I should have been sorry to have returned to my former quiet life, and returning was never mentioned.

But Winnie faltered at some of the work which fell to her share, as I feared she would. Work of any description was a new experience to her, and she found herself unequal to washing bedding and bandages, and the human beings who required them, for a hospital nurse must needs administer soap and water as well as sympathy and kind words to the forlorn beings who are given into her charge; but she found ample employment in manufacturing little luxuries for the invalids, jellies to tempt the appetites of the convalescent, cordials and the like to strengthen them. She wrote all their letters for them, sitting close to the bedside, and entering with heartfelt sympathy into their personal feelings, drawing from the lips of some of the more reserved ones incidents and facts of their camp and field experience which were sent to the family or friends of the narrator in case of death.

A week of oppressively hot days and a beautiful Sabbath morning dawned, tranquil and lovely; a perfect May morning, as calm and sweet as though there were no such terrible thing as war sweeping over our country, blighting its spring bloom and dyeing the May verdure with the blood of its victims, whose groans were at that instant borne on the scented breeze towards him whose ear is open to their cry.

Some such thoughts were thronging through my mind as I threw open the window to inhale the morning freshness. Looking out, I saw twenty-five or thirty ambulances standing at the door of the hospital. Merely stopping to tell Winnie of the fact, I ran quickly down stairs to give such aid as might be required. All the surgeons and nurses were busy, but I had not been called upon, having been confined to my room for two days by a slight illness.

I met Dr. Atwood in one of the corridors. He seized me by the hand excitedly, and led me into one of the wards up to a bed, on which lay a sleeping soldier, with his right arm shot away from the shoulder, and a face thin and pinched, haggard and ghastly, so still and deathly white that this might have been taken for the last slumber.

I could not wholly check the cry which rose to my lips, but it did not disturb him, for it was surely Arthur Telfair who lay there before me, though changed as only long and continued suffering can change its victim.

"I thought I was not mistaken," whispered Dr. Atwood, weeping like a child; "he is fatally wounded, shot through the lungs. He fainted three times while they were bringing him up, but not a word or groan. Of course he did not know me, but I was sure I was right."

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"Let me go to Winnie," I said, without waiting to hear more, but he stopped me.

"No, no, child, she must not hear of this suddenly, she can't bear it."

"Doctor," I replied, impatiently, "she has shown us how she can bear trouble, and do you suppose she will be unequal to this?"

With another glance at the sleeping face, I sped away. She was dressed and ready to go down stairs when I entered, and softly humming to herself the words of a familiar hymn. Putting my arms around her, I stood behind and laid my head on her shoulder, that she should not see my face.

"Winnie, darling, suppose you should hear that Arthur was not killed in battle as we thought; that he has been alive all this time, but is wounded and—"

She turned short round with a gasping cry.

"Is he here? tell me, is he here?"

"Can you bear it?" I said.

"Anything—to see him."

"He is in the fifth ward, brought from the Wilderness this morning, but—fatally wounded," I said, as we were on our way to his bedside.

She gave one look at that face and sank on her knees beside him. I caught the fervent "thank God!" that broke from her lips, and knew that a more heartfelt thanksgiving never rose heavenward. She still knelt there, clasping the hand which was yet spared him, with a face almost angelic in its serene happiness, when with a slight moan he opened his eyes to meet those of Winnie's.

We can form some faint idea of the unspeakable bliss of heavenly recognitions, for who can doubt that such take place, and who of us would resign the sweet hope of again meeting the dear ones who fell at our side, leaving us to struggle on the rest of the weary way alone? For my sister, I believe that all she had suffered, all she had resigned, all she had mourned, was fully compensated for at that moment.

He could talk but very little, and every breath was an agony, but he listened as Winnie explained to him what had passed as fully as she could without criminating the one who had wrought their misery, and Arthur Telfair never knew the treachery of his loved and trusted friend. It was better so, but I wondered how she could do it.

"And Herbert?"

"He also entered the army," and she told him of the intelligence he had received of Arthur's fate at Shiloh.

"Not mortally wounded," pointing to his right shoulder, "left for dead, however, upon the field, and taken up afterwards."

Having been taken prisoner at Bull Run just before his three months' term of service had expired, he had no chance of going to New York himself to ascertain the reason of his numerous letters being unanswered. This much he told us with white lips, fighting back physical pain.

"How hard it was to resign the hope of ever calling you 'wife;' and I lived on that hope so long; but it is too late now," he murmured.

Winnie's eyes flashed with quick tears.

"Not too late, even now," she said, quietly; "with God's blessing, I will give myself to you."

"Winnie, do you mean it?"

"If it is your wish;" and the look which beamed from his eyes answered her.

"Dr. Atwood, will you please speak to our chaplain?"

Without a word of comment he went as she requested, and in a few moments they returned together. Still kneeling, with her hands clasping Arthur's, my sister Winifred was married. "Until death do us part." How strange the words sounded then and there, but life's romance is not found in books.

In less than an hour after they had been joined in bands which "no man can put asunder, death came to separate them, and the young husband was led into the valley of the shadow, but it was a wife's hand which closed those eyes, and they could never be really sundered.

I have seen many deathbeds, but never one where the soul left the body in the calm, smiling manner of which we so often read. Death is the rending asunder of soul and body, flesh and spirit, and mortal agony is written on the faces of those who die by violence. But by degrees to that dead face stole back the look it used to wear, the old familiar one of happy days forever gone by, a transformation we so often see after death. And laying the white sheet over all that was left of Arthur Telfair but his name and his memory, we left him, in the sure hope of again meeting him where there is "no death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain." Winnie, with tearless eyes and a great peace on her spirit, went to her work as usual, a living miracle to her less heroic sister.

There was much to be done that day and for many following, for our country paid

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dearly for a week of victories. I paused beside two beds where my associate was arranging the white sheets which tell their own story. It was no unusual occurrence, but some strange attraction held me to the spot.

"Dead," I said to myself, in a half whisper. It caught her ear.

"Yes, both wounded in the battles of the Wilderness, and died on the way here. Poor boy, no one knows who he is," speaking of the one over whom she then stood.

A fair, delicate lad, not more than seventeen—some mother's darling, probably, who was waiting patiently at home for tidings from her absent boy. God comfort such mothers!

I raised the sheet on the other bed, but I did not speak or cry out as I looked upon Herbert Edes's dead face, but overcome at the unexpected sight I sank down beside him, and it was long before I had strength to drag myself away. *He* was then at rest under the same roof with all of us again, a coincidence which the strange chances of war can alone account for.

But we can never know whether that erring spirit found absolution at the hands of him who can forgive to the uttermost, whether at the eleventh hour the prayer for pardon winged its way to the eternal throne and received answers of peace, or whether that immortal spirit went shivering down into the unknown, with no hope beyond the river.

His body was forwarded to his sister, in St. Louis, and I believe that I had fully forgiven him before I found him lying there in that sleep of death, powerless to harm himself or others more.

Arthur Telfair was laid to rest with those of our family whom God had taken, and Winnie and I are still in the hospital. Dr. Atwood and his kind wife, who have removed to Washington, are urgent in their requests for us to come to their home again; but I am too truly content with my work to ask for change, and as for Winnie, she smiled when the proposal was made.

"I am too happy to leave this place. I found Arthur here, and it is sanctified by his memory."

She is not the Winnie of four years ago; but a heart at peace with herself and God beams through a face which is almost happy, and I know that my sister has found rest.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

THE day of which we write was the bitterest of a most bitter winter—that of 1846-7. Crowds of people muffled to the chin, were hurrying along the icy streets of London. Coachmen, in fur coats and woolen comforters, were urging their fat horses to greater speed than their wont, and newspaper boys were tearing apart the frozen sheets, leaving a portion of each upon the next. It was getting on well in the afternoon, and everybody seemed bent on hastening home before the sun should have ceased to gild the tops of the distant spires—the only gleams that come to cheer London eyes.

In one of the poorest streets, standing beneath an arch, was a child, apparently eight or nine years old; a girl, somewhat poorly clad and with an expression of sadness upon her countenance, yet, by no means giving evidence of having suffered from hunger or extreme poverty. The little plump figure forbade the thought, the rosy cheeks and lips, the neatly fitting, freshly ironed frock, though patched, bespoke no want of care. The thin shoes were straightly tied, and the little blue hood was pushed back from hair that showed the tending of a loving hand. There was just sufficient forlornness about the little creature, to excite pity, as she wrapped the small shawl carefully over the plump shoulders and leaned further back from the chill blasts that came sweeping into the half shelter she had found.

The crowds hurried by—too cold and shivering to notice her unless she had made a direct appeal. It was near twilight and the streets grew more thinly peopled. The sun had gone down into dull, leaden clouds that betokened snow, if it could ever grow warm enough to snow; and the little face peering from the arch began to put on a sort of dismayed look, as if its owner wondered where it might close the sleepy brown eyes, when darkness should actually come on.

And darkness *was* coming, and only now

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and then an iron heel rang on the pavement. Only one man was now in the street, coming from the darkening west. The child looked up in his face, as his tall figure loomed up between her and the fast fading light. Something in that wistful look made him stop, when he neared the arch, as if he expected her to ask charity and was willing to bestow it. Not a word came from the full, firm lips, and he walked on a few steps, looking back to the still, upright figure. The girl caught his look and seemed to scan him with an interest that she had not displayed before. He was a tall, dark man, dressed like a clergyman, in new and shining black, with white cravat and black kid gloves—not a bit of fur on his faultless overcoat.

The child was perhaps wondering if ministers did not feel the cold like other men; for every other had worn fur, either on cap or collar or gloves, upon this bitter day. While she was wondering, he walked straight back and addressed her:

"Little girl, why do you not go home?"

"I have no home, sir," rang out a clear, musical voice.

"No home! Who has taken care of you?"

"My grandmother, and she died yesterday, and the people were going to take me to the workhouse, and I ran away."

The lips quivered a little—not much, but enough to show that there was feeling beneath the firm outside.

"Grandmother did so dread the workhouse!" she said, as if half apologizing for the quivering lips.

"Well, never mind; you shall go home with me. I can take care of you, my dear."

The voice was hard and cold, notwithstanding the "my dear." The speech itself had a false ring to it, like a counterfeit dollar. You may cheat men and women with the dollar, but, trust me, you cannot cheat a bright, sensible child with false words. The child looked up wistfully, but did not move directly, nor look much delighted with the invitation. She seemed to be weighing her chances. The sleepy lids still drooped, and she was growing colder every moment. It was the first time she had been spoken to all that weary day; and she had stood there quietly ever since morning. The man half shrunk from the quick upward look of the brown eyes, as if he thought they could read his soul. But a deeper shadow was stealing over the silent streets, and the little cold hand was laid into the gloved one held out to her. The two strangely assorted companions hurried up the street together.

A large handsome house in one of the most fashionable streets of London, was that evening lighted up brilliantly. A good-looking, well-dressed woman, apparently the housekeeper of the establishment, had been waiting some time for the return of her master, and wondering at his absence. He was too fond, she thought, of the many comforts she was wont to gather about him, to stay away voluntarily; and, on this bitter night of all others! The steak would be spoiled, and Mr. Warren was so particular; she would have to replace it with more, and this was so nice—where could he be?

While going out to order more, she heard his step. He came in, and, wonder of wonders! a little child followed upon his track. His first words were:

"Here, Mrs. Roberts, take this little girl to your room and dress her up warmly. Your little niece's clothes, I am sure, will fit her nicely enough; at least for to-night."

Mrs. Roberts gave hurried orders for a fresh steak and some hot toast, and carried off the child to her room, where little Mary Roberts generously proffered her best crimson merino frock and some warm shoes and stockings, while the housekeeper brushed out the brown curls that fell to the child's waist when freed from the confinement imposed by the old blue hood.

Mrs. Roberts had found the little girl's coarse under-clothing so delicately clean and white, that it silenced all her scruples about dressing her in Mary's frock; and soon she re-appeared in the dining-room with the transformed waif.

Mr. Warren was waiting patiently for his tea. He motioned to the child to sit beside him, and soon, he was watching with a pleased look, the charming appetite that was appropriating, eagerly but decorously, the hot steak, toast and coffee which her hungry state so much needed, and so fully enjoyed.

When her hunger was at last appeased, he plied her with questions upon questions. Was she ever ill? had she had measles, hooping cough, scarlet fever? No, nothing. She did not know what he meant by "having the doctor." Lastly, after a number of inquiries as to her physical state, he asked her name. His eyes opened wide at her answer. It was the good old scriptural name of Isaac's beloved wife—Rebecca—but the surname was his

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own. He mused long upon the strange coincidence, but at length felt satisfied that the child's name should stand as it was—Rebecca Warren. The next day saw her provided by Mrs. Roberts's care, with sufficient and handsome clothing. The little girl possessed correct taste. He noticed that she selected rich, dark colors, but turned away dissatisfied when anything gaudy or dashing was presented.

From this time, the greatest possible care was taken of this child. Her health was deemed all-important by her new guardian, and her diet was at once nourishing and simple. Bread from great white loaves—milk, rich and unadulterated, from England's fairest meadows—mutton, real South Down mutton that can be found nowhere else—was her daily food; and her bathing, careful rubbing and exercise, both in walking and pony riding, attended by a careful servant, were never neglected. When the weather was too severe for out-of-door exercises, a circular building, with a tan-strewn floor, was the scene of her horsemanship. In short, no heiress of the largest fortune could be more carefully guarded from harm or sickness than this street foundling—this waif upon the broad London world.

Two years subsequent to the event we have related, the officers of a long established London Life Assurance company were lounging over the counting-room fire, and wondering why business had so declined of late. The secretary, Mr. Turner, a tall, spare man, the personification of a mathematical line—length without breadth—declared that, in his twenty-five years' service, it had never been so dull. Mr. Turner had become a stock-holder, by dint of hoarding his gains and denying himself the superfluous luxury of a wife; and he felt this defection of the office severely. Some conversation passed, of which the gentlemen might have objected to a public *expose*, as it regarded some transactions of the company never spoken of outside the walls of the counting-room.

In the midst of a warm discussion, they were startled by the opening of the door. Each man cast a furtive glance at his neighbor, as if to ask what portions of their revelations might have been heard, on the stairs or at the door by their noiseless visitor. He who approached seemed all unconscious, however, and their momentary confusion subsided. He was a remarkably calm, mild-looking man, dressed in faultless black, and holding by the hand a little girl somewhere between ten and twelve years of age, upon whose life he stated his wish to obtain an insurance.

The officers looked earnestly at the girl. Never surely was there a fairer subject, or a more hopeful chance for long continued premiums. The brown eyes sparkled and the rosy lips and cheeks glowed with health—the white teeth were immaculate as a cleft cocoanut, and the firm, beautifully-rounded limbs seemed to promise a long life of never-failing health. The most fastidious of insurance brokers, or the most doubtful of examining physicians, might deem her a prize to be eagerly grasped at. Nothing but accident could mar this perfection of physical structure to which Nature had been so beneficent.

The business was soon settled, insuring the life of Rebecca Warren for the benefit of William Warren, for the magnificent sum of £18,000, at a generous premium; and the parties retired, leaving the spirits of the officers at a much higher scale than before their entrance.

Mr. Warren carried his adopted daughter back to the tender cares of Mrs. Roberts. The latter was not a very observant woman, or it might have struck her quite forcibly that Mr. Warren was not quite as careful of his ward of late, as in the earlier part of his guardianship. She had, sometimes, a dim perception that he did not insist so strongly upon the necessity of Rebecca's daily exercise—that he did not seem so alarmed if she went into danger, and that he even encouraged her in the wildest feats with her pony. But the good soul thought it was only because Rebecca was older and could better care for herself; and, though she never relaxed her own vigilance, she excused her master from "tying himself all his life to a girl's apron string."

There was but little show of tenderness between the self-elected protector and his protege. A cold salute when the girl retired, was its utmost limit; and that, in the presence of Mrs. Roberts. On the part of Rebecca, it was a mere duty, scarcely an agreeable one; but she remembered from what he had saved her, and was grateful.

And so life went on in the great house, until, one morning, Mrs. Roberts was called early from her bed by the frantic shrieks of Rebecca, who had always slept in a large, airy room beside her own. The child was evidently very ill. Mr. Warren was aroused, and doctors were sent for. All of them, in-

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cluding the examining physician of the Life Assurance Company, concurred in pronouncing her disorder a simple case of cholera morbus; but, spite of all the remedies they prescribed, the poor little girl continued to grow worse and worse; and in a few hours she was dead! and *not* by accident.

London seldom witnesses so magnificent an affair as Rebecca Warren's funeral. Few people had known that the quiet bachelor had adopted a child; and the crowd was struck with the excess of that love that provided such a costly pageant. Robed in the richest of India muslin and covered with wreaths that must have cost a guinea each; lying in a rosewood casket, bound with silver and lined with the costliest white velvet, the beautiful form was shown to thousands, and then borne away to a fashionable cemetery, where, in a few days, there arose a splendid monument, erected by the grief-stricken father to the beloved child of his adoption.

Deeper or more decorous black than he had always worn, Mr. Warren could not wear. He could but add the widest of hat-bands, the most beautiful of mourning rings. And he walked along the streets, with head bent to the earth, in hopeless sadness, as if searching beneath his feet for the buried treasure he had lain there.

Months passed, in which Mr. Warren sought no solace to his grief. At length, he found one. The Life Assurance Company honored his application for the £18,000 consequent upon the death of his adopted child.

While he stood in the office, waiting for the already written draft to be put into his hand, a whisper from one of the board fairly startled the tall secretary from his chair. He stood up with wide open and frightened eyes, his spare figure fairly shrunk to greater thinness, by the ominous warning. When he recovered speech, and after a conference with the officers, he hurriedly stated to the applicant that the board had decided to lay the business over until their next meeting.

It was the part of prudence in Mr. Warren, not to show any emotion, and he succeeded so charmingly as to awaken regret that they had not suffered the affair to proceed; but he who had whispered the caution was inexorable. Every antecedent of Mr. Warren should be investigated. Such was the decision of the board, and nothing should induce them to pay the £18,000, until every act of his former life should stand out in the broad light.

A man, who would have stood at the head of his class as a detective, undertook to rake up the mysterious past of Mr. William Warren. His skill, tact and cunning brought out astonishing developments. He visited numerous insurance offices, and found, almost without an exception, that they had been fleeced by the arch-hypocrite. The insurance had been effected at enormous sums, and the person assured had, in every case, died suddenly. Mr. Warren's name had been given as creditor, or friend, or relative, and the sums had been paid over to him, while the company had swallowed the fraud as best they might. The benefit of one or two premiums accrued to them, and the large windfall came to William Warren, whose meek, innocent look it was hard to doubt.

Not deeming that such a trap had been set for him, Warren entered the insurance office again and demanded the payment of his policy. All the answer they deigned was to seize and imprison him.

At the trial, the lawyer, whose virtue could not withstand a tempting bribe, managed to clear him. The wily villain escaped; and the next thing known of him was in Paris, where he was zealously furthering the cause of science, by trying to discover a poison which should leave no traces upon the victim!

Perhaps he did not try unsuccessfully; for when baited by stories of fabulous wealth, he went to California, there were a host of circumstances that involved treachery and guilt that could be traced to William Warren's door, and which, in any less reckless spot than California, would have brought him to the gallows. Perhaps there are still mourning friends who might trace the robbery and murder of their dear ones to him.

Finally, he was driven, from self-preserving motives to change his abode to Australia. He dared stay no longer in a spot that had witnessed his many sins. His health failed; his spirits were depressed. He sought a remedy for both, and found it in the baneful *hasheesh*.

Swallowing large quantities, he alternated between the wildest exhilaration and the most frantic anguish, until his state was perfectly demoniacal. In the moments when terror had possession of him, he was haunted by the image of the young and beautiful being whom he had swept from the glad earth, while youth and health and loveliness were all her own, to gratify the base love of gain for which he had sold his soul.

From the lone tent, upon the outskirts of Melbourne, the agonized cry went up from

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that despairing soul, "Rebecca!" In every shadow that came over the desolate place—desolate, save for one rough and rugged, yet kindly pitying man—he saw the face and figure of the child; and his unearthly screams of agony were almost more than the rude miner could endure. "Take her away! take her away! My God, you will kill me with that face! I tell you I did not poison her. She died of the cholera; you know she did. Hark! what is that?" as the wild storm broke over the tent. "Am I in hell?" Only the heaven-borne pity that is sometimes found in the lowest and meanest of mortals, could have made the man stay beside him.

A rude grave, close beside the now forsaken tent, received the form that once walked the streets of London so proudly; and while the man was throwing the first handful of earth into its shallow limits, a stranger called to him. Startled at the sound, in that strange solitude, he almost thought it was the voice of him whom he was burying, and that he had come to life, and actually fainted away, from his superstitious fright. When he revived, the stranger was leaning over him. The good-humored, honest face dispelled his fears, and the new comer generously offered to finish his task.

"I know the man you have here in this hole," he said, when he had finished, "and a greater villain never went unhung; as the London assurance folks can tell. Nobody knew where he went; but I should know that hypocrite's face anywhere, altered as it is from the smooth one he used to wear."

And thus died the murderer of Rebecca Warren.

EULULUE.

BY J. B. SWETT.

O winds, that sing o'er fragrant plains!
O winds, that blow o'er waters blue!
Bear on your wings a tale for me
Across the plains, across the sea,
A story to my Eululue.

O dwellers of the spirit deep,
I call with longing unto you,
To use your mystic powers for me,
And carry o'er the plain and sea
A loving word to Eululue!

O hearts, that sympathetic beat
With those who feel affection true,
Shed but a pitying tear for me,
And list, while o'er the plain and sea
I sing and sigh for Eululue!

I stand out in the still starlight,
And think of all e'er loved or knew;
And touch my harp, and sing of thee,
As dearest of them all to me,
My own, my darling Eululue!

AN ADVENTURE UNDER GROUND.

BY W. D. HARRINGTON.

A STUDENT, fresh from the monotonous college course, I stood, one lovely evening in autumn, on a lofty peak of the Blue Ridge—the Pilot—listening with breathless attention to the story of an old man, whose sparse locks were blooming for the grave.

How alike were my own feelings and the eminence upon which I stood! My youthful bosom was teeming with the brightest and most deceptive aspirations and hopes for honor. In the future I saw the laurel weaving itself into unfading wreaths to crown my brow, while my friends flattered and fostered the most presumptuous plans that my deluded brain had concocted for an easy and uninterrupted flight up the ladder of fame. Beyond this, however, I aspired to fortune—to great riches. These I saw not how to obtain, but in the manly effort and untiring exertions of a well spent life, and even then fortune was uncertain. To my impatient soul this was a tiring and humiliating thought. From my boyhood I had revelled in day-dreams of palaces all my own, shining with the lavished luxuries of wealth, and surrounded with all the beauties and splendors that the hand of art could bestow. Hour after hour, had I wearied my brain, seeking to find some near

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road to fortune—to heaps of glittering gold. But alas! I found it but in dreaming.

Near the spot where we then stood, a large unexplored subterraneous cave, regarded by the neighboring inhabitants with the greatest superstitious awe, seemed to undermine the peak. Of this cavern the old man's story related.

"Many years ago," said he, "a band of desperate highwaymen lived in these mountains. As a place of safety they hid, somewhere in that cave, a chest of gold, which is guarded by the spirit of one of their band, whom they murdered on the spot for that purpose. No man has ever been found with sufficient courage to enter and obtain it, and well there has not. By going to the mouth of the cave you will learn why. During the months of spring and autumn, the hideous voice of that evil spirit may be heard warning away all who might attempt to invade his dominions. Several years after this, the robbers were driven from the mountains and captured, and since then much of their hidden gold has been found in various places." Thus ended the old man's story.

My credulous mind believed every word of the tale, and I replied, boastingly:

"I have the courage, and I will hunt it. Should I find it, it will require more than one dead robber's ghost, to deter me from bringing away what of it I can carry."

"Ah, child!" said the old man, smiling, "I've heard many talk as you talk, and yet they went only where I have often been, and returned satisfied."

"Do you think," I asked, "that fear of a dead man's spirit can deter me from my purpose? No, if there is a chest of gold in that cave, with nothing intervening but a robber that has been in eternity for nearly a century, it shall be mine!"

Saying this, I left the good old man, and made my way to this Golconda, from which, my heart beat high with emotions, that I should extract my long sought-after fortune; while he, with tottering footsteps, wended his way down a narrow winding pathway to a valley, in which nestled his cottage.

Down rugged declivities, and bounding from rock to rock over frowning chasms, I at last reached a platform-looking space that took me to the mouth of the cavern. I approached the monster aperture, and halted to survey it. A faint unearthly struggle fell upon my ears—a noise indescribable—a sound I have heard only there, in my life.

"Can I face that music alone?" I asked myself.

My courage forsook me, and, in accordance with the old man's predictions, my determination yielded. I turned my face away. It was early twilight. The sun had set beyond and cast the shadow of the peak, down as far as the eye could see, upon the vernal landscape, dotted here and there with the mountaineer's home. Upon the right and left, the din of cataracts made nature's harmonious music, and seemed to censure my superstition. Once more I thought of the gold. Then on my mind flashed the image of her who had been the bright guiding-star of my existence—my boyhood's earliest love. She who had elevated my aspiration—whom I hoped to see mistress and queen of the most magnificent palace of my imagination, and the centre of its attractions.

"Jennie!"—I breathed the name—"for your sake I will brave the terrors of this horrid cavern—will hunt and bring from its dark recesses those treasures, if they be there, and lay them at your feet."

My mind was fully made up in that moment. I determined to make the adventure at all hazard.

I returned to the old man's cottage to spend the night, in order to make an early start on the morrow. After a night of wakeful dreams of gold, robbers and ghosts, all confused, the morning—a lovely morning—dawned; and partaking of a frugal breakfast, procuring a miner's lamp, a can of oil, and a box of matches, I was prepared for my adventure under ground.

"My child," said the good old man, as I took leave of him, "you are now about to embark in a dangerous undertaking—that of obtaining gold guarded by an evil spirit. I would advise you not to go; but since you seem determined to go, remember this advice: When you are making your researches, don't utter a word, though you may be tempted to speak. One word will place you at the mercy of this wicked ghost."

This ominous advice rather alarmed me at first, but feeling it to be only the result of superstition, I set out. On arriving at the cave, I lighted my lantern and walked resolutely in, shutting my eyes to any fears that even the unexplained noise, which was now extremely distressing, might produce in my mind.

To my astonishment, I found on entering the cave a splendid arched passage, with solid

granite walls, and a pavement underfoot as smooth as if it had been wrought by the stone-mason's chisel. With this gratifying aspect of affairs, I pursued my journey for several hundred yards; when I found what I at first thought was a bluff termination. I glanced back through the straight, dark tunnel, and daylight at its entrance resembled a small, bright star. In the wall to the right I discovered a small door-like excavation, and through this I threaded my way, changing my direction square to the right. My situation was now more gloomy. The passage was narrow, ragged, and the projecting rocks above threatened to dislodge themselves upon my head, and crush me beneath their ponderous weight. At the same time an unwholesome stench greeted my olfactory organs, resembling that repulsive odor which arises from a vexed rattlesnake. The noise, too, though less uproarous, was more doleful, and terrified me worse; while my lamp burned dimly from the absence of oxygen, and I experienced considerable uneasiness at my lungs. In fact my situation was really alarming, and only a prospect of *gold* could have stimulated me to press onward.

Suddenly a chilling sensation passed over my body, and a tremendous echoing and re-echoing sound almost paralyzed the drums of my ears, while my light glared up, giving a new volume of light. Recovering from my bewilderment, I discovered that I had emerged from my narrow passage into a vast chamber of darkness. The apartment was filled with a thin cold mist which dampened my garments at once; and so stunning was the noise that I could not tell from what direction it proceeded. Stepping back to the narrow passage, however, I determined to grope my way by the wall to the right. Slowly and cautiously I bent forward, watching, to the extent of my vision, for the cherished object of my adventure. The wall was composed of crumbling slate, and the floor was of the same material, very wet. In a short time my journey was interrupted by a small stream of sparkling crystal water, which issued from the wall and ran off, whirling and eddying, diagonally in the direction I was taking. I dipped my hand into the water to ascertain its temperature, when I experienced a burning sensation, which caused me to draw it immediately out, and on examination I found the skin white and shrivelled as though I had plunged it into some powerful chemical. I changed my direction with the course of the stream, and soon found where it terminated by sinking down among a mass of rocks at the base of what appeared to be a partition, which rose with a gradual inclination to the opposite side of the dark chamber. Here I solved the mystery of the strange noise that had so much terrified me. The water ran on these rocks and sank down between the interstices, and the air bursting up and rushing in to fill the vacuums caused by the escaping waters, made the struggling sound, heard from time immemorial at the mouth of the cavern. But why this only happened during the months of spring and autumn I could not tell, nor have I to this day been able to explain this strange phenomenon.

Demonstrating this fact tended to disheartenen rather than relieve me. It gave me reason to suspect that the gold might also be a delusion. Holding up my lamp to scan the inclining partition, my eyes met, in the dim reflection of my light, the form of a man, lying apparently asleep on the cold wet rocks. Appalling sight! My brain reeled, and I barely sustained myself from falling. Panic-stricken and demoralized, I turned to retreat, but regaining my self-possession, and remembering that this might be the dead robber whose gold I sought, I nerved my courage to a desperate point, and snatching my pistol from my bosom, rushed to his side. Setting my foot on his breast, I uttered a loud exclamation of defiance, forgetting the old man's injunction to keep silent. Never shall I forget the sound of my own voice in that dismal abode.

The body did not yield to the pressure of my weight, and on examination, I found, that although the body of a man, with the features all perfect, except as changed in the hour of death, it had been metamorphosed into a hard composition resembling stone. By his side I discovered a billet of slate, upon which was written, with some pointed instrument, the following ominous inscription:

"Deluded here by a thirst after hidden gold —bewildered—unable to find my way out—I perish alone. 1810."

The features of the dead man showed him to have been a youth very near my own age, and I was struck with the similitude of our appearance. The hair stood an end on my head, as I glanced round at the dark vault—this weird dungeon of death—and thought of my alarming condition. My golden dream was broken, and I thought only of escape. I hastened back up the stream, and took the

direction of the wall in my old footsteps, until I found the passage that had brought me here. I commenced my ascent, nevertheless, under some strange apprehension. I did not go far, before, to my alarm and mortification, I found since I had passed in, the walls had crumbled and fallen, completely shutting up all avenues of escape. Excited to desperation, I tried my strength in removing the stones, but not one could I budge.

"My God!" I shouted, "am I here, buried alive?" An unearthly echo mimicked my wailings:

"Buried alive!"

In wild frenzy, I ran back to the dark chamber, hoping that I had taken a wrong passage. I took the direction of the wall to the left, and after a time, found where it intersected with the partition. I changed my course with the partition, and soon reached its base, where the struggling waters sank down among the rocks. There still lay the stone man, my only companion, whose example I had imitated, and whose awful fate I was destined soon to share.

I was determined not to perish, however, until the last effort had been made to escape; I therefore crossed over the stream, and followed the partition back to the wall. I was not long in finding myself back to where the stream issued from the wall, thereby demonstrating the fact that the cave was a vast rotunda, with the stream and partition cutting its centre. Hopeless, I groped to that spot where lay the body of one who had felt the same agonies that were then tormenting my bosom, and whose spirit had been set free from this dismal prison-house by the angel of death. I seated myself by his side, for under the awful apprehensions of death which stared me in the face as an only alternative, I forgot all superstitious fears.

"Gave my life for a golden dream!" I soliloquized. "Doomed to perish—to eke out my life by degrees—far away from the face of man. Where no soft, sympathizing hand will hold up my aching head, or gentle, loving voice cheer my sinking spirit."

I reached forth my hand to rewrite the inscription on the stone and date 18—, when a thought flashed into my mind, that I would ascend the partition and examine the upper regions of the cave. I did so, accordingly, and on reaching its intersection with the wall, I found an aperture which seemed to wind upwards with a gradual ascent. Although I cherished not the faintest hope of escape by following it, yet I resolved to do so, and die at its terminus; at least away from that gloomy dungeon, whose mystic atmosphere would change my flesh to stone after my death. After many hours of toil, I saw my doom. The passage terminated on a natural platform. Overcome with fatigue, despair, and hunger, I threw myself upon my knees and petitioned to Heaven that death might soon end my miseries. I then prostrated myself upon the rocks, and passed off into a delicious slumber. On waking, I found my lamp had burned out, and I was in darkness. I rose up to relight it, when glancing upwards —something I did not do on my arrival there, exhausted and hopeless as I was—my eyes fell upon a bright star. Was it a delusion? I examined well. It was reality! I saw a small opening, to which if I could ascend, I should make my escape. I lit my lamp and began to examine the actual condition of affairs. On the right, left, and in front, as I stood upon the platform, I found the same perpendicular walls, which led me to think, on my arrival there, that my passage had terminated; but to the rear, I found a ragged wall up which I thought, by extraordinary exertions, I could ascend to the opening. I set aside my lamp, as it could only be of disadvantage to me, and began my dangerous ascension. By almost superhuman efforts, I at last reached the aperture, and with an extraordinary bound, sprang out joyfully into the open air once more. I found myself upon the topmost summit of the lofty Pilot, while the star-spangled concave of heaven shone brightly over my head. Once more I looked down, in the dim starlit horizon, upon the abode of man, and heartily thanked a kind Providence for my deliverance from a death too horrible to be contemplated.

I descended the mountain-side and repaired to the cottage of my old friend, who informed me that I had been gone two days, and nearly two nights. With as little delay as possible, I tipped my hat to the giant beak, with its gloomy cavern and chest of hidden gold, and returned to my humble home, where, with the object of my early love, I have found the hidden treasure, of more value than great riches, in learning the lesson, that contentment with our lot, in all the vicissitudes of life, is the only road to happiness.

A kiss on the forehead denotes respect; on the cheek, friendship; on the eyelids, tender sentiment, and on the lips, love.

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TO A YOUNG MOTHER.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAN.

What see thy clear, far-looking eyes
  Among the hills?
What scene of past or future now
  Thy spirit fills,
Calling to life that fitful smile,
  Those breathless thrills?

Three years ago, the lights and shades
  Upon thy brow,
The dreams within thy changeful eyes
  Gathering as now;
Thy soul, like thine own pansy-blooms,
  Half gloom, half glow—

I knew them all—but passing times
  A change has wrought,
A miracle of nature stands
  Between our thought.
God help thee in the haunted path
  Thy steps have sought!

Madonna! hold her trembling hand
  Within thine own;
A mother's thronging hopes and fears
  Thou, too, hast known:
We trust this mother and her child
  To thee alone!

THE HOLLINGSWORTH DIAMONDS.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

THEY were enough to make the sleepiest eyes wink to look at them. For my part, I should as soon have thought of staring at the sun himself as at the wonderful family diamonds.

My Aunt Hollingsworth just inverted the casket, and the great, sparkling things slipped down upon the folds of her Genoa velvet dress, and lay there with a certain air, as if they were quite conscious of their regal splendor. The necklace rippled over the velvet, a shining, crystal river; the rings had each a drop of solid light set in a fringe of gold; the ear-rings were transparent, lucid stars.

Beatrice gave a little cry of delight, and then dropping on her knees before my aunt, began clasping the bracelets around her white, dimpled arms. It was her right, you see, to wear them, being the oldest, and a proud day it was for my Aunt Hollingsworth when Beatrice for the first time put on the jewels.

Of course it would not have answered at all upon any ordinary occasion, but the inauguration of the governor general was a great fete-day; the ball at Parliament House was an extraordinary affair, and so it was quite allowable for Beatrice to wear the diamonds, though she was not quite eighteen. To be sure there was Isabel, only a year younger than Beatrice, and quite her equal in beauty—superior, a good many people thought, with her splendid Spanish eyes and the pomegranate blush upon her cheeks. So, of course, one would not wonder that she was vexed and angered to see Beatrice set up so far above her.

"You will half drown the child in splendor, mama!" broke out Isabel, with a kind of haughty scorn. "And she is too pale for diamonds. She looks like a lay figure dressed up to show off the family jewels."

Aunt Hollingsworth grew quite red at this saucy speech, and answered back very sharply:

"You may hold your tongue, Isabel. 'Tis Beatrice's right to wear the gems, and as for her pallor—some people prefer white lilies to red roses."

"Indeed, then, Royal Earle does not; for one day he went into raptures over Josephine, there, who is as brown as a gipsey," said Isabel, maliciously.

Josephine, a sleepy Eastern beauty, roused up, and began, in her languid, musical voice, one syllable drawling after another, like the slow tinkle of drops after a spent summer shower:

"Royal Earle likes my amber eyes, and said—"

Aunt Hollingsworth knit her eyebrows, and interrupted angrily.

"What is Royal Earle to me, and what is he to you, foolish lasses? I see you believe the silly gossip that's afloat in the colony. What is it to you, I say? Does he want a

wife? He is free to get one, and you, foolish girls, are free to stay unmarried till somebody makes you an offer. And as for Royal Earle, he's a gentleman born, and knows the ways of noble families. Let him come wooing a younger before the elder is married, if he likes."

And my aunt shut her lips upon the last word, as much as to say her mind was made up, and the whole world could not move it; which was quite true, for rocks, and adamant, and mountains, and such hard, inexorable things, were nothing in comparison with my Aunt Hollingsworth. A poor chance he would have who should set himself up against her. And was Royal Earle the man to do it? Such a gay, delightful, ease and pleasure loving gentleman as he; a true knight, indeed, but one who had never been in any fiercer fray than a combat for a lady's favor, who slipped gracefully along with the current, and whose genial, sunny humor chimed in with the ways of other people, just from sheer good temper. Ah! if Royal and my aunt should come into collision, Royal was sure to go to the wall.

But what was that to me, and what made me shiver and grow so cold as I thought of it? I was in a dream. Isabel startled me out of it by crying out in that sharp, clear voice of hers:

"What are you dreaming about, Mignonne? 'Tis Royal Earle, I'll venture to say; for your great gray eyes have that queer, soft mist in them that always comes when a chance word sets you thinking of Royal Earle. Dream away, darling, dream away, but O Mignonne, 'tis all in vain. He'll never marry you, though your skin is white and fine as the petals of this Carolina magnolia, and your heart as full of love for him as the sea is full of water."

"O Isabel, don't!" I cried, and I looked around, expecting to see my Aunt Hollingsworth all drawn up in battle array, and ready to annihilate me with a single frown. But my aunt had sailed away while I was dreaming, Beatrice had gone to beam upon the party in the parlor, Josephine had dropped off into a quiet little nap, and so Isabel had only the stars and me for auditors to her cruel, saucy speech.

"Mignonne!" I started up and was going to run away.

"Stop, silly child. I'll say no more of Royal Earle; he is predestined and sworn to my mother's eldest daughter, and so now it's said, and that's all about it. It's more to the purpose that you're not dressed for the ball. You've no ornaments—run to my box; perhaps there's a stray pearl or two. They're sure to become you."

I turned away. "Thank you, flowers will do for me;" and as I ran down stairs I heard Isabel mutter something about my insufferable pride. But it was not pride. That would not have made me shake all over, and set my eyes swimming in uncontrollable tears.

I passed into the parlor. I was going to slip in and ask my aunt's permission to cut a few flowers in the conservatory; but something I saw there made me start back and shrink away, and hide myself in the darkness of the hall. What was it? Only Beatrice standing close by Royal Earle, and he smiling down upon her, his admiration for her gracious beauty shining in his eyes.

I went out and ran down the long lines of shrubbery, my heart beating fast, and the thick tears coming. Ah! what was I beside these beautiful, queenly girls, proud and noble and rich? I who had no beauty, only just a little wild-flower prettiness, no wealth, either, and nothing in the world to be proud of, except, indeed, the Hollingsworth name? I hid myself in the sweet groves of blossoming oleanders, and sure of not being seen or heard, I let this dreadful tempest of pain have its way. I think I sobbed aloud at first, but by-and-by the stillness of everything around startled me, and drew my thoughts gradually away from myself.

The night was sultry and dark, the sky opaque and black; the midsummer warmth weighing down the air. In the west, fitful flashes of heat lightning broke out along a dun, misty cloud-bank. In the garden, the air was saturated with fine, delicious fragrance; great moths were sailing about, and on the lawn the fireflies flashed and faded in the darkness.

It was all beautiful, and the world was a dear, delightful place for everybody but me. My poor heart would not be comforted. And so to me all the calm sweetness of the night seemed a bitter mockery. I suppose all persons have felt it so at some time. We may wear ourselves out with grief, our hearts may break, and all the brightness of our lives melt away in a mist of tears, but all the same the birds will sing, the flowers will blossom, as if the whole world were stone blind and deaf to our misery. When one is old, one suffers with some sort of resignation, but the hot blood of youth rebels; it seems so monstrous

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and unnatural a thing that we should be wretched.

I was very young, but there had been a deal of pain in my short life. I used to think if my father could know what I suffered under my Aunt Hollingsworth's care it would vex him in his grave; but when he gave me up to her he was half crazed with sorrow for the death of his young wife. He went over the seas and tried to forget his loss, but trouble finds one out though one flies a thousand leagues to shun it; and one day black news came home to us. Dead of a slow fever, the doctors said, not knowing that this feverish, consuming pain had been so long sapping his life.

This was the way I came to be in my aunt's house—home it never was to me. Such torturing years those were—no love and no sunshine. None? Do I forget Royal Earle—cousin Royal?

I paced up and down the garden walks thinking very tenderly of him, too tenderly for my own peace, since he was to marry Beatrice. And now came a footstep, swift and light upon the walk behind me. No need for me to turn. I knew it too well.

"Mignonne, little Mignonne!" Such sweet words from his lips! But I steeled my heart against him, and drew my hand away from his kiss.

"Crying, Mignonne? Foolish child! Come, tell me your trouble. Who has so good a right to know as I?"

But I would not speak. His honest, Saxon blue eyes looked down at me, keenly questioning.

"Can't I help you?" he said.

"No."

"I thought you always brought your griefs to me?"

I could not bear this.

"So I have," I said, "but now—" I stopped. I would not trust myself with words.

"But now!" he repeated. "What stands between us now?"

"Beatrice." I knew my voice was abrupt and hard.

He started a little. The light from the house windows flowed over us and illuminated his face. It was full of vague trouble. When he spoke, his words were broken and hesitating.

"Mignonne—little sensitive plant—why should Beatrice—how should she come between us? You know I love you."

"Mignonne, Mignonne!" called my Aunt Hollingsworth, and at the same moment I heard the carriage rumble round to the door.

I broke away from his arms, my dread of my aunt the uppermost feeling.

"O Royal, help me. I came to get some flowers to wear to the ball."

He snatched at a white, odorous cluster near him.

"O, not those, not those, they are orange blossoms."

"Well, here is cape jessamine; but some day, Mignonne, you shall wear the orange flowers; and now, darling, I love you better than all the world. No Beatrice shall come between our hearts."

The words came swiftly, but so impassioned and tender that they sank down into my heart. It was years ago, but the light they kindled is burning still. In another minute I stood before Aunt Hollingsworth. She was very stately and queenly in her velvet and pearls, and just now her frown would have quite become the queen of the Furies.

"Where have you been?"

"To gather some flowers," I stammered, like a coward, as I was.

"You should have been ready long ago," sternly regarding me. "Where is Royal Earle?"

"I don't know," I answered. It was the whitest of lies.

My aunt's dark, proud face grew yet darker. However, she said no more, but ordered us all into the carriage. Just as we were about driving off, Royal came up, and so we started. It was a long drive, through gloomy, overshadowing oak-woods. Beatrice whispered to Royal, and Josie fell asleep in a corner. I was glad when it was over at last, and we reached town. The great house was illuminated, and when we entered the saloon the scene was dazzlingly bright and gay. I would have liked to hide away in some quiet nook and watch it all. It was, indeed, the world on a small scale, and I should have speculated, and wondered, and found amusement; but in a moment my Aunt Hollingsworth came to me, and introduced Captain Douglass. He was a tall, negative person, with a certain ponderous gentlemanliness. I soon got very tired of him, but escape was impossible. Captain Douglass haunted me like my shadow. Did I let fall my bouquet, he was there to restore it with stiff courtesy. Was I for a moment alone, he was ready to beg the honor of my hand for the next dance. Did I slip away for a little quiet, his measured voice was sure

to break the silence with some commonplace remark. And so in this way half the night wore away.

I stood, by-and-by, in a balconied window. Within was the music, the wilted flowers, the heavy, warm atmosphere, the pale, tired, dishevelled dancers, and out of doors the still, silent beauty of the summer night, the dark sky, and great, broken thunder clouds drifting up from the west. I had been there but a moment when the inevitable captain appeared.

"It lightens!" he said, solemnly.

"Yes, I see it."

"And now it thunders."

"Yes, I hear it."

Why would not the man go away? I contracted my replies to the shortest monosyllables, I put on an air of freezing dignity, but the valorous captain was not to be routed.

I grew indifferent to his presence in a moment, for I heard Beatrice's low, mellow voice, and Royal's deeper one close by. All that evening Royal had not been near me, and I could not help feeling very sore and jealous about it. I think I hardly answered Captain Douglass now, I was so hurt and vexed; and so at last he subsided into silence. Meantime the night had been growing darker and darker, so that now the clouds were one black, opaque wall, ploughed now and then by great rivers of white, blinding fire. I stood and watched the sky. A little way back was Beatrice. The silken curtain that I held with my hand swept her gauzy dress. Royal knew I was there. Only a moment before he took a step forward, and then, by some mysterious change in his manner, I knew that I was seen. I attempted to step from the window; I would not lurk around near him as if I courted notice.

"Stay, Miss Hollingsworth; it is not safe for you to go out there," said Captain Douglass, and a light but strong hand on my arm detained me.

"I wont trouble you to accompany me if you are afraid," I said, in my hasty annoyance.

Was it anger that made his face so deadly white, or only the ghastly pallor of the lightning? I never knew, for the next moment every nerve was chained in a terrible paralysis, and in an instant sheets of red flame leaped up over and around me. How incredibly fast it grew—swallowing up my garments, snatching at Beatrice's dress, feeding upon the opulent folds of the drapery about the window, moving in rosy, tremulous veils before me, smiting my face with its scorching breath, and stinging me with keenest pain. Through it all I did not quite lose consciousness. I heard the frightened cries, felt myself the centre of a swaying, excited crowd, and when at last the flames were conquered, I saw through the smoke that enveloped me something charred and motionless borne past. There were moans of agony, I remember, as one remembers the intangible figures of a dream; my aunt's fixed, stony face, and the bending of her proud figure under this terrible woe. Then there was no more. For weeks and weeks I seemed to be sailing away over a shoreless sea, the blue waves forever tossing, and the horizon forever receding.

At last I opened my eyes. This had been a long dream, a very long, strange dream. I lifted my head and looked around. I was in my own room, the window was open; but what had come over the world in my sleep? The fresh, green leaves of the woodbine were crisp and brown, the lattice was half bare. All the green beauty was gone from the lawn, and the sky was gray and sunless. Somebody sitting in the shadow of the bed-curtains got slowly up and came forward. It was Josephine.

"I've had a long nap," I said, trying to move. Josie rubbed her great oriental eyes and answered, sleepily:

"Yes. You feel better, don't you?"

"Better? Have I been ill, then?"

"Ill? Don't you remember?"

I looked at her. Sable garments wrapped her from head to foot; not a gleam of white except the soft, pale, satiny complexion. Slowly, very slowly, my mind caught up the dissevered threads.

"Josie," I cried, "is Beatrice dead?"

She burst into tears, and then I knew it was all true—this thought which had floated through my dream. Some one called Josie out, and I lay still and thought. Presently a person came in.

"Eh, Mignonne, so you've come to yourself again. 'Tis a long time that your wits have been wool-gathering; I suppose you've brought them all back with you."

It was Isabel's incisive, piquant voice. She came near the bed, and stood surveying me.

"I hope so," I said, trying to smile. "I had none to spare, you know."

As she stood there by my bed, I noticed that though she was dressed in deep mourning, she had lost none of her beauty; that was

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still radiant, and her manner had a certain suppressed triumph, a poorly concealed elation, that puzzled me.

"Poor Beatrice—" I began; but Isabel started, and turned very white.

"Don't!" she cried. "What is the use? We did all we could for her—there was no help. Why not forget it—keep the terrible thing out of sight?" She fairly shivered, and her teeth chattered as she spoke, yet she went on, resolutely. "Above all, never mention her to my mother. That chapter in her life is closed forever. Let the dead sleep."

Isabel started with the last words; my Aunt Hollingsworth had swept noiselessly in, and stood beside her.

"You are much changed, child," she said, coldly.

"Am I—am I scarred?" I faltered. "Let me see a mirror."

"You had better not, child," said my aunt.

I burst into tears.

"Am I so hideous, then? But no matter." My aunt was softened.

"Tut, tut, Mignonne! You're young yet, and to youth a thousand changes are possible. In two or three years you will outgrow all ugliness."

She moved away in her stately fashion. Isabel stood by, her face glowing; but yet there was something pitiful.

"Don't mind it, Mignonne. You've your shining yellow hair, and your eyes like turquoises, as Royal used to say. The fire did not hurt them."

"Where is Royal?" I asked, eagerly.

"Sailed a month ago—ordered to England on business."

"Sailed—gone to England, and I did not see him!" I cried, in despair.

"O yes, you saw him, but you stared at him and did not know him more than if he had been a ghost, so that it would have been just as well if the meeting had not occurred," said Isabel, lightly.

"Poor Royal! And he—what did he say?"

"That it was a great pity, I believe, as indeed it is; but then I dare say it wont seem so bad when we are used to it," said Isabel.

I shut my eyes and turned away from her cruel kindness. A great wall had suddenly uprisen before the future I had dared to dream of, and between Royal and me there was an impassable gulf. So all that gray autumn and through the slow, white days of winter I looked my life in the face, and did my best to be reconciled to it.

Another season came, and the cape jessamine was once more in blossom, and the soft tints and sweet fragrances of summer haunted the garden once more. My Aunt Hollingsworth put off her sable garments and came out in a rustling, silver-gray satin. When the cool afternoon shadows fell upon the lawn, there was a white sail gleaming over the sea, and before nightfall she lay at the pier; then all the houses were illuminated, and ours most of all. And then first I dared to think what it all meant. Royal was coming home! Soon he would be here, in this very house—and I—ah, what could I do?"

"See, Mignonne! Is it not superb?"

Isabel stood under the chandelier, glorified in its light. Her dress, of some glittering, silvery fabric, was only a delicate web where a thousand dewdrops glanced and shone. Her beautiful eyes were bright with triumphant pleasure, the pomegranate tint in her cheeks was lovelier than ever, and on her bosom and arms and on her neck blazed the famous Hollingsworth diamonds. She retreated before me and swept me a stately courtesy.

"Is it not superb? *I* can wear diamonds, can I not, Mignonne?" she said, with exultation.

Something might have been pardoned to her. She did indeed wear them as a queen wears her crown. But before my eyes came a vision of a dead face not less beautiful than this, a young heart beating not less proudly—all gone now—the loveliness mouldered into dust, the proud young heart stilled forever. And only a little year ago. So I answered coldly:

"They become you very well."

Her face grew paler.

"You are angry with me," she said, her quick perceptions giving her the clue. "But you are unreasonable—I can't bring Beatrice back to life."

"If you could, would you?" The question dropped from my lips, against my will. Isabel grew slowly white, then she shivered as one with cold. She looked up. Her black eyes gleamed wickedly.

"Would you?" turning my weapons upon myself. "I am afraid you wouldn't, Mignonne, though you are so good, far better than I ever pretend to be. Because," she went on, the suppressed passion quivering in her voice, "because that would be to put another rival in your way."

"How can you be so cruel, Isabel!" I cried,

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in a sudden passion of tears. "Do you think I don't know that Royal Earle cannot love me—that he can't even see me without horror and loathing? Isn't this hard enough to bear? You can marry Royal, if you will; but why need you torture me?"

I broke down in sobbing. Isabel came nearer; her soft dress brushed my arm, her curls drooped about my face.

"Don't cry, Mignonne! After all, 'tis foolish for us to quarrel, for Royal's fate is fixed beyond the power of either of us to alter it," said she.

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you know, then? Poor Mignonne! So you fancied Royal would barter fortune for your love. Royal is only a man, Mignonne, after all—"

"But this is not what I want to know," I interrupted.

"Ah, that is very true. 'Tis a long story, Mignonne, and I fear that if I were to undertake the whole of it my stately mother would appear, to interrupt it in the most interesting part. I'll tell you a few points—just be putting the arrows in my hair, there's a darling—enough to give you a clue. You see the diamonds came down from a great, great, faraway removed grandfather, to whom they were given for some knightly service, by royalty itself. They came to our branch of the family—they'd have come to you if your father had not had the misfortune to be a younger brother—and they're to descend to the eldest child of the family who marries with the consent of her parents."

"But what has that to do with Royal Earle?"

"I'm just coming to that, Mignonne—don't be impatient. You must know that the Earles and Hollingworths have intermarried over and over again, till it would puzzle a hunter of pedigrees to tell who of the Earles are our cousins and who are not; and so it's easy to see that the Earles have grown as proud of the Hollingsworth name as ourselves. But it is quite curious that the diamonds have never fallen to any Hollingsworth who married an Earle. I suppose the family were piqued about it, and got covetous at last, for Royal's uncle gave his whole fortune to Royal with the condition that he married the Hollingsworth heiress. Now was I not right in saying that Royal's fate is fixed?"

"*You* are the Hollingsworth heiress," I said, slowly.

Isabel laughed, gratification and triumph ringing through the musical tone. But for answer she only said:

"Can you imagine Royal Earle a poor man? An empty purse—how would it feed his fastidious tastes and predilections?"

"But there are things dearer than gold," I said, dreamily.

"Love?" she questioned, uttering the word with a kind of tender scorn. "Yes, there is love. Yet Royal Earle is not the man to throw away a fortune. He may indeed enter the lists and break a lance for his ladye-love, but 'twill be with the hope of winning the spurs of gold."

My heart rebelled at this judgment, but reason cried, "Is it not true?" One thought touched me.

"Isabel, do you love him?"

"Love him?" Her face kindled, passion leaped from her eyes. "Mignonne,"—with a proud wave of her white hand—"you talk of love. If you knew what it was, you would not take the word upon your lips;" and turning, she glided away from me, her dress flashing splendor through the room.

And now the saloon was rapidly filling, and I tried to hide myself in the crowd. Presently there was a little well-bred stir; I looked, and it was Royal who entered, tall and handsome, and beside him Isabel, in her sylph-like beauty. Could anything have announced their betrothal more plainly? The people around me were talking of it.

I found a way out of the crowd, and running into the conservatory, came suddenly upon two lovers standing behind an orange tree; a tender word or two I caught, and then turning to retreat, I threw down a vase of flowers. There was a slight shriek, and my negative captain came out from the leafy screen, and clinging to his arm was Josephine, her languid air scared away by the fright.

"O Mignonne, it is you, is it? What induced you to frighten one so? But it's of no consequence—she wont betray us, Frederic, dear."

She introduced Captain Douglas, and "Frederic dear" muttered something about having had the pleasure before, and Josie whispered something in my ear, and they went away, leaving me quite stunned by my discovery. Josephine engaged to Captain Douglas! Josephine, whom I knew to be designed for the Right Honorable Mr. Crowfield. I can't deny that I had a little malicious pleasure in contemplating my aunt's defeat. I was just picturing to myself her dismay, when a step

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startled me—my heart sprang into my throat. I turned around.

"O Royal!"

I think all the sorrow of that long, dreary winter, all the hoarded love of a lifetime, uttered itself in those two words. And then, as I lay in those dear arms, and felt his tears warm upon my poor face, I knew that I had never before dreamed how desolate my life would be without him. But presently a keen pain shot through my joy. I tried to slip away from him. He bent his face to mine. I cried out despairingly:

"No, Royal—I am not fit for your kiss. Let me go—O, pray let me go! This dusky room is merciful, but daylight would show me to you as I am. O, let me go now in the dark!"

But he only held me the closer, and asked did I think his love, like my beauty, was only skin deep. And then he told me what had sent him abroad, and how cruelly the separation had borne upon him, and how eager he had been to put himself in such a position that he might come back and claim me. It was no use speaking to me earlier, he said—his prospects and plans were so uncertain—but now he could do without the fortune that was hampered by a condition he would not fulfil; now he was free to wear his darling Mignonne like a jewel upon his bosom. All this and much more he said, the words ringing through my heart like music. Then I had so much to tell, so many griefs to put into his tender keeping, so many trembling hopes to confide to him. And so the time sped, and no one came to molest us. In our hearts the old love that had grown up with our lives, and all around us the delicious loveliness of a midsummer night.

The conservatory opened upon a bit of grassy lawn—just a narrow strip that ran along the edge of a steep cliff, and just beyond it the river flowed in a deep, narrow channel. And now as we sat there in the loneliness, there was no sound but the chirping of the cicada in the shrubbery, and the rushing of the river past its rocky walls. The moon shone down upon the lawn, and flickered over the burnished water; opposite great hills arose, massive and dark. Some slight noise startled me.

"What is it, Royal?"

"Perhaps one of the dogs got loose from his kennel, or more like your imagination, little Mignonne."

He went on about something else, but I did not hear his words. I caught my breath, and grasped his arm.

"Look!" I whispered.

He looked, but too late.

"What was it, dear?"

"Somebody in white, who crossed the dark space between the building and that clump of rhododendrons."

Royal laughed, softly.

"Nonsense, darling. Your nerves have grown sensitive."

"I am sure of it, Royal. Could any one have been concealed in the conservatory?" I asked, with strange concern.

"It is not at all likely. 'Twas nothing, Mignonne, except perhaps the waving of the white blooming azalias. There could have been no one."

I did not reply—men are so positive, it is as well to let them have their own way—but in my heart I was certain I had seen some one pass from the conservatory to the lawn. With the figure I associated one name—Isabel. Could she have been listening to our conversation? My speculations came suddenly to an end, scared away by a loud, thrilling cry of pain and terror, that quivered along the night air, so piteous, so full of bathos, so wild and terrible, that it haunts me still. It brought everybody out upon the lawn, it sent men swiftly to the river bank, and kept the crowd standing in the still moonlight, with blanched, frightened faces, till the hurrying minutes grew to hours.

At last they came back, bearing a burden between them. They laid her down upon the grass before her proud mother—her beautiful hair all drenched, the bloom forever passed from her white cheek, the splendor of those lambent eyes forever quenched. My aunt dropped upon her knees beside the dead, moaning heavily, and saying her name over and over again.

"Madam, it is just," said a stern voice. "You fostered the passion that consumed her for the sake of your pride and avarice. The judgment is righteous."

We were all crowded around them. I looked up in the man's face. There was an angry light in his eyes.

"O Captain Douglass, be merciful!" I cried.

"*She* was not," he retorted. "Within the hour I asked Josephine of her. She refused me haughtily—it would defeat her plans, she said. God has defeated them. As for me, I shall not ask again."

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He strode away, and in the morning Josephine and he were missing.

Now the seas roll between my home and the house that sheltered my childhood. It is very lonely there, I am told—Isabel and Beatrice dead, and Josephine absent and forgetful. My Aunt Hollingsworth is heavily punished, and is pitied even by those who blame her most.

So I wear the Hollingsworth diamonds, after all; but I wear them humbly, knowing that God has been good to me beyond my deserving.

WOOD CARVING.

An English journal, in speaking of wood carving remarks:—We know comparatively little in England of the minor uses of wood. We use wood enough in building houses and railway structures; our carriage-builders and wheelwrights cut up and fashion a great deal more; and our cabinet-makers know how to stock our rooms with furniture, from three-legged stools up to costly cabinets; but implements and minor articles are less extensively made of wood in England than in foreign countries—partly because our forests are becoming thinned, and partly because iron and iron-work are so abundant and cheap. In America, matters are very different. There are thousands of square miles of forest which belong to no one in particular, and the wood of which may be claimed by those who are at the trouble of felling the trees. Nay, a backwoodsman would be very glad to effect a clearing on such terms as these, seeing that the trees encumber the ground on which he wishes to grow corn-crops. The wood, when the trees have been felled and converted into boards and planks, is applied to almost countless purposes of use. Of *use*, we say; for the Americans are too bustling a people to devote much time to the fabricating of ornaments; they prefer to buy these ready made from Europeans. Pails, bowls, washing-machines, knife-cleaning boards, neat light vehicles, neat light furniture, dairy vessels, kitchen utensils, all are made by the Americans of clean tidy-looking wood, and sold at very low prices. Machinery is used to a large extent in this turnery and woodware; the manufacturers not having the fear of strikes before their eyes, use machines just where they think this kind of aid is likely to be most serviceable. The way in which they get a little bowl out of a big bowl, and this out of a bigger, and this out of a bigger still, is a notable example of economy in workmanship. On the continent of Europe the wood-workers are mostly handicraftsmen, who niggle away at their little bits of wood without much aid from machinery. Witness the briar-root pipes of St. Claude. Smart young fellows who sport this kind of smoking-bowl in England, neither know nor care for the fact that it comes from a secluded spot in the Jura Mountains. Men and women, boys and girls, earn from threepence to four shillings a day in various little bits of carved and turned work; but the crack wages are paid to the briar-root pipe-makers. England imports many more than she smokes, and sends off the rest to America. M. Audiganne says that "in those monster armies which have sprung up so suddenly on the soil of the great republic, there is scarcely a soldier but has a briar-root pipe in his pocket." The truth is, that, unlike cutties and meerschaums, and other clay or earthern pipes, these briar-root productions are very strong, and will bear a great deal of knocking about. The same French writer says that when his countrymen came here to see our International Exhibition, some of them bought and carried home specimens of these pipes as English curiosities; not aware that the little French town of St. Claude was the place of their production.

In Germany the wood-work, so far as English importers know anything of it, is mostly in the form of small trinkets and toys for children. The production of these is immense. In the Tyrol, and wherever forests abound, the peasants spend much of their time in making toys. In the Tyrol, for example, there is a valley called the Grodnerthal, about twenty miles long, in which the rough climate and barren soil will not suffice to grow corn for the inhabitants, who are rather numerous. Shut out from the agricultural labor customary in other districts, the people earn their bread chiefly by wood carving. They make toys of numberless kinds of the soft wood of the Siberian pine. The tree is of slow growth, found on the higher slopes of the valley, but now becoming scarce, owing to the improvidence of the peasants in cutting down the forests without saving or planting others to succeed them. For a hundred years and more the peasants have been carvers. Nearly every cottage is a workshop. All the occupants, male and female, down to very young children, seat themselves round a table, and fashion little bits of wood. They use many different kinds of tools, with which the wood is transformed into various toys.

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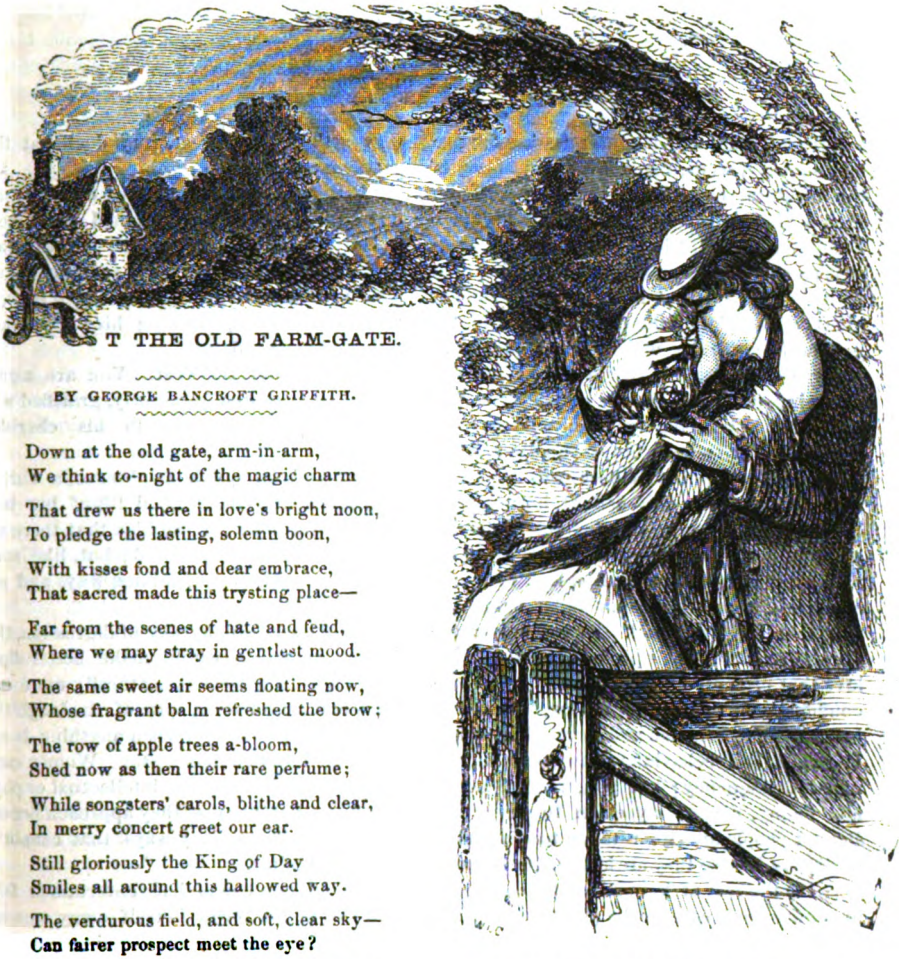

AT THE OLD FARM-GATE.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

Down at the old gate, arm-in-arm,
We think to-night of the magic charm

That drew us there in love's bright noon,
To pledge the lasting, solemn boon,

With kisses fond and dear embrace,
That sacred made this trysting place—

Far from the scenes of hate and feud,
Where we may stray in gentlest mood.

The same sweet air seems floating now,
Whose fragrant balm refreshed the brow;

The row of apple trees a-bloom,
Shed now as then their rare perfume;

While songsters' carols, blithe and clear,
In merry concert greet our ear.

Still gloriously the King of Day
Smiles all around this hallowed way.

The verdurous field, and soft, clear sky—
Can fairer prospect meet the eye?

Swift-winged bees 'mongst flowers whir,
The insect world is all astir;

And Elsie greets with loving smile,
That won me first by yonder stile.

Her bonny eyes are just as fair,
Nor naught their depths have known of care,

As first with saucy glance met mine
Their glow in early girlhood's prime.

Her rosy lips still tempting are,
Nor time their bloom can ever mar.

And so we here the vows renew
That proved our love sincere and true,

Though shadows deepen, still remain
Till stars bedeck the heavenly plain,

And with her calm, benignant light,
Queen Luna ushers in the night;

Then slowly turn we from the spot;
No change from memory's page can blot,

Nor all of earthly glory sate,
The happy hours at that old gate!

PRIDE AND BEAUTY.

——She has all
That would ensure an angel's fall;
But there 's a cool collected look,
As if her pulses beat by book—
A measured tone, a cold reply,
A management of voice and eye,
A calm, possessed, authentic air,
That leaves a doubt of softness there,
Till—look and worship as I may,
My fevered thoughts will pass away.

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STRATAGEM.

BY NELL CLIFFORD.

JEPTHAH had one daughter passing fair; so had Squire Havens, the richest man in one of the northern counties of the Empire State. Fannie Havens was like a multitude of other Fannies, a wilful little strategist when necessity, namely, the successful working of her own plans, required it. "Many Jasons came in quest of her;" for, though not exactly "a golden fleece," she was heiress-apparent to many golden eagles, beside being a very charming creature. It was a difficult matter to tell towards whom her affections set most truly; for her smiles were so equally and unsparingly bestowed that each was kept in a suspense that was half delight, half torture. She kept a full score on the tenter-hooks of alternate hope and despair, and enjoyed it, with all the zest of a woman, spiced with mischief and coquetry. Don't understand from this that she was cruel. It was only a supreme disbelief in their professions of undying love that prompted her pretension of utmost confidence in them for a season, in order to bring them to a sudden and mortifying period. Her spirit and behaviour show something of moral delinquency; but you, reader, nor I, nor Fanny, cannot lay claim to perfection. Perfect people are either taken to heaven immediately, or else they are left here to be great bores to the rest of humanity; for the rest of humanity don't care to be placed alongside, on account of violent and humiliating contrast. It is painful to live in sight of a perpetual rebuke.

I have said that she made no seeming difference in her treatment of suitors. There was, however, a conscious partiality in her heart towards one, though she did not as yet choose to let him into its secrets. We shall only speak of two individually. The remaining eighteen, after being dallied with for three or four months, were, at length dismissed, with a very sweet and decided no. Solomon Grip, of the two, was her father's choice, as he possessed the only three things that he accounted virtues, wealth, the faculty of getting, and the faculty of keeping. Squire Havens had said in the most positive tone that no other should have the handling of his moneybags, and that Fannie should become his wife, or remain single. Fannie looked very artless, very sweet, very docile, at that particular moment.

"Father, I wont marry any one, you are unwilling I should marry; and I don't mean to leave you this long time yet. I must learn to be housekeeper, and ever so many things. You don't want to get rid of me *very* soon, do you?" she asked, stroking his rather low, wrinkled forehead.

"No, Fan, not this year. You are a good child," he answered pleasantly, gratified with her ready acquiescence in his cherished scheme.

Had he been quick to observe, a curious side glance and the decided lift of her head might have given him an idea that there was somebody else to be suited; but, like many men, he was blind to feminine ways and embryo rebellions.

I would say here, by way of digression, that women as a class would make better diplomats than men, because naturally more cautious and secretive, in spite of the laugh that so habitually comes in when anything is said about the latter characteristic. Women carry their ends, not from more intellectual or physical force, but, because they approach persons and things in so many ways that cannot be guarded against.

The old gentleman had entertained fears that she might throw herself away on some poor scoundrel—by poor, meaning penniless. After the above conversation, he rested easy and secure, as Fannie knew he would.

The squire was on the most familiar footing with Solomon Grip, who, for brevity's sake, was called Sol. Grip by his fellow-townsmen; and he lost no time in telling him what a willing and obedient daughter he had.

"It's all understood, Sol. my son," he said, paternally; "but I wouldn't trouble her by talking about it this year. You can afford to wait, as you know she'll be yours in the end."

"Well, you see, squire, I have been afraid that Jack Noble was getting the start of me. I do not want that spendthrift scapegrace to bring Fannie down to 'love in a cottage.'"

"Never you fear, Sol. She likes to flirt and have a little fun with the boys; it is natural to womankind, and there's no harm in it, as long as it don't go any further."

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"Well, I shan't worry now, as I have your word and hers, that she shall be mine."

"Not mine, thank fortune!" said Fannie in an aside, shutting her little blossoms of teeth closely together. The wicked girl had been an intentional, though concealed listener to the foregoing colloquy.

"I am not to be deeded at pleasure, and without my consent. We shall see what we shall see. Sol. Grip, indeed, for *my* husband! the old fossil! He is only fit for the collection of Agassiz. Why don't he redeem his broken troth, and wed Arabella Pryor, the girl he jilted years ago?"

The story soon got about, as stories will, that Sol. Grip and Fannie Havens were engaged; and as no one took any trouble to dispute it, it received universal credence. Jack Noble was in a towering passion when he heard it. Instead of submitting to his fate, as another man might have done, he went directly to Squire Havens, to quarrel with Fannie. Without paying any respect to ceremonies, he stormed into the sitting-room, and found her its only occupant.

"So you are going to throw yourself away on that old hard-fisted Grip, are you? I thought you were a girl of more sense!"

"Why, Jack, what a passion you are in, to be sure! One would think I had committed some heinous crime, to see you and hear you."

"You have, Fan; a crime against purity and truth, against your sex, against me."

"How against *you?*"

"Because you of right belong to me."

Fannie did not like this rough wooing, this cool appropriation of herself any better than you and I would. She had a beautiful programme of a love declaration arranged in her mind, as many moonstruck youths and maidens have; and to have it all knocked out of shape in this style, was not to her taste.

"How of right, Mr. Noble? You have more assurance than most men have when they woo."

"Of right, because you are suited to me and my needs. Don't stand about the assurance. You know it as well as I."

"And because I am suited to you and your needs, you claim me without leave. You have a new fashion of winning a wife, sir. I wish you all success in obtaining her," she said, ironically.

"What will you have, Fan? I love you, and you love me; and where is the use of going a roundabout way to say it?"

"No use whatever."

She answered coldly, for she was too deeply offended at present to answer otherwise.

"Fannie, you don't belong to the region of perpetual snow and ice; then why are you so frigid?"

"It is possible for one to become acclimated."

"Nevertheless, Fan, you belong to *me*, and you never shall marry Sol. Grip. I'll carry you off forcibly first."

"I shall marry him if I please, Jack Noble, and you cannot prevent me;" and tears began to flow very fast.

"Don't, Fan. Marry me, and I'll try to make you as happy as you will make me."

"I am promised, Jack Noble," she said, with a perverseness induced by anger and disappointment.

He said not another word, but went from her in sorrow and bitterness, such as a proud man feels whose best love has been rejected by the woman of his choice. Fannie instantly regretted her hasty words, for his happiness was dearer to her than all the world. She had banished the courage, the glory, the hope of happiness from her presence; and it was a question if she would ever be able to win them back. She had come to a dark and desolate place. The weeks would pass drearily without him, for she thought he would no longer visit her. In the last conclusion she was mistaken. Jack Noble continued to drop in now and then, and he doubtless had his reasons therefor; but there was no tender by-play, no commerce of soft glances going on as of old. Mr. Grip, too, was almost always present at these interviews; and this fact, perhaps explains Jack's presence. At least Fannie thought so; and to be consistent, in her perversity, she carried on a desperate flirtation with Sol. Grip, who cast many a glance of triumph on poor Jack, who, to all appearances, was totally oblivious. Things went on in this course till the end of the year, when Sol. Grip, backed by the squire, insisted on a speedy union. Fannie was in a desperate strait. She had been waiting like Micawber for something "to turn up," but found she must turn up something herself. She determined to go to Jack, state the case, and ask his assistance. A few moments after, he heard a hesitating tap on his office door. He saw she was humble and confused.

"What can I do for you, Fannie?" he asked, kindly.

"Father says I must marry Sol. Grip next Thursday evening; and I have acted so badly

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the past year, that I don't know how to get clear of it without trouble. I am resolved I wont have him, if the world tumbles to pieces as a consequence, I hate and loathe him so. Can't you help me, Jack?" she asked, appealingly.

"If you dislike him, why did you give him your troth-plight?"

"I never have."

"What, Fannie! You told me you were promised."

"So I was, but it was without my consent. It was my father's work."

"I'll help you, if you'll be my wife."

"You have never asked me," she said, with a becoming pout.

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes."

"Do you love me?"

"At well as I ought."

"What a bat's life I have been leading the past year! I have been a fool."

"I wont gainsay it."

"Why did you not enlighten me before?"

"Because you annoyed me, and I wished to avenge myself by annoying you.'"

"You punished yourself as well."

"Granted. I did not count the cost until very lately. But can we arrange a plan to defeat Sol. Grip, and at the same time not offend my father? I have no wish to pain his heart or incur his anger."

"I think we can."

The joint plot was fashioned; and the progress of the tale will develop it to the apprehension of the reader. Time, persons and circumstances favored its successful operation. The village where these events took place was a thriving one near the Canadian frontier. Moreover, it was in the autumn of 1864, soon after the raid into Vermont, when the inhabitants of our northern towns were more or less excited and alarmed on account of anticipated trouble with rebels in Canada. Armed guards were kept out every night, and suspicious persons were arrested, who were thrown into jail if they did not give satisfactory accounts of themselves and their business. Under this condition of things, many laughable incidents would, of necessity occur, especially if the guard chanced to be fond of a practical joke.

As may be guessed, Solomon Grip was not one to attract many friends. His intellectual development was meagre, while his organs of marvellousness, acquisitiveness and secretiveness made him superstitious, miserly and hidden. Combativeness was small, and he was therefore cowardly. As has been hinted, in his younger days he had been engaged to Arabella Pryor; but his niggardly soul shrank finally from burdening himself with a portionless and weakly bride. Meanly as he had treated her, it was thought that she still regarded him with tenderness as some foolish women will still love the men to whom they have early deeded their wealth of affection. They have no power to take back what they have so freely given. Arabella, with the ready facility of girlhood, had deified him, then worshiped; and when he jilted her, she palliated the offence, and then generously forgave.

Jack and Fannie were pretty thoroughly acquainted with the human material upon which they were about to work; and if they do not take just the most upright course, you must not blame *me*, but imperfect humanity. Jack had a chum, as all Jacks have, who, for the sake of friendship and fun, would undertake any little service in his behalf. Of course Fred Randall was let into the secret, and, to oblige his friend, he left his counter in the city, and, for a time, became errand-boy and assistant in Jack's law-office. Soon after, Sol. Grip received an anonymous note warning him to beware of Jack Noble, and advising him to keep his own counsel in reference to his connubial affairs. The advice was not needed, for Solomon Grip was naturally close-mouthed.

Fannie, for the remaining days, was demure and submissive, except in one particular; she insisted on a private wedding. To this her father was opposed, but his objections were ultimately overruled, and Fannie was allowed to have the smaller details her own way. As a result, only some half dozen intimate friends were present to grace the occasion, beside the immediate actors and the officiating clergyman. Among them was Jack Noble, with the light of a coming joy, an expected triumph beaming from his features. The hour arrived, but strangely enough no bridegroom made his appearance. The squire became uneasy. Five, ten minutes went by. The clergyman drew out his watch, the guests stared, the squire looked out of the windows, and then abruptly trotted up to Fannie's room. The gipsey was bathed in tears, for she was one of those women who can command a shower at will. The squire was indignant.

"Fan, he's a rascal. He don't deserve a wife."

Another shower of crystals was the reply.

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Ten minutes more, and still no Solomon. The squire looked like a thunder-cloud.

"Fan, he shan't have you. I never knew he was unpunctual before, the rascal. I am glad I have found it out before it is too late—the villain! Why, punctuality is the very gold of life. If he lingers *now*, he will linger in other business transactions. This is paramountly *the* business transaction of all others that should be attended to at the moment—the old rascal."

A bright little waif of a smile dimpled her cheek, but she concealed it in her handkerchief and sobbed.

"But, father, how am I to bear up under this shame (sob, sob) that has been put upon me?"

"I'll thrash him!"

"That wont help *me* any. O, what shall I do?"

"Stay. There is Jack Noble. Would you have *him*?" he asked, doubtingly.

"Yes," hesitatingly. "It will show better to the world; and Sol. Grip will know that I can do without him. Perhaps Jack wont care to take his place," she suggested.

"Yes, he will."

Jack was called in.

"That villain has insulted us, Jack. You asked me for Fannie the other day; and if you hold to the same mind, she shall be yours as soon as you please. That rascal!"

"Is the bride willing? Shall it be so, Fannie?" asked Jack, taking her hand.

"Yes," she said, while a blush blossomed on her brow and cheek.

A slight explanation was made, they went before the minister who speedily ratified and made legal their treaty of confederated life union. Meanwhile what was taking place in other quarters?

Solomon Grip donned his best suit of home-made gray, drew on a pair of white cotton gloves over a pair of ungainly hands, and started to fill his appointment, his mental eyes dazzled by a double vision of a golden head and golden eagles. He had to pass the street on which Fred and another person, an accomplice, were doing duty as guards.

"Halt there!" called out Fred, in an authoritative tone.

"Let me pass."

The point of a bayonet came suddenly against his person. Cold steel was an argument that quieted him.

"Who are you, and where are you going?"

"I cannot tell you; but I am a townsman," he replied, guardedly. He had a vague suspicion that Jack Noble was in some way the cause of this detention.

"Well, sir, you must go to the lock-up, until you can give a better account of yourself."

"My business is pressing. Let me go."

"So is mine. Come along."

Sorely against his will, he was dragged to a temporary guard-house some three quarters of a mile distant. It was growing serious.

"I tell you to release me. If you don't I will prosecute you."

"See here, old gentleman, your threats don't frighten me. It is my duty to arrest suspicious persons."

"I am not a suspicious person. I am Solomon Grip, merchant," he said in his extremity.

"So you are coming to your senses. How am I to know that such a gallows-looking man as you, is speaking the truth? Where are you going?"

"To Squire Havens's."

"That's answered like a man. What is your business?"

This cross-questioning called a passion up to gnaw at his lip, but seeing the grave face of his tormentor, he sent it to kennel.

"I'm going to marry Squire Havens's daughter."

Fred put his hand to his nose in a most disrespectful way and laughed.

"You look like a marrying man!"

Many other words passed between them, for Fred was bound on gaining time. Nearly two hours had passed ere Solomon could present himself at the squire's door. The reception he met, and the surprising news he heard from the domestic, by no means inclined him to enter, and he went home. He was much "tumbled up and down in his mind," as John Bunyan hath it, and, upon retiring, gave himself up to meditation, if not to prayer. The pale shadow of Arabella was daguerreotyped on his mental retina, which was succeeded by the bright and saucy image of Fannie. Then came Justice, stern and calm with a balance. By some mysterious process she detached his soul from his body and tried to weigh it; but it did not so much affect it, as the lightest thistledown. He looked at it. It was mean, meagre and barren as selfishness could make it. No noble action had ever enriched it. He was in a strange, half-clairvoyant state. It was midnight. He was suddenly aroused by a sepulchral voice, measuredly repeating his name.

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"Solomon Grip, Solomon Grip, your last days of grace have come."

His gaze was frozen with helpless fear, as a tall, white-robed figure presented itself at his bedside. For several moments his tongue refused to do its office.

"Who are you?" he gasped, in a hoarse and chattering way.

"The avenger of woman's wrongs. Is there no dark sin in the past that haunts you? Are there no broken vows you remember?"

The perspiration and paleness made his face frightful.

"You mean Arabella. What would you have me do?"

"Repair the wrong you did in your youth."

"How?"

"At the altar."

"And if I do?"

"I will leave you in peace."

"I promise," whispered Solomon.

"Amen. Keep it, or beware;" and the ghost vanished.

For the information of the reader, we will say that fear and an awakened conscience caused him to seek Miss Pryor, and humbly beg her to allow him to fulfil the vow made her years before, to which she assented. Ever after, when the supernatural was alluded to in his hearing, he was observed to turn white, which indicated a vivid remembrance of his midnight visitor. Who it was, we will leave the sagacious reader to guess, after giving him a few particulars. The house in which Solomon Grip resided with his aged mother was easy of ingress and egress. There was a trapdoor opening from the kitchen into Solomon's chamber, and as fortune would have it, directly under his bed. It had formerly been used as an entrance-way, before the building had undergone repairs, and a staircase been introduced. These facts, together with the main details of Solomon's former engagement, were poured into Fred Randall's attentive ear. A faculty of mimicry, a love of fun, a sheet, a ladder, and activity, did the rest. Mind we do not say it was Fred. We only suspect. If you are given to superstition, you may believe with Solomon Grip that it was a veritable spectre.

As may be supposed, the double marriage was the town's talk for a week. The innocent squire does not even yet thoroughly comprehend it, though he has a shrewd idea that he was in some way used as a tool. Our play is ended for the public; and we therefore drop the curtain.

TOO LATE!

BY WILLIAM K. NEVILLE.

I DO not intend to begin this romance, as is the fashion, with an exquisite description of luxurious summer days, and dilating on the beauties of nature, and all that sort of thing. I will spare my readers this, and at once turn aside from the paths of conventionalism. That which follows is a mere life sketch, nothing more. And now for my story. How can I describe Arthur Lumsden? He was tall, fair, and tolerably good-looking. So much for his personal appearance; for the rest, he was a perfect gentleman, and an upright man. I cannot praise him more.

When I first knew Arthur Lumsden, he was never tired of expressing to me how lucky he considered himself, to have been sent at an early age to one of our first public schools. It was originally intended that he should have followed up the pleasant seven years he spent at M—— by a delightful university career. But this was not to be. When the time came, the paternal purse negatived the motion in such decided terms, that all debate on the matter was quite superfluous.

Accordingly, at the end of a long tedious year of doing nothing and unavoidable laziness, during which period poor Arthur felt he was in everybody's way, and was therefore low-spirited and miserable, he was suddenly thrust into a government appointment, and found himself the possessor of the princely salary of £80 a year. All Arthur's friends congratulated him on his "good luck," and seemed to imply that his fortune was now made. Arthur said very little, but I really believe he had an idea that he was worthy of something better.

With all this, Arthur Lumsden was not the

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sort of young man to look on the bilious side of life. He did not fret and fume, and pull in his oars just because the stream was strong. For it was strong, and sometimes carried him back; but then, he was active and in the prime of life. He certainly waited patiently for that happy and long-promised time when "something would, of course, turn up," and was determined not to whimper because it appeared very probable that the long-expected day would never arrive. And yet this high-principled hero of mine was an uncommonly foolish young fellow. You will scarcely believe me when I say that there he was, barely of age, and with absolutely no prospects whatever, head over ears in love. A preposterous position for a young man in his circumstances, certainly; but so it was.

And I'll just tell you how it all happened. When he was a very little boy, Arthur Lumsden had had a governess—at least his sisters had, and that comes to the same thing; for although Arthur's father used to impress the little fellow with the overwhelming importance of those useful works—the Greek and Latin grammars—he was always to be found in the school-room whenever Miss Flynn talked learnedly on the languages of France, Italy, and Germany. And long after that, when Arthur had gone to school, and was a great man in his own estimation, he used to spend many an hour in the favorite little school-room with his old friend the governess, of whom he was excessively fond.

Well, time slipped away, and the Misses Lumsden were considered to "have finished their education." The consequence was, that Miss Flynn found herself in the unenviable position of being one too many. It was a sad parting on both sides. They had all lived together so long and so happily, that it seemed like the first break-up in the family. Arthur Lumsden's father was, however, quite determined that at any rate their old friend should not leave his roof merely to seek for a new home, and to battle with an unkind world until the search happened to be successful. And so when the parting did take place, they all had at least some consolation in feeling that a permanent, and, as far as they could see, a happy home was awaiting poor Miss Flynn.

Again the years glided rapidly away; and although it was weary, up-hill work, our friend Arthur became quite reconciled, and even liked the "old shop," as he called his office. All his best friendships had been made there, and the absence of responsibility was somehow cheering. This was his state of mind when Arthur Lumsden first met Mary Warburton.

Now Arthur Lumsden was excessively fond of what he called a good dance. He didn't go much into society, as the world hath it; for, to tell the truth, he rather despised the general run of those well-bred and emaciated young gentlemen whose great object in life seems to consist in threading the intricate mazes of Vanity Fair. Every now and then, however, he thoroughly enjoyed a good dance.

It so happened that there was a young fellow in Arthur's office whose name was Claude Hainworth. He was by no means one of Arthur's intimate friends, for he rather belonged to what was generally known as the "lardy-dardy" school. Claude Hainworth knew every one, of course, and those about whom he knew nothing were fair fields for exaggeration and romance. He had rather an idea that he was an oracle at the "Docket and Precis Office;" whereas he was merely tempted into braying out his absurdities, and was daily laughed at behind his back, and despised for his pains. Arthur Lumsden thought he was a foolish fellow, but was too good-natured to abuse him. In fact, he was constantly chaffed for always sticking up for "that idiot Hainworth."

As for Claude Hainworth himself, he could not somehow help feeling that Arthur Lumsden was his superior, both in intellect and tact; and he had an idea that if he could be the means of introducing Arthur into what he called "the very best society," he would thereby obtain a kind of mentorship over him, which would be some little triumph. Arthur was really quite sick of refusing Claude Hainworth's continued offers of invitations. At last, out of sheer good nature, he consented to accompany Claude to a dance that was to be given by the Delanes in Portland Place.

"It will be a tremendously swell affair," said Claude Hainworth, "and every one will, of course, be there."

During the evening, Claude Hainworth happened to spy out his friend, and approaching him with the most patronizing air, ventured to express his surprise at seeing Arthur in high spirits, and evidently enjoying himself thoroughly.

"O, so you've been dancing," began Claude. "I fancied somehow, its being your first night you know, that you would find it rather difficult to get partners unless I was constantly

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at your elbow, which, of course, is quite impossible, my dear fellow."

"Pray, don't alarm yourself on my account, Hainworth, I beg; I know several fellows here to-night, and I've had quite as many introductions as I shall want. O, by-the-by, though, not quite. Do you happen to know that excessively pretty fair girl, with the wavy hair? She is dressed in white, with light blue edgings. I fancied I saw you dancing with her just now. I wish you'd introduce me."

"Know her, my dear fellow! I should think I did, too," grandly answered Claude Hainworth. "It's Mary Warburton. The fact is, I'm rather spooney in that quarter. I'm quite sure her card is full, and if it's not, she'll be sure to reserve the rest for your humble servant. However, if you particularly wish it, I've no earthly objection to introducing you."

"Yes, I've just got one valse left," said Miss Warburton, with one of her prettiest smiles. "Number ten—will that suit you? They are going to play the 'First Love' valses, so perhaps you'll remember your engagement by the tune. Gentlemen are sometimes very forgetful."

"There is not much chance of *my* forgetting it," answered Arthur, in rather a low tone, as he scribbled on his card. "First Love Waltz! What a delightful one that must be!"

And then they both smiled very sweetly, and were soon lost in the crowd. Arthur thought he had never had such a waltz. His fair partner was so light and lithesome, and he so light-hearted and happy, and the music was so good, that they whirled on and on through mazes of muslin and puffings; and, had it not been for sheer exhaustion and want of breath, there was every chance of their going on forever.

"Thank you," said Mary Warburton, gasping for breath; "that was, indeed, a jolly waltz."

"I am excessively glad you liked it," said Arthur. "But how can one help dancing with such a partner?"

O, please don't flatter," she answered, quickly. "Any one can do that; and you can't think how I hate it."

They were friends at once, and seemed to have known one another for ages already. In the course of conversation Mary Warburton looked up inquiringly into Arthur's face, and said:

"Excuse my asking you, but did Mr. Hainworth say when he introduced you that your name was Lumsden? I am so dreadfully stupid at names; and at a dance, I think, people make up their minds to mumble."

"You certainly were not stupid in this instance," said Arthur, "for the name you fancied you heard is my own."

"Well, it is not a very common name, so you may possibly know a Mr. Lumsden in the Docket and Precis Office. At least, I think there is such a place," she added, innocently.

"That humble individual," said Arthur, much surprised, "is at present most agreeably employed in talking to Miss Mary Warburton. You know *her*, do you not?"

"What! you're Arthur Lumsden? Really and truly? How extraordinary! Why, you are a tremendously old friend of mine, and I could tell you a history of your life almost from your cradle."

"You don't say so!" said Arthur, more surprised than ever. "I don't think I ever heard your name before. But please tell me all about my early history, as you are such a wonderful prophetess."

"Don't be impatient, sir," she added, silly; "but come and be introduced to mama."

Whereupon Arthur was introduced to mama, but not before Mary Warburton had whispered very mysteriously into her mother's ear.

"I am really quite afraid of your daughter," said Arthur, addressing Mrs. Warburton. "I fully believe her head has been turned by these popular spiritualists. She says that she can tell me everything that has happened to me ever since I was born; and I am sure, if she can do that, she will astonish no one more than myself."

"It's a wonderful mystery, isn't it?" said Mrs. Warburton, laughing; "and I intend that it shall remain so. However, if you will come to a little carpet dance of ours next Wednesday, perhaps we will let you into the secret."

"That's a bargain, at any rate," said Arthur. "I will come without fail."

I have said before, that, previous to the delightful waltz mentioned just now, Mary Warburton's card was quite full; and yet, somehow or other, she managed to dance two or three times more with Arthur Lumsden that night.

All this time Claude Hainworth stood in a corner, and looked very sour. His *protege* at an early hour in the morning helped his charming partner on with her cloak, assisted her to the carriage, and amidst reiterated reminders

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of "next Wednesday, remember!" they parted.

When these two doves put their heads on their respective pillows, their thoughts were no doubt trivial and commonplace in the extreme; but why did Claude Hainworth lose his temper as he kicked off his boots in his solitary lodging?

With Wednesday came the realization of Arthur Lumsden's most earnest hopes. How glad they were to see him. He seemed such a very old friend. What could it all mean? Arthur was in a bewilderment of doubt. Fancy, if he were the wrong person, after all! Excruciating thought! His mind was, however, soon set at rest, for there up in the corner, looking very demure, but extremely happy, sat his old friend, Miss Flynn. The grand mystery was dissolved into thin air at once.

"And this is how you have learned all about me, Miss Warburton, is it?" said Arthur. "I do so hope she has given me a good character. I think there are some people in whose eyes I should like to be considered not altogether worthless."

"Worthless!" said she, laying a stress on the word. "If you are only half such a good fellow as she has made you out—but never mind. Why should I worry you with all this? You know yourself what you are, and that, in my humble opinion, ought to be quite sufficient."

"Not quite, Miss Warburton, I think," said Arthur, very slowly. Their eyes met.

After this they saw one another again and again. They kept last dances, and exchanged flowers, and did many other things which were, no doubt, very foolish. As yet, however, Arthur Lumsden and Mary Warburton had never spoken of love. But there was a great plan in contemplation. Mr. and Mrs. Warburton were worried and teased to death. "O, we'll see," they said; "we'll see." But these half-and-half measures would not suit the young people at all. So, after a little more coaxing, the great plan was settled, and they were to meet at a cozy little watering-place in the Isle of Wight as soon as people began talking enthusiastically of sea-breezes, and London got dusty, and scorched, and unbearable.

Summer days! Ah! those were summer days indeed for two at least of that happy reunion of families. Such summer days as many of us may have experienced, and may again some day. Such rides! such walks! such sails! such chaff! such harmless pleasure, and such merry love! And the golden sun shone on, and the birds trilled out their sweetest songs, and the sea beat restlessly on the yellow sands, but the time—the time sped on.

And then the last day came—the day on which one wakes up with that queer something-going-to-happen feeling which attacks one about the pit of the stomach, and can only be likened to the indescribable thrill which courses through the veins when going up very high in a swing.

"We shall miss you tremendously, Arthur," said Mary in her sweetest and most winning voice. "But now that we are such good friends, you will come and see us sometimes in London, wont you? Don't wait for the dances at Christmas time, or for invitations."

The sun was sinking across the vast expanse of ocean, and the sea moaned fitfully at their feet.

"I'll come, of course," was the ready reply, "so long as I'm not considered a bore. But it's not the same thing, is it, Mary? We shan't get such talks as we have had lately. We shall have to sit up in a great prim drawing-room, and pretend that we are talking on the most ordinary subjects, while all eyes are turned on us and that I can't stand. We shall be parted as if by millions of miles, while so close together; and—hang it, I'm very wretched!"

"You naughty, silly boy! I shall begin to think you have had too long a holiday, and are disinclined to go and work again. Why, only think of your favorite London, and the dear old Strand that you worship so much. You'll soon forget our pleasant walks when you get back to your gas and your theatres."

"Ah! that's it; that's the very point," said this dangerous young gentleman, musing on. "I am afraid you don't quite know me. If I could only have some one who would keep me straight—some one whose good opinion I would not dare forfeit.—But there, what a fool I am to talk like this. Supposing I am not past all cure, I am penniless and may not love."

The sun had just sunk below the horizon, and the golden waters, sorrowing for its departure, were still moaning wearily at the feet of those two happy children, absorbed in a last adieu. Meanwhile Claude Hainworth sat moodily in his quiet office, pale as usual, and evidently engaged in the deepest thought.

Some may think that Claude Hainworth was very badly treated. But a closer inspec-

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tion into his heart of hearts would instantly dispel all notions of false friendship. To tell the truth, he cared as little for Mary Warburton as for anything else pure and lovely. He liked to brag about his conquests; but beyond that he had no more idea of affection than he had of a Greek chorus. It was well known in the office—and Arthur Lumsden had many a passage of arms with him on that score—that his views with regard to women were coarse and unmanly. The one, who systematically treated the gentler sex with deference and respect, never dreamed of confining his courtesy to women of any particular class; the other, who merely regarded them as useful articles in a household, and nothing more, was naturally inconsistent in his line of conduct towards them.

Arthur Lumsden expected to find the great Claude in high dudgeon on his return. However, he was, on the contrary, obsequiously civil and unusually polite. He seemed to be determined, all on a sudden, to make a bosom friend of his rival. Arthur did not care to probe very deeply into the matter; and, although he was very much surprised at the sudden change, did not reject the overtures of friendship so much as he otherwise would have done, as he seemed to think that, on the whole, Claude had behaved very well. Besides, there was some one else who would strongly have objected to a quarrel.

Some months after the pleasant summer outing, which had terminated so pleasantly for two of the party, and when the winter time had come round, as cheerless and desolate as ever, Claude Hainworth came into Arthur Lumsden's room at the office, and, putting on a very woe-begone expression, asked his advice under the following circumstances. The man of fashion had foolishly got into debt, and was gradually getting more and more involved. Creditors were beginning to turn restive and troublesome, and were making unpleasant calls at the Docket and Precis Office. Unless he met a greasy-looking man, in a suit of seedy black, that day, the consequences would be dreadful. Keep his appointment he must; but as ill-luck would have it, he had just received a telegram to say that his sister was to arrive in London that day, would meet him at the Pantheon at half-past two o'clock, remain at his lodgings that night, be conveyed by her brother to King's Cross station the next morning, and so away to the country.

Here, then, was a dilemma. What was to be done? Arthur had met the said Miss Hainworth on several occasions, and he alone could help his unfortunate friend out of the scrape. He did not relish the mission, particularly as he had other and tenderer duties to perform. Under the circumstances, however, he consented to go, Claude promising faithfully to relieve guard at the Pantheon directly the seedy man was satisfactorily cajoled, which feat was to be performed in less than no time.

So Arthur went, and was not long in discovering the young lady. They sat together in the gallery, and talked long and earnestly. Arthur thought he would improve on the occasion, and by dint of sundry hints and insinuations, he let the sister know enough of Claude's weakness to enlist her valuable intercession when the right time arrived. And so they talked on, but Claude Hainworth never came.

It was gradually getting darker and darker out of door, and the lamps were all lit. Miss Hainworth was perfectly ignorant of the whereabouts of her brother's lodgings. She was getting tired, and wanted some rest. Arthur was too much of a gentleman to leave her under such circumstances, and at once offered to conduct her home. When they got there they found a small note in the middle of the table. It ran as follows:

"DEAR LUMSDEN:—These beggarly Jews have kept me longer than I expected. Knowing your good heart, I guess you will conduct my sister here. I am going to ask yet another favor. You will find on the chimney-piece two seats for the Monday Popular. Do take my sister, as it is a long-standing promise, and this is her only night. I will meet you there after the first part. You will find dinner ready at half-past five. I am awfully ashamed of myself for asking so much.

"Yours, C. H."

Arthur communicated the contents of the note to Miss Hainworth, and he noticed that at the idea of the concert her face brightened up so much, and she seemed so delighted, that, notwithstanding her earnest protestations to the contrary, he had not the heart to withstand such a mute appeal. So they went. Arthur was very angry, but he carefully concealed what he felt. The first part came to an end, but Claude Hainworth never arrived. However, at the door of the Hall, when all was over, there he was, all smiles, thanks, and apologies. He was in evening dress. The

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guard was relieved at last, and Arthur Lumsden walked home smoking his cigar in peace, and thinking he had done a charitable action.

But how did Claude Hainworth get on with his seedy friend? Directly he left the office he went, as fast as a Hansom cab would carry him, to the aristocratic region of Westbournia. Having knocked at the door of a large house, he asked whether Mrs. Warburton was at home?

"Yes, she is at home; but is going out almost directly. Will you walk in?"

"Well, just for a minute;" and in he went accordingly. "How pleased he was to see them all, such a long time since he had had the pleasure," and so on, with small talk *ad libitum*. Presently the carriage came round. They were going out for a drive. "Would he accompany them? O, there was plenty of room; only Mrs. Warburton and her daughter Mary thought of going." And so they drove away, laughing and talking immensely.

"Would it be giving you very much trouble," said Claude, as they drove along, "to afford me your assistance in a little matter? I am lucky to get this opportunity. I have to buy a wedding present for a fair cousin of mine, and the assistance of ladies in my choice will be invaluable."

There was no objection in the least; how could there be? They all repaired to the Pantheon first of all, just to look round, and were still in the highest spirits. Just as they entered, Claude Hainworth directed attention to a flag in the gallery right before them. He affected to see nothing more. The laugh died away on Mary Warburton's lips. She started and turned very pale. She could not see the face. They were deep in conversation. But she saw the outline of the figure. Could she possibly be mistaken?

"By-the-by, Mrs. Warburton," said Claude, a little time afterwards, "I have got some places for a concert to-night. Do come with some of your daughters."

"What do you say, Mary?" said the good-natured mother.

"I don't think I'm quite up to it, mama," said Mary; "but don't refuse on my account."

"O, it will do you good, my dear. Come home with us, Claude, and have a bit of dinner, and then we will all go together."

Fortune favored Claude Hainworth once more that day. The ladies had a little shopping to do, and did not return till the lamps were lit. The carriage happened to pass through the very street in which Claude lodged. In an instant he saw his chance, and directed attention to a peculiar knocker on the door next his own. Only Mary Warburton looked. Again she turned pale and trembled, and sinking back in the carriage, did not speak any more till they got home. Could she have been again mistaken? Who were those two on the doorstep of the little lodging?

By the time they got to the concert, Mary had somewhat recovered her spirits. The gas and glare gave her an artificial existence. Mrs. Warburton's opera-glass was never at rest. The first part was just over, and the opera-glass was at work again.

"Why, surely, that can't be—yes it is, though Mary, my dear, look into the second row of the sofa stalls; isn't that Arthur Lumsden? and such a pretty girl by his side!" said the innocent mother. "Look, Mr. Hainworth, you have better eyes than I have."

"Why, so it is," echoed Claude. "What a sly fellow, never told me a word about it! Ah! that must be the girl to whom he is engaged. An affair of very long standing."

"Arthur Lumsden engaged!" they all said at once.

"Why, of course; didn't you know that? He has been engaged for the last four years."

Three shocks in one day were too much for Mary Warburton's delicate nerves. She gave way at last, and fainted.

"Poor child!" said her mother, when she came round again. "I don't think she is quite well. She complained before to-day. We will go home at once."

When Claude Hainworth kicked off his boots that night, he laughed loudly, and was convinced that his plans had succeeded remarkably well.

Mary Warburton slept but a troubled sleep the night after Claude Hainworth's visit. Through the long, long hours she tossed restlessly, uneasy and heart-sick. When she did sleep, it was but to wake again in a burning fever. The doctor had shaken his head, and ordered perfect quiet and constant stimulants. It was a case in which the greatest care was required. And so the poor girl was left in the quiet stillness of the sick chamber; her body racked with ceaseless pain, and her mind tortured with an indescribable agony which no doctor or medicine could possibly alleviate. The fond mother watched anxiously at her side. And so the long weeks rolled on.

Meanwhile, both the clerks at the Docket and Precis Office heard of Mary Warburton's

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dangerous illness; both called, but neither of them was admitted. The fever might be infectious. About this time Mrs. Warburton received a letter which made her very sad. It was certainly a clever production, and very mysterious. There was only one person who could have helped her either to clear it up or confirm her worst suspicions. But Mrs. Warburton bottled up her troubles, and Arthur Lumsden was never written to.

At last, the fatal turning-point of Mary's illness arrived; that anxious time when it was to be decided whether the pretty patient was to glide smoothly along towards the harbor of convalescence, or toss helplessly on the rough waters of despair. The fatal doubts about Arthur's constancy seemed almost to have been removed. Arthur had so far won the victory that Mary made up her mind that his lips alone must tell the tale ere he was finally condemned. Now for the first time it struck her that both had done wrong in hiding their treasured secret from their parents. True, they had acted as they imagined for the best, but fathers and mothers are apt to look at these matters in a different light than their children.

At length, during one day when Mary thought herself strong enough for the task, she called her mother to her bedside, and begging forgiveness for her indiscretion in hiding anything so long, told her all that had passed between herself and Arthur Lumsden. Mrs. Warburton was placed in a cruel position. She thought of her sick daughter and of the invariable kindness with which Arthur had always been treated, and then she remembered that night at the concert, and all she had seen. Soon the contents of the mysterious letter were brought vividly to her mind. She had now no cause to doubt. This affair of the secret engagement was the finishing stroke. The fond affection of the mother got the mastery over the studious caution of the nurse, and bit by bit all Mrs. Warburton's worst fears were conveyed as acknowledged facts to the ears of the miserable girl. It was all over now; and so with a deep, deep sigh, Mary Warburton turned her face to the wall, and the fever hurried madly on its desperate way.

It was a fearful time for all in that house. Racked by delirium, and wasted with want of sleep, they saw the fair young girl sink gradually day by day. At last arrived that period of sweet calm which precedes the last helpless struggle for life. She spoke his name, and with tears implored that she might see him, as she knew that the worst must come.

They tried to cheer her up, and said through their tears that she would soon be well. Mournfully she shook her head, and begged again. He was to have been her husband, she said. All must now be forgiven. How could they deny her anything at such a time? The next morning when the sunlight struggled through the closed blinds, a playful ray fell upon the manly form of Arthur Lumsden kneeling at Mary's bedside.

Why linger in a scene like this? The old, old tale again. Why attempt to describe the faltering tones of the broken-hearted man pleading—alas! too late—his cause of honor at the bedside of the dying girl? Still the time kept pulsing on, and still the golden sunlight danced about the silent room. At last the placid, anxious look of doubt upon her face brightened into a smile of heavenly sweetness. One moment more, and then, with his last kiss upon her pallid lips, the fair form chilled in his loving clasp, and her spirit left this troubled world to seek for comfort in its everlasting home!

Trembling, the mother waited at the door. That one last shriek of despair struck coldly at her heart, and she came in. There was no need for tears and lamentation now. All hope had long since fled. One loving kiss she gave, and scattered a few violets on the lifeless form. Then withdrawing a tiny ring from the cold, white hand, she placed it on Arthur's finger, and led him gently from the room. He was quite unmanned. A deep, dull silence reigned in the house for hours and hours; but long before the twilight came, Arthur had told his tale, and received that sympathy and promise of love, which, though they came too late, were very dear to him. There was no need to implicate anybody. All must come out sooner or later, so Arthur kept his suspicions to himself. As he thought over his cruel wrongs, the iron kept gradually entering into his heart. It was a bitter pang, and he gained the mastery. But he left the house a lost and broken-hearted man!

A year after the sad events recorded above, when spring had come again in all its brilliant freshness, a sight which certainly ought to do any one's heart good might have been seen one Saturday afternoon on the Thames at Kingston. What are the young men of London doing there? Some of them, no doubt, are very idle and lazy, smoking pipes, and pitching stones into the water from the

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club boat-house, patting big dogs, and chaffing, climbing the flag-staff, and otherwise amusing themselves. Others, a trifle more energetic, but still of the lazy order, are paddling in canoes, looking either supremely comfortable or unmistakably nervous. Some are dozing in punts, or practising in tubs. Very many are taking their breathings in boats of every shape and size, from the unwieldy wherry to the graceful outrigger. Eight stalwart, well-made men are, however, the great point of attraction in all this motley group. They are fully equipped in white jerseys, and trousers tucked up to the knees, in the true and approved waterman style. Their necks are swathed round with thick comforters, and their white straw hats are adorned with pink and white ribbons. It is the famous Kingston eight that is in training for Henley next month, and which fully means to row away from everybody on that eventful occasion, if we may believe the babble that is going on all around us. However, there they stand, fine, splendid fellows without a doubt, and all picked from the young men of London. Their boat is being put into the water, and in a few minutes they will paddle off, and think of the criticism which will be buzzed all over the island.

Meanwhile there is a stir and a sensation. All eyes are directed to the middle of the stream. A canoe is seen floating bottom upwards, and then arises a cry, "I know he can't swim an atom." But one of the famous crew has in an instant divested himself of almost everything, and dived head foremost into the stream. It is a fearful moment, and all is still as death. A boat is immediately put out, and all strain their eyes to see what will follow. Suddenly the river is divided by a hand, and the brave swimmer, almost dragged down with the heavy burden, rises to the top. He makes for the boat, and tries to clutch at it; but just at that moment there is a hurried struggle; the swimmer's nails are heard to grate against the side of the boat, and both are submerged in an instant. The excitement becomes awful. Another and another swimmer plunges in, and more boats and punts are put out. Again the water is divided, and again the plucky swimmer—though now fearfully exhausted—rises with the insensible form of a man to the surface. He is caught this time by a hundred arms. He is relieved of his burden, and both are safe! And then arises a mighty cheer from a hundred throats, which can be distinctly heard at Thames Ditton. The brave swimmer has recovered his strength, and acknowledges the applause by wringing out his dripping hair. Who are the saver and the saved? It is Arthur Lumsden who is shaking out the water from his matted hair, while Claude Hainworth lies fainting at his feet!

There was a great supper-party given that evening in Jack Walmisley's rooms. Arthur was in training, and so was unable to attend as an active member of the feast. But they enticed him to the orgies just for a moment in the course of the evening, and the great Jack made an eloquent speech, and Arthur Lumsden's health was proposed amidst ringing cheers. Claude Hainworth, revived by restoratives, was being assisted to the train. He passed the house where the rejoicings were going on. He heard the cheers. At last he was miserable.

O, what a sweet revenge! The one, under a miserable pretence of friendship, had, for his own selfish ends, robbed his friend of what he treasured most on earth—a pure and loving heart; the other, forgetful of personal danger while doing what he merely considered his duty towards his fellow-man, had saved his false companion from what he certainly feared most—his death!

PHOSPHORUS.

Phosphorus was discovered in 1669, but the process by which it was obtained was too expensive to permit its general use. It was first employed to ignite matches in 1680, but it was nearly 100 years afterward when it was discovered in old bones, that it became of much importance. Pure phosphorus is a semi-transparent, nearly colorless substance, flexible, and so soft that it can be cut with a knife. In itself it is tasteless, but when exposed to the air it emits a vapor having an odor like that of garlic. It melts at 111 1-2 degrees, and takes fire in a warm atmosphere. It is insoluble in water, but is readily dissolved by ether, naptha, dithloride of sulphur, and bisulphuret of carbon. The red amorphous phosphorus more recently used in the preparation of matches is less dangerous than the ordinary stick phosphorus, as it is free from the poisonous vapor, and is not so highly inflammable. Phosphorus is contained in various rocks, whence it passes by decomposition into the soil, is taken up by plants, enters into grain, and is thus received into the animal system. It is an essential ingredient in the composition of the brain and nerves.

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A SUMMER AT ALDERVILLE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

WHAT whim induced Atheline Herne to renounce a fashionable watering-place, and the society of her aristocratic friends, and bury herself in the savage precincts of the little country town of Alderville? Her friends wondered, perhaps she wondered herself; but not being one of those who feel bound to give voice to every emotion, the oracle was mute.

It was simply a freak of hers. Perhaps away down in her great heart she was weary of the selfishness, the frivolity, the glitter and show of fashionable life, and longed for the pure, true friendship of nature. She remembered, years ago, when life was fresh and new, how she had spent a summer in the country. She recalled the smell of spruce and pine when the summer sun was hot—the murmuring, dreamy music of the brook winding through green pastures—the bleat of the white lambs on the high hills—and the patient, brown-eyed cattle, driven up the dewy lane by the whistling cowboy. She was sixteen then; now she was twenty-five; old enough to feel a thrill of pleasure in the prospect of living over again a sweet past.

Atheline had had some love phases. They had affected her lightly, simply because her best nature had never been touched. The golden apples had changed to dross in her hands, and left no pain behind. Sometimes she thought she was not like other women—that with loving she had no part. Pride kept her from the sensation of emptiness when she looked into her heart.

The middle of June found Miss Herne quietly settled for the summer in an old farmhouse on the banks of the Merrimac. Free of all fashionable restrictions, at liberty to dress in calico, and wear her rippling brown hair in a net, guiltless of rats and waterfalls, Miss Herne was beautiful, and an heiress in her own right. Her near relatives were all in the world beyond, and there were none to place upon her any restraint.

Mrs. Marshall, with whom Atheline boarded, had been an old friend of her mother's, and took a kindly interest in the girl's welfare. Just interest enough not to be burdensome—not to make it seem officious; for there certainly is an extent to the degree in which people may be interested in us if we are to be rendered happy by it.

The Marshalls were quiet people; they had passed their lives on the farm where they now resided, and which, for the beauty of its location and surroundings, stood without a rival.

Miss Herne slept late the morning after her arrival at the farm. When she opened her window to let in the fragrance of the sweet air and the music of the birds, the beauty of the morning struck through to her heart as nothing else had the power to do. She acknowledged the sovereignty of nature, but she instinctively *looked down* upon the sturdy farm-laborers who went whistling away to the fields in striped frocks and blue overalls. What a pity, she thought, to have to confound the sweet smell of crimson clover and damask roses with the overalls and striped frocks.

Atheline was a haughty patrician. This half contempt for the lower classes of society was a part of her education; she was not to blame, perhaps, for her prejudices. She had been taught to regard the contemptible distinctions of society as second in sacredness only to her religion.

She went down to her late breakfast in a pink wrapper, with all her shining hair hidden away in a gold-colored net. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes bright with looking out over the dew-wet fields.

While Atheline discussed the nice breakfast set before her by the careful hands of Mrs. Marshall, Mr. Marshall read to her from the morning paper. He was interrupted by the entrance of one of the farm hands.

"Shall we hoe the corn in the Hanson lot?"

The voice that uttered the question was deep and mellow, but it grated on the sensitive ear of Miss Herne, and she glanced up at the speaker with an expression of annoyance on her face. She met the eyes of the man fastened upon her; not in admiration, but with the cool scrutiny one bestows upon an indifferent stranger. Miss Herne flushed slowly, and was desperately angry with herself when she felt the blood creeping hot to her cheek.

The face beneath the rough straw hat was

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brown as a berry, but the eyes were unusually fine, the features good, and the bronze hair and beard soft and shining as floss silk. Besides, he was tall, slender and muscular—altogether a man to be depended upon.

Atheline scorned herself for looking at him, and wondered if she was expected to eat her breakfast with that country loon looking on. Mr. Marshall, good old soul! felt called upon to do something in the case.

"This is Miss Herne, Vert. She was wishing for water lilies only a little while ago. It is rather early, I suppose; do you think you could find any for her?"

"I will make the attempt if you wish me to, sir," Vert replied, never once looking at Atheline.

In spite of her cool self-control, she felt the slight. He would do his master's bidding, but not at her pleasure, and she silently determined that if the lilies came with ever so subtile a fragrance in their golden hearts, she would not notice them. Miss Herne was doing a very unwise thing; suffering herself to get indignant with this man, and thus allowing him to occupy her thoughts.

At dinner a slender glass full of lilies stood beside her plate. The dreamy odor almost made her dizzy with delight, but she would not look at them until Mrs. Marshall directed her attention. Then she simply replied:

"Ah! yes—they are early—aren't they? How nice your peas are, Mrs. Marshall."

As the days passed, Atheline saw Vertner Fales very frequently. He was Mr. Marshall's chief adviser, and took his meals with the family. He never spoke to Miss Herne, never seemed to be aware of her presence; and though she said to herself every day that she would go away from the farm on purpose to be rid of his society, still she did not go.

One fine evening she started to walk down to the village. It was full two miles, but Miss Herne was a good pedestrian. She had not gone far when a carriage stopped at her side, and looking up she met the dark, brilliant eyes of young Fales.

"Will you ride down?" he asked her.

"No," she answered, shortly and ungraciously enough.

"Ah?" He did not repeat the invitation, only gave the sleek farm horses the rein and went on. A few rods ahead, he stopped at the cottage of the Widow Morgan. Nellie, her pretty, golden-haired daughter, was gathering honeysuckle in the yard.

Vert said something to her, as Atheline swept down the road, and very soon the carriage, with Nellie beside the handsome driver, dashed past Atheline, enveloping her in a cloud of dust. Atheline said that night to Mrs. Marshall:

"Is it the Widow Morgan's cottage down by the willows?"

"Yes. She lives there all alone with Nellie. She is the belle of the village."

"The widow?"

"No dear, Nellie. She has the pinkest cheeks, and such pretty, yellow curls. I wish you could see her!"

Atheline shrugged her shoulders.

"Blonde beauties are not to my taste. Dear me! how very close the air is!"

Two days afterward, Miss Herne went off by herself for a ramble in the woods. In truth, she spent a great deal of her time in solitary wanderings among the shadows of the pasture groves and beside the river. She spent the afternoon pleasantly, gathering wild blossoms, and near sundown she seated herself on a fallen tree to arrange her treasures.

A couple of colts started out from the brushwood, and with the shy yet ardent curiosity of their race, they began making advances with a view to a closer acquaintance. Atheline was city bred, and of course she had an idea that all animals in a pasture were to be regarded as savage, and with a quick bound she reached the top of a high stone wall, intending to leap down on the other side. But on the other side there ran a wide, deep ditch, nearly full of water, and she dared not make the leap. And to go back the way she had come was impossible, for the frisky colts were putting their heels into the air in a way extremely terrific to a woman with nerves.

Vert Fales was mowing just beyond the ditch, and directly he glanced up. An amused expression came into his face. Atheline could have forgiven anything but that. And that, never! He bounded forward, reached up his lithe strong arms, and taking her down carried her to the firm ground beyond. How crimson her face grew!

"How dare you?" she cried, hotly.

"You looked uncomfortable. If you are offended, save your anger for some one who will appreciate it."

He took up his scythe and resumed his labor. Atheline hurried home, at war with everybody. She ate no supper, and went to her room at eight. She tried to think herself disgraced by the free touch of that country clown. The hands he had held so close

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thrilled under the cold flash of their diamond rings; the cheek his soft hair had brushed glowed red as wine.

Miss Herne wondered what was the matter with her that she could not sleep. The night was so warm! She put her wrapper round her and sat the hours before the dawn away by her chamber window. When she went down to breakfast she found a copy of Mrs. Browning's sonnets on her plate; the very book she had wished for yesterday at dinner; and on opening it, a little slip of paper fell out. And written on it were the words:

"I spoke rudely to you yesterday; I am repentant. Forgive me."

Although she had never seen his chirography, she knew that Vert Fales had written it. She tore the paper into shreds, shut the book and tossed it among the papers on a side table; mentally vowing never to look inside it so long as she lived.

Do not, I beg of you, get the impression that this heroine of mine was bad tempered; she was only proud, and angry with herself for seeming in any way interested in a vulgar laborer.

Before the week was out, she had learned enough of Vertner Fales's history to force her to respect him. His father had been a wealthy merchant, but through the villany of friends had been reduced to poverty. He had died shortly afterward, and left a fragile wife and two sons—Vertner and Juan. Vertner was in college at the time, within three months of graduation; but he left at once, and devoted himself to the sad task of comforting his mother. Without the means to pursue the study of the profession he had chosen, he had given it up, and engaged himself as a day-laborer on the farm of Mr. Marshall, where his remuneration was sure. He had toiled early and late, besides doing copying for a city register, in order that he might be able to defray the expenses of his brother at the university where he was studying for the ministry. For Juan Fales was a youth of rare promise, but alas! he was blind!

Atheline heard the whole story, with many touching little additions, from Mrs. Marshall; but she listened with apparent indifference, and did not remark upon it when the old lady had finished.

A few days afterward, Vertner Fales was surprised by receiving from the treasurer of the H—— University a receipt in full for the two years' expense yet remaining to complete his brother's tuition.

On writing to the gentleman he had only been able to ascertain that the amount of the receipt had been paid by a person to the treasurer unknown, who stated that it was done by one strongly interested in the education of the blind.

Vertner was mystified, but a great weight was lifted from his shoulders. He could now give his mother some comforts of which she had been denied, and which were essential to her enjoyment. And seeing her so much happier, he went about with a lighter heart, and the people at Mr. Marshall's wondered what had made such a change in Fales. Atheline said nothing, but had she chosen she might have explained the mystery.

The summer wore away. It was very delightful at Marshall Farm; Atheline grew more attached to the place every day. But her city friends were impatient to welcome her return, and so the last day of August came, and she was to leave Alderville on the first of September.

Toward sundown she went for a walk in the south pasture where the asters grew. It was a long walk, and the sun was sinking into a mass of inky clouds low lying in the west, before she was ready to return. The wind muttered dolefully in the pine trees; it was falling dark very fast, and along the line of black clouds she caught the glimmer of lightning. There was a shower gathering.

She hurried on, her hair tumbling about her shoulders in rippling masses, her scarf lost, and her bare neck swept by the electric wind. She caught the first hoarse peal of thunder soon, and directly a cold drop of rain fell on her forehead. It was useless to attempt to reach the farm by the road before the tempest should set in, and there was no house nearer. A moment she stood still in despair. Then suddenly it flashed upon her, she could cross the river on the railroad bridge! It would lessen the distance more than one-half, and she had the utmost confidence in her ability to keep a steady head. Not once did she think of the evening express train, which was even then due, so anxious was she to reach home before the storm broke. She flew toward the bridge. It was a high, narrow structure, spanning the stream at the narrowest point, while underneath the water roared like mad over the sharp rocks. Beneath the ties which upheld the rails was a sheathing of zinc to protect the timbers from moisture, but hardly equal to the duty of supporting the weight of a human being. Athe-

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line paused a moment on the verge of the bridge to steady her nerves, for she saw that she must step from tie to tie in order to cross. She took the first step, and then she heard a shout:

"Go back, instantly! The train has whistled for Lock's Cross Roads! Go back, I tell you!"

She recognized the voice before she looked up to see Vertner Fales standing at the opposite end of the bridge. Had it been any other she might have obeyed him; him she would not. She kept on boldly.

"Good God!" he cried, "are you mad?"

Still no answer, but the same quiet advance.

There was a roar behind her which she knew was not the roar of the river; a red light from the signal lantern flashed across the water; she heard the sharp whistle to down brakes, and realized her danger. And just then Vert Fales stood face to face with her, his eyes burning down into hers. Only a second, and he had crushed her down upon the timbers, prone between the rails, and thrown himself beside her.

"Be still, on your life!" he whispered, hoarsely; and then!

She felt the red hot breath of the locomotive sweep over her; fire seemed all around her; the frail fabric beneath shook fearfully; she strove to rise, but an iron hand held her down.

There was one terrible moment of agonizing suspense, and then the fearful roar of the train was passing into the distance, and once more the free air swept the face of Atheline.

Vert Fales lifted her up and bore her swiftly and silently across the bridge. She made no resistance now; she let him hold her closely as he pleased, for she remembered that but for him she would now have been in eternity.

The rain was falling in torrents. Vert took off his coat and wrapped her in it, and led her to a dense thicket of spruce just on the river bank, which afforded a partial shelter. Atheline found voice first.

"Mr. Fales," she said, with emotion, "how shall I offer you my gratitude?"

He looked at her, but did not speak. Beneath his eyes her face flushed red as June roses. The revelation came to her fully, then. She knew why she had felt so angry with herself whenever she had thought of Vertner Fales. She knew why she could never trust herself to speak of him or even think of him in the presence of others.

For an instant there was a fierce struggle in this proud woman's heart, and then love thrust pride back.

He came close to her and took her hands in his.

"Dare I ask it?" he said, passionately; "Atheline, in spite of all, I love you, and dare I ask a return?"

"No," she said, tremblingly, "you may not ask it, for—it is already given."

He drew her into his arms.

"Kiss me, dear; I shall realize my great happiness better."

She touched her lips to his, forgetting that she was kissing a poor farm-laborer; ignoring what her friends would say when they knew that she loved a man who wore a striped frock.

But in the midst of her sublime content she thought of what had just passed, and shuddered, even with his arms around her.

He drew her closer.

"What is it, darling?"

"I was only thinking what if you had not been here a moment ago, and I had died, missing this great joy!"

"But I *was* here. I have followed you at a distance all day—followed you with a sore heart. I knew it was my last chance, and when I met your eyes, I was a very coward! I saw you when you started to cross the bridge, and called out to you, but you did not heed me. Well, perhaps it is as well."

"It is better," she said, humbly, "for, Vert, in my hateful pride I might never have acknowledged how it was killing me to treat you so coldly had I not owed to you my life!"

The clouds broke soon, the evening star looked out of the lucid west. Vertner Fales and Atheline walked to the farm through the wet grass, never thinking of the discomfort; and Atheline announced to delighted Mrs. Marshall her intention of remaining at the farm through the autumn.

And early in the winter, Miss Herne's dear five hundred friends were electrified by the return of their favorite, accompanied by her husband, a man who rapidly made his way upward, until, at length, he held the highest office in the gift of the State.

A man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies; because, if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or to those who are indifferent to you.

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OVER THE DAM.

BY MRS. M. E. KENDALL.

"Now, Lou, be good, and tell us honestly how it came about that you, once Louise Crofton, the belle of Ivyside, became Mrs. Darwin, instead of the wife of the handsome, elegant, refined Charles Montain, the semi-millionaire, to whom Madam Rumor and all the rest of us had you more than nine-tenths engaged."

That is the question that I, as speaker pro tem. for a party of petticoated pests, put to Mrs. Louise Darwin, the petted wife of an honest, upright, very plain, not over-educated, independent farmer, to whom she had been eighteen months married, and whom she loved with her whole heart; while Denton Darwin worshiped her as the devout Persian does his sun-deity.

"Don't you know, we went over the dam together?" was the laconic question-answer I received in behalf of myself and inquisitive clients; which answer made us only the more clamorous for details, and so we besieged the somewhat reticent Louise en masse, threatening her with suffocation by hugging—all of us—right round her neck, unless she surrendered at discretion, and afforded us the information demanded.

"O yes; most of us remember your going over the dam in company with your husband that is now. But then that was two and a half years ago, and we have never quite determined how that simple circumstance could have so entirely revolutionized Louise Crofton's matrimonial ideas."

"I am well aware how widely you all guessed of the truth in discussing the incident and its results. But as I always argued, it was really the business of no one except myself and the man who is now my husband, I knew of no reason why you should not be permitted to guess on to your heart's content, without my volunteering an explanation."

"Now, Lou, you're a tyrant, and a barbarian, to snub us in this manner. We only wanted to—"

"Ah yes, girls—I understand. You only wanted to add a few more meshes to your man-catching nets. Well, you shall be gratified; not that I approve of dimity man-traps; but that one or two of you are in need of an illustrated argument, and perhaps all of you may deem it advisable to go *over the dam* some day before dropping your family identity at the altar forever; and so I'll tell you the story."

"Ah! there's a darling. Now you are really good, Lou!" And we all got closer around Louise Darwin, flinging ourselves down on the velvet sward under the old elm out there on the lawn, in a listening attitude. Lou told us the story very prettily and briefly. I will endeavor to be as brief; though I cannot hope to be as entertaining with a pen, as Mrs. Darwin was in her real communication.

"Several of you girls were eye-witnesses of the incident; but as some of you were not, I will relate the circumstances in brief, as they occurred.

"A party of some thirty persons, quite one half of whom were young ladies of about my own age, had crossed in boats the larger branch of the river, to a narrow, wooded island about a mile above the Fairfield Dam, for the purpose of fishing, wandering in the woods, and social enjoyment generally.

"Three days previously Denton Darwin had solicited my hand in marriage, and I had rejected him—not rudely and heartlessly, for as a friend I regarded him very highly: but as I neither loved him nor any man, I had no idea of giving myself away until my heart had a word to say in regard to the transfer. This I frankly told Darwin, and though he regretted his failure, he was in no wise offended, and it was agreed that our relations of friendly intimacy should continue uninterrupted.

"Charles Montain was my escort upon the occasion, and availing himself of an opportunity that occurred during a ramble through the wood, he declared his love for me in a manner something impetuous, and besought me to accept his heart, hand and fortune.

"Mr. Montain's attentions to myself had for several months been so particular, that local gossip had declared an engagement, which assertion I never took the pains to contradict. Indeed, I was rather proud of such a possibility; for Charles Montain was rich, refined, of a good family, unexceptionable in character, and I knew of no earthly reason why any girl, having her affections enlisted in the right direction, should not ac-

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cept him on presentation. It was only that my own affections were not so enlisted, that I did not accept him unconditionally. As it was, I declined the proffered alliance, but in a manner that gave him a wide margin for future pursuit, of which he assured me he should certainly avail himself.

"Mr. Darwin was of our party, and although unaccompanied by any lady, he was very entertaining, attentive and serviceable to all; and before the day was half over every one of us of the feminine persuasion voted Denton Darwin an absolute necessity in all future picnic, boating or woodland excursions.

"By the merest accident, about an hour previous to the time fixed for our return home, five of us—Charles Montain, Denton Darwin, Philip Fallonsby, Mary Watson and myself, met near where our little fleet lay moored to the river bank; and at some one's suggestion, it was resolved that in one of the boats we should make an excursion around the foot of the island, and pulling up in the eddy on the opposite shore, join the remainder of our party, who had improvised an extempore bush concert near the bank on that side.

"Entering a light skiff, the smallest of the fleet, we set out on our miniature voyage, and with Fallonsby, who was an expert waterman, at the oars, we went gliding down the swift current as gracefully and fleet as the startled swan.

"We were in mid-channel, and almost down to the foot of the island, when our oarsman, by a sudden overstrain of his left-hand oar in bringing the bow of the boat round toward the island, snapped the treacherous blade short off in the row-lock. The mishap sent Fallonsby sprawling backwards into the bottom of the boat, and in his tumble he lost overboard the remaining oar, which in a moment drifted beyond our reach, and there we were, helpless, drifting at the mercy of the current—each moment becoming more powerful—right down towards the Fairfield Dam, over which the river dashed in a foaming cataract, and where escape from destruction would be a miracle.

"For the space of—it might have been thirty seconds, all remained quiet and breathless with astonishment and terror. The silence was as profound as that of the tomb, and the frail skiff was whirled with fearful velocity towards the yelling dam. Then a boisterous exclamation of joy broke from Montain:

"Fallonsby, there is a chance for *us*. Down yonder where you see that rock just above water, the depth is not more than four feet all the way across the river. By stripping off coats and vests, and holding firmly to each other, *we* can gain the shore by wading."

"And would you abandon these helpless girls to destruction without an effort to save them?' indignantly asked Darwin.

"'Self-preservation is the first law of nature,' replied Montain, dashing his coat, hat and vest into the bottom of the skiff.

"'We can only save ourselves,' cried Fallonsby. And down went his coat and Panama, along with Montain's.

"'Go, then, cowardly wretches that you are!' exclaimed Darwin, contemptuously. 'It is some relief to know that our last breath will not be drawn from an atmosphere tainted by the presence of such poltroons.'

The boat had reached the upper edge of the belt of shallow water, and without reply to Darwin's taunt, Montain and Fallonsby simultaneously leaped overboard, and grasping each other firmly, began fighting their way laboriously towards the shore. But an escape by fording was a far more difficult feat to accomplish than they had imagined; and by the time they had reached the rock alluded to by Montain, and which lay at about one third the distance from where they leaped from the boat to the shore, they were both so entirely exhausted that it was with considerable difficulty they managed to drag themselves out of the water upon the flat surface, affording scarcely sufficient sitting room for two persons, and in no place a foot above the water.

"In the mean time Darwin had not effortless resigned himself and us to impending fate. You would think that under the circumstances there was nothing that human agency could achieve to avert our doom. It was thus that Mary and I argued at the time; but Darwin thought our lives worth a desperate effort, and he made it.

"A moment after Montain and Fallonsby left us he was overboard also, striving like a very Hercules for our salvation. First he endeavored to sustain the boat against the current by setting his shoulder against the downstream side, and seeking to force it gradually endwise towards the rock, against the upper side of which, if he could but gain it, he quietly informed us he could securely lodge the skiff until some of the other boats should come to our rescue. Finding himself baffled

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in this attempt by the force of the current, he dexterously whirled the bow of the skiff up stream, and planting his feet firmly against the projections of the ledgy bottom, he sought first to force the boat diagonally across the stream towards the shore. In this he for a little time made some progress; but the strength of the current was too powerful for human endurance, and our brave champion was fast becoming exhausted. While we—poor helpless things—all we could do was to sit there and pray God to spare so generous and brave a hero, even were we ourselves doomed to perish.

"Darwin glanced towards the two men cowering there on the rock, and exclaimed in a tone eloquent in its very bitterness:

"'O, if those wretches had but remained and coupled their strength with mine, how easily we might have sustained the boat and saved you!'

"Then finding that he could no longer force the skiff another atom against the surging current, he resolutely set himself against the lower gunwale, and said very quietly:

"'Louise and Mary, I will battle against our fate while my strength lasts. Perhaps relief may reach us before I am quite conquered.'

"At that moment a clear, ringing shout reached our ears from the water a little distance above us, and looking in the direction whence the shout came, we discovered a man fighting his way towards us with superhuman efforts, in part supported by a branch of some light wood. As he drew near, we recognized Charley Cheever, who, as we subsequently learned, had been rambling alone about the foot of the island, and observing the accident of the oar breaking at the moment it occurred, had instantly cast aside his boots, coat and hat, and plunged into the stream, hoping to overtake us before we reached the dam, and aid us as he might by his superior knowledge of water craft.

"On reaching us, Charley was quite as much exhausted as Darwin himself, and his first word was a declaration that it was sheer folly for them to attempt to sustain the boat there until they became utterly helpless, and finally be forced over the dam like an old sawlog.

"Give me a hand here—both of you girls. Now—a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together.' And by the united efforts of Mary, myself and Charley, that young gentleman was in the skiff directly, and not many seconds later he had Darwin in also, and the boat was drifting swiftly onward again towards the dam.

"Charley Cheever was a discarded suitor of Mary's, while Fallonsby, who had so basely abandoned her in the moments of extreme peril, rumor said was her accepted lover.

"Queer arrangement, wasn't it, girls? There we were, two foolish girls, drifting to destruction with our rejected suitors, while our accepted ones were perched on a rock away up there in the middle of the river, like sea-lions, only there was very little of any sort of *lion* about them.

"'Now then, Denton, *mon brave*,' said Charley, gaily but earnestly, 'let us to work and wreck this craft a trifle more, that we may have something to save her with. Wrench out that thwart on which you are sitting, while I help myself to this one. So—we are supplied with tolerable paddles—now you take the bows, and I'll go aft; keep one eye on my motions, and assist my navigation with all the might that is in you. I've been three times over that old dam, with more water rolling over than there is this evening. Help me all you can, Denton; and you girls keep quiet, and if I don't pilot you down that channel without ruffling a feather, I'll agree to swim up stream over the dam.'

"I can never describe to you that fearful plunge, for every sense was merged in that of concentrated vision, and that fixed upon the stern, resolute features of the two heroes who were so generously perilling their lives for our salvation.

"We passed the seething vortex unscathed, and then I think I fainted; for I have no recollection of anything further until awakened by the congratulations of our whole party save two, who had hastened across the river, and down the bank to the point where Darwin and Charley had landed us in safety.

"When the base conduct of Montain and Fallonsby was proclaimed, it was voted unanimously that a night's reflection on the rock there by themselves might be of service to them. On the following morning, however, they were brought off; but they never were very well received in Fairfield society afterwards.

"A year later, Charley and Mary, Denton Darwin and myself, all went over the matrimonial *dam* together.

We pass our life in deliberation, and we die upon it.

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WINDING-UP A BANK.

When the order for winding-up came, we had not many current accounts or deposits in the bank, but we had a few—some two or three dozen—and although none of the credit balances were large, they nearly all belonged to persons to whom the loss of even a few pounds was a very serious matter. One of these was a French tradesman, who, in an evil hour, had thought fit to open an account with forty pounds at our bank. The poor man evidently believed his respectability the greater by his being able to pay people to whom he owed money with checks instead of in hard cash. As I afterwards learnt, his drafts were all small, and he generally paid in on the Monday or Tuesday about as much as he had drawn out on Saturday, so that his balance remained always about the same. After the order to wind-up came from the court, of course nothing could be paid out of the bank, and among the first checks sent away from the counter was one for ten pounds from this unfortunate foreigner. It had been presented through another bank, and consequently was not returned to the drawer for a couple of days. In due time he heard of it, and came at once to our office to know why his check had not been honored. It was a long time before we could make him understand the truth, but when he did so, he was frantic. He cursed us all as a set of swindlers, denounced England, all Englishmen, and more particularly all English banks and bankers, as des sacrrrres ques, and made comparisons by no means flattering to us between our establishment and that of a bank in Paris, apparently well known to himself. At last he subsided, and for nearly an hour kept entreating us, for the love of le bon Dieu, to have pity upon him, upon his wife, upon his numerous small children, and upon his aged mother, and to pay him back his thousand francs—his forty pounds. After this he used to come every day and wait for two or three hours to see the manager, the directors, the liquidator—anybody. This went on for more than a fortnight, during which it was pitiable to see the hopeless despair to which—as it seemed to us—he was reduced. We afterwards found out that, although he put on an air of utter poverty, this individual was really well to do in the world, being worth at least a thousand pounds which he had made at his trade of bootmaker during the last two years, so that although he was no doubt to be pitied, he was by no means so badly off as many of those who had burnt their fingers by touching the shares of our bank.

He was, however, more to be pitied than a countrywoman of his, who for a long time kept us in perpetual terror by her daily visits. Some weeks before our bank had stopped, this lady—a fashionable West-end milliner—had received from a customer a check for ten pounds upon the "Grand Financial." Had she presented the check at once, or had she at once paid it into her own banker's, the draft would have been honored. As it was, she kept it by her for a month or more, and then, just after the order to wind-up the concern had been obtained, she presented it herself for payment, when of course it was returned. In the mean time it would appear that her customer had left England, and could not be traced by her, so that she was "let in" for her ten pounds. Her rage was something wonderful to see. In vain we tried to explain to her that the person who had given her the check had kept an account at the bank, and that it was not the fault of that person—who, indeed, had lost a balance of sixty or seventy pounds by the bank being wound-up—but her own, that the check was dishonored. But she either would, or could understand nothing. Day after day she came and demanded the money from us, ending each violent harangue by asking whether we thought she came to the city for a change of air, entering into details about an expected increase to her family, which however interesting to herself, was in no way so to us. I never saw, and hope never to see again, so violent a female. With what expectations she came again and again to the office, I never could learn, for she must have spent two or three pounds in cab hire. But after a time, she, too, got tired, and left off tormenting us, much to the comfort of those who had to receive her daily visits.

ALUMINUM

Is a metal which forms the base of the earth alumina (clay), and was first obtained by F. Mohler in 1827. To work it, however, was very expensive. The mode of obtaining it was afterwards simplified by Deville, who in 1856, succeeded in procuring considerable quantities of it. It is very light, malleable, and sonorous; does not rust, and is not acted on by sulphur or any other acid except hydrochloric. In 1855 it was £3 an ounce, but in the following year it was reduced to eleven or twelve shillings, and is now still cheaper.

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

The most important event of the last month was the capture of Jefferson Davis, at one time noted as the president of what was termed the Southern Confederacy; a new nation, that based its claims for greatness on cotton, tobacco, turpentine and negro slavery. It came within an ace of succeeding, through the blundering of imbeciles and natural-born fools, but never had a chance of success after the proper men took proper stations, and bent all their energies to conquer and not negotiate. Jeff Davis was on his way to the seaboard when the fourth Michigan regiment and first Wisconsin came upon him, surprising him as much to see the Union cavalry, as it would have startled him had he seen the ghost of "Old Rough and Ready," his father-in-law, a man who always hated Davis, and marked him as a treacherous scoundrel, fit for the halter. Jeff was taken near Irwinsville, Georgia, and with him his wife, several children, members of his staff, and poor old Reagan, late post-master of the Confederacy, a man who received more curses from the people in the rebellious States than Davis himself. Reagan tried to deliver mail matter in imitation of the United States. He started with lots of property stolen from the government, and he might have done very well, but unfortunately, a very small portion of the people of the South could read or write, so what did they care for mails or mail facilities? Much money went out, and no money came in, so Reagan used to sit in his office, and tell the people who grumbled that they might go to a warm climate, for all that he cared, he shouldn't bother his head with their complaints. So the mail arrangements generally fell through, like the whole of the Confederacy, and we have no doubt that Reagan is glad that he has a chance once more to reach society, where letters and papers are delivered at our own doors for a trifle. But what are we to do with Jeff, now that we have him? He didn't escape in his wife's crinoline and dress, he is on our hands, and must be disposed of. It would have been better for him, if he had died fighting, pistol or knife in hand. But he cowed when a revolver was presented to his head. The man who had talked of dying in the "last ditch" gave up at a look and a threat, instead of falling like a brave. Such a death would have been romantic, and entitled him to some little respect. But he chose to be captured alive, and now we must see what we can do with him. Let us weigh all considerations, and then decide what is for the best. This man was the head and front of rebellion. He kept it alive for months, and if he is not punished, all other traitors must escape.——The next most important during the month was the death of Booth the assassin. It was a fit ending of the brute's career. He died the death of a dog, at the hands of a good soldier, Sergeant Boston Corbett. The shot that crashed through the scoundrel's brain relieved the nation of a load of responsibility, choked off the philanthropy that would have pronounced him insane, crushed the aspirations of lawyers, who desired to make a world-wide reputation defending him, and preventing all the snivelling that would have ensued had the brute been brought to trial and sentenced to be hanged. We observe in some quarters a disposition to regret that Corbett fired the shot that ended the miscreant's career, but we have no regrets to utter. The assassin is dead, and buried in some place that will never be known to the world, so that there can be no pilgrimages to his tomb by those who admired him and his crime. He may rot in the bed of a river, or be eaten by worms in the ground, but we will never know the exact truth, unless the two men who performed the work reveal their secret. Let him pass, and, if possible, be forgotten.——The month of May was a month of mourning. From all parts of the country, North and South, we heard expressions of sorrow and detestation at the murder of President Lincoln, and on the day appointed for the funeral every place of business in the city was closed, while stores and dwelling-houses, churches and places of amusement were draped in mourning. Such universal respect

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we never before witnessed on any occasion, and probably never shall again, for Mr. Lincoln occupied such a peculiar position before the country that he was entitled to the sympathies of the people. He was loved for his honesty, his devotion to the business of the office which he filled, and his universal cheerfulness under all circumstances. He was not a great statesman, yet he had a plain method of arriving at certain results that no statesmanship could have excelled. His name will live forever, and monuments of brass and marble record his patriotism and virtues.——The president has taken measures to bring to punishment the concoctors of the scheme to assassinate Mr. Lincoln. During the month he offered a reward of $100,000 for the capture of Jeff Davis, the most guilty man of all the rebels of the South, for Jeff could have stayed the whirlwind of secession if he had not been mad with disappointment and ambition because he was not nominated as president at Charleston. He urged the movements that ensued, and was elected chief of the Confederacy as a reward for his crime. An able man was Jeff, but a wilful one; and through his wilfulness we won some of our victories, for which the Lord render us thankful. Next to Jeff, charged with the knowledge of the assassination, is Clement C. Clay, a notorious gambler. Only $25,000 is offered for his arrest. Then comes Jacob Thompson, a thief who stole money when in his Washington department, and fled with it. He should be hanged without mercy; so we hope some one will win the $25,000 offered for his head. Then comes Beverly Tucker, who is fond of whiskey and lying. He aint worth $25,000, while George N. Saunders, who had rather tell a lie than the truth, and rather be drunk than sober, will be astonished to learn that $25,000 is offered for his bloated remains. We have not the least doubt but that he would commit murder if he had the courage, but being destitute of that, he would not scruple to hire assassins or to plan crimes. He should be shut up and deprived of liquor. Then his punishment would be so great that he would pray for death or whiskey. He is a greasy scoundrel, and will keep out of harm's way. William C. Cleary is worth only $10,000, being the tool of the others. May they all be caught, and if found guilty, punished as they deserve. No doubt they were guilty of originating the raids in our territory. They went to Canada for such a purpose, but the rascals took good care not to lead the attacks. It is intimated that our government will make a demand on Canada for the surrender of the criminals, and some accounts intimate that if such a demand is made, the Canadian authorities will comply with the request, which our readers are not required to believe until they see evidence that such friendship exists.——A monument is to be erected in Washington in memory of Mr. Lincoln.——Sixty out of ninety vessels of the North Atlantic squadron have been mustered out of service.——Exporting of arms and munitions of war has been permitted once more. We can supply the world with all that makes an army great and successful.——It is now evident that the conspirators meant to seize Mr. Lincoln, make a prisoner of him, and take him to Virginia, where they would threaten the North unless their demands were complied with. The plot was a bold one, and might have been successful.——Kirby Smith has issued a proclamation swearing that he will hold Texas until doomsday. He will be doomed unless he gives up. ——The metropolitan police bill has been defeated in the legislature, and a sort of state spy police introduced, taxing Boston and patience, which after all may prove a failure. ——The Anti-Slavery Society refuses to dissolve, contending that its work is not over, and will not be over until the negro has universal suffrage, and the right to marry white or black. Garrison couldn't stand this, so he resigned and refused to be president another year.——The Christian Commission disowns Doctor Parker and the five flunky friends who called on Lee and condoled with him. Hold such meanness up to ridicule all over the country, and we shan't have a repetition of toadyism for a few months, at least. There will be enough of it when the country is settled.——The Mexican emigration scheme is attracting attention, and threatens to complicate our affairs with France. Let Max work out his own salvation; we wont have anything to do with him. France has treated us rather shabbily in some respects, but not bad in others. She has not done near as much as England in running the blockade and furnishing privateers. But she has done enough; though that is no reason why we should invade Mexico with an armed force. Emigration may flow in that direction, but not armed bands.——Dick Taylor has surrendered his army on the same general terms that Lee received. The reception of the news hardly caused a ripple.——The mayor has vetoed the action of the city council in opening the read-

ing-room of the public library on Sundays. ——Our securities in Germany are in demand. The Dutchmen know when they get hold of a good thing, and continued to buy in spite of the predictions of the London Times that we were bound to Satan at railroad speed. Now the people of Great Britain are cursing the Times for its false advice.——The Spaniards have left Saint Domingo, leaving the negroes the privilege of fighting each other, or settling down in peace and prosperity. The St. Dominicans were too tough for the Dons, giving them more than they wanted in the course of three years. The lesson wont be lost.—— Since Mr. Johnson has been president he has had to make hundreds of speeches to all manner of delegations, composed of men who should have had some little consideration and regard for the chief magistrate's cares and health. But no. Our people seem to think that because a man is president he must be enabled to endure everything, including handshaking equal to the power of a fifty-horse steam engine, and all sorts of boring speeches, on all sorts of subjects, enough to drive a temperance man of ten years' standing into indulging in whiskey straight and brandy smashes. No mercy for those who hold office, is the motto of those who flock to Washington. Night and morning the delegations tramped through the streets and called on the president, talked to him for half an hour and expected the same thing in return, just as though the poor man had not enough to occupy his mind without listening to all the stuff that windy orators poured out. And amid all this, the only cheerful thing that we could see was the fact that Mr. Johnson understood what the people expected of him, and seemed determined to do his duty as the chief magistrate of the Union. Thank fortune, the boring speeches have ended.——Our loyal journals are showing up some of Lee's great magnanimity. When our prisoners were starving, he might have changed their condition for the better by just uttering a word. He did not do so.——The Sandwich Islanders are troubled with the leprosy, and it threatens to exterminate the natives. White men's diseases have proved a curse to the inhabitants of the Pacific isles.——The Spanish people are stirring in the matter of slavery. They recently held a meeting in Madrid, and formed an abolition society. They are to operate in Havana, through public opinion.——A number of negroes recently sent to Pittsburg to do some work, declined doing anything, and said if they were to labor they would do that South. But they objected to work on principle, so were returned to the sunny South.——Mr. Seward is recovering. He sits up, rides out, talks some, and has pressed Grant's hand and thanked Heaven that the general was saved for the good of the country. Frederick Seward is not yet out of danger, but still gives fair prospect of recovery, sleeps well nights, and eats a little light food. . It is hoped both gentlemen will soon return to their duties. Mr. Seward does a little in the way of despatch preparing. It is rumored that he will leave the cabinet, but we do not think that he will do so just yet. ——There is a universal howl at the high price of coal, and facts are introduced to show that it should now be sold at nine dollars per ton. Freights are cheap, and coal could be disposed of at that price. Let us hope it will fall during the summer.——A movement is on foot to collect $100,000 for the family of Mr. Lincoln. No doubt that sum will speedily be raised. It is understood that Mr. Lincoln was not a rich man. He gave his life to the nation, and the nation must see that some portion of the debt is paid by care of his family. Mrs. Lincoln will make Illinois her home.——The capture of Mobile was a splendid piece of military work, for the city was defended by immense forts and strong iron-clads. But the forts were taken, the iron-clads driven off, and Mobile fell into our hands with all its wealth of cotton, pitch and stores of all kinds. Some 700 guns were captured, 40,000 bales of cotton, several steamers, and large numbers of prisoners.——General Halleck has taken command of certain portions of Virginia and North Carolina, with headquarters at Richmond. He and Sherman are not on good terms. By the way the latter has given some good reasons why he entered into negotiations with Johnson, and with these reasons the country should be satisfied.——The Bey of Tunis is to send an aid to this country to congratulate us on our victories. As the bey has just finished the humane task of giving twelve men 2000 blows each, for some trifling offence, we can rightly estimate his congratulations. ——The English sympathizers have been bitten in the most beautiful manner by the rebel loan. One old John Bull blockhead took nearly $10,000,000.——Sheridan the gallant and bold is in Washington. Long may he ride. We should like to engage him, when peace is smiling over the land, and raids are unknown, to furnish us with a series on cavalry tactics.

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The Florist.

Cydonia Japonica.

Often called *Pyrus Japonica* (Japan Quince) shows its bright clusters of scarlet flowers in April, before the leaves have attained much size. When in full flower it is one blaze of bloom, which none can fail to admire, and being extremely hardy, and readily grown from layers or suckers, it is a very desirable shrub, usually growing three to four feet high, though it is sometimes seen six or eight feet high. It is of rather slow growth, spreading in habit, and begins to flower quite young.

Daphne Mezerium (Pink Mezereon).

This is one of the earliest flowering shrubs, the bloom appearing in April before the leaves, and on this account should be transplanted very early in spring, or in the fall. The clusters of fragrant pink flowers are followed by scarlet berries. Grows from four to six feet high.

Enonymus Americanus (Burning Bush).

So called not from its inconspicuous purple flowers, but from the profusion of scarlet fruit or berries which hang upon the branches into winter. It grows eight to ten feet high, and has fresh and rather ornamented foliage. There is also a European variety.

Deutzia, Scabra, Crenata, Gracilis, etc.

These are very desirable free-blooming shrubs introduced from China and Japan, and, like many other plants from those countries, seem perfectly at home here. They are profuse bloomers, with white flowers, very fragrant, opening in May and June.

Flowering Thorn.

There are several species of this early and profuse flowering shrub, and one variety, the *C. pyracantha*, retains its foliage during the winter. Most of the flowers are white, appearing in clusters in May, but the *C. oxyacantha*, or hawthorn, has single red, double red, and double white flowers. This and some other species attain the size of small trees when growing alone, and are much used for hedges, especially in England.

Changeable Hydrangea.

This is not perfectly hardy, even in this latitude, but is so showy a plant that it well repays putting a little straw or evergreen boughs about in winter. It is a low-growing shrub with broad leaves, and the large clusters of flowers are nearly white when they first open in July, changing successively to a rose, pink and violet color, extending into August.

Tree Box and Dwarf Box.

These are both desirable broad-leaved evergreens. The former grows to a height of four and even six feet, and is sometimes pruned or sheared into fanciful shapes. The latter is a fine edging or border plant in common use. Neither of them flowers, and, to some persons, the odor is objectionable.

Wallflower.

Common as this flower is, it well deserves great pains to be taken in its cultivation; as its principal beauty is displayed at a season when there are few hardy plants in flower; crocuses, hyacinths and narcissi are just over, or beginning to decay, and the annuals have not yet begun to expand their blossoms. In April and May, the brilliant yellow and dark orange of the wallflowers give a peculiar brilliancy and liveliness to gardens, which without them would present a naked and dull appearance. The common wallflower (*Cheiranthus Cheri*) is generally called a biennial, and it does not flower till the second year after sowing. It will, however, frequently live three or four years in favorable situations. There are ten or twelve varieties; some with rich dark reddish brown flowers, called the Bloody Wallflowers, and others of a light yellow, with nearly all the intermediate shades. There is also one with dark purple flowers, and another with purple and pale yellow flowers, the first of which has variegated leaves. The dark and double-flowered kinds should be grown in very rich soil, but not freshly manured. The remains of celery trenches used the previous year, or part of the ground under an old hotbed, will suit these flowers exceedingly well; taking care to mix a little sand with the soil, if it be at all loamy, in order to lighten it. As the varieties can never be depended upon for coming true from seed, the best way to preserve any that are very rich in color, or very double, is to make cuttings of them in May. These cuttings should be from shoots of the current year, and they should be about three inches long. They should be cut off carefully, and the end should be cut smooth at a joint with a sharp knife. The leaves should then be cut off close to the stem, for about half the length of the cuttings; and they should be put into pots filled with sandy loam and vegetable mould, about four inches apart, and three in a pot. They should be sprinkled with water, three times a day, till they have taken root, which will be known by their beginning to grow. In many cases, the cuttings are merely put into the open garden; choosing a shady place, and mixing a little sand with the mould, when the ground is dug over before planting them. *C. mutabilis* is a half-shrubby evergreen, with dark purple, yellow and lilac flowers; and it requires a light rich soil. *C. Alpinus* is a dwarf plant, with small yellow flowers, and is well adapted for rockwork. The stocks which were formerly considered to belong to this genus, are now removed to *Mathiola*. Both stocks and wallflowers are frequently called gilliflowers, a corruption of July flowers, as the stocks flower about that month.

Crown Imperial.

This is a very showy bulbous-rooted plant, formerly included in the genus Fritillaria; but it has lately been placed in another genus. It is quite hardy, and when the bulb is once planted in any common garden soil, the plant needs no other culture.

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The Housewife.

To choose Meats.

Venison.—The choice of venison should be regulated by the appearance of the fat, which, when the venison is young, looks bright, thick, clear and close. It first changes toward the haunches. To ascertain whether it is sweet, run a knife into that part; if tainted, it will have a rank smell.

Beef.—True, well-fed beef will exhibit an open grain of deep coral red, and the fat will appear of a healthy, oily smoothness, rather inclining to white than yellow. The suet firm and white. Yellow fat is a test of meat of an inferior quality. Heifer beef is but little inferior to ox beef; the lean is of a closer grain, the red paler, and the fat whiter.

Veal.—When you observe the kidney well surrounded with fat, you may be sure the meat is of good quality. The whitest is not the best veal. There is a vein in the shoulder very perceptible, and its color indicates the freshness of the meat; if a bright red or blue, it is recently killed; if any green or yellow spots are visible, it is stale.

Pork.—In young pork the lean when pinched will break; the thickness and toughness of the rind shows it to be old. In fresh pork the flesh is firm, smooth, a clear color, and the fat set. When stale, it looks clammy and flabby. Measly pork may be detected by the kernels in the fat; it should not be eaten.

Lamb.—Lamb should be eaten very fresh. In the fore-quarter, the vein in the neck being any other color than blue, betrays it to be stale. In the hind-quarter, try the kidney with your nose; the faintness of its smell will prove it to be stale.

Mutton.—The best is of a fine grain, a bright color, the fat firm and white. It is better for being full grown.

Soups.

There is no dish, perhaps, that comes to table which gives such general satisfaction as well prepared soup; let the appetite be vigorous or refined, an excellent soup will always prove grateful to it; and as this is beyond contradiction, it should be the province of the cook to be always in a position to produce it at a short notice. There should always be plenty of dried herbs in the store closet. They may be very well kept, as indeed they are, usually, in paper bags; they should all be labeled. There should be a saucepan, or kettle of iron well tinned, kept for soup only; remember the lid should fit tightly, and the vessel be perfectly clean. The spices and other condiments used to give flavor to soups, should be so nicely proportioned, that none predominate. Onions and garlic should be used sparingly. Skim the soup thoroughly when it first begins to boil, or it can never afterward be rendered clear; throw in some salt, which will assist to bring the scum to the surface, and when it has all been taken off, add the herbs and vegetables. Inferior pieces of meat, such as the neck or scrag, and knuckle bone, are used in making soup. Remains of cooked meats may be thus used. When too fat, the grease must be skimmed off before adding the vegetables. Boil the soup gently over a moderate fire, and when well skimmed, draw it to the side of the stove, and keep it simmering till done.

Sago Soup.

Take three pounds of lean beef, a slice of lean ham, and lay them in a stewpan with a lump of butter; draw the gravy gently; add two quarts of water, and a sliced onion which has been browned by frying in fresh butter; add a bunch of sweet herbs, six cloves, a blade of mace, a teaspoonful of allspice, and one of black pepper, whole; stew until the soup is rich and brown; remove the meat, strain the soup clear, and put it in a stewpan; thicken it sufficiently with sago.

Fore-quarter of Lamb, roasted.

This is the favorite, and indeed the best joint. Do not put it too near the fire at first; when it gets heated, baste it well; the fire should be quick, clear, but not fierce; the usual weight of a fore-quarter is between nine and eleven pounds; it will take two hours; when it is done, separate the shoulder from the ribs; but before it is quite taken off, lay under a large lump of butter; squeeze a lemon, and season with pepper and salt; let it remain long enough to quite melt the butter; then remove the shoulder, and lay it on another dish.

To dye white Gloves a beautiful Purple.

Boil four ounces of logwood and two ounces of roche-alum, in three pints of soft water till half wasted. Let it stand to be cold after straining. Let the gloves be nicely mended; then do them over with a brush, and when dry repeat it. Twice is sufficient, unless the color is to be very dark. When dry, rub off the loose dye with a coarse cloth. Beat up the white of an egg, and with a sponge rub it over the leather. The dye will stain the hands, but wetting them with vinegar, before washing, will take it off.

To dye Straw and Chip Bonnets Black.

Boil them in strong logwood liquor three or four hours, occasionally adding green copperas, and taking the bonnets out to cool in the air, and this must be continued for some hours. Let the bonnets remain in the liquor all night, and the next morning take them out, dry them in the air, and brush them with a soft brush. Lastly, rub them inside and out with a sponge, moistened with oil, and then send them to be blocked.

To bleach Straw Hats, etc.

Straw hats and bonnets are bleached by putting them, previously washed in pure water, in a box with burning sulphur; the fumes which arise unite with the water on the bonnets, and the sulphurous acid thus formed, bleaches them.

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Curious Matters.

The Sanci Diamond.

The celebrated Sanci diamond has been purchased by Messrs. Garrard, of the Haymarket, for Sir Jamsetjee Jeheebhoy, of Bombay, for $20,000. The historical interest attached to this stone is remarkable and quite authentic. It formerly belonged to Charles the Bold of Burgundy, then passed into the possession of the Sanci family, from whence it took its name, ultimately became one of the crown jewels of France, was worn at the coronation of Louis XIV. and XV., and was stolen at the sack of the Tuileries in 1789; it then passed to the Queen of Ferdinand VII., of Spain, who gave it to Godoy, Prince de la Paix, and from him was transferred to the Demidoff family, its last possessors.

A bad Investment for a Life Ins. Company.

We recently related the decease, at Versailles, of a French lady, in her 107th year. It further appears, in a statement recently made, that in 1822, being then in her 65th year, she effected a life contract with the General Life Insurance Company of Paris, by which she was to receive 4000 francs annually on payment of 30,000 francs at the time of making the contract. This annual sum was punctually paid, and amounted to 170,000 francs! The company must have taken a long breath when this apparently interminable existence was closed.

Curious Facts.

It is curious that the third instance of the succession of a Vice President to the vacant chair of the President is marked, as were the two former instances, by the fact that the vacancy occurs in the very early part of the term of office. President Harrison was inaugurated March 4, 1841, and died April 4 of the same year, one month after his inauguration. President Taylor was inaugurated eight years later, March 4, 1849, and died July 9 of the same year, about four months after entering office. President Lincoln was inaugurated for the second term on March 4, 1865, and was killed April 14, less than two months after the commencement of the term of office.

Odd Safe for Deeds.

A sum of twenty thousand pounds is in litigation in Scotland, and depends upon a marriage contract, which being declared by one of the barristers to be buried with the male party to the contract, Hans George Leslie of Banff, orders have been given by the judge to have the grave opened and the coffin searched for such a document.

New Invention.

A method of coating wood with a varnish, hard as stone, has been recently introduced in Germany; the ingredients are forty parts of chalk, forty of rosin, four of linseed oil, to be melted together in an iron pot. One part of native oxide of copper, and one of sulphuric acid are then to be added, after which the composition is ready for use. It is applied hot to the wood with a brush, in the same way as paint, and, as before observed, becomes exceedingly hard on drying.

Singular Discovery.

It is asserted that a photographer, who has been employed by the Dutch government to take views of the most beautiful points on the island of Java, has discovered the ruins of an entire city buried beneath the lava of a volcano close by, which has been extinct for several centuries.

A One Man Audience.

The manager of a country theatre looked into the house between the acts, and turned with a face of dismay to the prompter, with the question of "Why, good gracious, where's the audience?" "Sir," replied the prompter, without moving a muscle, "he is just now gone to get some beer." The manager wiped the perspiration from his brow and said, "Will he return, do you think?" "Most certainly; he expresses himself highly satisfied with the play, and applauded as one man." "Then let the business proceed," exclaimed the manager proudly; and it did proceed.

A Vow accomplished.

A well known gentleman of this city, whose beard has not been touched by the steel since the morning of the arrival of the news that Fort Sumter was captured, he having registered a vow that it should remain inviolate until the stars and stripes once more waved over the fort, was on Monday deprived of the majestic golden appendage to his chin by the longest pair of shears that one of the largest manufacturing establishments in the city could supply. He now presents such an appearance that his most intimate friends have taken a second look in order to identify him.

Something like an Appetite.

The Patria of Naples states that there is at present in the Hospital of Incurables in that city an old woman who is suffering from a strange disease. She every day eats at least five portions of roast meat, seventy eggs, several loaves, and other food, of course including a good quantity of macaroni. When attempts are made to reduce her diet she raves like a mad woman. Professor Zamoglia has recently undertaken to cure the poor woman, but up to the present time her appetite remains unimpaired.

Curious.

An old soldier died at Mirecourt, in the Vosges, France, on the 21st of January last, who, by a singular coincidence, was on duty on the 21st of January, 1793, at the foot of the scaffold on which Louis XIV. was executed. He subsequently served in the wars of the Republic and of the first Empire. His name was Fischer.

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Facts and Fancies.

A RATTISH TRICK.

The world is ever prolific with artful inventions, calculated for the deception of the innocent and unwary; and in no country does the evil prevail to a fuller extent than in the land of Yankees. This is a somewhat curious circumstance, and the following instance in point, which occurred recently in Boston, shows off, to a certain degree, the success of those who pursue this course for a livelihood:

A shabby-genteel looking individual stepped into a saloon, a few evenings ago, where was congregated a tolerable crowd of loungers, calling for a plate of stewed oysters. Boniface replied that he had none stewed, but if the gentleman would wait, he would soon prepare some.

"O no," answered the individual, "I'll take 'em raw."

Accordingly the critters were placed upon a dish before him, and after coolly helping himself to about half a pound of crackers, and a like abundance of the seasoning ingredients, he proceeded to devour the oysters with a hearty gusto. Scarcely, however, had he commenced his onslaught, when a huge rat came bounding along the counter, kicking the vinegar from the plate in its passage, into the face of mine host, and bespattering the bosom of our hero with the same sour commodity. Away leaped the frightened little creature off the opposite end of the counter, effecting its egress through a back door, and away flew landlord and loafers in hot pursuit, leaving the unknown customer alone in the bar-room, to discuss the remainder of his crackers and oysters. But after a temporary absence, they returned, each one boasting of the proximity of the fugitive rat, but none claiming the honor of having actually harmed it.

They had hardly seated themselves, before out rushed another large specimen of the rat family, from the same direction, and off rushed the assembled crowd again, determined not to be frustrated this time. But again they returned with dejected visages from a fruitless chase; when what was the consternation of Boniface to discover that his customer was among the missing! He had eloped—absquatulated—tetotally vamosed—leaving the chop-fallen landlord minus his levy's worth of oysters, and fifteen dollars in hard money taken from the till.

Imagine the ingenuity of the trick, reader—his chum outside *had been letting rats in at the window.*

A "POKER" REMINISCENCE.

What steamboat man or traveller of that day does not remember Charley Russell—a steamboat clerk then, a captain afterwards, and a clever fellow always? Charley perpetrated a sell, in conjunction with a party of boys, regular blades. Charley met the celebrated Captain Marryatt, at the Galt House, and added immensely to the tourist's stock, with anecdotes and high-colored stories of Western life, including steamboat explosions, murders, duels, and also "how poker was played." Charley consented to gratify Marryatt's wish to see the game. "You shall see to-night," said Charley, and forthwith arranged his plan. The night came, and the wonder-seeking Englishman was ushered into the room where the "boys" were got up in style for the occasion. Each had a pair of pistols and a bowie-knife in his belt, and piles of bank notes before him. Marryatt became alarmed, but pluckily stood his ground. The game commenced, the players in high spirits; money was lost by the thousands, and drinks and oaths, the necessary concomitants of poker, were plentiful. Then came the sell. Charley lost vast sums in a bet, the charge of foul play was made, and a fight commenced; bowie-knives flashed in the air, pistols were fired, the lights were extinguished, and the terrified Marryatt rushed from the room. The next day he saw Charley in the capacity of steamboat clerk. On his return to England, Marryatt published an account of this scene, and to illustrate the character of Western people, of whom he took Charlie Russell as a specimen, he said, "the next day I saw this young man clerking for a living, though he lost $30,000 the previous night." Charley had lost it in Brandon money, worth something less than half a cent on a dollar.

THE MINISTER AND BOY.

Mr. Snibs's son was engaged in breaking up a piece of new land with a team of unruly oxen. Junior Snibs becoming vexed at the ill usage he was receiving from the plow handle, set up such a vociferation of protracted oaths as astonished the Rev. ——, who expected to see a bolt launch poor Snibs into eternity. Feeling it his duty to chastise uncalled-for wickedness, he stopped and lectured the infuriated youth for some time, warning him of the punishment that awaited such blasphemy.

"Why, sir, I'll bet my head that such cattle—such plowing—would make a minister swear."

"I think not, my young friend," said he; "I am a minister, and it would not make me swear."

"I'll bet my dinner on it," was the sanguine urchin's reply, "and take the bet if you dare, sir."

"To make a bet would be equally wrong, but I'll go one bout and prove to you that your swearing is useless."

The boy consented, at the same time applying his whip heartily upon the oxen, while turning them into the furrow. The parson took a firm hold of the handles and started the team. Rip—tear—slap—jerk—went the plow, giving him an occasional rap in the side or on the shins. The oxen feeling the smart of the castigation, were all but abidable—"we back gee haw, go along Buck and Bright," exclaimed the preacher, becoming excited. "The like of this I never did see—gee Buck haw Bright g'lang." Slap came the plow-tail against his side, knocking him some ten feet. The boy stopped the team. The moralist was on hand, saying, "I never saw the like; no man ever did; it beats all," etc., etc. Thus he continued until his bout was accomplished, when he triumphantly said to the lad, "there, I've gone a bout without swearing."

"Yes," replied the boy, "but you have told a great many stories."

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"What—do you mean to say I have lied?"

"Yes, sir, because a great many have seen this same land, and some worse."

"But you must never tell any one they tell lies—you should whistle—remember that."

After admonishing the youth soundly on swearing, he made him promise to be at church the next Sabbath, where he was to preach.

When Sabbath came, the boy agreeable to promise, went, and took a front seat in the gallery. During the sermon, the divine observed that "of all the bird creation the bite of the goose was the most severe." A shrill whistle was given by the boy. The divine's attention was drawn to the gallery, where he saw his hopeful youth. Again he repeated the same sentence, and again the boy gave a shrill whistle, which echoed throughout the church. As soon as the services ended, the minister attacked him for improper conduct in church.

"Didn't you tell me to whistle whenever I heard any one tell a lie?" replied the boy.

"Did I tell any lie to-day?"

"Yes, sir—you said a goose bite was the most severe of any of the feathered tribe."

"Well, did I lie then?"

"Yes, sir."

"How?"

"Because, sir, the gander can bite just as severe as the goose."

The parson left for dinner.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

Not many years ago, two Frenchmen—one wealthy and in possession of ready cash, and the other poor and penniless—occupied by chance the same room in a hotel. In the morning the "seedy" one arose first, took from his pocket a pistol, and holding it to his own forehead, and backing against the door, exclaimed to his horrified companion:

"It is my last desperate resort; I am penniless and tired of life; give me five hundred francs, or I will instantly blow out my brains, and you will be arrested as a murderer!"

The other lodger found himself the hero of an unpleasant dominion, but the cogency of his companion's argument struck him "cold." He quietly crept to his pantaloons, handed over the amount, and the other vamoosed, after locking the door on the outside.

Hearing of this, another Frenchman, of very savage aspect, one night tried to room with a tall, raw-boned gentleman from Arkansas, who had been rather free with his money during the day, and evidently had plenty more behind. Next morning, "Pike" awakening, discovered his room-mate standing over him, with a pistol levelled at his own head, and evidently quaking with agitation.

"What the deuce are you standin' thar for in the cold?" said Pike, propping himself on his elbow, and coolly surveying the Gaul.

"I am desperate!" was the reply. "You give me one hundred dollar, or I will blow out my brain!"

"Well, then, blow and be darn'd!" replied Pike, turning over.

"Bote you will be arrested for ze murdaire!" persisted the Gaul, earnestly.

"Eh, what's that?" said Pike. "O, I see!" and suddenly drawing a revolver and a five-pound bowie from under his pillow, he sat upright. "A man may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," he coolly remarked; and, at the word, he started for the Gaul; but the latter was too nimble; for the "hoss-pistol," innocent of lead, exploded in the air, and with one frantic leap our little Frenchman was standing in his night-robe at the foot of the staircase—a proof that what will suit one latitude, will not answer for another.

A DIRTY OLD SHAWL.

A lady acquaintance lost a valuable shawl. A short time after the shawl had been missed, a little girl, evidencing an ancestral poverty, without the "respectable" accompaniment, rounded to in presence of the owner of the missing shawl, and the stolen garment was at once recognized.

"Little girl," said the lady, "where did you obtain that shawl?"

"My father bought it for me," was the ready reply of the girl.

Said the lady, "I will go with you to your father, and ascertain where he purchased that shawl."

The little one objected to this proposition. Party of the first part was unyielding in the desire to see the male parent. Every stratagem peculiar to inventive genius was vainly resorted to, when the youngster, in the desperateness of her case, pulled the stolen garment from her shoulders, and throwing it at its lawful owner, said:

"Take your old dirty shawl; it's not a fashionable one, any way!"

GOING TO THE DEVIL.

Lin Haines, forecastleman in the Old Smoke-hat-on, as Jack calls the Powhatan, U. S. side-wheeler, was just the most inveterate wag and mischievous salt-water sample of harmless deviltry that ever hauled out a weather foretopsail-reef ear-ring. Many a bout I have seen Lin and the bluff, hard-weather old sea-lion who commands both ends of the ship and lives aft, have together, Lin invariably working a point or so to the wind'ard of Captain Foulanchor on every tack.

Now the captain of the old fire-frigate, though one of the bravest, biggest-hearted men afloat, is none of your dove-tempered milksops, that wouldn't say "and be d——d to ye!" for the pennant of a lord high admiral. No, no; not a mite of it. Now and then Captain Foulanchor goes off into one of his flurries, and curses everybody and everything fore and aft into a perfect hawser-laid, everlasting tangle.

Lin happened to encounter the captain on the quarter-deck, right in the midst of one of his close-reefed topsails whirlwind, and for once got headed square off in this fashion:

"Get out of this! Away you go, you bloody devil's monkey, and if ever I catch you aft here again, unless you're sent aft, I'll keelhaul ye fore and aft the ship. Go, you scamp! Slope!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" Lin responded, took ten steps on a double-quick, then brought to all standing, turned to the captain, respectfully paid the salute, and very seriously inquired:

"Can I come aft to the wheel, sir, when it's my trick?"

"I'll wheel ye! you infernal *barricouta!*" roared the irate commander, letting drive an iron belaying-

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pin at the forecastle joker, who dodged the missile and scooted for'ard.

At the fore hatch Lin encountered Ensign Vail and Master Denleigh, who a few minutes previously had been fairly cursed off the quarter-deck by the captain, whom they were discussing somewhat freely, and not over discreetly:

"What do you think of him now, sir?" Mr. Vail inquired of his brother officer, just as Lin came up to them.

"Think, Mr. Vail? Why sir, he's the very devil himself!"

"Beg pardon, sir," put in Lin just here, addressing Mr. Vail. "If you'll be kind enough to speak to the bo-son, sir, to ax liberty for me to lay a sheep-shank in this 'ere to'gallant stun-sail down haul that's whing-wanging about here, and a martha-walker in that are berth-deck ladder man-rope, and an eye-splice in the bight of—"

"O, go to the devil, and get permission!" snapped out the irritated ensign.

"Ay, ay, sir," and away went Lin aft again.

Captain Foulanchor's hurricane had blown over, and he was reading, just as cool as lemonade, and calm as a Central Park lake.

Lin began over again about "the sheep-shank, martha-walker, and bight of—" when the captain clapped a stopper on his tongue:

"Halloa, you sir!—aft here again inside of five minutes. What the devil do you mean?"

"Sent aft, sir."

"Sent aft, sir—by whom—for what?"

"Why sir, I wanted permission about them 'ere ropes, and Mr. Vail told me to go to the devil for it."

"And how came you to learn that I am the devil, my man?"

"Heard Mr. Denleigh say so only a minute afore, sir."

"Get for'ard, you bloody son of a sea-cow, by the run; and hark'ee my lad, if ever you come aft here again hunting for the devil, you'll find thunder."

A RESTAURANT INCIDENT.

A chatty correspondent relates the following incident:

I was sitting at a restaurant table the other morning (I haven't found a housekeeper yet, and so have to patronize the men of many checks,) when an epicure opposite to me ordered buckwheats!"—that being the "short" in restaurant parlance for hot cakes, plate and all. They were brought to him, and it was perfectly delightful to witness the anticipated pleasure visible in his countenance, as he carefully buttered the smoking dainties before him. Having arranged them to his satisfaction, he cautiously proceeded to cut them up, and conveyed a forkful to his mouth. He was silent for a moment, while a shade of disappointment flitted across his face. And then, laying down his knife and fork, with a sigh he turned to me, and, with the air of one moralizing, said, "Ah, sir, I perceive as we outgrow our boyish clothes, we also grow out of the *habit* of getting good buckwheat cakes. A buckwheat cake, sir," continued he, elevating one on the point of his fork, and holding it toward me, "is one of the strongest links in the chain that connects our old age with our boyhood, and nothing makes me feel the inroad of time more than to get hold of a bad one."—"True, sir," I replied. "But can you tell me why one of your favorites on a hot griddle is like a sinner?" He shook his head mournfully. "Because," said I, leaning over to him in a confidential manner, "because it will have to be turned, or it's sure to burn."—"Yes, yes, I see," he chuckled. Just then a waiter came up, and put a check to my appetite—so I left.

EXPOSING THE COTTON.

A feminine rebel, a Memphian and a widow, who shall go by the name of Mrs. C——, was recently going up the river on one of the Cairo packets, when she got into an excited discussion with Colonel S——, on the subject of the war. It took place in the ladies' cabin, and soon brought around them a crowd of eager listeners. She poured whole broadsides of sarcasm into the colonel, who received them with his characteristic good humor. The closing scene of the discussion is given by my informant as follows:

"You may overrun the whole South," said Mrs. C——; "you may burn our towns, lay waste our plantations, maim or kill the last man, but then, sir, we will arm our boys with squirrel-rifles and shot-guns, and put one behind every stump in the land. What will you do then?"

"O," replied the colonel, "in that case we will be compelled to call out and arm enough of *your* niggers to surround all the stumps."

"But when you have accomplished all that, we, the women of the South, will bare our breasts to the Federal bayonets."

"You dare not do that, madam."

"Why not, sir?"

"For the simple reason, madam, it is unlawful. Your Confederate Congress has made it criminal for you to *expose your cotton to the Yankee forces.*"

The lady retired suddenly, while the listeners laughed uproariously.

OUR MODERN LADIES.

A lecturer discoursing upon the characteristics of women, illustrated thus: "Who were the last at the cross? Ladies. Who were the first at the sepulchre? Ladies." On this modern improvement, we have heard of but one thing that beats the above. It was the finishing touch to a marriage ceremony, performed by an exquisite divine up to all modern refinements. When he had thrown the chain of Hymen around the happy couple, he concluded by saying, "I now pronounce you husband and *lady*." The audience stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths, and got out of the room as quickly as possible, to take breath.

ONE OF THE JUDGES.

When I was travelling to Massachusetts, some twenty years ago, said a traveller, I had a seat with the driver, who, on stopping at the post-office, saluted an ill-looking fellow on the step with "good morning, Judge Saunders, I hope you're well, sir."

On leaving the office, I asked the driver if the man he spoke to was really a Judge.

"Certainly, sir," he replied, "we had a cockfight last week, and he was judge."

What is the greatest stand ever made for civilization?—The ink-stand.

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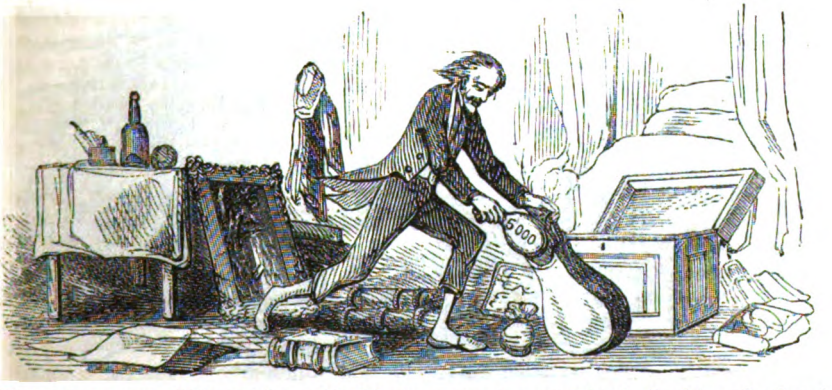
A FEW INCIDENTS IN THE LIEE OF JEFF DAVIS.

JEFF DAVIS ON THE STUMP.—I tell you, my friends, Richmond is the safest place in the confederacy.

DAVIS, AFTER READING LEE'S DISPATCH.—Go beat back the Yankees, for I'll never leave Richmond and the people of Virginia.



JEFF, SOLILOQUISING.—If I must leave, I had better make some provision for the future, for there is no knowing what may happen.

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DAVIS ON HIS WAY TO THE CARS.—In the name of Virginia, don't let those cars start till I'm on board.

AT DANVILLE.—Now, my friends, let me once more fire the Southern heart. Lee is safe, and has left Richmond to get Grant just where he wants him.

DAVIS AND HIS HEADQUARTERS.—What shall I do now? I have it. I'll issue a proclamation, and trust to luck.

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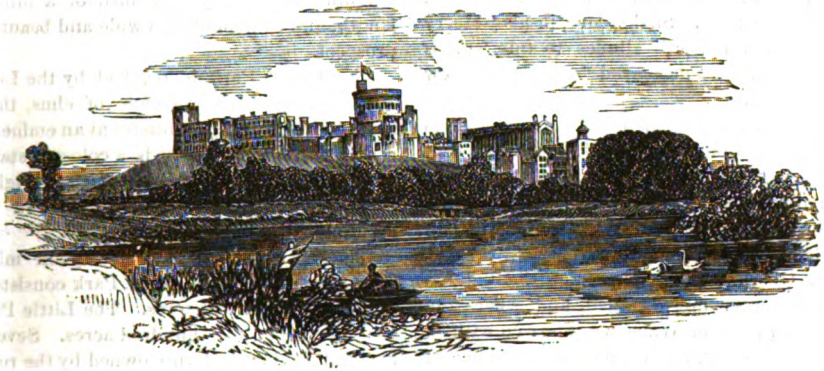
THE

DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII.—No. 2.....AUGUST, 1865.....WHOLE No. 128.

WINDSOR CASTLE AND ITS GROUNDS.



WINDSOR CASTLE.

Americans during a trip to England seldom fail to visit Windsor Castle and its grounds. Permission to look through the castle and over the parks is not difficult to obtain, provided the royal family are in London. But if the queen is residing at the castle, visitors have to come armed with a proper order, or else depend upon a fine address, good clothes, and a liberal fee. But even with a pleasing address and the richest of clothes, money is expected for the time expended in showing you around, so we would recommend Americans not to fear offending by offering a liberal fee for the trouble which they occasion.

There is much to interest one at Windsor Castle. As you pass through the large and lofty apartments, all containing some relic of other days, your thoughts revert to William the Sailor, bluff and hearty, who left but little to commemorate his reign; to George the Fourth, the idle, dissolute, drunken prince whom the English people endured for so many years; to George the Third, and his years of madness, his bitter quarrels and unhappiness. But he was a faithful husband, and the only George that really enjoyed that reputation.

But we have not space to conjure up all the princes who have resided at Windsor Castle, and speak of them individually. Our object is to present to the reader some of the most noted views to be found near the castle; and Americans who have passed over the grounds state that our illustrations are very life-like and truthful. We are glad to be assured of this, for we have taken much pains and incurred considerable expense in the engravings.

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Windsor, or New Windsor, is situated on the brow of a hill, above the right bank of the Thames, twenty-three miles southwest from London, with which it is connected by railway; the population of the borough in 1861 was nine thousand, eight hundred and twenty-seven. The town has a public ground on which is an obelisk, a handsome town hall, two churches, three dissenting chapels, two libraries, two hospitals, a dispensary, and several other charitable endowments, a number of charity and other schools, infantry barracks, and a theatre. The only manufactories are breweries.

Windsor Castle is situated east of the town. The buildings are surrounded by a terrace on three sides, two hundred and fifty feet in extent, and faced with a rampart of hewn stone, with slopes, at convenient intervals, down to the "Little Park," which surrounds the palace, and is about four miles in circumference. In the Little Park is the remnant of "Herne's Oak," an illustration of which can be found on another page. Shakspeare, in his "Merry Wives of Windsor," alludes to this famous oak, which was destroyed by a storm a few years since.

Windsor was a residence of the Saxon kings before the Roman conquest, but the present castle was founded by William the Conqueror, and almost rebuilt by Edward III., under the direction of William of Wykeham, and again in 1825, under that of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville.

St. George's chapel, in which the knights of the garter are installed, and where the present Prince of Wales was married with so much ceremony, is an excellent specimen of the florid style of Gothic architecture. In the royal vault, connected with the chapel, Edward IV. and his queen, Henry VI., Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour, Charles I., George III. and the Duke of Kent, the Duke of York, William IV. and his queen, and other members of the royal family are interred. The keep or Round Tower of the castle was sometimes used as a place of confinement for royal prisoners, and James I. of Scotland was confined in it. The state rooms and corridor of the castle contain a large number of choice paintings, groups of statuary, etc. Frogmore, the favorite residence of the late Queen Charlotte, and afterwards of the Duchess of Kent, is half a mile from Windsor.

The castle at present occupies about thirty-two acres of ground, and consists of an upper and lower court, the former to the east and the latter to the west of the keep or Round Tower. The upper court has on the west the Round Tower, on the north the state apartments, and on the east and south the private apartments of the queen and royal household. Among the state apartments the most remarkable are the Vandyke Room, containing a collection of portraits by that artist; the Waterloo Chamber, with portraits chiefly by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of the great men of the time of Waterloo; the Throne Room, Presence Chamber, and St. George's Hall, adorned with the arms of all the knights of the garter from the foundation of the order, and portraits of the British sovereigns from James I. downwards. The grand staircase and vestibule leading to this part of the castle are also very fine.

Along the sides of the quadrangle occupied by the private apartments, runs a corridor four hundred and fifty feet long, and richly adorned with pictures, statues, etc. The terrace along the north side of the castle is a magnificent promenade, a third of a mile in length, and commanding a wide and beautiful prospect.

The Great Park is reached by the Long Walk, a magnificent avenue of elms, three miles in length. It terminates at an eminence called Snow Hill, where is a colossal statue of George III. In the Great Park is Viginia Water, the largest artificial lake in the kingdom.

Windsor Forest measures fifty-six miles. The part entitled the Great Park consists of thirty-eight hundred acres. The Little Park contains about five hundred acres. Several fine and productive farms, owned by the royal family, are embraced in this estimate of the grounds. It was on these farms that the late prince consort, Albert the Good, devoted much of his time in experimenting with stock and agriculture. On these farms he raised his famous pigs, which he was proud of, and his superb cattle, beautiful in form, and rich in all those qualities which dairymen so justly appreciate. But on this subject we will let a competent authority speak. Mr. C. L. Flint, the secretary of the Massachusetts Agricultural Society, in his account of his visit to Windsor Castle and the cattle farms, remarks:

"After passing through the castle, I availed myself of an invitation which had been procured for me by Lord Powis, to visit the farms of the late prince consort. These are the home farms which supply the castle, but since 1849, when the prince became tenant of them, they were under his control. The intelligent

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foreman took pains to show us all parts of the buildings, the stock, the operation of the steam engine used for threshing, grinding, cutting straw, roots, etc. What is called the Shaw Farm consists of eight hundred acres in Windsor Park, of which one hundred and twelve acres are arable. Six pairs of stout farm horses are kept to do the work, and about thirty men are employed constantly, and extra hands in haying and harvesting. The hours for work are from six o'clock to eleven, and from twelve to five. The horses are wholly Clydesdales. The prince had frequently been an exhibitor of Clydesdales, and a successful competitor at the agricultural shows.

"The manure used is that produced there. The whole is, of course, under high cultivation. The yield of mangel wurzel is commonly about forty tons per acre. As many as sixty tons per acre have been obtained. The wheat is put up in neatly-built round stacks in the yard, close by the shed which contains the steam engine, and the roots are to go into a shed also close at hand, to be cut up by the same power.

"The buildings are exceedingly well arranged upon a square plot of ground, the sides north and south, and east and west, respectively. There are two rows of sheds or barns along the two sides of the square, running north and south. In the row of buildings on the east side, besides wagon-sheds at the end, there is a lodging-house with a school-room in the middle. There are also open sheds with boxes for feeding farm horses on the same side.

"The row on the western side includes a carpenter's shop well stocked with tools, threshing barn and granaries, the house for steam engine and boiler, a floor for mixing chaff and pulped roots, piggeries ranged around three sides of a square, with tank for fermenting food, boiler and feeding troughs in the middle. On the east and west sides of the square, and between these two north and south lines are three rows of buildings with walks between them. The first row on the north includes the house of the foreman, a stable and poultry-house, blacksmith's shop, etc.

"HERNE'S OAK."

"Another row contains boxes and feeding stalls facing south, including a large root-house, with a root-cutter worked by a shaft from a one-horse steam engine, by steam brought under ground from the main steam boiler in the threshing-room. A third row contains the sheep-feeding stalls. The sheep sheds are full in winter. They are fed with chopped roots and oil-cake, and thrive well. It is estimated that a hundred horse-cartloads of solid manure is produced by them each winter. The place is kept sweet, clean, and well ventilated. The machinery, in addition

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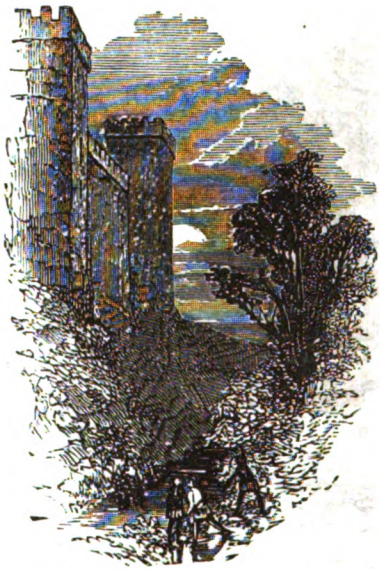
to that named, consists of corn and cake crushers, chaff and turnip cutters, millstones, etc., all worked by steam. The granaries are on the floor over the threshing-room, and the grain is carried up by cups or sacks on bands, and delivered into the bins. A crane and pulleys facilitates loading into carts on the outside. The horses, when kept at pretty hard work, are allowed two bushels of grain per week, and often a daily feeding of beans in addition, with hay in full supply.

"I was especially interested in the dairy establishment. This is a short distance across the fields from the farm already described. It is called Frogmore. The dairy-house was built under the direct supervision of the



TOWER OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

prince, and is the most superb of its kind that I ever examined. It was finished only about twelve months (so the dairy-maid informed us), before the death of his Royal Highness. To call it beautiful does not begin to express it. It is splendid in all its parts. The milk-room is thirty-six feet by twenty, and about twenty feet high, the roof resting on pillars. The shelves all around are marble, and the tables in the middle 'all marble.' The pans and dishes are all porcelain, china or glass. The floor, the walls, the ceilings, are all porcelain, the floor and roof in the form of tiles, the latter having openings for ventilation. The porcelain on the walls is white. In the cornicing and other ornamental parts it is embossed and colored. The whole is perfect in form, coloring and lustre. The pans were full of the richest milk covered with the yellowest coating of cream. The obliging maid gave us as much as we could drink. Around the walls, beautifully painted on China, were likenesses of all the royal family, the children represented in the midst of the quiet, beautiful scenes of country life. The name of each was placed beneath, I believe—as the 'Princess Alice,' etc. It is needless to say that everything was kept with the most scrupulous neatness.

"The dairy herd is kept quite near here. The herd at the farm first mentioned consists largely of Short-horns collected or bred chiefly since 1850. We saw some Brahmins there, and the herdsmen who came with them. They were presented to the prince. The stock at the dairy farm consists of Short-horns, Short-horn grades and Jerseys—nearly two hundred head in all. The accommodations here are of the most perfect character, not only as respects drainage, watering, yarding, etc., but for feeding, and all the operations connected with the establishment.

"Water is brought in pipes to troughs which are on the same level throughout, and is constantly before and within reach of the stock. The cow-house is double-rowed, with a spacious gangway between, so that the rows of animals stand facing each other. The cows are tied by chain and ring sliding on an upright post. The drainage of the sheds and yards is carried to a manure-house, from which the liquid may be pumped into carts, and applied directly or distributed upon the heaps of stall manure, which is protected from the weather. The litter used is mostly fern leaves mown in the park, and stored for winter use.

"The arrangements for the pigs are here also most ample. The breed chiefly kept are White Windsors. They are of medium size, and looked in fine condition. At the first farm mentioned they were the Berkshires. The steward gives the preference to the Windsors, on account of their early maturity and as being more prolific. The amount of sales from the piggeries has sometimes reached $3500 a year. The cows kept for the dairy are not allowed to have roots, but are fed chiefly on hay and pasturage, with plenty of water. The prince had been a frequent exhibitor at agricultural shows, and twenty-seven silver medals, five gold medals and six cups, were shown in a case at the dairy-house.

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"The remains of the prince have recently been deposited in a magnificent new mausoleum, in the park near by. That in which lies the body of the late Duchess of Kent, mother of the queen, is also close at hand. The drive through Windsor Park is full of interest. Both the old plantations and very many of the individual trees are full of historical associations. Some of them date as far back as the reign of Henry the Eighth, some of them are connected with Queen Elizabeth and many subsequent sovereigns. Drains four feet deep and from twenty to thirty feet apart, extend over a considerable portion of the park. The ferns and rushes which till within a few years deformed this park, are

DEER PARK, AND CONQUEROR'S OAK.

now mown several times a year, and they soon die out under that treatment. Then the growth of the true grasses is encouraged by manuring, and when a plot is drained, a part of the soil is thrown out upon the grass, which also receives a liberal manuring of farm-yard compost and bone dust, the first year, when the grass is cut, and the next year or two fed short by Scotch cattle, which also receive four pounds of oil-cake a day each.

"In going down what is called the Long Walk, from the castle, we passed between magnificent rows of elms planted in 1680, in the reign of Charles the Second. The avenue consists of double rows on either side of the carriage-way, the trees thirty feet apart, and the double rows one hundred feet apart. Near by are many old and magnificent trees that date back more than eight hundred years. There is the Conqueror's Oak, nine or ten centuries old, twenty-six feet in circumference and hollow, and Queen Anne's, Queen Caroline's, Queen Charlotte's, Queen Adelaide's and Queen Victoria's trees.

"Here, too, is the Flemish farm, another of the farms under the direction of the prince. It is chiefly remarkable for its magnificent herd of Herefords, numbering about ninety head of pure breds, including thirty-five or forty cows in milk, and a large number of calves, heifers, yearlings and two-year-olds; a herd remarkable for its purity."

But we have already exceeded our limits, so must bring this subject to a close.

TAKING PLASTER CASTS.

If the cast of an egg should be required, take a small dish, or say a clam-shell, and fill it with wetted plaster. Take the egg and oil it, and imbed it just half its bigness in the plaster, and let the plaster harden and the egg lie in the plaster. It is presumed that the surface around the egg will form a straight, clean edge. If it should not it could be easily smoothed with a knife. This, by a skilful hand, can be done while the plaster is moist or quite soft. When hardened, take the point of a knife and bore some little flaring holes in the plaster around the egg as it lies imbedded in the plaster. These holes may be a quarter of an inch deep, in the form of an inverted pyramid. Then take oil on a brush and oil the edge of this first half of the mould, especially these little holes, and oil the top part of the egg. Then mix up more plaster, and with a spoon pour it on top of the egg, and let it flow down on to the edge of the first half of the mould, in which the egg is still imbedded; and when the egg is completely covered, and of sufficient thickness for the mould, let it get hard, and then take the top part of the mould off, and remove the egg from the under half. Then whittle a place at one end to pour the plaster in; half the hole being in each half of the mould. The mould will be held in place by little pins or teeth that have been formed on the last half and fitted into the small pyramid holes previously bored. Then, the mould being oiled nicely and put together, and fastened by a string, the plaster may be poured in, and the mould filled up solid. Precisely one-half the egg

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having been imbedded in each half of the mould, it will easily come off the cast and reveal the form of the original pattern. A slight seam will be seen on the cast, which with a knife can be carefully removed, and you have the cast of the egg.

If a human hand were to be cast, it might be imbedded just half way, and care taken that the plaster all around rises just to the middle line of fingers, so that it would draw from the mould without pressure, then pour plaster on the upper half in the same manner as on the upper half of the egg. And when the mould is taken from the hand and put together, the cast of the hand can be made just like the cast of the egg.

In taking the cast of a face, the subject is usually laid on his back, quills are put in the nose to maintain breathing, and something is laid around the head back as far as the ears, and a front piece made that can be taken off and the edges whittled smooth, the pin holes or dowel places made, put back on the face with the edge oiled, and the back head taken in like manner. But the hair must be filled with soap or paste, and laid in solid masses, so as not to stick to the mould or become imbedded in it, otherwise there will be double grief—one for the artist and the other for the luckless subject. When the mould is ready a cast is taken, generally solid, and the mould broken off in small pieces—the cast finished smoothly, and a new mould made in small parts, so that it can be taken off, and when this is dried and oiled, nice casts of the face and head are made.

VIRGINIA FIRST AND LAST.

About sixteen months ago—says a correspondent of Fraser's Magazine—as I was wandering through the beautiful meadows that slope to the Rappahannock River, beside Falmouth and Fredericksburg, in the State of Virginia, there started up before me, soaring and singing, a bird entirely different from any that I had ever seen or heard there before. I afterwards learned that the old colonial governor, Spottswood, who had resided there, and after whom the county was named Spottsylvania, had imported a large number of English skylarks, with the hope that they too might be colonized. But the experiment did not succeed. There are only traditions of the few and far between visits of these little angels, of which I cherish the belief that I witnessed one. The song which then arrested my attention only by its novelty and sweetness has gathered in the years that have passed since then a plaintive and almost mystic quality. As I recall it now it sings much that as a boy I could not understand—of a generation of true gentlemen and gentlewomen, long ago past and buried, with fewer representatives left than of the skylarks they brought with them, and which only live to sing their requiem. Little did I dream then that, where this melody alone startled the summer air, the shrieking shell and hurtling cannon-ball were soon to bring their horrible music; that those silver waters were to redden with the blood of the young companions with whom I played on its banks; that the homes I had known so full of joy were in a few years to become charred and desolate monuments of the devastations and sorrows of war—still more warnings of that wrong which Nemesis with wheel and rudder evermore tracketh by land and sea, whatever bend and break. Music pierces the air to a greater distance than tenfold its amount of mere noise. There must come a day when the shot and shell, reaching to or falling short of any noble work, shall prove whether they have uttered music or mere noise. For the present I distinguish my little songster's theme of the olden time, and hear it as finely linked to the time now so swiftly passing away.

Virginia first appears in history as the fair frame about two noble figures—Captain John Smith and the Indian Princess Pocahontas. Their story is one of the few of those poetic traditions with which histories so invariably open that are true. Pocahontas certainly did rush forward and clasp the head of the prostrate young English captain, on which the tomahawk was about to descend in execution of her father's command. The stern heart of Powhatan was touched by this act of his child—she was but little over thirteen years of age at this time—and he consented that this captive should live to make tomahawks for himself and beads and bells for Pocahontas. Afterwards the Indian king agreed to let Smith return to Jameston, on condition of his sending him two guns and a grindstone. When, soon after, Jamestown with all its stores was destroyed by fire, and the colonists were perishing of cold and hunger, half of them were saved by the arrival of Pocahontas with bread, raccoons, and venison.

It was about two years after Captain Smith's life had been saved by Pocahontas that he came from exploring a large portion of the colony, to rest at Werowomoco, where

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King Powhatan and his daughter resided. The king being absent, was sent for; and meantime Pocahontas, who, though well grown, was not yet sixteen years of age, called together a number of Indian maidens to arrange with her a dramatic entertainment for the handsome young Englishman and his attendants. "They made a fire on a level field and Smith sat on a mat before it. A hideous noise and shrieking were suddenly heard in the adjoining woods." The English snatched up their arms. Pocahontas rushed forward and asked Smith to slay rather than suspect her of perfidy, and their apprehensions were quieted. Then thirty young women ran out from the woods all naked except a cincture of green leaves. Pocahontas wore on her head a beautiful pair of buck's horns, an otter's skin at her girdle, and another on her arm; a quiver hung on her shoulder, and she held a bow and arrow in her hand. The other nymphs had antlers on their heads and various other savage decorations. Bursting from the forest, they circled around John Smith and the fire, singing and dancing for an hour. They then disappeared in the woods. When they reappeared it was to invite Smith to their habitations, where they circled around him again, dancing and crying "Love you not me?" They then feasted him richly; and lastly, with pine-knot torches, escorted him to his lodging. This Captain John Smith was without a doubt an imperial kind of a man, and there is no wonder and no doubt that the Indian maidens felt tender palpitations on his account. A far different night was that which, at a later period, found Pocahontas spending the whole of a dark night climbing hills, toiling through thickets, to reach the tents of Smith and his companions, to warn them of the decree of

KEEPER'S COTTAGE, WINDSOR PARK.

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death which Powhatan, under some misunderstanding, had issued. Smith at this time offered her many beautiful presents; but, as he himself wrote, "with tears running downe her cheeks, she said she durst not be seen to have any, for if Powhatan should know it she were but dead; and so she ran away by herself as she came."

Some two years later Smith came to England. The Indian princess was induced to marry John Rolfe by being told that Smith was dead. After being baptized—as one may see in Chapman's huge picture of that event in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington—she was taken to England as Mrs. Rolfe. At Brentford, where she was staying, Captain Smith visited her. She uttered no word on seeing him, but after a modest salutation, turned away and hid her face. She remained thus motionless for nearly two hours. She then came forward to Smith and touchingly reminded him, in the presence of her husband and a large company, of the kindness she had shown him in her own country. "You did promise Powhatan," she said, "what was yours should be his, and he the like to you. You called him *father*, being in his land a stranger, and for the same reason so I must call you." After a long pause and much emotion she said, "I will call you *father*, and you shall call me *child*, and so I will be for ever and ever your countrywoman." Then slowly, and not without some indignant flashing from her great dark eyes, "They did tell us always you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plymouth. Yet Powhatan did command Uttamattomakin to seek you and know the truth, because your countrymen will lie much." Our colonial angel died soon afterwards, in 1617, leaving one child Thomas Rolfe.

WINDSOR FOREST AND AVENUE OF ELMS.

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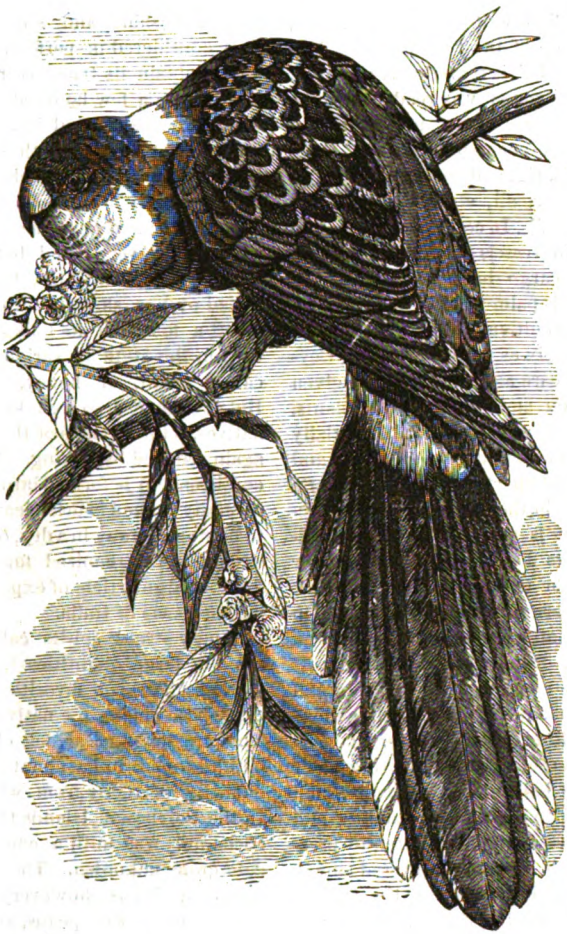
The Rose-hill Parrakeet is found in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, and although very plentiful in places which it frequents, it is a very local bird, haunting one spot in hundreds, and then becoming invisible for a range of many miles. In the open country it lives in little companies and is very familiar, being exceedingly inquisitive, as is the nature of all the Parrot tribe. Plentiful as it is, there are few birds which are likely to suffer more from the gun, as its plumage is so magnificent and its form so elegant that it is in great request among the dealers, who are always sure of a sale when the beautiful skin is properly stuffed and put into a glass case.



THE ROSE-HILL PARRAKEET.

The wings of the Rose-hill Parrakeet are not very powerful, and do not seem capable of enduring a journey of very great extent, for the bird always takes opportunities of settling as often as it can do so, and then after running along the ground for awhile, starts afresh. The flight is composed of a succession of undulations. The voice of this species is not so harsh as that of many Parrots, being a pleasing and not very loud whistle, which is often uttered. As the bird is a hardy one, and can bear confinement well, it is coming much into fashion as an inhabitant of the aviary, and will probably be brought over to the United States in great numbers. The first one that we ever saw was brought to this country by the author of the "Gold Hunters, or Adventures in Australia." It lived in Boston two years, and died from a

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surfeit of pepper-corns and raisins, administered by well-meaning friends. It was captured near Ballarat when quite young, and was easily trained.

THE COCOA-NUT.

The cocoa-nut palm is one of the most useful plants known; its various parts are applied to an almost infinite number of economic purposes. Marco Polo seems to have been one of the first writers on this subject, and his description of the "Indian Nuts," as they were then called, is remarkably accurate. In 1688, a curious paper was read before the Royal Society on this tree, in which the writer says, "The cocoa-nut palm is alone sufficient to build, rig, and freight a ship with bread, wine, water, oil, vinegar, sugar, and other commodities." In continuation he adds, "I have sailed in vessels where the bottom and the whole cargo hath been from the munificence of this palm-tree."

Nowhere is the cultivation of the cocoa-nut carried on so largely as in the island of Ceylon, where great care and attention are given to the propagation and rearing of the plants. The nuts, when fully ripe, should be partially covered with a coat of sand, or salt mud, and planted several feet apart; these require little attention, except in the dry season, when occasional watering is necessary. The germination of the nuts begins in about three or four months after they have been planted. The flowering period usually commences in about five years afterwards, each tree on an average bearing from fifty to eighty nuts annually. It is computed that by careful expression as much as two and a half gallons of oil may be realized from 100 seeds. To perform this, the kernels are taken from their shells, and gently boiled in water, after which they are reduced to a pulp by pounding in a mortar; this mass is then subjected to pressure, and the liquid which is expressed slowly boiled; the oil which floats on the surface being taken off and boiled in a separate vessel for the purpose of greater purification. The oil is sometimes extracted by pressure alone, and large hydraulic presses are in constant use in Ceylon for this purpose, some of them being of 1200 horse-power. The residue from both these processes is known in Ceylon under the name of Poonak, and forms a first-rate fattening food for pigs and poultry. The uses to which the natives put the oil are very numerous. So common is it with them, that it is applied more or less to all purposes—as an illuminating agent, most extensively in the composition of their made dishes, and also for the purpose of anointing their bodies. Some idea of the trade in this oil may be formed from the fact that over 10,000 tons are annually imported into England. Immense quantities of copperah (the sliced nut) are brought to Marseilles from Zanzibar, where the cocoa-nut is cultivated very extensively for this trade.

When fresh, the cocoa-nut palm-toddy is a most refreshing and stimulating beverage. It is considered in perfection at early morn, and to obtain its true flavor should be taken at sunrise; a few hours after collecting, fermentation ensues, and in this state it is used for similar purposes to those for which yeast is used by us. Bread made with it is said to be remarkably light. An excellent vinegar is also procured from the cocoa-palm toddy, as well as a very good but coarse kind of sugar. To procure this, the toddy is gently boiled over a slow fire till it is reduced to about a fourth of its bulk. It is frequently used in this state for various purposes, and is called penni, or honey, sugar-water, etc. But the jaggery, so well known amongst the natives, is the remains of the liquid after being again reduced by boiling. When of a proper consistence it is formed into round cakes, and carefully packed in dried leaves of the banana, to be stowed away in a dry, or usually a smoky situation, till required for the market. It forms a large article of export from Ceylon to various parts of India.

A very strong spirits called arrack is distilled in large quantities from the toddy in Ceylon. This is a favorite intoxicating beverage both among the natives and Europeans. The proportion of arrack obtained by distillation is said to be about one-fourth of the quantity of toddy from which it is distilled. In the Polynesian Islands this product of the cocoa-nut was until a comparatively recent date quite unknown. The use and mode of preparing it has, however, been taught the natives by the Europeans, and it is now collected in large quantities, but chiefly for their own consumption.

A SCENE IN NEWARK, N. J.

At this season of the year, standing near the Park and looking at the noble elms that shade it, one cannot help thinking that Newark, N. J. is a beautiful place and worthy of the praise that has been bestowed upon it by tourists and others. The engraving on page

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A SCENE IN NEWARK, N. J.

99 represents one of the most beautiful sections of the city. It presents the Park, Park Place, and the New Market, and in the immediate vicinity reside a large portion of the aristocracy of the place. New Jersey presents some of the loveliest places of residence in the whole country; its soil is fertile and the climate as delightful as can be found anywhere.

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A DAY IN VENICE.

Your first impression on entering Venice is that the town is flooded, accidentally, and that the people are put to shifts in order to get about. You think that there must be good roads under your boat, for the houses rise in most cases sheer out of the water. Indeed, throughout many of the canals, there is not bank enough for a beetle to walk along, and no wharfs or towing-paths which suggest that the canal has any business to be there at all. The houses, moreover, are so solid and strong, that they seem to protest against such watery standing-ground, and wait for the floods to shrink, that the coaches, horses, and wagons may traverse their streets once more. But in a few hours you realize Canaletti, with that which no picture, however faithful, can convey—namely, something wrong about the drains. This, with mosquitoes, is no doubt a drawback to the pleasure of visiting Venice in the autumn. Spring is the time, when there is a livelier scouring tide through the town, and the gnats are unborn. Our beds, however, were well shielded with mosquito-curtains, and we met with no inconvenience on this score, for it is at night that these little pests play the rogue with you; if you shut one in with you inside the muslin tent, he will safely dodge you till you go to sleep, and have his fill of you before you awake.

Our hotel had huge reception-rooms, hung with ancestral and historical pictures; at one end was a heavy red-cushioned balcony, looking to the right down the Grand Canal; to the left, on the fringe of boats which mark the landing-places at the Piazza of St. Mark; and forwards, on the broad, pile-studded, oily-looking approach to the Adriatic, dotted with craft of all sorts, from the steamer threading its way through buoyed channels, to the single-oared gondolas, which slid about everywhere like black racing-boats with their ends turned up.

There are, of course, many sights in Venice, but I am happy to say we attempted but very few of them, preferring rather to loll on the gondola cushions, and be rowed promiscuously about, landing where and when the whim took us, and defying the most urgent persuasions of the guide-book or our gondolier to see such and such a palace. First we rowed away over the shallow sea, to get a view of the town as it appears when approached from the lagoons in which it is built. It is not striking. At a distance it looks like any low-lying city, for you do not perceive the water-streets, its chief speciality. It is not till you have rowed up to it, through it, and into salt water on the other side, that you realize the singularity of its position. Even then, the thought recurs, that the town is ruined by inundation, and that the sea came to Venice, rather than Venice to the sea.

Of course we visited the Doge's palace and the church of St. Mark, with its uneven floor, gorgeous but dingy mosaics, and oriental associations. Every one is familiar with the Bridge of Sighs between the Hall of Justice and the Prison, which last still retains its use. Probably some young ladies associate this famous bridge with a vague picture of lovers' vows and moonlight assignations, whereas it takes its name from the sorrow of the hopeless prisoner who passes over it to his cell in the great jail palace. No fervent youth breathes our his heart here while waiting for the faithless fair one. There is no dawdling on the Bridge of Sighs, across which the handcuffed culprit is smartly "moved on," by the warder or policeman. The spot is profoundly real and unromantic.

There is, however, now an air of suppressed sadness throughout Venice. The Austrian band plays to a few Austrian and light-hearted tourists. Every other palace seems a barrack. White coats and blue trousers hang to be dried or aired from the windows. Trade seems to have shrunk to shops of common necessities and feeble knickknacks; and the wheelless traffic of such narrow streets as there are, assists the sense of melancholy which one expects to feel in a subjected city. In most of these byways, zigzagging about among the high houses, there is a middle strip of white stone, which, if followed, leads you sooner or later to the Rialto. We went to this, however, by the canal, and landing, explored the scene where Shylock was so rudely treated. The great exchange where merchant-princes paced and bargained is now a wretched market. There is a Rag-fair sort of look about the spot, as if the Jews had held on longest by it after all, and still lent their spirit to such traffic as remains. I stood for some time in the circle of a beggarly auction beneath the colonnade, and saw a very shabby old gown and pair of stays sold for eighty-eight soldi, or farthings, after a long though languid competition. Then I bought and ate a ha'porth of roasted chestnuts, and thus took part in what appeared to be the chief trade of the commercial Venice at the very centre of her industrial energy.

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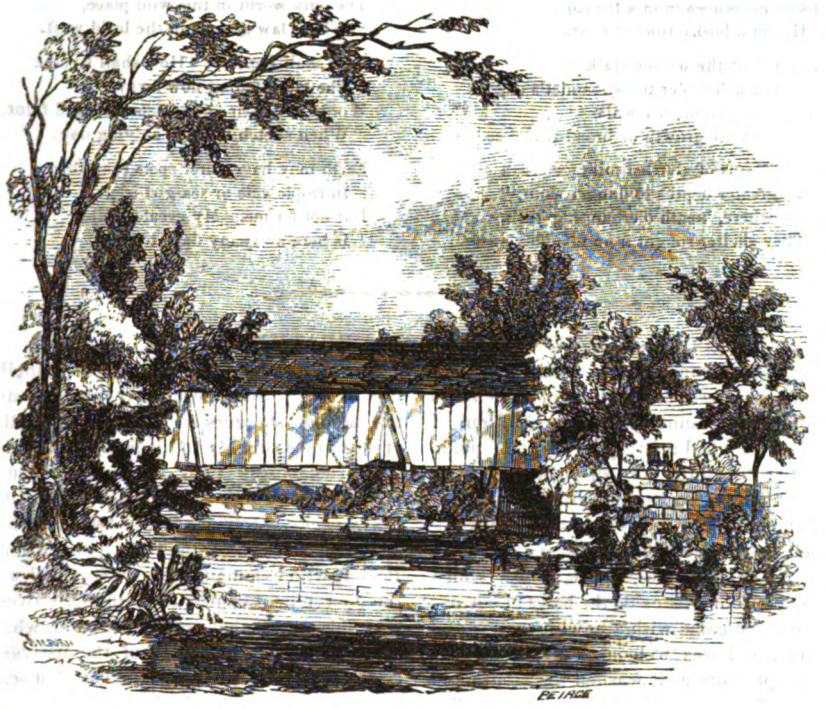
THE RUSTIC BRIDGE.

BY EARL MARBLE.



Ah! here I cast the load aside
That so o'erburdens heart and brain
While floating on the city's tide
That ebbs and flows the soul with pain.

No sorrow here, nor toil nor care,
Secluded from the haunts of man:
No stifled dew, no tainted air,
To place the soul beneath its ban.

O native vale! though far and long
I've journeyed since I trod thy soil;
Though I have listed many a song,
And blessed it as release from toil;

Though I have stood on Como's shore,
And lingered by the classic Rhine,
And listened to volcanoes' roar
From cities crowned with eglantine;

Though jewelled hands have clasped my own
In vineland gardens far away,
And coral lips have breathed a tone
Life's stream shall never wash away,—

My soul has yearned through all these years
Again thy riches to explore,
And wash away its later tears
In rills that ran through life of yore.

O homeland valley! up and down
Thy sides I've wandered as of old:
A very queen thou art, with crown
Of summer's richest, ripest gold.

Again I've wandered up the rill
Whose laughing glee is half thy fame,
To where, beneath the rocky hill,
Its waters first receive their name.

And then, adown through grassy mead
Of water-cress and cowslip fame,
I followed where the stream did lead,
Till to the olden bridge I came.

Ah! here my heart reached forth in glee
To grasp the scenes by memory stored,
That storms of foreign land and sea
Had ne'er washed from her sacred hoard.

'Twas here I sat in bygone years,
And angled through the August days,
With all the future's hopes and fears
Enveloped in a dreamy haze.

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'Twas here I pored o'er classic tale
And legend of the olden time,
Not dreaming that my own sweet vale
Was fairer than a foreign clime.

Above the noonday's calm and hush
The woodlark's notes ring loud and clear,
Awaking echoes from a thrush
Hid in a bosky thicket near.

Again I lift the willow stalk
That reaches o'er the streamlet's edge,
To quietly pursue my walk
Beyond the growth of broad-leafed sedge,

And swarms of startled minnows rush
To greater depths to danger shun,
From where, 'neath o'erhanging bush,
They shelter sought from noonday's sun.

But one scene more of those I knew,
And then my cup shall overflow:
My soul again would sit and view
A sunset of the long-ago.

Not long to wait. It comes apace,
And slowly sends the world to rest—
The only world in this wild place,
Whose law gleams in the lurid west.

How shall I speak? How shall I paint
The glory fading now away?
Words lose their force, seem dull and faint,
When sketching such a dying day.

Earth may have fairer spots than this,
In tropic vale or sea-girt isle.
But not for me. My greatest bliss
Is here away my days to wile.

CAMELS AND THEIR TREATMENT.

A traveller, in speaking of camels and their usefulness, remarks:—The care of the camels seems to be very much left to the children. I have just watched a string in an open plain. A child twitched the cord suspended from the head of the first—a loud gurgling growl indicated the pleasure of the camel as it awkwardly knelt down, and the child, who could just reach its back, unlinked the hooks which suspended from either side the bales of cotton; another child came with a bowl of water and a sponge, and was welcomed with a louder roar of pleasure as it washed the mouth and nostrils of the animal; this grateful office ended, the liberated camel wandered off to the thicket to browse during the day—and this was done to each of the forty-five, which, all unbidden, had knelt down precisely as the one I have described, forming a circle, which continued marked during the day by the bales of goods lying at regular distances. On a given signal in the afternoon, at about three o'clock, every camel resumed its own place, and knelt down between the bales, which were again attached, and the caravan proceeded on its tardy course.

"I am not surprised at finding the strong attachment of these animals to the children, for I have often seen three or four of them, when young, lying with their heads inside a tent, in the midst of the sleeping children, while their long bodies remained outside.

The general kindness with which camels are treated in the East is, of course, not without many lamentable exceptions. Woe to the unfortunate camel who falls sick on the road. The hot iron, or some fiery internal application, is freely and mercilessly applied, until the animal staggers on in sheer desperation, or succumbs sullenly to his fate. I have seen Arabs belaboring their beasts most cruelly because they hesitated to rise under their heavy packs, perchance for the twentieth time, at the mere whim of their drivers. Admiral Porter, who commanded the "Supply," when the government camels were brought over in that ship, says, that on one occasion, when a camel was slow to rise, one of the natives in charge suggested pouring a bucketful of scalding hot pitch over his back. Porter drily observes that he had no doubt of the efficacy of the application, as regarded the camel's getting up quickly, but he preferred a more merciful method, which had the desired effect. Last summer, having some camels to send by railroad from Marseilles to Paris, I despatched them from the ship to the station in charge of an Arab, with instructions not to embark them until my arrival. When I got there I found one of the animals covered with ropes, and six Frenchmen pulling away on them as for dear life, to drag him into the cars. Of course the animal resisted, and the six Frenchmen were getting the worst of it. I ordered the ropes cut adrift, told the Arab to bring up a bag of barley, wherewith in a persuasive manner he was to precede the animals into the car. The camels at once saw the point of the joke, and yielded gracefully to the *suaviter in modo*.

The camel unites in himself the two sterling qualities of speed and endurance. It is incor-

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rect to suppose that the dromedary or running camel is a different species from the ordinary burden camel. He differs only in being of purer blood, finer organization, and superior training; as the race-horse differs from the dray-horse in our streets. The ordinary pace of the burden camel with full

LEIGH HUNT.

pack, when driven regularly, is from three to five miles an hour, which they will keep up for twelve hours on a stretch, and go for twenty or thirty days without showing signs of fatigue. Some writers affirm that they do better than this, while others place their performances at a lower rate. It would not be fair, however, to measure the animal's capacity by what he actually performs in the East. The Orientals place little value upon time, and have a disjointed shuffling habit of travelling, allowing their beasts to browse along the road, and stopping at all sorts of odd times, and on the most trivial pretences, in a way that would be quite irksome to our go-ahead race. Nevertheless, as express-riders or mail-carriers, or when any sudden emergency compels them, they scour the country with astonishing rapidity, and perform feats that seem almost incredible.

The speed of the dromedary or running

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camel is established beyond question. The Hebrew word for dromedary is *kirkarouth*, which means "a swift beast," and is so translated in Isaiah, sixty-sixth chapter and twentieth verse. When David fell upon the Amalekites, we read that "there escaped not a man of them, save four hundred young men, which rode upon camels, and fled."

In 1811 Mahomet Ali, when hastening to destroy the Mamelukes, rode the same camel from Suez to Cairo, eighty-four miles, in a single night. Marsh states that a French officer in the service of the pacha repeated the same feat in thirteen hours, and that two gentlemen of his acquaintance have performed it in less than seventeen without a change of camel. Laborde made the journey in the same time, and went from Alexandria to Cairo, nearly one hundred and fifty miles, in thirty-four hours. Colonel Chesney rode with four dromedaries from Baarah to Damascus, nine hundred and fifty-eight and a half miles, in nineteen days and a few hours (more than fifty-four miles per day), the animals having no food but such as they picked up on the desert. They averaged from forty-four to forty-six paces per minute, with a length of step of six feet five inches. Mails have been carried from Bagdad to Damascus, four hundred and eighty-two miles, in seven days; and, on one occasion, by means of regular rows of dromedaries, Mahomet Ali sent an express to Ibrahim Pacha, from Cairo to Antioch, five hundred and sixty miles, in five days and a half. Colonel Chesney says the swift dromedary can make eight or nine miles per hour, and accomplish seventy miles a day for several days in succession. Buckhardt, in his Travels in Nubia, states that the owner of a fine dromedary laid a wager that he would ride the animal from Esneh to Kenah, and back, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles, between sun and sun. He accomplished one hundred and fifteen miles, occupying twenty minutes in crossing and recrossing the Nile by ferry, in eleven hours, and then gave up the wager. Buckhardt thinks this dromedary would have travelled one hundred and eighty or two hundred miles in twenty-four hours without injury. A French writer in the Revue Orientale says: I knew a camel-driver who had bought a dromedary belonging to a sheriff of Mecca lately deceased at Cairo. This animal often made the round trip between that city and Suez, going and returning, in twenty-four hours. The distance from Cairo to Suez, as I have already stated, is eighty-four miles, making one hundred and sixty-eight miles' travel in twenty-four hours.

In an appendix to the work of General Carbuccia, by Jomard, we find that a detachment of the celebrated dromedary regiment, in the French army of Egypt, marched from Cairo to El Arish, from El Arish to Suez, from Suez to Cairo, and from Cairo to Pelusium, a distance in all of not less than six hundred miles, in eight days, and he states that the ordinary day's march of the regiment was thirty French leagues, or about seventy-five miles, without a halt.

LEIGH HUNT.

This number of the DOLLAR MONTHLY contains a portrait of Leigh Hunt, whose name is familiar to every American and English student, and all lovers of strong, expressive poetry. He was the friend and contemporary of Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb, Wordsworth, Scott, Moore and Jeffrey, and survived them all, dying five years ago, attaining to the patriarchal age of seventy-five. Mr. Hunt was listening to some Italian music, when he fainted, and never rallied.

James Henry Leigh Hunt was born in Southgate, Middlesex, Oct. 19, 1784, and died there Aug. 28, 1859. His father was a West Indian by birth, and married an American lady, a native of Philadelphia. At the commencement of the American Revolution, he was established there as a physician. Warmly espousing the cause of the crown, he was obliged to leave the country, and settled in England. Leigh Hunt was educated at Christ's Hospital, London, where he remained till his 15th year. At this early age he was a prolific writer of verses, though in later life he characterized these juvenile efforts as a "heap of imitations all but worthless." From this time his contributions were very voluminous in every range of writing, political and literary. As a political writer, he was forcible, just and considerate, and in the expression of his liberal opinions wholly without fear. Many of the qualities of his poetry pervade his prose writings, and his collection of essays have gained a wide popularity. During the last year of his life he was collecting a complete edition of his poetical works, of which the greater portion received a finishing touch only a month before his death. The reputation of the poet entitles him to a place in our Portrait Gallery of distinguished persons.

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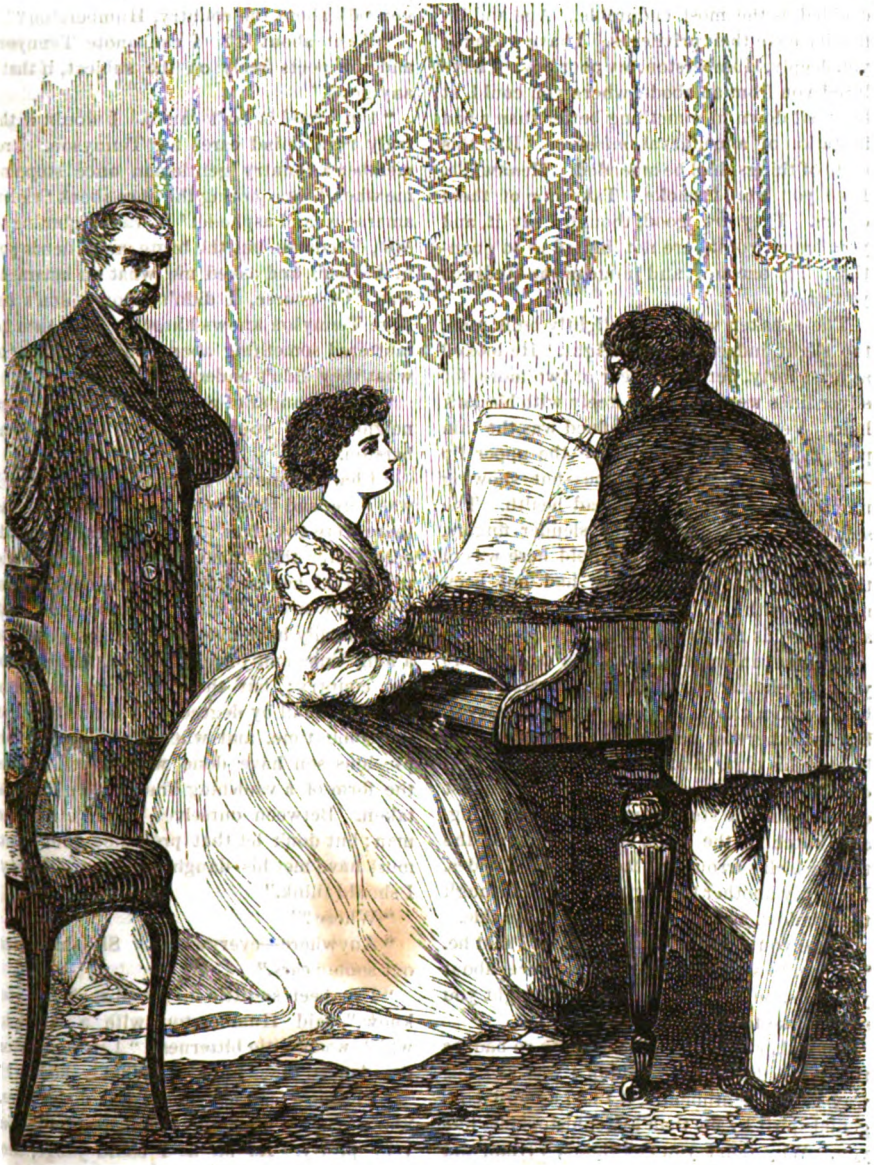
A FLIRT AND A FLIRTATION.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

BY GEORGE STOTT.



"Ned, I mustn't drink any more claret, as you know. Shall I ring for another bottle for you; or will you have some coffee, at once?"

"Don't care for indulging in 'the degrading habit of unsocial besotment,' as the great Sir E. B. Lytton calls it. Coffee, by all means."

"I really believe," said the first speaker as he rose and pushed his chair from him,

with an air of deep disgust—"I really believe that the home of my ancestors does not contain a single chair decently fit to sit down in. You'll excuse me," he went on, as he threw himself into one ample enough, but decidedly stiff-looking, "if I take that which, after a comparison in every sense exhaustive, I have decided, is the most endurable. Age and infirmity have their privileges. I have wronged you deeply, Humberston, my poor boy. I have lured you from an abode where you could, at least, sit down in something better than a bad imitation of a mediæval *miserere*. But this state of things shall be amended. Meanwhile, I see you would smoke. Take one of these cigars. They *are* good, though I say it, and you, happy youth, are not limited as to quantity. Try one now, and judge me as kindly as you can."

The speaker was a tall, slightly-built man, too slight, indeed, for his height. He looked at least forty, perhaps a year or two more, for silver lines were blending freely with his dark hair. Very delicate and refined was the thin pale face, closely shaven, save the upper lip—thoroughbred in every line—but showing unmistakably the signs of bad health. The soft musical voice, the white slender fingers, all told the same tale. The gold here was of the finest, but enough alloy had not been mingled with it to enable it to bear knocking about in this rough world.

His companion was, at least, a dozen years younger, shorter, and altogether more strongly built, with a clever face and bright dark eyes, but not otherwise very striking-looking. He lighted his cigar, and stepped out of the window to the lawn. It was a lovely August evening, and he stood some minutes smoking, and watching the moon as it rose above the trees which surrounded the house on all sides. Presently another tiny light appeared through the window, and his friend came to his side.

"Are you devising sonnets, Ned?" said he. "I seem to see quite a poetic radiance about you. I shouldn't wonder if you thought you should like to live in the country."

The other laughed. "Not quite so bad as that yet. But I really think I was in a fair way to get sentimental, if I had a more congenial spirit by me than a Mephistopheles like you. Why don't you cut cigars, Vivian, and take to snuff? It would so exactly suit your eighteenth-century style. But this is really pretty, say what you like. I'm awful glad I came with you."

"It's very good of you to say so, I'm sure," said Vivian. "For my part, I'm thinking of the heavy property tax and succession duty I shall be soon called on to pay in the shape of conversation. To-morrow people are sure to begin to call on me to congratulate me on at last having come to take possession of my heritage, and I shall be talked to death. Can *you* talk about the country, Humberston?"

"What about it? I can quote Tennyson and the poets freely on the subject, if that's any good."

"I'm afraid it isn't much. I doubt if the truly rural mind cares for Tennyson. I remember a country gentleman once stopping me when I was quoting the lines about 'violet, amaracus, and asphodel' (I wasn't quoting to *him*, of course, but the brute must needs put in his oar), and asked me what an amaracus was. Of course, I didn't know; don't believe Tennyson knows himself. And then he muttered something about people talking of what they didn't understand."

"What manner of people are these Northlea neighbors of yours, Vivian?" asked Humberston.

"I hardly know. It's many years since I was here, and then I did not stay long; and as there were two lives to all appearances decidedly better than mine, between me and the property, I had no difficulty in being let alone. One Mr. Conway is the principal person; that is, his family have lived at Northlea Court for a long time, and once, I believe, had most of the country; but their property has been growing small by degrees and beautifully less for some time, and when Conway and his precious son have done with it, will assume the form of a vanishing fraction, or I'm mistaken. Between ourselves, I didn't like the man; but don't let that prejudice you. You must have met his daughter, Helen Conway, I should think."

"Where?"

"Anywhere—everywhere. She has been out some years."

"I've been so little in 'good society,' you know," said Humberston, with a laugh in which was a little bitterness, "I never saw or heard of her that I know of. What is she like?"

"I haven't seen her since I was down here. She was about fifteen then, and promised to be very pretty. As far as I could judge, she seemed disposed to flirt then as far as she knew how. I believe she has in all respects fulfilled the promise of her childhood: she is a beauty, and flirts on system; I advise you to take care of yourself."

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"'There is fatter game on the moor; she will let me alone,' I suspect," said Humberston; "I should be too worthless a prey. She would gain more honor and profit in bringing *you* down."

"I am proof," answered Vivian, more gravely than he had yet spoken, "on grounds that don't apply to you. You might find her dangerous, and sometimes one pays heavily for experience. I feel the air getting chilly. Let us go in."

Eighteen months before the date of this conversation, Charles Vivian had inherited the Grange at Northlea, as well as considerable property in another part of the same county, from his uncle. That it should ever come to him seemed at one time most unlikely, for his two cousins were fine strong men, each younger than himself by many years. But they had both gone within a twelvemonth of each other, and their father soon followed them. Vivian was at Palermo when the news of his inheritance reached him, and did not consider it necessary to hasten his return. He could not be expected to feel deep regret for his relatives, for he had known very little of them, and they were altogether uncongenial to his tastes. Nor did he set more store by his accession of fortune. His income before, though moderate, had been amply sufficient to supply all his wants. His life had all along been that of an idler. He had looked on all that success could give him, and had decided that it was not worth the cost of striving for. There was in him altogether a deficiency of force—of moral and physical muscle. Moreover, he had had a great blow. At thirty years of age, after having indulged more or less in the amours and amourettes which form the serious occupation of such men—though in his case there had really been but little criminality, for the delicacy and refinement of his nature were almost equal to moral purity in their restraining power—he had found what seemed to him—and he was no bad judge—well-nigh ideal perfection in Constance Anstruther, and she had loved him with all the passionate devotion that a girl of eighteen lavishes on her first love. There were no difficulties in his way. Everything was going smoothly, when one morning the news was brought him that Miss Anstruther had been drowned whilst out boating. That same evening he left England, and for two years completely disappeared: no one knew where he had been, but it certainly was out of the ordinary beat of travellers. He returned at last, looking worn and older, but not otherwise changed—walked into his club when it was fullest, joined the largest group, and by his consummate adroitness in regulating a conversation, positively *compelled* them to talk to him as if he had only been out of the country for a week and nothing had happened to him. After this it was understood that the whole business was to be passed over in silence even by his best friends. He himself never spoke of his loss. But before long nature asserted herself against the violence that had been done her. Vivian's health showed unmistakable symptoms of breaking up. Physicians were consulted, looked grave, questioned him, sounded him, looked still graver, and shook their heads. "They rather feared there might be organic disease of the heart. Neither that nor the lungs were by any means all that could be wished." A careful *regime* was ordered, warm climates, above all things no undue excitement. Vivian laughed his low musical laugh.

"I think, gentlemen," said he, "I can promise to obey your last injunction at any rate."

And so he had gone on for several years, not recovering, but not getting worse, going less and less into society, and spending much of his time in sunnier regions.

It was whilst staying at Naples one winter that Vivian had made the acquaintance of Edward Humberston. They took to one another at once, and during the time of Humberston's stay were almost always together. Humberston had just been called to the Bar, and was really working hard qualifying himself for playing his part, should he ever be summoned to the stage. In almost everything he was Vivian's opposite—eager and ambitious, craving after success of all kinds. Not so much because, viewed in the abstract, the world and its prizes seemed so valuable in his eyes—he was ready enough to join *ex animo* in Vivian's mockery—as because they were the *only* prizes. In force and grasp of mind he was decidedly Vivian's superior, whose intellect, in fact, was keen rather than powerful—and his reading was deeper and more careful, if not so extensive. But for Vivian he had a most profound admiration. To an unequal, somewhat inharmonious nature like his, there was a marvellous attraction in the calm and finished grace of Vivian; besides which, while the one had only dreamed of living, the other had lived. And so it fell out that when Vivian was in London, Hum-

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berston was constantly at his luxurious rooms in the Albany, and now that possession of the Grange was to be assumed, he had been induced to accompany his friend into the groves of Northlea.

The breakfast hour at Northlea Court, the seat of Peregrine Conway, Esq., was half-past nine, and the master of the house, to make up, perhaps, for a certain looseness in the weightier matters of the law, was a scrupulous devotee of punctuality. He was now sitting at breakfast, dividing his attention between a very substantial meal, his letters, and the News of the day before, part of which he always kept to be read on that special occasion. He looked a gentleman, it is true; but that praise exhausts all the good that can be said of his appearance. There was a pompous, combative expression about his face which gave the idea that he was a man who could only keep up his belief in himself by perpetually airing his importance and authority in the eyes, and as far as might be cramming them down the throat, of any one who might come within his reach.

Opposite to him there sat a lady, who, when looked at closely, might be admitted to be not unlike him in features, though the expression was so different that no one would have taken them for brother and sister. Such, nevertheless, they were. Mrs. Dynevor had lost her husband a short time before the death of Mrs. Conway, and had then accepted her brother's invitation to make Northlea Court her home, and take charge of his daughter Helen, then only eight years old. In his way he was really fond of her, for she never opposed him, or indeed any one else if she could help it, and had a faith in his wisdom and sagacity which he found the world at large very slow to accord. But she was too obviously fitted to be a vassal, for a born despot like Mr. Conway to resist trampling upon her. He had always the consolation, when there was nobody else who could or would be bullied, of knowing that at any rate he could bully his sister.

He ate, read, and meditated for some time in silence, and Mrs. Dynevor was too well broken-in to attempt to commence a conversation. His correspondence was large, and judging from the expression of his face as he opened letter after letter, not of a very gratifying character. Nor, if one looked at the missives, did this seem surprising. They were most of them ominous-looking, strongly suggesting tradesmen and attorneys as their authors. They were finished at last, and Mr. Conway held out his cup for some more tea, and took out his watch.

"I declare," said he, "it's positively abominable! Ten o'clock, and Helen not down again!"

"I don't think it can be *quite* so late as that, Peregrine," mildly suggested his sister. "I almost fancy we began breakfast a little earlier than usual to-day."

"What nonsense you talk, Anne; no one knows better than you that my breakfast hour is half-past nine, neither earlier nor later. Begin earlier, indeed! I should like to see any servant of mine dare ring the bell before the half hour has struck. Pray oblige me by not saying anything so foolish again. That girl's irregularity is too bad; it's a regular system with her, and she knows how I detest breakfast being kept about all the morning."

"She'll be here directly, I'm sure," said the kind Mrs. Dynevor. "Yes, I hear her now."

As she spoke the door opened, and a young lady entered the room, very slowly and deliberately, as if quite unconscious that she had been expected before. A queenly-looking creature altogether—perfectly beautiful, one would have said at first sight; but a second glance disclosed that the lovely mouth was somewhat too hard, and that the glorious dark eyes had a half-weary, half-disdainful expression, not pleasant to see in so young a woman. She contented herself with an indifferent "Good morning, papa," as her greeting to her father, but went and kissed her aunt with some show of affection; then seated himself at breakfast.

"Helen," said Mr. Conway, "do you know how late you are? Do you know it is ten o'clock?"

"Yes, I thought it must be about that," was the calm reply.

"I can't express to you, Helen, how much this irregularity of yours annoys me. But you know it perfectly well. I must beg that for the future you will be down in proper time."

"Really, papa, I can't undertake anything of the sort—a weak nature like mine cannot attain to your punctuality. Don't you think we've talked of this often enough? I'll have breakfast in my own room if my being late annoys you."

"I am sorry, Helen, to see my wishes count for so little with you," said her father. "However," he went on, seeing that Miss Conway did not seem much touched by this plaintive appeal, "that is of course a minor point, and not what I wish to speak to you about. I am

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altogether dissatisfied with your way of going on. Do you see these bills?" He handed her several that had come that morning. "Really, you have been culpably extravagant," he added.

Helen took the bills and glanced carelessly at them. "I've no doubt they are all right," she said. "I certainly do owe these people money, and I told them to send in the bill to you, as you would have to pay them in the long run."

"It is very well to talk in that way," said Mr. Conway, getting more and more angry, whilst Mrs. Dynevor kept casting appealing glances first at him and then at her niece—"I should be much obliged if you would tell me how. I can assure you money is by no means so plentiful with me as you seem to think. And your brother is as bad as you are. There is a letter from him to-day, saying he must have £500 directly."

"Well, papa, if Regy says so you had better send it at once, for if you don't he'll go to the Jews, and you'll have to pay ever so much more in the end. I don't see that it's his fault or mine either. If you don't mean him to spend money you should not have got him into such an expensive regiment; and you know you expect me to go everywhere and do everything, and how can I unless I have things? It's very likely, if you looked through the bills, you would find that I've spent ten pounds or so more than I need; I don't think I have more, and that can't make much difference."

"I tell you, Helen, you and your brother will ruin me, and I will not allow it; the money goes, and there is nothing to show for it."

"Well, I can't agree with you there," said Helen, with most provoking composure. "I think we keep the credit of the family. I myself heard Colonel Dacre say he thought, on the whole, Regy was the best dressed man in town. It doesn't do to praise oneself, of course," said the wilful beauty, "but I don't think people generally find much fault with me. If we are extravagant, it runs in the family, I fancy. You got through a good deal of money in your time, I believe, papa."

Mr. Conway winced. It was indeed perfectly true that in the main he had to thank himself for his present embarrassments.

"Well, well," he said, in a much modified tone, "of course it's done now and can't be helped. Give me the bills, and I'll talk to Saunders; only, Helen, if not on my account, for your own, try and be more careful for the future."

"Indeed, papa," said Helen, more kindly than she had spoken before, "I'll do my best. I really do not want to annoy you."

"There is one way, Helen," went on her father, with some hesitation, "in which you might easily benefit me and your family, and it is with reference to this that I must say a few words more. I feel it my duty as a father to tell you that you have acquired a reputation that it is very painful to me to hear of. It has come to my knowledge for sometime that you are universally considered to be systematically what they call *a flirt*."

He delivered this accusation slowly and impressively, as if hardly liking to estimate the full measure of the culprit's criminality.

Miss Conway laughed outright.

"Do they really say that of me? How very slanderous and spiteful, to be sure. Why, when I think of it, I'm amazed at my own moderation, as somebody says. What *am* I to do if men choose to come after me? I can't snub them before I know what they are worth, can I? I may be entertaining an angel in the shape of a millionaire unawares, for anything I can tell. Really, aunt, when a man is introduced, you ought to be told at the same time how much he has a year—and even then one might make mistakes. I'm sure poor Fred Needham has a right to think I behaved shamefully to him, for I dropped him after dancing with him four times one evening and laughing at all his jokes, thinking all the time that he was his elder brother, the banker, who's got ever so much money, you know. You can hardly tell one from the other when they're together; it's really hard on a painstaking young woman."

"Helen," said Mr. Conway, who was getting angry again, "give me leave to tell you that you are speaking in a tone of most unbecoming levity. You know what a comfort it would be to my declining years to see you well and happily settled." (Miss Conway's eyebrows went up a little.) "You know how much the interests of your family require such a marriage, yet you act as if these considerations had no weight at all with you; you have already refused one very suitable offer, and you are doing your best to acquire a reputation that will make a prudent man afraid to entrust his happiness to your keeping."

"Then he may let it alone," returned Helen, impatiently, with a scornful flash of the dark eyes. "Really, papa, if I may say so without

being rude, I think you're getting a little melodramatic. I assure you I'm quite as willing to get a suitable establishment of my own as you are anxious to get rid of me. It's true I did refuse old Mr. Doddington, but then there are limits to everything, and I could not quite stand him. He was old, he was vulgar, and I don't think he had more than £10,000 a year, and in *his* case that wasn't enough."

"That excellent young man, Lord Carrysbrook, would have proposed to you last season I'm sure, from what I saw myself, if he had had any reason to think he would have been well received," said Mr. Conway.

"Then there, let me tell you, you're wrong," said his daughter. "Lord Carrysbrook and I were always good friends, and he might have proposed often enough if he had wished it. I was always perfectly willing to hear what he had to say, though he certainly is not a genius. I could not do more. I couldn't say to him, 'Do, please marry me. It isn't that I care about you, but your fortune is just the thing, and it will do so nicely to pay off poor dear papa's mortgages and set us straight with the world.'"

"My dear Helen, don't talk so," said her aunt, remonstratingly.

"Well, aunt, it's the truth, isn't it? and we're with friends, and can say what we mean. It saves a great deal of trouble to call a spade a spade, after all. And of course Lord Carrysbrook understood all about it, and even if he hadn't the wit to find out for himself, do you suppose there were not heaps of people—men and women—to enlighten him? I don't know what I might have said if he had asked me, but I believe I should have said 'Yes,' for I *should* like to be a countess, and as for the man himself, one might go a great deal further and fare much worse."

Like all men of his temper, Mr. Conway could never hold his own if fearlessly withstood to his face. Moreover, he was always a little afraid of his daughter when she took the bit in her teeth in this way, and despite the undutiful way in which she had spoken, certain of her last words had sounded very pleasantly in his ears.

"Well, well, Helen," he said, "I don't want to be hard on you. I'm sure you'll admit that I have always let you have your own way and interfered with you as little as possible. And I believe, though you talk so oddly, that you're a good sensible girl at heart. And now I've some news for you. There's a prospect that you wont have to complain of the dulness of Northlea as much as you usually do. I find that Mr. Vivian has at last come to the Grange, and I am going over this very morning to welcome him among us. If he takes up his abode here you will find him a great acquisition to our society."

So saying, he gathered up his papers and departed. In his mind's eye he already saw his daughter Lady Carrysbrook, and his present impatient mortgagees replaced by a wealthy and easy-going son-in-law, who was tolerably certain to make a most indulgent creditor.

Helen threw herself into a vast easy chair, and clasped her hands at the back of her head. The angry animation which the last part of her combat with her father had put into her face was gone, and she looked very sad and weary. Her aunt came and kissed her, and smoothed her hair fondly.

"Dear child," she said, "I don't like to see you look so. You don't seem happy. And Helen, love, you shouldn't answer your papa like that, you know, and talk so wildly. I don't like hearing you say such things, though I know you don't mean them."

Helen caught hold of the old lady and kissed her warmly. "You dear old aunty," she said, "I should be happier if I was a good foolish old woman like you, shouldn't I? I wish I could take to Sunday-schools, and district-visiting, and working altar-cloths, like the girls in Miss Yonge's novels. I might even come in time to a healthy passion for curates—who knows? Do you remember Mr. Malkin, who was curate here when I was sixteen? I'm sure that poor little man was over head and ears in love with me, and tried hard to tell me so, only I never would let him—I didn't want that, of course, though I used to like him, too, a little, and thought there was something quite angelic in his watery blue eyes; I almost wish I'd married him. He was a muff, to be sure, but I don't know that he was a worse muff than nine men out of ten are, and by this time I should have got used to that kind of life, and the cares of a family might have done me good."

"Helen, Helen!" said her aunt; but it was no use trying to stop her.

"Papa worries me so with that way of his. In my case he seems to be expecting to gather grapes from thorns, and you read, often enough, I'm sure, that that isn't to be done. He has done his best to make me a child of this generation, and now he wants me to be a child of light as well. Well, well! you dear old thing, I wont shock you. I am so tired

of all this. I don't know what I want. That is, I want plenty of money, and to be a great lady; that is, I shall be wretched if I'm not, only, I dare say if I am, I shall not care for it long. But I am so sick and weary of everything. If I were a man, I think I should take to drink, or to high play, or go to the diggings, or something of the kind. But, you see, I can't do any of these things. The only possible excitement I can get is flirting, and if I didn't flirt, I believe I should drown myself. Aunty, I *do* like flirting. I read somewhere, or some one told me, that the sense of power was the most exquisite of our pleasures. And it's only that way that a woman can feel it. I like making a man *mad* about me. One can't do it often, and sometimes they're not in earnest, but when they are I do like it. Did you ever flirt, aunty? Of course not, you old darling; you would never have done anything so naughty, would you? You would as soon have smoked cigarettes. I've done that once or twice, and I like them immensely, and when I am married I mean to have neuralgia, and be ordered to smoke them regularly. What do you say to that, Mrs. Dynevor?"

Mrs. Dynevor could only feebly protest and remonstrate, and repeat that she was sure Helen did not mean it. Helen went to the piano and devoted the morning to Beethoven. Music was a passion with her, and she played and sang divinely. Later in the day, she went out into the park. She wandered on without much caring which way she took, till she found herself in a little wood, on the banks of a brooklet which ran noisily some dozen feet or so below the path she was walking on. As she pushed aside the branches of a young tree which grew low over the pathway, one of them, in its rebound, caught her hat and sent it down the bank, where it hung on a bramble just a few feet above the water. Her first idea was to go down for it, but the bank looked both steep and slippery, and an involuntary cold bath would have been unpleasant. She hesitated. A gentleman, whom she had not noticed as he lay half hidden in the fern at the foot of a tree, rose, threw away the cigar he was smoking, and approached her.

"May I offer my help?" he asked.

She looking at him, but only noticed that he was a gentleman and that he had good eyes.

"Thank you," she said; "it's very kind of you. I should like to have my hat, I admit, but, you see, the enterprise has its perils, and it doesn't greatly matter. I am near home."

"I shall be delighted to encounter the perils, if you will allow me," said he; and forthwith commenced the descent.

He clearly was not accustomed to exploits of the kind, and proceeded carefully. A few steps were accomplished in safety; but then—alas for him!—a stone, on which he had rested his weight, gave way, he fell backwards, and slipped down feet foremost into the water. It was not deep, and hardly reached his waist as he stood up in it, looking flushed and foolish enough as he glanced up at Helen. His mishap was too ludicrous for her gravity, and she could not help laughing.

"I hope you are not hurt," she said; "it was really quite a relief to me to hear you speak just now," for a hasty anathema, during his descent, had fallen on her ear.

He laughed too. "Not at all. And now for my prize." He seized the hat; and, after two or three slips and stumbles, again stood on the bank.

"I am utterly ashamed of my awkwardness," said he, as he gave her her hat; "it has quite taken away my power of speech, and I feel too disgraced to venture on anything beyond this, that I am indeed happy if I may think I have been of service to you."

The passionate admiration in his eyes, and the tones of his voice, made Helen color, practised as she was; but she was not the one to be displeased at this.

"You have done me great service, I am sure," she said, bestowing on him the full radiance of her eyes. "It would not have been at all pleasant to walk home in the sun without my hat. I don't know whom I have to thank, you know; but, if you are staying in this neighborhood, I am sure it would give my father, Mr. Conway, great pleasure to make his acknowledgements for your aid."

The stranger laughed. "I feel certain I have the honor of speaking to Miss Conway," he said. "My name is Humberston, and I have seen Mr. Conway not more than an hour ago. I am staying at the Grange with my friend Mr. Vivian, and I believe we are both to have the pleasure of dining with Mr. Conway the day after to-morrow."

"Well," said Helen, "then we have only anticipated a regular introduction. And now," she held out her hand to him, "we must say good-by, for it is quite clear that if you don't divest yourself of your wet garments, I shall not have the pleasure of improving your acquaintance on Friday. Thanks again, and *au revoir*."

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AFTER DINNER.

THE dinner party at Northlea Court was not large. Mr. Elton, of Barston, M. P. for the county, was there with his wife, son and daughter; so was Dr Booth the rector; and so was old Lady Tiverton, Lord Carrysbrook's great-aunt. She, in her time, had been a very great lady indeed; but now, between extreme deafness and devotion to her dinner, was little more than a dummy for social purposes. She remembered Vivian, whom at one time she had met often, and told him that he was looking quite an old man and very ill, and was very like his mother, whom she proceeded to ask for, in entire oblivion of the fact that she had been dead for twenty years. Dinner being then announced, she was soon absorbed. Helen was assigned to Vivian, and he found her delightful. She wondered that they had not met in London, and asked him if he remembered her.

"O yes," said he, "I remember you perfectly well. To tell you the truth, I have often been anxious to meet you, I have heard so much of you. But I have got into such a groove: I am so much out of England, and go out so little."

She laughed. "You have heard of me. I'm sure I ought to feel flattered. I should have thought myself quite too insignificant a person for any one to think it worth while to speak of me to Mr. Vivian."

"Don't depreciate yourself," said he; "I am skeptical as to people being famous unconsciously. Should you like to know what was said?"

"Well, what was it?"

"There were sad tales of ruin and havoc. Does not your conscience smite you? I feel almost moved to attempt to awaken it."

She gave a little scornful laugh. "O, by all means try, if you like. But are your own hands clean, Mr. Vivian?"

He looked at her with his calm, searching eyes. She never would have been quite in his style, and now his appreciation was wholly artistic, but he could not but admit that she was magnificent. Passing by her question, he said:

"So you have made acquaintance with my friend Humberston?"

"O yes," she said; "I was much indebted to his chivalry the other day. Is he an old friend of yours, Mr. Vivian?"

"A great friend rather than an old friend," said Vivian; and went on to speak of other things.

He had a special interest in studying her, for he felt almost certain that, in default of anything better, she would spread her snares for Humberston, and he was curious as to the result. It would never have occurred to him to hesitate about exposing his friend to a risk of this sort; indeed, he would have prescribed a flirtation at a carefully regulated temperature as an excellent thing for him, but in this case he thought he would be heavily overmatched. He was, in truth, somewhat disposed to underrate Humberston's strength. From his training he was too apt to form his estimate from mere social and conversational dexterity. He saw that the other was not the man to be, as he had been, *factile princeps* in clubs and drawing-rooms. He was unequal, wanted the imperturbable self-possession, the intuitive perception of the right thing to say which there win supremacy. With the gloves on, as it were, he was his inferior, and it was not easy for him to conceive that, when it came to hard earnest hitting, when whatever of fire and energy a man possesses can have free play, he might be trusted to hold his own.

Humberston was on the other side of the table next to Miss Elton, a pretty baby-faced little thing, very young ladyish, and decidedly insipid, whom Helen Conway sometimes petted, sometimes snubbed, and always despised. His efforts at entertaining this young creature were not successful, inasmuch as whilst talking to her, he was trying hard to persuade himself that he was by no means anxious to be near Helen, and had no intention of suffering himself to be involved in that quarter. Little Miss Elton was neither very sharp-sighted nor exacting. She liked to have a man to talk to her when she went into society: it raised her in her own eyes. What he said was not of so much consequence. She looked rather to quantity than quality, and was quite ready to laugh or be serious, though with a mild preference for the former. Though Humberston was not quite to her taste, she would have been prepared to make the best of him, but she had the quick feminine instinct to perceive when a man is talking without thinking of her or wishing to please her, because his mind is fixed on some one else,—and no woman will stand that. The pretty Caroline got sulky at last, gave him short answers, and turned for consolation to her brother, who was on her other side. Hereupon Humberston was stung to the soul with the conviction of failure, and like all men of strong self-esteem, refusing to allow that the cause was in himself,

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concluded in gloomy scorn that society did not suit him, because it was too dull to appreciate his excellence. When he was famous, when he could of right take the foremost place, he might enter it and astonish those who now overlooked him. He might have known that silly girls, whose thoughts were of balls and croquet, would be quite unable to value the conversation of a man of any intellect.

When the gentlemen entered the drawing-room after dinner, a little commotion was going on, caused by the retirement of Lady Tiverton, who had a long drive, and did not choose to be kept up late without good reason. Humberston's impulse was to join Helen, but the fit of haughty ill-humor was still upon him, and he stood alone at a table pretending to himself that he was looking at some engravings. Miss Conway passed him. "You are not suffering from your exertions in my behalf the other day, Mr. Humberston, I hope?" she said.

The voice and the eyes might have melted an inquisitor, and Humberston's wrath fled away before them.

"O no," he said. "But I can't think of my awkwardness yet without shame."

"Ah! but, Mr. Humberston, you can't be allowed to isolate yourself in study this evening, when we are so few. Miss Elton is going to sing, and somebody must attend on her, you know. Wont you go?"

"I am afraid," he said, "that I am not in Miss Elton's good books at present."

"Are you? Well, to tell you the truth, I am afraid you are not. Did you snub her, Mr. Humberston? Or what was it? for she has been confiding to me that she did not think you 'nice,' and was sure you were thinking of something else all the time you were talking to her."

"I was thinking of some one else, I believe," he said, as he looked full at her.

"Am I to understand me?" she said, in a tone of saucy, even scornful mockery. "How very good of you, to be sure! Dear me! and I knew nothing of it, and was absorbed in Mr. Vivian's talk, which really is worth listening to. Pray accept my thanks, Mr. Humberston," and she turned away with a laugh.

He felt bitterly savage; he had been set down and treated like a boy. He vowed he would show her her mistake. At the moment he would have given half he was worth, for the power of making a biting retort, but, of course, could not find one. He turned to Dr. Booth, who lounged up, and began to talk to him about the present state of Oxford, and made no attempt to follow her. Helen had expected he would, and was a trifle disappointed. If he had, she would have despised him; as he did not, but seemed interested in his conversation, he rose in value, and she began to think she had overshot the mark with him. The instinct of conquest made it impossible for her to let him alone. She could not meet a man without seeking to make him her slave. She seated herself not far off, seeming to listen to Miss Elton, who was "cooing" a ballad, popular at that time, at the piano. At a pause in his conversation, Humberston heard his name softly uttered. He turned.

"Will you be so good," said Helen, "since you are standing, as to give me my handkerchief from that table?"

"Thanks so much," she said as he gave it to her—eyes and voice full of gentle penitence. "I am a true woman, you see, and enjoy making a man do anything for me. We all do. We know we are really very small, and so we take consolation in playing at being masters."

It was impossible to continue angry with her. He was beginning to understand what witchery meant. It was his first experience of this sort of artillery. No wonder that his unproved entrenchments gave way.

"You are not listening to Miss Elton," she said; "don't you care for music?"

He smiled. "You might as well ask me if I cared for sunlight. But—"

"Well, I know what you mean. Not that sort of thing." Miss Elton here came to an end, and there was a call for Helen. She rose.

"As long as I sing, that is all they want," she said to Humberston. "I know no one will listen, unless it may be Mr. Vivian, and I think Aunt Anne is sending him to sleep. If you are going to do me the honor to listen to me, you may choose what I shall sing, if you care to."

He took up a music-book which opened at *Dove sono*. "*Kismet*," he said as he put it before her.

Helen Conway's voice was of singular sweetness, and power, and had been cultivated to artistic perfection. She idolized music; coquetry, recklessness, unworthy ambition died away and fell off from her under its supreme, intoxicating spell. He, too, felt it as she did. The divine melody of Mozart bound them together as captives. The intense, passionate life that was kindled within them spoke from

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their eyes as their glances met. At a moment like that she instinctively felt that his eyes were dangerous, and dropped her own. He continued to gaze, hardly conscious that he did so, not knowing whether it was she or Mozart that he was worshiping. When the music ceased, the usual murmur of thanks followed. Humberston was silent.

"Why, Mr. Humberston," said she, trying to laugh, but not very successfully, "you don't so much as say thank you."

"Nor do I thank the stars for shining," said he. "Somehow it seems out of place to offer thanks and compliments to simple and absolute perfection, which is beautiful because it is, and can't help itself. *Will* you go on?"

"I suppose I had better, or I shall soon, I see, get enveloped in metaphysics," she said.

She sang one or two more songs, ending with Schubert's "l'Addio." When she rose he said:

"I know the meaning now of these lines of Shelley, 'To Constantia singing.' Do you remember them?"

"Yes, yes," she answered hurriedly, and blushed. Going to the table she took up a book absently. "Do you know this?" she said. "Do you like it?"

It was Owen Meredith's "Wanderer."

"Yes, and no," he said. "I'll tell you what I think of it."

"You shall tell me another time," she answered, "and improve my mind; for we shall see you here again, I hope."

"I was just going to ask if I might come on my own account. I can't answer for Vivian, you know."

"If you *might* come! Don't you know what a godsend you will be to poor lone women?"

"And you will sing again?"

"Perhaps, if you are very good, and will solemnly pledge yourself to go after my hat into all imaginable abysses. Are you going, Mr. Vivian? Are you ill?"

This was to Vivian, who at that moment joined them, and was indeed looking very pale and fagged. He had felt worse than usual that day, and had had to do a good deal of talking, which tired without interesting him. He had been sitting all the evening by Mrs. Dynevor, finding that that was the post that would involve least exertion; and the kind old lady, seeing that he was not well, had been quite content for him to be almost silent, and had gone rambling on, recommending him infallible remedies, not only for his own disorders, but for all others to which human nature is subject. With his deep love and appreciation for music, Helen's singing had been elysium; but "l'Addio" was the last song he had heard Constance Anstruther sing, and it was always rather a trial to him.

"You know I'm on the permanent sick list," he said, in answer to Helen; "and in these degenerate days even your singing can't make us young again, Miss Conway. I have ordered the carriage, Ned, but don't let me hurry you off. I'll send it back for you at once."

Humberston saw he was really suffering.

"I shan't allow you to go alone," he said; "you know I have constituted myself nurse and guardian."

They made their *adieux* and retired.

"Tell him to drive fast," said Vivian, as he leaned back in the carriage. "I wont talk just now, old fellow. To tell you the truth, I do feel rather beat."

Humberston was silent. These fits of faintness were becoming more and more frequent in his friend, and he could not be insensible to the fact that his health was growing decidedly worse. The Grange was soon reached, and the drive had revived Vivian, for he said as he entered:

"'Richard's himself again,' I believe. Nothing remains that a trifle of cognac will not remedy. We will have that and a weed. Come! How gloriously that girl sings, to be sure!"

"What do you think of her altogether?" asked Humberston.

"That she's a woman about whom a man may be excused for becoming a little insane. *Tant pis* for him all the same. What are your views on the point, my friend? though it is hardly necessary to ask."

"What do you mean!" said the other, unable to prevent himself from coloring.

"Why in your case it seemed to me that she made

> 'The ever shifting currents of the blood,
> According to her humor, ebb and flow.'

You shouldn't let her do that, you know. At any rate, you shouldn't let her see it."

"I'm afraid I can't deny your charge in *toto*," said Humberston, "though I didn't know I showed anything. She is a magnificent creature. She makes me angry, but I can't resist her eyes."

"My dear fellow," said Vivian, "do you suppose she does not know that perfectly well? She'll delight in stinging and soothing you alternatively. You see you're not fairly

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matched. She's an old hand and you're a novice. I fancy, though," he added musingly, "she loses her head a little with music. I was watching her, and I noticed a change."

"Did you?" said Humberston. "I only know I lost mine. But I'm not much skilled in this game you talk of, Vivian, that's the truth."

"No, you are not. You might be in time, perhaps, though I fancy there is rather too much impetuosity about you. And after all—I'm getting an old fellow now, and some things look differently—after all, the gain is a very doubtful one. A man fritters himself away awfully in flirting, there's not the least doubt of that. As for that girl, I don't believe she could love a man now, if she tried, though perhaps, for ten minutes or so, when she's singing, she fancies she can."

"You are right, I dare say," said the other; "you're a better judge than I am. At the same time I don't see how you can know much about Helen Conway, seeing that you haven't set eyes on her since she was a child."

"I know the species, my friend," said Vivian. "As I said, *vixi et militavi*, whether *non sine gloria* or not. But I don't suppose my preaching to you would be of much use. In these cases men never will avail themselves of the results gained by the experience of others. When they've touched red-hot iron, they'll allow it burns their fingers—not before. My weed is out, and I shall turn in. You wont come yet? and you are cutting some cavendish? My dear fellow, I must be permitted to say that I consider that an unfavorable symptom. Good-night."

"Humberston," said Vivian, as they sat at breakfast one morning about a fortnight later, "did you ever meet Lord Carrysbrook?"

"Yes, once. I was in young Strange's room, who knew him at Oxford, and he came in. He reminded me rather of the 'oiled and curled Assyrian bull' in *Maud*. He's a fool, isn't he?"

"From a certain point of view, yes; which is likewise true of most men. I don't suppose he ever said a good thing, or had an original thought in his life. But you see that isn't his line. He came into rather more than £50,000 a-year some four or five years ago. He had every temptation to make ducks and drakes of it, and he hasn't. Whence I infer that his folly is not absolute."

"I asked if you knew Carrysbrook, because I find that he is coming into these parts. I've a letter here from Montague Thirlestane, his cousin, who knows more of him than most men, and he says *inter alia* that Carrysbrook is going to Brankstone to stay with old Lady Tiverton; she's his aunt, you know."

"A mark of family affection that I'm sure does him the highest credit, if disinterested," said Humberston. "But perhaps it's rather a confirmation of your view of him. Her ladyship has heaps of money to leave, hasn't she? And she must die soon, if she ever does."

"Well, I don't know," said Vivian, "Thirlestane seems to think, and he ought to know, that the vicinity of Brankstone to that Cleopatra-like neighbor of ours at the court is the real attraction. He was rather mad about her last season, and Monty was surprised that he wasn't hooked. He doesn't like the idea of it very well, and thinks Carrysbrook a fool. I hope you can support the prospect of this 'baron all covered with jewels and gold' riding up to your Imogen's door, Ned. You've been there a good deal. You ought to be in love, you know."

"My dear fellow," said Humberston, "you might have considered my feelings, and used a little discretion in breaking such news to me. Ha! Do I then see in Carrysbrook my haughty, hated rival? Well! well! a tragic event of the most painful nature will soon, as the papers say 'throw a deep gloom over the neighborhood' of Northlea. I can't well drown myself in that cursed brook where I wetted my feet in the heartless beauty's service; it isn't deep enough, and it would be a bore to walk as far as the river. I might be found at her park gates with my throat cut; but then people would say I had plagiarized from 'Lady Clara Vere de Vere.' I will try tobacco—give me your cigar-case. No; the other, which contains those very choice regalias. You at least owe me the best weed you can give after breaking my heart."

It was very well done indeed, and nineteen men out of twenty would have been completely deceived. The only fault was that it was rather too well done; and Vivian was a man keenly alive to the finest shades of mood. The verbiage of the phrase, thrown out like skirmishers to hide the line of march—the half note of falseness in the ring of the voice—told its tale to him. But not the less did he give Humberston credit for the general success of his *ruse*.

"Yes," he said, as he lighted his cigar and leant back with half closed eyes, smoking slowly and carefully, as a man will when his

allowance is very limited, "Yes, it is in life as at a fancy fair. The pretty shopwomen are glad enough to have well-dressed idlers like you and me to lean over the counter and whisper to them, though we don't buy anything to speak of, but they expect us to stand out of the way when a decided customer approaches. But there is this comfort; the stalls are many, and if Chloe has her hands full, we can always count on a welcome from Phyllis. Perhaps, too, if we care enough about it to wait, our first friend Chloe, when the evening comes, and she has disposed of her stock, will allow us, if we have been very amusing, to wrap her shawl round her and see her to her carriage. When were you last at Northlea Court?"

"Yesterday. I didn't mean to go, but I was passing that way, and I recollected."

"Don't, don't! my dear fellow, for Heaven's sake," said Vivian, laughing, "or I shall feel old and venerable indeed. Need you make excuses to me? You went because you liked it, I suppose, and small blame to you. Is Conway still in London?"

"Yes he wont be back till next week."

"Then we'll ride over this morning and ask for some lunch. I can't quite stand him. But I like that good old soul, his sister, and I want to hear Cleopatra sing. We'll start about one, if that suits you."

Humberston agreed, and as was their wont they separated for the morning. They were both fully alive to the important truth, that the enjoyment of our friends' society is greatly heightened by occasional absence.

Helen and her aunt were, of course, delighted to see their visitors. As to Humberston, his presence there at some part of the day had become an event to be confidently looked for, but Vivian was a greater rarity. It might have been thought that Mr. Conway, considering the object he had steadfastly in view, would have seen with displeasure his daughter bestow so much of her time on a young man about whom he knew next to nothing, and who was certainly, in a matrimonial light, most ineligible. Many causes, however, combined to make him at least acquiescent; the first and foremost being that the idea of there being any danger to his daughter in the intimacy really never entered his head. Much as she worried and perplexed him by her caprice and wilfulness, he thought he knew her too well to suppose that she would ever suffer herself to be entangled in a serious liking for a man who could not give her a great position. She might be considered safe enough; if Humberston chose to singe his wings, that, of course, was no affair of his. That his daughter should continue her pernicious habit of idle flirtation, when it was high time that she should turn over a new leaf and devote herself to redeeming the family fortunes by a judicious marriage, was irritating, but any remonstrances from him he was beginning to see had only the effect of making her more unmanageable, and he had special reasons for wishing to keep her in good humor. Futhermore, Humberston was the guest of Vivian, and Mr. Conway, with a great wish to stand well with Vivian, was not a little afraid of him, and never quite at ease in his society. Though Vivian's property was smaller than that which apparently belonged to himself, it was more valuable, and was becoming more so with every year; it was in first-rate condition and utterly unencumbered. And long before the property had come to him Vivian had gained a position in general society which Mr. Conway could only look on at a respectful distance. His own popularity, never great, had, it may be imagined, in no wise gained ground, as the state of his affairs got more and more suspected. Vivian's cordial support and countenance would be invaluable to him in his efforts to maintain his old supremacy; even to keep him strictly neutral and detached from any hostile faction, a point to be striven for. There was even more. Mr. Conway strongly suspected—in fact felt quite certain—that Vivian knew far more of certain betting transactions in which his son had been concerned, which had been very near the wind indeed, than it was expedient he should. The matter had been very little known or talked of, which was fortunate for Captain Conway, as it was not of a nature to bear much discussion. Vivian, though he was living now so comparatively retired a life, was still a power in certain circles, and if he chose to speak as he might if it was made worth his while, the other's position might become decidedly unpleasant. To offend him, then, by any slight or coldness shown to his chosen friend would be a most suicidal policy, but Mr. Conway saw that Humberston might be used as a source of positive gain. To conciliate Vivian was his object, but he was obliged, in all humility, to admit that he did not clearly see how to set about it. His heavy, clumsy flatteries died on his tongue in the gaze of those keen, quiet, gray eyes; he felt that his motives were seen through, and that

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his true measure was somehow taken, and never ended a conversation without an intensely disagreeable skepticism as to his own absolute worth and importance. By pointedly showing attention and courtesy to Humberston, a vicarious homage might be offered to his friend, who would hardly be blind to the motives for such conduct, or indifferent to the deference sought to be expressed to his supposed wishes. Nor was he altogether wrong in his calculation, for Vivian, who, in a lazy way, was almost as good-natured as he was clear-sighted, was quite willing to allow that his neighbor was doing his best to be agreeable according to his lights, and very much preferred accepting his incense by deputy.

"I've some news for you, Miss Conway," said Vivian, as they sat at lunch, "that is, if it is news. Carrysbrook's coming down here. He's a friend of yours, isn't he?"

She laughed just a little consciously.

"Is he? I hadn't heard of it. To his aunt's, I suppose you mean. Yes, he's a friend of mine. I fancy I'm something like poor Jenny Denisen, who was accused of knowing all the dissipated young men in the country. I never could see much harm in them, for my part. I think they're a grossly maligned race, those young men. They haven't the wit to be very wicked if they would. Great depravity wants intellect; don't you think so, Mr. Vivian? I should admire that—I think."

"Quite a mistake," said he; "the merest school-girl dream. I assure you I've often met people utterly devoid of any shred of moral principle, and intense fools at the same time."

"I dare say you're right," said Helen, "your experience has been wider than mine. Dear me! there's another illusion gone. It's very sad."

"I haven't done you any permanent harm," laughed Vivian. "Fresh ones will spring from its ashes. The restoring power in human nature is great. We're just like the spider. When you've smashed one web utterly he forthwith begins to spin a new one. When the spinning power is gone he dies."

"Ah," said Helen, "but the new web isn't as nice and strong as the old one, and the spider never feels quite so much at home and secure in it. Our first illusions are the best. How one did look forward to a holiday before one knew the truth of the saying, that the pleasures of life are the worst part of it. I'm sure I dreamed of the delights of being out two years before my first season. I think that illusion lasted for six weeks, and then I woke to the conviction that that also was vanity, and it went its way."

"To the Hades whither wax dolls and blue sashes had preceded it," said Vivian, "I see you are a kindred spirit, Miss Conway."

"The fact is, I believe," said Humberston, "that nature is like the Irish hackney coachmen, who keep their horses at full trot by holding out a wisp of hay on a pole just before their eyes. With all her cunning she can't persuade us that we are happy now, but she coaxes us on, with the prospect that a few steps more and we shall get what we want. If she didn't do this, we might come to a dead stop, or kick the traces over, or otherwise bring the vehicle to grief. As it is, we hold on though with sinking hearts, because it would be supremely irritating to find that if we had deferred selling out a while longer, our shares would have been at a premium."

Helen laughed. "You're like the American, Mr. Humberston, who 'guessed he shouldn't like to be annihilated, as perhaps he might regret it afterwards.' But we shall frighten Aunt Annie, if we go on in this way."

"You've got beyond me, I think," said Mrs. Dynevor, "but it seems to me that none of you can mean what you say. As to Helen, I'm sure she has always had everything she wanted, and perhaps it would have been better for her if she hadn't. I only know you, all of you, seem to enjoy life, however you abuse it."

"Yes," said Vivian, with his sad smile; "you're right, Mrs. Dynevor. Yours is the practical view. I've no doubt I owe it to some hundred odd illusions that I'm now drinking this excellent Madeira. O, I'm all for being hoodwinked and eating our cake and asking no questions. If the little girl hadn't been naughty and ripped open her doll, she would never have been disgusted at finding it was stuffed with sawdust. Emerson's right when he says, 'Let us treat our dreams as realities. Perhaps they are.' We would-be clear-sighted philosophers don't believe in the *couleur de rose* view of life, but we may be wrong after all. There's mental color-blindness as well as bodily, and who knows how far it extends?"

"Be that as it may," said Humberston; "at all events it doesn't follow that, however clearly we see our illusion to be an idol, it should therefore lose its charm."

He was half-absently looking at Helen's

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lovely face as he spoke. Their eyes met, and he smiled. The color deepened by a shade in her cheeks, but faded again and she looked almost sad. There was silence for a few moments.

"Come," said she as she rose, "we must have had enough of illusions, I think. I declare I feel that my hair is white, and that I am a hundred and fifty. But what can you expect when two faded worldlings like Mr. Vivian and me meet? Do you care to have some music this morning, Mr. Vivian? Because I'm in a mood to give it to you, if you're in the mood to listen."

"Thanks," said he; "that is not an illusion, at any rate."

"I must play this first," said Helen, as she sat down at the piano, "it's got into my head. It just expresses what we've been saying."

She played the "Funeral March" from the "Songs without Words."

"You are right," said Vivian, as she finished, "what a grand gloom there is in that. It always seems to me a dirge over human littleness and incompleteness. It is grimly despairing—not sorrowful; there is too much sternness for that. But will you try a duet with me?"

They sang two or three, but Vivian soon found that he was over-taxing his strength, and had to desist. Helen went on—it seemed impossible to tire her; and Humberston, as was now his wont, stood by the piano looking at her as she sang.

"Did you ever feel that you lived in two worlds?" she asked him at last.

"Yes, often and often. You do whenever you sing."

"How do you know, pray?"

"By your eyes," he answered.

"How? What do you see in them?"

"Am I bound to tell you?"

"You can if you like. But whatever you see or think you see in me, I'll tell you what I really am," she said, throwing her head back with her superbly defiant air; "I'm vain, I'm ambitious, I'm worldly-minded, I'm heartless, and I don't believe much in anything. What do you think of that?"

They had been talking almost in whispers, and he was bending low over her. Her voice, her glorious eyes, the faint perfume from her soft braided hair, the rounded symmetry of her faultless form subdued his spirit and set his blood on fire. His voice was thick and unsteady as he answered:

"I will tell, you what I think of you. I think you are the most beautiful creature who ever drove men mad. You may be what you say, you might have all the vices of Lucrezia Borgia as well, and they couldn't help worshiping you as I do now, God knows."

The color rose to Helen's very brow, but for just one moment she did not withdraw her eyes, and seemed to drink in the adoration which his words and burning looks expressed. Then her face changed, and she gave a little laugh.

"We've got into Dreamland indeed," she said, and it's quite time we were out of it if we begin to talk in our sleep. In the real world in which you and I live, Mr. Humberston, we don't worship, or do anything half so foolish, but look to our accounts, and try and make both ends meet. Don't be angry, but please don't say anything quite like that to me again, for I do really like to talk to you, and I shall not be able to with any comfort if you do. There are plenty of reasons why, which you can easily guess at, if you choose. Do you understand?"

Humberston had got his head again by this time. "I don't withdraw anything," he said, "but when you've sung a man's soul away, you can't wonder at what he says. But I am forgiven, and we are friends, are we not?"

"Yes," she answered. "O, must we shake hands on it? Very well." She gave him her hand.

He took it. They were alone in the room now, for the others were standing outside a distant window, held it in his own a second or two, and then raised it to his lips. Helen said nothing, but rose, and they joined the others, and shortly afterwards Vivian and Humberston returned to the Grange.

AMERICANISMS.

The words *creek*, meaning a small river, *dipper*, meaning a ladle, *pail* and *pitcher*, are all Americanisms. In England they say "a bucket of water," not "a pail of water," instead of "a pitcher of water," they make use of "a jug of water." Throughout Europe, except it be among the lower classes, water is brought on the table in decanters. They are regarded as not so liable to admit dust as "jugs or pitchers," and as possessing the advantage of enabling a person to see whether the water in them is clean. Though not altogether *apropos*, let us here state that an Englishman never says "what time is it?" but always employs the query "what o'clock is it?"

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HEATHERSTONE.

BY L. VELONA STOCKWELL.

In the valleys, and over the hills, the rare October sunshine lay in royal splendor. The crimsoning maples felt its subtle power, and flushed into deeper scarlet, even the scarred and blackened trees, smitten by the early frosts, seemed to stand redeemed and beautified under the autumn sky.

Margaret Brand looked out of the window from the school-house under the hill with a longing sigh. The children were unusually noisy and restless this afternoon, and it was so inviting out of doors. But the clock over the desk pointed to only three, so there was a full hour yet for her patience and her strength. She turned resolutely away from the window, and called out a grammar class.

"Take the third sentence, Mary," she was saying, when a shadow darkened the window, and an instant afterward a heavy rap came upon the door.

"Squire Heatherstone's Jim," some urchin whispered; which assertion was verified, when the teacher opened the door.

"The squire sent me to bring you up to Heatherstone. His wife is dying, and wants you," the man said.

Margaret stared at him in amazement. "Wants me, did you say? There must be some mistake. I have never seen the lady."

"I don't know about that, but you are the one she wants. Can you come now?"

"If they want me, yes."

She stepped back into the room, dismissed her scholars, and in five minutes was whirling over the road in Squire Heatherstone's carriage.

Heatherstone was the country seat of a haughty family, and though Margaret had often wished that she might step inside its walls, for curiosity's sake, she had hardly expected to be summoned there in this manner. It was entirely unaccountable. She forgot the beautiful day, in her surprise and wonder. The squire's wife had been an invalid for years, and rarely left her home save to journey to the city in the winter, and return to Heatherstone in the summer. Gossiping rumors had long been afloat of her stateliness and pride, of her coldness and arrogance, but how true these rumors were, none of the villagers knew, or cared to know, for that matter.

Margaret remembered these stories, and as she neared the place, her heart misgave her. She hoped they meant no harm in sending for her there. She had never spoken a word with one of them in her life, though she had often seen the squire and his son as they rode about the village. The son was a gay, handsome fellow, fond of sporting, boating and the saddle, and those who knew him said, passionately devoted to his mother. Margaret shivered involuntarily as the carriage passed through the entrance to the grounds, and the heavy iron gate clanged behind them. A strange feeling that her fate had been barred in with the clanging gate, and was closing about, past all release, came over her.

Edward Heatherstone came down the steps as the carriage stopped, and opened the door for Margaret to descend. His eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and Margaret saw that he was too full of agony to speak. He led the way into the house and to his mother's door. There he stopped. "She must see you alone," he said chokingly, and left her.

Margaret went in, all in a tremble, and stood by the bedside.

If there had ever been haughtiness and pride in the face before her, it was wholly gone now, and meekness and contrition had taken their place.

"I am glad to see you," the sick woman said in a whisper, extending her hand, when her attendants had left the room. "It is late to right you, but better that than never—better that than never."

"Never mind," she said, as Margaret opened her lips to speak. "Don't interrupt me. You are unprepared for this, I know, but my strength is going, you see. I have not much time left. Sit down here and listen."

Margaret sat down beside her, as she went on.

"I am your own aunt. You are an orphan, as you supposed, but you were orphaned long before Jacob Brand and his wife died. They were no relation whatever to you.

Margaret gasped for breath.

"Are you faint? Drink this cordial upon the stand. You will need more strength than

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you have before I am done," she said, as Margaret hesitated.

"Your father and mother died when you were an infant, leaving a large property to you. If you were out of the way it would be mine. We were pressed for money then, and I took you myself to Jacob Brand and persuaded him to adopt you without letting him know who either of us was. He consented to take you as his own, after I had taken my oath that your own parents were dead, and that you should never be molested. Then I gave out that you were dead. No one has ever known this but myself until to-day. I meant to have died with this secret in my own heart, but I could not. All we have belongs rightfully to you."

The wretched woman covered her face with her hands, but Margaret did not stir—she seemed stupefied, utterly.

After a moment or two she went on again.

"This is not all, Margaret. You have seen my son?"

Margaret bowed her head.

"I want you to marry him. I told him what I have been telling you, before you came, and he cannot bear to have our race reduced to poverty—do not blame him—or to see his mother disgraced as she must be if this is made public. If you refuse to be his wife the Heatherstones are ruined." Her voice had grown quite clear, but it was one of the most abject entreaty.

"You are kind and noble, I have heard. Have pity upon us, and answer yes."

Margaret's face was ghastly.

"Let me go home for one hour," she said. "I will come back then, and tell you. I cannot think here."

"I might be dead then!" the woman said wildly. "I dare not give you so long. Half an hour is enough, and too much if you are going to ruin us by saying no."

"May God so deal with me as I deal with you," Margaret said solemnly, and went out. She rode back to her boarding place like one in a dream. What could she do? How decide? If her wealth and happiness were to be purchased by others' ruin, why have it at all? Had she never known this, it would have been better. But she did know it, and it would not be human for an ambitious woman—for Margaret was ambitious—to refuse to receive what was rightfully her own. But Edward Heatherstone! There was another, not exactly her betrothed, for no words had ever passed between them, though they had been very dear to each other, who was off in Western wilds making a fortune, perhaps for her. *Perhaps!* Margaret shrank back at this.

However, in half an hour she came out of the house, with a face white as white could be, entered the carriage, rode back to Heatherstone, and in twenty minutes after her arrival there, was Mrs. Edward Heatherstone By the next morning it was all over the village. Everybody was ablaze with wonder. Such a thing had never been heard of before, and no one would believe it until Margaret clad in the deepest black rode beside her husband to Mrs. Heatherstone's funeral. After that it was not to be contradicted, though the whys and the wherefores none ever knew.

Three years afterward, Margaret's old lover came down from the West—after his bride, the people said. Fortunately he had been told of Margaret's singular marriage, before reaching his native town, so the curious ones did not witness his agony if there had been any.

Margaret saw it though. Poor Margaret! He sent her a note, saying he should see her once more, and telling her if she did not, or could not appoint a time he would come in broad daylight, and before her husband's face.

Margaret was dreadfully frightened, but she named a time when her husband would be away, and in the long drawing-room at Heatherstone, the two who had been lovers once met again. What passed at that interview neither ever told, but the next day Robert Paul returned to his Western home, and Margaret went on with her gay life as before. It was said, however, upon good authority, that she grew sadder and sadder as the years went by, until she gained the reputation of being "the handsome woman who never smiled."

One dreary winter's day ten years afterward, a grand funeral cortege came up from the city, bringing the remains of Mrs. Edward Heatherstone, and buried them between Jacob Brand and his wife, in the village churchyard. She had refused utterly to be placed in the Heatherstone family vault, and so the coffin, with its silver mountings, was lowered into the plain earth as she had directed, and the grave was tufted over like any common grave.

Before her husband had time to have a monument erected as he had intended, some other hand had caused a broken column to be placed over her grave, of the most costly Italian marble, and upon its base these words inscribed—"*In heaven mine.*"

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ALL'S WELL!

BY JOEL BATES SWETT.

O, deep within the chambers of my soul,
A mighty power moveth, swelling up,
Seeking to free itself from that control
Of silence, since the lips refuse to speak:
'Tis thus when all the stronger feeling seek
To revel in the light of outer mind,
The flow of joy, or of the bitter cup,
Full vent in words can never, never find.
My heart leaps up in great ecstatic joy—
My spirit revels in a mystic land—
My soul looks up to that majestic Hand,
And trembles in its sense of gratitude
Unto the God who ruleth field and flood,
And showeth mercy while the fiends destroy.
O war! that long hast coiled thy deadly length,
Like a great serpent, with demoniac strength,
Around our tree of liberty, and doomed
To blight, its blossoms, which so fair had bloomed,
Thou'rt gone—thou'rt gone—but left thy venomed sting
To rankle yet amid the buds of peace,
Which now, O joy! from dearth began to spring,
And mid the happiness which mortals feel,
Thy rankling venom still, anon will steal,
Though hearts grow tender and contentions cease.
Wake, wake the notes of joy on every plain—
Let every hillside echo them again—
Let earth join in—a mighty chorus swell,
For peace is ours!—all is well—all's well.

THE TRAPPER'S ESCAPE.

A STORY OF INDIAN SUPERSTITION.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

CHAPTER I.

"THAR'S somethin' more'n beavers bin prowlin' eround here," said Ben Hardy to his companion, as he returned from his morning examination of his traps.

"What now, Ben? Anything strange? Perhaps it was a bear?"

"More the natur' of er painter, I should say. But they wont catch me sleepin', I kin tell them."

"Was it wolves?"

"Wal, yes, sorter human wolves!" and the old trapper indulged in a silent laugh, at what he considered a striking comparison.

"You don't mean Indians, Ben?"

"I don't mean anything else. I saw the print of the moccasins jest as plain as I kin see you."

"How many was they?"

"That's er question that haint easily answered. They know how to hide their trail and step in one ernother's tracks so well, that it would puzzle a lawyer to tell onything about it."

"But there was more than one?"

"I conceit so by ther marks; and they haint er prowlin' eround fer no good."

"I suppose they want to steal our traps?"

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"And maybe a scalp or two, jest to keep ther hands in."

"Perhaps we had better pull up stakes and be off, then. I have no fancy for being roasted or skinned alive."

"Nor I neither, but I haint er goin' ter be scared away. Trappin' is ter good eround here. I don't know of eruother place like it in the hull territory. Let's have some breakfast."

A well-trained and often-tried trapper was Ben Hardy. One perfectly familiar with the red man. With his companion, Will Forest, it was different. Though a strong, bold man, he was yet in his novitiate as regarded wild-wood life, this being his first winter away from civilization. Much, therefore, had he to learn of the manners and customs of the Indians; much of the peculiar signs by which their presence was known. The scalp-knife and tomahawk—the war-whoop and the torture-post were to him known only by hearsay.

For miles along the river their traps had been set, and although Hardy had visited them in the morning, it was necessary to rebait them before sundown. But the sun lingers not long in that northern latitude, especially in winter, and hardly had noon passed, before they took the trail. Trap after trap was visited, and found unmolested. If Indians had been there, surely their object was not plunder, for none had been stolen, and in some, game was found. Once or twice, Hardy thought he discovered something suspicious, but unwilling to alarm his companion, held his peace. In safety, and without anything to seriously awaken his fears, they returned to their little cabin.

"By ther big beaver!" said Hardy, "thar have bin visitors here since we left hum."

"You are dreaming, Ben," replied Forest. "Who could have been here?"

"Ther same red scoundrels that visited ther traps this mornin'."

"Indians again, Ben! How do you know?"

"Yes, Ingins; and they had er dog with 'em," and he pointed to a clearly defined track on the sand.

"Pshaw! That's the track of a wolf's foot. I have seen it a thousand times."

"So have I, and I expect to ergin, but it haint no more er wolf's than it is your'n."

"Why, their track is almost the same. So near, indeed, that even old hunters don't pretend to tell the difference."

"Ther more fools they! I know that there haint but er little difference, and er unpractised eyes wouldn't discover it. But remember what I tell yer, and you'll allers be able to tell which is which. *Er dog leaves ther print of his nails, and er wolf don't*, though they have the same spread toes when they run."

"But about the Indians being here? I see no signs."

Nothing had been taken — nothing tampered with. Even the little flask of liquor—that great, almost irresistible temptation of the red man—that had been left upon the table by accident, was unemptied. This, more than anything else, was a puzzle to the trapper. How an Indian could restrain his appetite, was more than he could understand. With a perplexed brain he took a draught, and was about to continue his investigation, when he heard a low growl, and saw a pair of eyes flashing upon him from under the rude bunk where he slept.

"Come out, yer sarpent!" he exclaimed, as he brought his rifle to his shoulder, and cocked it for instant use.

"Hugh!" and a tall, young Indian crept slowly out, followed by his dog, and springing to his feet, stood like a bronzed statue.

"Wal, red-skin, what ar yer sneakin' here fer?" demanded Hardy.

"Pale-face, hark!" and he went to the cabin door, and listened long and anxiously. Then, as if satisfied, he returned, seated himself upon the broad hearthstone, drew from his pouch his pipe, lit it, and smoked in silence, waiting, after the manner of his tribe, to be questioned.

"Wal, what der yer want? What did yer come fer?" asked Hardy, when he thought he had waited sufficiently long for even Indian etiquette.

Slowly his guest took the pipe from his mouth, and handed it to the elder trapper, who, in his turn, passed it to Forest. For a little time they smoked in silence. Evidently the business of the visitor was of a perplexing character.

"Out with it," continued Hardy. "Speak up like a man, and tell us what you want. Ar yer hungry?"

"Food has not passed the lips of Way-wassi-mo for two suns."

"Haint had nothin' ter eat for two days, and yer name is Lightning, is it? Wal, yer shant go hungry out of this ar cabin, though yer look smart ernuff ter earn yer own livin'."

"My brothers are upon the trail. They are hunting me to the death," replied the Indian,

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without taking the least notice of the insinuation of the trapper.

"Goin' to kill yer, ar they? Bin doin' somethin' ergin the law?"

"The red man returned from hunting—he heard the voice of Nee-bin, the squaw who would soon be his wife, calling for help—his knife was in his hand—it is red with the blood of one of his own tribe."

"Somebody imposin' on yer squaw, and her name was Summer, so yer jest killed him? Sarved him right, tu. I'd have done ther same thing. But ther tribe ar arter yer fer the murder?"

"Day and night they will be upon the trail until the blood is avenged."

"Yes. I know that's yer custom, and if they don't catch you, somebody else will have ter suffer. But yer trying ter escape? I don't blame yer for that, neither. Life is sweet ter us all. However, I might git inter trouble by hiding yer here."

"The pale-face is not false?" replied the Indian, pointing to his still smoking pipe—that bond of friendship and brotherhood among all of his race.

"Never yer fear. I haint er goin' to give yer up. I'll hide yer so that all the Ingins in the world couldn't find yer. But this ar dog must be got out of ther way. He'd soon show them whar you were."

Unfastening his wampum belt, the Indian tied it around the neck of the wolf-like animal, led him to the door, spoke a few words to him, and bade him begone. With long, powerful bounds he disappeared, and once more the two were seated, side by side.

"Now, Lightning," said Hardy, "you must have something to eat and drink, and then we'll hide yer till mornin'."

"The blanket of night has been thrown over the sun," replied the Indian. "Like a star, the light of the pale man's fire can be seen from afar," and he pointed to the flame Forest had kindled.

"That's true, but it wont du to put it out. These red-skinned brothers of yours would think somethin' was up, ef we did anything out of the common run. But I'll fix things all right."

Lifting the broad stone that formed the hearth, Hardy disclosed a cellar beneath, filled with food, skins, and even weapons, and continued:

"Git down thar, and eat and sleep. You'll be jest as safe as er bug in er rug, and ef anything should happen, you'll find yer way out of er back door. Jest creep erlong until yer see daylight, and you'll find yerself on ther bank of the river, close to where my dugout is tied. Take some food with yer, and my boat, and be off jest as soon as possible. Yer see, Lightning, I am a good friend ter yer, and at ther same time don't want ter lose my scalp. Down with yer, but fust tell me whar yer dog has gone?"

"To the wigwam of Nee-bin."

"To tell her that yer safe? Is that it?"

"With her own hands she worked the wampum. She will know that I am in safety when she sees it again."

"You're er cunnin' chap, but git in. You kin hear every word that's said, and so will know when it is time to run. Here, take er drink fust."

The Indian secreted, the trappers began their usual preparations for supper, talking, meanwhile, in a low voice. Well Hardy knew that he had undertaken both a difficult and a dangerous task; but he had perfect self-reliance, and, although the Indian made no mention of the fact, knew that he had once saved his life. Perhaps a white man thus situated would have boasted of it, and made it a claim for protection. Not so the Indian. He trusted to the memory of Hardy, and would not have reminded him of it, if he had driven him from the door, though he might have sought revenge in the future. But the trapper was not the one to forget or leave a favor unreturned. From the first, he had determined to save Lightning, although he had ignored even the knowledge of his name.

Busy over the fire, apparently absorbed in cooking, he was yet listening and watching. For a time, nothing occurred to arouse any suspicion in his mind that there were any lurkers without. But cautiously lifting his head from time to time, he at length saw the face of an Indian pressed against the window-pane, and intently looking within. In an instant, his mind was made up how to act, and stepping to the door, flung it wide open, and called aloud:

"Come in, brother. Supper is ready. Stop and eat before you go home."

Taken completely by surprise—caught in the very act of peering within, the Indian could not but comply. To refuse, would have been contrary to the usual custom, and have shown that his object was that of a spy. A skilful diplomatist as well as a warrior, he at once accepted the invitation, and without any appearance of hesitation, entered, and sat

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down to the rude table. Meanwhile, various plans were floating through the brain of the trapper. First, he thought of plying him with whiskey, so as to render him insensible. But that was instantly rejected. It was far too scarce and costly an article to be wasted in such a manner. Then he thought of questioning him with regard to his being there at that time of night; but that, also, was discarded. But little if any truth would be contained in the answers he would receive, and while still undecided, the Indian pushed back, and stepped towards the door.

"You haint er goin', brother, until yer smoke?" said Hardy, proffering him some tobacco.

"My dog is hungry. He has been all day hunting without food. I must feed him," and he opened the door, and whistled loudly.

Rapid glances passed between Hardy and Forest. Both were convinced that he had friends without, and that he was signalling them, but what the purport could be, they had no means of determining.

"Yer dog has run away," said Hardy, seeing that none came at the call. "Better come in and have a smoke. You'll find him home when yer git thar."

"I hear his footsteps in the leaves now," replied the Indian. "He will be here very soon."

"And I should think thar whar er hull pack of 'em," answered the trapper, as the sound of heavy tramping was heard. "Er hull pack, and here they ar, by the big beaver!"

With the sound, a dozen armed warriors, savage in feature, savage in nature, and savage in paint, rushed into the little cabin. A dark band, and intent upon a dark purpose.

"Way-wass-i-mo?" questioningly exclaimed every lip, after looking around in vain for the absconding Indian.

"Who?" asked Hardy, counterfeiting ignorance.

"He whom the pale-face calls Lightning."

"How should I know anything about him? Do yer think I keep er Ingin tavern?"

"He has been here," replied the leader of the party, looking Hardy full in the face. "The tongue of the Long Knife is not travelling the trail of truth. From his wigwam the dog of Way-wass-i-mo went out, bearing his wampum girdle. See!" And he held the trinket aloft.

"Wal, what of that?" coolly questioned Hardy, though in his heart he anathematized the innocent animal.

"His hands are stained with the blood of a brother. He must die."

"Better catch him fust, hadn't yer?"

"With the red man, blood never falls to the ground unrevenged. One has gone—another must take his place." And the Indian stepped up to Forest, and laid his hand heavily upon his arm.

"Yer don't take him," exclaimed Hardy. "Take me, and be blessed, but yer can't have him."

"The hairs of my brother are few as the leaves on the trees of winter, and white as its snows. The Manitou will soon call him to the spirit-land. The hand that did the deed was young. One like him must take his place."

"Have no fears for me, Ben," said Forest, for the first time breaking the silence.

Resistance was out of the question, and with ill will, Hardy saw his companion led away. But hardly had he passed from sight, before he raised the door of his secret *cache* and called for the Indian, resolved that he should give himself up. But he called in vain. The Lightning had followed his advice and fled.

CHAPTER II.

GREAT was the rejoicing at the village of the red man, when the warriors returned with a prisoner to take the place of the one who had fled from what they considered just vengeance. Every preparation possible was made to give *eclat* to the torture, and though many a young squaw looked lovingly upon the handsome form of Forest, yet none would outrage the feelings of the community by claiming him as a husband and saving him from death, even though she had a right so to do. For any other crime, hundreds would have battled for the prize. As it was, they could only sigh for him in vain. Only one other contingency by which he could be saved remained. The mother of the murdered man might adopt him as her son, but in the stern vindictiveness of her savage heart, she would be the first one to send an arrow quivering through his brain. From his old friend and companion Hardy, he had little to hope. What could his single arm do against a nation?

Still there was something in his bearing that both baffled and surprised his captors; something that forced them to admiration. Never before had they seen one, even of their own race, who looked so coolly at death. As one going on a pleasant journey with friends,

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he laughed and joked with them as they walked along. Used as the Indians had been to see white prisoners quail even at their presence, they could not understand his actions, and commented wonderingly upon it, as they led him towards the prison wigwam. No counterfeited bravery could thus sustain him. All felt that it was not bravado.

Through the long line of men, women and children, Forest marched, still unconcerned. Still the smile and light word was upon his lip; still his face was unblanched by fear.

"The pale-face will quail," they muttered to each other, "when he is bound to the post, and the fire is lighted. When death is afar, all are brave."

Confined within the prison wigwam, and guarded beyond the possibility of escape, Forest was left to his own thoughts. That they were pleasant ones, any one who had been watching him would have determined. Securely fettered as well as closely watched, with not a friend near save the old trapper, and he powerless, it was somewhat strange that he could thus make light of the horrible death he knew to be awaiting him on the morrow. Once or twice, the guards, as they looked within the wigwam, saw him seated upright — then a moment afterwards he stretched himself at full length, and was apparently fast asleep.

How long he slumbered Forest never knew, but a light touch called him suddenly to himself, and much to his astonishment, he saw an Indian woman bending over him, with her finger pressed upon her lip to indicate silence. How she came there—who she was—puzzled him for a moment, and then he determined that it must be the betrothed of Lightning.

"Nee-bin?" he questioned, in a whisper.

A nod of the head was her only answer, as she knelt beside him, and loosened the deer-skin thongs with which he was fettered. Then having effectually secured his attention, she answered his query in words:

"I am Nee-bin, but as you value your life, do not know me as such. There is a poor, half-crazy girl in the village. I have secured her for a time, and am now playing her part."

"That may be so, but why should you interest yourself in my fate?"

"You may trust me. You have been kind to, and have saved Way-wass-i-mo;" and she turned her head aside, as the hot blood flushed up her face, though her tawny skin defied the heart flower to show its crimson leaves.

"How do you know that I had anything to do with saving him?"

"I have seen him."

"Seen him? It is impossible!"

"It is truth. Has the pale-face yet to learn that when the buck wanders, the doe will be found upon his trail?"

"If you have seen him—where is he?"

"The ways of the warrior are hid, like the night-bird. He may hover very near, unseen. But I must not linger here. As the girl they think me, I can come and go at will. Should they find me out, my life would suddenly come to the end of its trail."

"What did you come here at all for?"

"The warrior told me to whisper in your ears that you should not die."

"I know that better than he does. But he will not save me. I can save myself."

"Then the pale-face is a Medicine?"

"Perhaps so. Have you anything more to tell me?"

"My story is told now. Hark! I must go now," and she commenced singing a low, plaintive measure, and passed out of the wigwam just as one of the guards entered.

"What has that crazy thing been doing here?" he asked, as he looked to see that the bonds had not been removed.

"Crazy, is she?" asked Forest, determined to carry out the deception. "I thought something was the matter with her. She is harmless, isn't she?"

"She would not hurt a robin."

"I'm glad of that, for I wouldn't like to lie here tied hand and foot, and have a crazy woman wandering around."

Satisfied with his examination, the Indian again left the wigwam, and the captive resumed his recumbent posture and apparent sleep. But apparent only it was. Sleep failed to touch his eyelids with her leaden wand, and quick-footed dreams failed to glide within the chambers of his brain. Of the chances of escape—of life, he thought for a time, and then truant fancy wandered to a dark-eyed and dark-haired girl that was waiting, watching for his return.

A rude log cabin, covered in the summer hours with running roses, situated upon the bank of a mirror-like lake, and framed with sturdy trees, rose before him. The hour was sunset; the latest crimson and golden glories flushing the world. In the shadows of the maples stood two forms—side by side, beat two hearts. Words of love and parting were upon their lips—plans and promises for the

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future upon their tongues. Then, as if a thunder cloud had swept before the sun, the life panorama changed, and he saw himself a prisoner, and she, that fair and idolized one, heart widowed before she was a wife.

For a long time (long, for in such an hour life is not to be measured by the creeping hands upon the dial, but by heart throbs—not by the sands dropping through the glass, but by the pulsations of the soul) Forest lay there, mind-tortured. Then again he slept heavily. But his slumber was not to be dangerless. If angels watch around our pillows when brain, sight and hands are leaden, they should have been with him to guard and to save.

On the opposite side from where the watchers had gathered and sat noddingly, the bark covering of the prison wigwam was gently pushed aside, and an aged squaw crept within. What was her purpose was easily to be surmised. The stern determination upon her face, and the bared knife grasped convulsively in her bony hand, told the whole story. The mother of the murdered man thirsted for a bloody revenge, and fearing escape, would anticipate the hour of torture and become the executioner. With her own hand she would send the pale-face following her son to the country of spirits.

With quick, though noiseless movements, she reached the side of the sleeper. The deep drawn breath told how little of resistance she had to fear, and the arms thrown above the head left the heart free for the blow. A muttered curse upon him who had robbed her of a son, and the sinewy arm was raised—the fingers clutched more firmly the keen-edged steel, and then, even as it was descending, the would-be murderess was hurled backward, and the form of the counterfeit crazy girl was seen bending over the prisoner.

With angry words the red squaw arose and ordered the girl away. But even had she complied, the dark purpose of her heart was thwarted, for simultaneously Forest awoke and the guards entered. Sullen and baffled, the woman retired to watch for another opportunity, and Nee-bin with a whispered, "Sleep no more, or wake in the land of spirits," also departed.

Dogging the steps of the old woman, the betrothed of the Lightning followed until she saw her safe in her own wigwam. Then she hastened to look after the girl whose part she was playing, and greatly to her surprise found that she had escaped. A crushing blow was this to both her hopes and her plans, and instinctively she tore off her disguise and hastened to meet her lover for advice and assistance.

Concealed at a little distance the Lightning waited her coming, and eagerly listened to her recital. With kind words he praised her for saving the life of Forest, and avowed his determination to return and give himself up sooner than have a hair of his head injured.

"He must not die for the red man," said the young warrior. "The blood of chieftains runs in the heart of Way-wass-i-mo. It must never be tinged with shame."

"But Nee-bin?" questioned the girl, looking up earnestly in his face.

"When the warrior has gone she will mourn for him. On the thither shore of the river of death he will wait for her. They will be happy in the hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit."

"When the eagle has gone, his mate pines. When the dove dies, the partner of his nest broods in sorrow. Nee-bin will go with her lover to the spirit land."

"You! It cannot be. At the stake and amid the fierce flames my battle song will be heard telling how little the red man fears death. You must wait until the Manitou calls."

"The daughter of the red man will not live," was her whispered answer, as she bowed her head upon her hands.

For a long time, in his kind though rough way, the warrior endeavored to console the girl. Believing her love to be passionate and true, he offered no consolation for the future save that which should come beyond the grave. Once or twice there came to the lips of the girl words, which, if spoken, would have urged an immediate flight for both, but she crushed them down as unworthy of him, of her, of her race. And yet how could she see him go to a horrible death without an effort to save? How could she realize the justice of the deed? What had he done that he should die for? Saved her he loved from dishonor—that was all. Did the Manitou curse him for the act? Ah! brain and heart are the same in all of her sex, and even the strong warrior wondered not when she drew herself upon his breast and wreathed her arms about his neck and begged him to find some means of escape.

"And leave the pale-face to die?" he asked, sadly.

"No, no, but—"

"But it must be so if I flee. His blood must

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flow—his flesh be given to the flames, and my name be ever coupled with that of coward and traitor."

"But is there no hope—no chance for safety?"

"None! He or I must die."

"Yet he said," she continued, a flash almost of joy illuminating her face, "he said that he was a Medicine, and could save himself. Let him do so, and you—I—all will live."

"Girl," he replied, somewhat sternly, "would you tempt me to my ruin? At the hour of torture I will be at the stake to die, and—"

"I will be there also!"

"You?"

"If one dies, both will. When the flames are the thickest I will spring among them. I will wrap my arms around you as I do now, and you cannot break my hold. Together will we go through the dark valley—together enter the sunshine beyond."

"Nee-bin, darling, I beg you to think better of this. Think—"

"I have spoken!" And she remained mute to all his caresses, and all his entreaties that she would not also become a sacrifice.

In the dark hour that mantles the coming of day they sat in the thicket of the forest; sat, wanting yet fearing to part, for when and where should they meet again? But separate they must, and when at length they tore themselves away, she fled like a startled deer for her wigwam, and he buried himself still more deeply in the forest.

CHAPTER III.

Long and anxiously the old trapper sought for the Lightning, but without avail. Cunning as he was, the Indian was still more so, and had hid his trail beyond the possibility of discovery. Still he plodded on through the forest, cursing his ill success, the red man in general, and the truant warrior in particular, until morning dawned and he knew that the hour of execution was drawing nigh.

"Somethin' has got ter be done," he said, as he hastened towards the spot where his companion was confined, "somethin' has got ter be done ter save the boy; but by the big heaven I don't see how it kin. They wont take me in his place, and I can't find that runaway Injun no whar. I only wish that I had him by the nap of his neck. But thar is ther boy, and they ar gittin' ready ter torture him."

Carefully guarded in the centre of the little Indian village stood Forest. Stripped to the waist, his fine form was revealed to advantage—the white skin showing more pure by contrast with the dark ones that surrounded him. The head, firmly set and well poised, was held erect, the first breath of morning lightly lifting the curls from the forehead. Flushed was the cheek and firm the glance of the large blue eyes. There was no pallor of fear there. Even the old trapper Hardy, well as he was acquainted with him, was astonished at his bearing—astonished that any man could make thus light of approaching death. Pressing forward to seize any opportunity that might be presented for escape, he was seen by the prisoner and at once called to his side.

"You here, Hardy?" he said.

"Wal, yes. I couldn't stay away, though ter tell ther truth I don't see how I kin help yer, boy. I've bin er scoutin' all this blessed night ter find that ar Injun, Lightning, but can't do it, nohow."

"What did you want of him, Ben?"

"Want of him!" echoed the astonished trapper. "Want of him? Why, ter take yer place."

"What for? He is safe, isn't he?"

"I reckon, but you haint."

"So you think they will kill me?"

"Sartinly. Don't yer see they ar bringing wood ter burn yer?"

"But they wont do it, Ben."

"You talk jest like er fool. Better be sayin' yer prayers than to be makin' er brave of yerself."

"But I tell you I shall not die."

The conversation, interrupted by the warriors who came forward to bind the prisoner, was not renewed until all the preparations for torture had been completed. Then Hardy again approached with tearful eyes, and asked Forest if he had no dying request to make—no word to send to the settlement.

"I've done my best to save yer, boy," said the old man, as he wrung his fettered hand, "done my best, but it haint of no use. I've offered ter die in yer place, but they wont let me. I did think of makin' er fight of it before I stood by and saw yer murdered, but ther red devils have taken all my arms away from me. See, they haint even left me er knife."

"It matters not, Ben. I thank you for your kindness, but would not let you die in my place even if the Indians were willing."

"But you have some word to send home?"

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"I'll take the message myself. I shall be going that way in a day or two," replied the prisoner, with a smile.

"I can't bear ter hear yer talk so. It's onnatural fer er man standing with one foot in the grave ter be laughin' at death."

"But have I not told you that I am not going to die?"

"Perhaps yer think Lightning will give himself up and save yer? I did think so myself once."

"I tell you I can save myself."

"Don't be too confident."

"Then, if I should fail, snatch a rifle from the hands of some of the Indians, and shoot me through the heart before the fire begins to burn my flesh. Will you do it, Ben Hardy?"

"I—I—shoot you!" gasped the trapper, between sobs he was vainly striving to keep down.

"Certainly. It would be an act of kindness."

"Ef I do, may I be blessed, for yer see—"

Forced to stand aside by the warriors, Ben Hardy's explanation was lost to the world. Taking his position against a tree where he could see all that was passing, he stood more like a statue than a man, waiting the end. With taunting words and gesture the savages danced around their victim—playing cat-like with their prey. But if they expected any symptoms of fear, they were sadly disappointed. Still the smile was on the lips of the prisoner; still the flush upon brow and cheek; still the fearless light in his eyes. With their knives ready for the throwing, with their strong-headed arrows strained upon the bow-string, with the fagots piled, and ready for the firing, he yet quailed not.

"The pale-face is a great brave," they whispered each to the other; "but when the hot tongue of the flames is lapping up his breath, and the red coals broiling above his heart, he will grow faint and whine like a young squaw."

"That time will never come," replied the prisoner, defiantly.

"Let the torture begin," commanded the chief.

"Beware, red man!" came in tones of thunder, as if from the clouds. "The Great Spirit is angry with you."

Astonished by the interruption, the hands that were raised to hurl the knives and send the arrows deep into the unprotected flesh, dropped as if paralyzed by their sides. The voice of the Manitou speaking to them as they had never heard it before, thrilled their very hearts with terror. For a time all was silence—all fear. Then, as nothing occurred to startle them, their natural blood-thirsty dispositions again took entire possession of their breasts, and the most reckless clamored for the torture. But before a step was taken, before a knife could be raised or an arrow re-strung again, the voice rang in their ears, but this time as if from the ground beneath their feet.

"Why dare you tempt my anger? Fear you not my curse? Disobey my will, and when your cornfields are blasted, when the sweet brooks are dried up, when the game flies afar, and your wives and little ones beg in vain for food, when your enemies triumph over you, and the black fiends of smallpox and pestilence stalk through your villages, call upon me for help, and see how I will answer."

Great as was the effect upon the warriors, it was far more so, was terrible, upon the medicine man. Like one suddenly stricken with palsy he stood trembling, with open mouth and fixed eyes for a time, and then fell insensible to the ground. He who had practised upon the superstitious fears of his fellows for many years, was overawed by a master power—stricken dumb by a mystery that he could not fathom. Age and hot blood had done the rest, and when they raised him, a hollow groan escaped from his lips. It was the last lung-beat, and the old man was dead.

Meanwhile, and during the confusion, the Indian girl Nee-bin had not been idle. When the attention of all was turned from the prisoner, she glided swiftly behind him and released him from his fetters. None except the old trapper Hardy had seen her, and their consternation was greatly increased when Forest kicked aside the fagots, and stepping to the side of the chief, demanded whether or no he was free.

"Free? The great Manitou has claimed thee as his own. You are his child. Go. The hand that is raised against thee is accursed."

"Free! free!" rang from every lip save one, and all gathered around the late prisoner to do him honor. The great Manitou had spoken both from the clouds and the earth in his favor, and who dared dispute the fiat?

All but one were his firm friends for life, and that one was the mother of the murdered man. Screaming at the top of her voice, croaking like a carrion buzzard, she came, demanding justice.

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"When Way-wass-i-mo is found, then may she ask for revenge," replied the chief. "Until that hour let the squaw be dumb"

"Way-wass-i-mo is here!" replied a strong, manly, fearless voice, and the young warrior, painted and decked as if for a holiday, entered the circle, and took his place at the stake.

"In the name of goodness what did you come here for?" demanded Forest and Hardy in a breath.

"The name of a son of a chieftain must not be coupled with shame. Let the fire be lighted. I am ready for the torture. Long have I been watching, and had not the Great Spirit given freedom to my pale brother, these hands would have done so. Come, sharpen your knives, strain your arrows to the head, and light the fire. Way-wass-i-mo fears not death! He knows not the meaning of the word."

Eager for revenge, the aged squaw sprang forward, knife and torch in hand, but the chief laid his hand heavily upon her, and rendered her powerless.

"Not by the hand of a woman must a warrior die. Nobly has he redeemed his honor. Freely he gives his life for another. He has acted the part of a man, and shall die as one. Nothing of disgrace must come to him in death."

"But why must he die?" asked Forest.

"It is the law of the tribe. His own blood must pay for that which he has shed."

"He was but protecting the honor of his wife."

"She was not his wife."

"In a few days she would have been so. In the eyes of the Manitou it is the same."

Many of the bravest and best of the nation favored this view of the matter, especially as they were still fearful of the interference of the Manitou. But the law had never been broken—there was no precedent for the act of mercy. Then, too, the cries of the sonless mother were ringing in their ears, and she could not be quieted.

Against all odds, the two trappers still fought for the life of the Indian, but in vain. Vainly, also, they strove to purchase his life, and with sad hearts they saw him bound to the stake.

"Ef ther Manitou is a good spirit he'll save that ar feller's life," said Hardy.

"And he will, in the same manner that he saved mine," replied Forest, as he turned away, called by a new outbreak in the encampment.

True to her word, the betrothed of the prisoner stood by his side, with her arms firmly clasped around his neck, vowing that if he suffered she would die also. Never before had such an exhibition of woman's love been seen in the tribe. It was a sight they were not prepared for, a feeling they could little understand.

"Tear them asunder!" thundered the chief. "The girl to her wigwam and the warrior to death."

"If one dies, both must!" came in a ghastly whisper to all ears, but from whence, all were puzzled to decide, until those who stood nearest to the dead Medicine declared that though his lips moved not, the sound issued from his body.

"If it be so," replied the chief, "if indeed the dead can speak, then man must listen and obey, for it is the voice of the Great Spirit. Listen."

"Way-wass-i-mo must not die," again was heard issuing from the stiff and ashy lips of the dead Medicine. "Like the pale face he must go free."

Without waiting a decision the old trapper released the Lightning and his wife, and before the tribe could recover from their terror the four were on their way to Hardy's cabin.

Perhaps there were some doubters among the red men as to the interference of the great Manitou, but against the superstition of the tribe they wisely held their tongues. To the young warrior and his betrothed the mystery was never explained, but the mind of the old trapper was enlightened a short time subsequently, and he was fully posted as to the power of a VENTRILOQUIST.

THE PIG AND THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Mr. Gossee, in the history of the birds of Jamaica, gives an amusing account of the mocking-bird. The hogs are, it seems, the creatures that give him the most annoyance. They are ordinarily fed upon the inferior oranges, the fruit being shaken down to them in the evening; hence they acquire the habit of resorting to the orange tree for a lucky windfall. The mocking-bird, feeling nettled at the intrusion, flies down and begins picking away at the hog with all its might. Piggy, not understanding the matter, but pleased with the titillation, gently lies down and turns up his broad side to enjoy it. The poor bird gets in an agony of distress, pecks again and again, but only increases the enjoyment of the luxurious intruder, and at last is compelled to give it up.

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THE DESERTED HOMESTEAD.

BY EDWARD P. NOWELL.

Decayed and brown the old house lonely stands
Beneath the elm-tree's flecked and shifting shade,
Denoting Time's imperative commands—
That earthly things but bloom to early fade.

The great square chimney with its gaping top,
The windows leering like lithe spectres grim,
While summer evenings' stealthy shadows drop, —
Their peak-like fragments render them less dim.

The mossy curb-roof of its shelter shorn,
Whose fissures wide the spider strives to close;
The hingeless door, reclining, seems to mourn
Its long-lost friend, the fragrant climbing rose.

Within, the creaking floors a tale relate
Of vanished scenes now with the Past entombed,
When all these rooms re-echoed with the prate
Of those whose hearts to claim no care presumed.

Unfeeling Time! what changes hast thou wrought
Within this dwelling, all forsaken now,
In which the worthy parents early sought
With traits of truth their offspring to endow.

Where are the members of this household good,
Who erstwhile gave these rooms a pleasing guise;
Who by their footsteps, where the tables stood,
Wore thin the floor and made the nails uprise?

* * * * * *

Down by the winding wall a willow waves,
The ivy clings around a modest pale;
In this enclosure lifts a line of graves—
Yon home yields all to that "within the vail."

The little ones were smitten by the stroke
Of cureless maladies, and borne away
O'er death's cold, sullen stream, which wholly broke
The mother's heart upon that tearful day.

Like Rachel mourning for her loved and lost,
Refusing comfort from her Ramah friends;
So was this mother on the ocean tost
Of bitter sorrow, which no solace lends!

But Death, the sable sovereign, loosed the cord
Which bound the broken-hearted to her grief,
And all her tears were dried when with the Lord
She knelt, adoring him who brought relief.

Alone the stricken father walked on earth,
Alone he lived beneath his humble roof;
Yet not alone, since of the second birth
His heart in resignation gave the proof.

The dear Redeemer dwelt with him below,
And gave him faith and trust, with calm content;
Life's river flowed where fruitful fig-trees grow,
His peace was sure because 'twas heaven-sent.

Thus age crept on the head of this good man,
And with the precious Bible on his knee,
He sat upon his door-stone, where began
The life beyond time's rough and stormy sea.

Thus was he found—his head bowed o'er that Book,
Which was his rod and staff in life and death;
His face wore heavenly smiles, as though he took
And kissed the Saviour's hand with latest breath!

RATS AND WATERFALLS.

BY MARY L. A. KELLOGG.

"BETTIE, you have not got my rats in even, one is higher than the other," I said to my maid on the morning after my arrival in the country, at the farmhouse of Mr. Slayton, where I had been sent to recruit my health.

"Why I thought they looked even."

"I don't care what you think, you seem bent on making me look like a fright. There, that will do. What a pity it is that there isn't two looking-glasses so that I can see how my waterfall looks; but then I could not expect to find everything convenient out here in the country; I was very fortunate in securing rooms and board in a private family where there were no other boarders."

"You are very particular this morning, Miss Nellie; you are expecting Mr. Mansel this evening."

"You are very impertinent, Bettie, I want my hair dressed becomingly and my rats even, if I am in the country; that's no reason that you should make me look like a fright."

"Don't you think," said Bettie, "that *Harry* Slayton is a fine-looking young gentleman?"

"He looks very well for a country lad."

"I think he is real handsome," pursued Bettie, earnestly, "he has got such a splendid moustache!"

"Well, Bettie, perhaps you had better set your cap for Harry Slayton, as you think his

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moustache is so splendidly magnificent."

"I don't want to set my cap for him, because you know that Jerry and I are to be married this fall."

"Yes, yes, I know. Well, I suppose that there will not be any chance for poor Harry and his magnificent moustache in that direction. There, Mrs. Slayton is calling breakfast is ready; I must go down."

As I seated myself at the table, I heard little Jimmy Slayton whisper to his brother Dick, a handsome, black-eyed rogue of fifteen, "see her hair! s'pose we do up our colt's tail that way. And see those balls on the sides of her head; just like those on our steers' horns."

A threatening look from his father soon silenced little Jimmy, although I caught Dick's roguish eyes slily peeping at my head more than once during the meal.

After breakfast I took Bettie and went out for a short walk over the fields. Returning, highly delighted with everything I saw, I had nearly reached the house, when I was stopped by Dick calling out:

"Please stop a moment, Miss Willis; I would like to see you a few minutes before you go into the house."

I turned back wondering what Dick might want of me; he was leading a horse and carrying two great rats by their tails very daintily, a piece of faded red ribbon and a sort of a comb, that Bettie afterwards informed me was a curry-comb.

"See here," said Dick, "I want to do up this colt's tail in the latest fashion. I don't exactly know how to put these rats in; will you please turn around and let me see, or would you be kind enough to show me?" he said, holding out one of the rats, and backing the colt around a little nearer to me than was agreeable.

I stared at him in astonishment, and involuntarily retreated from the neighborhood of the colt.

"O, I see how it is done," cried Dick; "you just lay them in and roll the hair over them. Hold still, Prince!" he continued, addressing the horse, "hold still a few minutes longer, and I'll fix you up tiptop."

Prince held still, and in an incredibly short space of time, before I had recovered from my astonishment at these unheard-of proceedings, his tail was done up in a very good imitation of my head.

When Black Prince found himself fashionably attired in the rear, he signified his approval of the proceedings by a gratified snort, kicked up his heels, jerked the halter from Dick's hand, and dashed off on a fashionable promenade, with the heads of the two rats dangling and the red ribbon streaming in the wind, to the no small amusement of Dick and Jimmy Slayton, who swung their hats and hurrahed for Niagara.

I attempted to fly as the horse neared my vicinity, but my feet slipped and I pitched headlong against Bettie who fell heavily over a hen-coop that stood close by, spilling out the old hen, frightening and scattering the chickens in every direction.

The hen, highly exasperated at this intrusion on her domestic peace, instantly gave battle and flew first into Bettie's face then into mine, not knowing which was the intruder. Bettie, more frightened than hurt, scrambled up and ran into the house, leaving me to the tender mercies of the old hen. Biddy, fully determined to hold her position, flapped her wings in my face and buried her claws in my hair, tearing down my waterfall and scratching out my rats. I was forced to beat a hasty retreat, leaving the old hen victor, and in full possession of the field.

On regaining my chamber, I found myself to be in a very dilapidated condition. It was some time before I looked like myself again; but thanks to Bettie's indefatigable exertions, I was ready for dinner in season. As I entered the dining-room, Mrs. Slayton introduced me to grandma Slayton.

"How do you do, my dear?" said grandma Slayton, looking at me over her spectacles.

"Poor child," she said, advancing and laying her hand on my head, "poor child, you've had the rickets dreffully, haint you? A bunch grown out on both sides of your head, and a great big one behind! Have you ever doctored any for the rickets? Now I can tell you what will cure you. My darter Susan's little Bennie had the rickets dreffully, and Dr. Simpleton ordered him to rub his head with Russia salve, and to take Ayer's pills. Now you take six Ayer's pills every night, just before you go to bed, and rub your head three times a day with that salve, and it will cure you right straight off."

"No," said I, indignantly, for I had attempted a number of times to explain, and arrest the old lady's torrent of words, "no, I haven't got the rickets! My hair is done up in the latest fashion. I rat my front hair and waterfall my back hair."

"Speak a little louder, dear; I am old and hard of hearing; speak a little louder. What

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did you say ailed your father's black mare? Got the heaves, did you say? Give Ayer's pills and rub on Russia salve, it's dreffull good for horses."

"No," said little Jimmy, running up to his grandma, and screaming out, "she didn't say anything about her father's black mare; she said she ratted her hair."

"Deary me! got rats in her hair? Jimmy, run up garret and bring down the rat-trap, and we'll catch 'em. You must have a deal of hair, child, for the rats to make a nest in."

"I have got considerable hair," I said, impatiently; "but there was no need of your sending for a rat-trap, for I have not got a rat's nest in my hair!"

"O Lordy massy! she has got a rattlesnake in her hair!" screamed grandma Slayton, "she's got a rattlesnake in her hair!" Hereupon, I tried to explain, but she was so intent upon the rattlesnake, that she could listen to nothing, but continued her flight from the room. In her haste, she stumbled over a chair, which went crash against the table, upsetting that and breaking the dishes, while her screams of rattlesnake were redoubled.

Just then Bettie came in, and hearing rattlesnake, screamed "where, where?" and thinking it to be in the immediate neighborhood, rushed for the door, calling out to me to follow. She had reached the fire-place when she, too, fell,—tripped up by the hearth-rug, and falling over the dog that lay there quietly sleeping.

Poor Nero's piteous yelping, mingled with Bettie's and grandma Slayton's screams, Jimmy's shouting and laughing, soon brought Mrs. Slayton to the rescue. She calmed grandma Slayton, and explained the mystery, re-assured Bettie and soothed the poor dog, and in her quiet, motherly way soon made matters all right.

"Well," said the old lady, when all was calm again, "fashions have changed masterly since I was a young gal! But then things aint as they used to be; in my young days the gals combed their hair straight back, tied it up behind and done it up with a wooden comb. But then things aint as they used to be." And with this remark, the old lady subsided into her chair.

And I came to the conclusion the country was not exactly the place to follow the fashions in, especially the latest fashion of dressing hair.

RELIEVED.

BY B. C. LEECH.

Down in the lone thicket,
On duty as picket,
Where country had called him to watch the long night,
There he lay as if sleeping,
The boughs o'er him weeping,
With Venus yet keeping
Her vigil still bright;
The roseate morn in its beauty was breaking,
But those eyes now forever were closed to the sight.

No loved father nor mother,
No kind sister nor brother,
To wipe the cold damps from the forehead so fair:
O, not even one other—
The true-hearted lover,
To smooth the soft curls of his dewy-gemm'd hair!
'Twas a form of great beauty
There relieved from its duty,
From earth unto heaven its blessings to share.

With the sod for his pillow,
There beneath the swamp-willow
We have laid him to rest in his manhood and bloom;
With no shroud to enfold him,
And no coffin to hold him,
In his long quiet sleep in the patriot's tomb;
There the birds sing above him,
Ever tenderly love him,
And the wild flowers around shed their richest perfume.

How peaceful his slumbers!
One more heaven numbers,
A spirit has flown to the land of the blest;
The flowers for his marble,
Above him the warble
Of nature's fair songsters float sweet o'er his breast;
All life's duties are over,
'Neath the dew-scented clover,
Sleep on in thy glory!—rest, soldier, rest!

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BESSIE BROWN'S MISTAKE.

BY MATTHEW VINTON.

My name is Harry Brown. I beseech Heaven's choicest blessings to rest forever upon the head of him or her through whose kind cranium first flashed the idea of calling me that precious cognomen. I am glad my given name is nothing but Harry—my surname nothing but Brown. I thank my mother that she married the man she did. Otherwise I might have been a Harry Jones, a Harry Smith, or a Harry Green. I thank my paternal grandmother, and my great grandmother, and my great great grandmother, and the great great grandmothers of all their grandmothers' great grandmothers, for choosing husbands by the name of Brown. Otherwise I might have been a Bill Swiggins, possibly, or a Bob Plunkett, or Jim Griffith, instead of Harry Brown. And I bless with eternal gratitude my grandfathers, back to the remotest twig of the remotest bough of the ancestral tree of Browns, for not remaining bachelors. In that case, where alas, should I have been? And yet, I vow to you, reader, on the veracity of an honorable man, that it would have been better for me to have stayed nowhere forever, than to have come into the world and taken any other name than the one I now bear. That cognomen has been the golden hinge on which has swung open for me the gate of earthly bliss. To it I owe—but I anticipate.

I had been rusticating for a fortnight in one of the loveliest villages that ever nestled down among the green hills of the Granite State. I had enjoyed to my utmost capacity for enjoyment the different recreations by which a city gentleman bent on an excursion for health or pleasure, manages to while away his time. I fished, hunted and sailed—sailed, hunted and fished, until the unvarying routine began to grow monotonous and to pall upon my taste,—until I longed to be back once more in the bustle and activity of my city life. Don't call me a barbarian, dear lover of rural solitudes and country pleasures. I never could endure the country more than three weeks at a time, in my life. The old love of nature has not quite died out of my bosom. I like to go back once in a while to the green woods, the grassy fields, and meadow brooks that knew me when I was a boy. But the tall, bearded man with the world's care-marks in his face and in his heart, is not the same joyous lad who walked bare-footed through the brown cow-paths, tore his corduroys while climbing the knotty trees, built miniature mill-dams across the brooks, and stoned squirrels in the woods. He tries sometimes to convince himself that it is so—to relish with the olden gusto all the sights and sounds he loved so well in boyhood. But the world's hand has been at his heart for years, severing one by one the cords that bind him to the dear spirit of his youth. And so the outgrown past sits as awkwardly on his matured manhood, as would the little cast-off corduroys upon the stalwart figure he brings back to the olden haunts.

But where am I? As I said, I was getting weary of rusticating, and had quite come to the conclusion that another day should find me en route for the city, when one morning as I sat lounging on the piazza of the little hotel which had been my abiding place, smoking a choice Havana, and lazily watching the blue curls of smoke that rose up like a fragrant mist above my head, the lumbering old stage-coach which brought in passengers from the adjoining town, rattled up to the door. Now that may seem an unimportant event to chronicle, but no one would have thought so who could have seen the solitary passenger it brought. Have I forgot to mention that I was a bachelor, reader? Forgive the omission. The knowledge will be indispensable to you in understanding the great degree of interest I manifested, and the wide-awake look which dilated my eyes, as a pair of the prettiest, most neatly gaitered little feet in the world made their appearance upon the wooden steps of the old coach. I always did admire a dainty, slender, plump little foot on a woman. Following the feet came a pretty, girlish figure habited in a brown riding dress. I looked anxiously for the face. Alas! an envious blue veil hid it from my sight. But I caught a glimpse of a small, gloved hand, the glimmer of a single golden curl dancing out of the jaunty, blue-veiled hat, heard one of the most musical "thank you sirs" ad-

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dressed to the rough-looking driver, who handed out from the coach a crimson carpet-bag and a brown parasol, and then—and then—well, I don't know exactly what followed, only that the little feet tripped past me into the hotel, and I went off in a fit of visionary romancing, such as susceptible young bachelors are apt to indulge in when they have nothing else to employ their time. I thought what if I owned just such a pair of little feet—not to walk on, not to support my great, tall body—but owned them just as they were then, peeping in and out of that brown travelling habit. I thought what if I had a home—a real cosy, nice bird's-nest of a home, and those little feet should make music tripping through its rooms. I wondered how I should feel bargaining for gaiters—cloth gaiters; what sort of a sensation would creep over me if there should ever be a whole head covered over with clusters of just such golden curls as that one, to nestle on my breast, if ever such a dear little hand as that should flutter in the grasp of mine—if ever—whew!—I believe I am making a fool of myself with my confession. I dreamed a deal more, however—dreamed till my fancies began to get troublesome and taunting, and then I got up and sauntered down the street to rid myself of them.

I can't say exactly how far my morning walk extended, or how many streets I traversed, but I know that when I got back to the hotel, and sauntered leisurely up stairs to my room, my thoughts were still running a wild goose chase after yellow ringlets, and number three gaiters, kid-tipped and high in the instep. I thought, too, that as business wasn't very pressing in the city at that time, and it was really for my health to remain in the country as long as possible, why, if the coach should happen to leave me the next day, it wouldn't be such a serious matter. I wondered if the young lady just arrived was intending to stop any length of time in the village, and if so, whether she admired mustachios and heavy beards (my face was as shaggy as a bear's), and if she was timid, and dared not venture out in a sail-boat, with a nice young man to rescue her, in case said boat should overturn.

At this stage of my cogitations, I reached the door of my room. It was slightly ajar, and a soft female voice was humming "Nellie Gray." Surprised and perplexed by so strange a circumstance, I stopped and peeped in before entering. Arrows of Cupid! Could I trust my own senses? Shades of romance! Was I in my right mind? Seated upon the carpet in the centre of the room, in an attitude of childish abandon, with both hands coolly rummaging my portmanteau, was a coquettishly attired young lady, whom I at once recognized as the divinity of the stage-coach, by her brown travelling suit, and the color of the heavy cloud of curls that drifted soft and silken, over her shoulders. Her back was towards the door, but a partial turning of the head gave me a one-side view of her face, which made me think instantly of an arbutus blossom, so fresh and delicately-colored was it.

But what upon earth was she doing in my room, and with my portmanteau? Was the girl insane? Evidently not, if I was any reader of faces. While I stood, transfixed with amazement, and not knowing whether to go in and frighten the intruder away, or stand where I was and watch her movements, she suddenly broke off in the middle of her tune, and commenced talking to herself. I listened eagerly.

"O, Harry, Harry Brown—the rogue! I wonder what he would say if he knew *I* was here?"

Mysteries upon mysteries! She knew my name, then. What in the deuce did it mean? What would I say to know she was there, indeed? The question seemed strikingly appropriate.

"Thought he'd serve me a mighty fine trick, didn't he? Take me by surprise, eh? Wont he get caught in his own trap, as sure as my name is Bessie? O, it's enough to make a ghost laugh to think of it," and the little witch broke into a peal of laughter—laughter with melody enough in it to set up a dozen nightingales and as many larks in business. What did she mean?

"Wonder if he never carries any more in his valise than this!—three old dickies, a pair of stockings that look as if a little yarn wouldn't damage the toes, a cigar, a crumpled vest, some fishing-tackle, a dirty almanac, a bunch of old letters, a soiled necktie, a pair of old slippers, a powder flask, an odd glove, three handkerchiefs, and—as—I—l-i-v-e—a *daguerreotype!*"

I felt myself blushing hotly to the very tips of my ears, as she slowly enumerated the contents of my valise, lifting them daintily with her thumb and finger, and then laying them down one by one beside her. I forgot that she had no business there—forgot that nothing but the most unpardonable and unlady-

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like impertinence could have prompted her thus to act—forgot everything save the single fact that a young, beautiful woman was making merry at the expense of my wardrobe. For a moment I wished she had looked into my trunk instead of my portmanteau. I was vain enough to think the respectable assortment of nicely stitched linen, the silk kerchiefs the fashionable neckties, the spotless vests of snowy Marseilles, the unsoiled kids, and the array of clean, white hose, would have given her a more flattering opinion of me.

"Goodness, gracious! what a homely miniature! Looks old enough to be his mother. Why, the mouth is twisted clear round to one ear and the nose to the other. The eyes are crooked, and the hair is spatted down on the forehead, for all the world like the little mud pies I used to make when I was small and played in the dirt. Wonder if that's his lady-love? I'll never speak to him again, if it is."

It was a daguerreotype of my old maid aunt, Miranda, that she was examining. My lady-love! I couldn't bear to have her think so poorly of my taste, and should certainly have thundered out an indignant "no" if curiosity to see and hear what she would do and say next had not checked me.

"Now if I don't serve a trick on that Harry Brown, then may I die an old maid! Wonder how these stockings would fit me?"

With a merry laugh she drew on the ragged hose over those same beautiful feet I had admired so fervently, and then thrust over them the pair of worn slippers she had found in the valise. As if pleased with the experiment, she continued to add the stray articles of my attire to her own dress, till in spite of my indignation I could scarcely refrain from laughing outright at the grotesque figure she cut. One of my dickies was enthroned on her slender throat, concealing her dainty lace collar; my old vest was drawn over her neatly fitting merino basque, and a red silk handkerchief was knotted into an impromptu cap, into which she gathered the heavy masses of her amber hair. Then she got up and scuffed about the apartment, while I was obliged to withdraw my eyes from the crevice in the door, fearful of being seen.

"And now for the trick on you, Master Harry," she said, after capering about the room a few moments and surveying herself in the long mirror with bursts of childish laughter. "Let me see if I can't give you a surprise. I hope you wont keep me waiting long."

She drew the sofa out a little ways from the wall, and ensconced herself behind it. It was very evident that she intended to conceal herself there until my return. What she meant to do then, unless it was to jump out and frighten me, I could not imagine. A bold thought struck me. I crept softly down stairs, waited a moment to catch my breath, and then went whistling up again, making all the noise I could. I marched unconsciously into my room and threw myself down on the sofa, taking a great deal of pains not to see anything behind it, although there was a little nervous tremor of agitation, and wonder at my heart to know how the mystery was to end.

A second of time served to convince me. There was a slight rustle behind me which I resolutely declined hearing, and then a pair of satiny arms, white as swan's down, were thrown about my neck, two tapering fingers pressed down my eyelids till I could not see, and a warm red mouth left kiss after kiss upon my unresisting cheeks. Rose leaves and honey! Those dainty, delicious, dewy kisses! The very memory of them makes my cheeks tingle now!

"Delightful! delicious! intoxicating!" I cried, as soon as I was released from my mysterious thraldom. "By my faith, I vow paradise were a poor exchange for such a dainty treat as you have given me. My life for one more kiss!"

It was an extravagant speech, I know, but you must make all due allowances, reader. As I spoke, I turned about and faced the lovely unknown.

Good heavens, what a change came over that arch, laughing face! You should have seen the sudden start, the wild, frightened look that flashed into her blue eyes after the first, quick glance into my face. You should have seen as I did, the vivid crimson leap up to cheek, throat and forehead. You should have seen the small, white hands clasped across her eyes in bashful terror, and heard the smothered scream of affright that broke over her rose-red lips. And then you should have seen her horrified glance of confusion, dismay, mortification and perplexity at her queer apparel.

"Excuse me, sir. I—I," she stammered at last, "indeed—I—you—I did not intend—I thought—O, gracious goodness!"

Again the little white hands made a screen for the burning cheeks and drooping eyes. I waited for her to finish.

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"I—I understood that this was Mr. Brown's room."

"You understood rightly," I replied, more and more mystified.

"Mr. Harry Brown's?"

"Yes— Mr. Harry Brown's."

"But—but—O dear, what have I done?"

There was a real look of distress upon her face—an expression of genuine pain not to be misunderstood. Here followed a burst of hysterical laughter, a succession of sobs, and then a sudden rush of passionate, self-humiliating tears.

"Don't, don't, my—" darling, I had almost added, in my blundering attempt to console her, for I began to comprehend that there was a mistake somewhere, and to pity my weeping and chagrined companion.

All at once she lifted her face and saw the open door. Before I could comprehend her movement, she sprang past me, bounded through the door, and darted up stairs. I heard one of my slippers dropped in her flight, and the dragging sound of the other as she entered the room above me. An hour afterwards as I sat by my window, a note was handed in to me by a servant. Breaking the seal, I read as follows:

"MR. HARRY BROWN:—I owe you an explanation and apology for my conduct of an hour ago; while at the same time I am painfully conscious that no excuse which I can frame will ever do away from your mind the unfavorable impression which my apparently rude, unmaldenly act must have occasioned. The circumstances are simply these. My name is Bessie Brown. You will notice that I bear the same surname with yourself, and you will, perhaps, be further enlightened, when I inform you that I have a brother Harry. For a number of summers past, it has been my custom to spend my school vacations here, and during my stay I have always before occupied the room which is now yours, until I naturally became attached to it, and upon my arrival here to-day hastened to engage it, or rather to make the attempt, for to my disappointment I found it already had an occupant. I playfully asked the landlord the name of the person who had engaged it, telling him I should certainly make the trial of dislodging you, as I could not feel at home in any other part of the hotel. To my surprise, and not a little to my delight, he gave me the name of Harry Brown. I instantly jumped to the conclusion that it was my brother, who had preceded me to H—, with the intention of giving me a pleasant surprise. He was aware of my anticipated visit here, and as I have not seen him for nearly a year and a half, the suspicion was quite a natural one. The possibility of its being anybody but him never entered my mind. I immediately made myself at home in what I supposed to be his room, and spying his valise unlocked and half-way open, under the table, took the liberty of a spoiled and petted sister to make myself acquainted with its contents. I planned a method by which to make the surprise on his side instead of mine, and you know the rest. I can never forgive myself for the part I have acted, for although you are unknown to me, and probably will always remain so, I cannot forfeit lightly or without pain, the respect of a stranger even.

"I return the garments of yours, in which I must have figured so ludicrously. Begging you to look as leniently as possible upon my mad freak, I am, very regretfully,

BESSIE BROWN."

In reply, I sent the following:

"MISS BESSIE BROWN:—Your explanation is perfectly satisfactory. Any one would be insane, after so simple and frank an elucidation of the matter (which I must confess puzzled as well as startled me at first), to put any wrong construction upon your conduct—and I should forget the courtesy of a true gentleman, if I did not beg you to dismiss the subject from your mind, unless you can remember it as a laughable, and—to me—at least, pleasurable incident. Give yourself no uneasiness—the affair is a secret until you yourself choose to divulge it.

"Allow me to add, in conclusion—and do not I beg you, think me presuming—that no temptation on earth could be strong enough (unless it be the one of saving you from your present unnecessary and undeserved self-reproach), to induce me to have this little adventure cancelled from my experience. With much respect, your obedient servant.

HARRY BROWN."

That evening I saw her at the supper-table. A graceful inclination of the head, a grateful smile, and a blush which made her whole face and neck crimson, was my reward. The next morning I insisted upon giving my room up to her and taking the one above it. I had previously booked myself for another fort-

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night's stop at the H— hotel. Who blames me?

Acquaintances never ripen so fast as under the sunshine of some such auspicious adventure. During the ensuing fortnight, I discovered that Miss Bessie Brown would trust herself in a sail-boat with proper protection, that she could ride horseback with grace and spirit, was fond of moonlight promenades, ice-creams, etc., etc. Before I left the village of H— we were fast friends, and I had paid back those delicious kisses, which I could not but acknowledge were obtained under false pretences, and consequently did not belong to me. If I threw in a few extra ones, whose business is it but Bessie's and mine?

I am no longer a bachelor. This very week my pretty little wife and I paid our annual visit to the H— hotel, which witnessed the novel commencement of our sweet acquaintance. We occupy the same room together now, and only yesterday afternoon Bessie put on an old handkerchief over her head—she has worn her hair in braids for nearly two years—buttoned a dicky about her throat, drew on a vest, thrust her feet in a pair of my slippers, and after scuffing about the room awhile, came up behind the sofa where I was sitting, put her arms about my neck, her white fingers over my eyes, and kissed me till I was quite out of breath.—Bless her!

LOVE AND DUTY.

BY KATE PUTNAM.

THEY were all sitting in the moonlight on the low piazza that stretched around the old house. Frank Willard and Marion Lowe had drawn a little apart, absorbed in each other as usual, but the rest were grouped together, discussing a play from which some of the party had just returned. It was the old story. The heroine, through four acts, had been all love and devotion to the hero, dying for him, finally, just at the time when, as it appeared, it would have been in every way a much more satisfactory arrangement if she had lived. Public opinion was divided, but the general conclusion seemed to be that all this was rather a bore.

"An excess of sweets," observed one. "Too much sugar injures the constitution."

"For my part," said Laura Wynne, a slender, graceful creature, with black hair and dangerous blue eyes, "I wouldn't give one straw for a man whom I couldn't sometimes torment."

"Amiable creature!" said her cousin, Charles Lowell, in a stage aside.

"You may laugh, Charles, but I hate a perpetual calm. I should rather enjoy having my lover now and then go off in a fit of anger—"

"Provided he didn't explode in the operation, I suppose?" put in the torment, Charles.

Laura very properly treated the interruption with the silent contempt it deserved, and continued:

"But then he must always come back most humbly, and be more devoted than ever, to make up for his naughtiness."

As Miss Wynne finished this little speech, she met, from a pair of unmistakably Southern eyes, a look which sent the blood to her cheek. Their owner, after a short pause, addressed the young lady in a low voice.

"That is your idea of a man's love, is it, Miss Wynne? Shall I tell you what I think a woman's ought to be?"

"If you like."

Spoken carelessly, and with a defiant flash in the glance which met his.

"It should be true, passionate and unwavering, careless of all beside, swallowed up in another existence, and ready to die for or with its object."

Charles Lowell, who had overheard this speech, mischievously chose to ignore the fact that it had not been intended for his ears.

"Upon my word," laughed he, sending a withered rose after a cat that ran across the garden, "your requirements, especially that last proviso, somewhat outstrip our Northern ideas. There peeped out the cloven foot. The 'peculiar institution' has somewhat colored your views, my fine fellow."

Mr. Ashby looked in a degree annoyed at these comments.

"Had I supposed," he said, somewhat haughtily, "that Mr. Lowell was doing me the honor to attend to my poor remarks, I might have hesitated to offer them. Since my views are to be publicly discussed, how-

ever, I can only say that I ask no more than I should be ready to give."

"Well, I can only rejoice that I am not the future Mrs. Ashby."

"Being so fascinating that you conclude my choice must of course be yourself, were you *Miss* instead of *Mr.* Lowell."

"Precisely. Laura, you seem absorbed in the contemplation of that interesting couple yonder. Perhaps Mr. Willard is your ideal?"

"A little too much in the play-book style, isn't he?" returned Laura, laughing. "He is appreciated now, but if I were the object of his devotion, I am afraid he would 'waste his sweetness on the desert air.'"

"And that would be so sad. But, my love, I can't have you quoting poetry at this rate. It's a bad sign when 'lovely woman' gets on the sentimental tack. Nothing but a new bonnet has the least effect on her tender sensibilities at such a time. And you're beginning already to look pale, I see. Is it the melancholy moonlight, or a concealed jealousy of Mr. Willard, striving to find expression, or perhaps emotion caused by Mr. Ashby's truly harrowing picture of domestic bliss?'

"Or late hours, or intense weariness of a prosy cousin's long speeches?" retorted Laura, laughing. "You always had the most happy faculty of doing and saying everything but the right one; I will say *that* for you, Charles."

"Thank you," said Lowell, bending with mock devotion upon one knee, while he assisted her to put on the shawl which had fallen from her shoulders. "This moment repays me for the misery of a lifetime. 'You do me proud, and do yourself an honor.'"

"'I would sooner show twenty what to do, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own showing,'" quoted Laura. "Better practise your rules, Master Preacher."

"But I am not 'lovely woman,'" retorted he.

"Every one must fully agree with you as far as the adjective, certainly," said Laura, rising to enter the house. Ashby also left his seat, and approaching her spoke in a low tone, determined, apparently, not to be overheard this time:

"Will not this delicious moonlight tempt you to a stroll in the garden, Miss Laura? It is early yet, and I *must* have a word with you alone."

"I suppose to-morrow will serve for anything you may have to say," she answered. "I mustn't disregard the very plain hint I received, that I am losing my roses." And with a gay "*au revoir*," she fled up the stairs, mentally resolving that not for many a morrow should Norman Ashby speak that word.

The young man, left alone, bit his lip with vexation, unconscious of Lowell's somewhat malicious scrutiny. The shrewd eye of the latter serving him instead of hearing, had given him nearly as correct an idea of the substance of the conversation as if every word had been spoken before him. He rejoiced at the frustration of Ashby's designs, for there was no love lost between the two. Lowell was considerably the eldest; cultivated, keen, rather brilliant, and somewhat worldly, but with a good heart, despite certain pet prejudices therein entertained. Calm, not easily moved and well controlled, he could not sympathize with the quick impulses, the impetuosity and enthusiasm of Ashby's Southern nature; while the latter in turn disliked Lowell for the antagonism he instinctively felt in him, as well as for the practice, more than once detected, of adroitly turning into ridicule himself and his words, whenever opportunity offered. The truth is, that Charles, much older than his cousin Laura, and more than half a brother to the brotherless girl, had, at an early period, discovered the secret of Ashby's heart. Such a state of affairs was certainly neither alarming nor uncommon, considered by itself, but when his quick penetration began to discern symptoms of similar feelings on the part of Laura, he was not at all pleased; so set himself to ponder upon the best means of nipping in the bud this springing fancy. Perceiving that his cousin struggled against Ashby's influence, even while scarcely admitting to her own consciousness that she felt it, he was too wise to speak a word which could either reveal to her the true state of her heart, or enlist her sympathies in defence of the young man. Instead, he artfully attempted to turn him into ridicule, and twist his words from their original meaning into absurdities, being well aware that nothing disenchants a woman sooner than to behold her lover constantly in a ridiculous light. Ashby saw the game, and his blood sometimes boiled with indignation, but he never forgot that the offender was Laura's cousin; also, *mirabile dictu!* though a Southerner, he had no fondness for quarrelling in the abstract, so, restraining all outward expression of anger, he only now and then condescended to fight Charles with his own weapons. After all, the latter had not the best of the contest, for there was too much

native dignity and real nobility about Norman Ashby, to allow him to appear ridiculous, and Lowell's shots usually rebounded harmless. On the night in question the young man's patience was severely tried; but he was learning self-control wonderfully well, and, with the mental vow that to-morrow should end his uncertainties, he accomplished successfully the hard task of passing in silence Charles Lowell's somewhat mocking smile.

Alas for to-morrow! How many splendid designs has it frustrated! Even the most favored children of fortune are not always and altogether exempt from reverses, as Ashby discovered in his endeavors to decide his fate. If he asked Laura to walk, she was tired; to ride, she had a headache; would she dance? it was too warm; sail? she was excessively timid on the water. In fact, if those few days could serve as a criterion, one would unhesitatingly pronounce her a confirmed invalid, and a very cowardly one at that. Ashby was devoured with vexation at these subterfuges, knowing her scarcely ever ill, and by no means lacking in courage; yet what could he do save bite his moustache and grow gloomier and gloomier?—a fair mark for Charles Lowell's shafts of sarcasm. It was not until the fourth day of this trial of his endurance, that, by great good luck, he found Laura, who supposed him riding as usual at that hour, sitting alone down by the water. His heart leaped. At last, then!

"I thought you went out riding?" she said, starting at the sound of his step.

"So I did, but came back again. There is nothing unusual in that, I suppose?" he asked, rather enjoying her vexation at being thus surprised.

Apparently she did not hear the question; at any rate there was no answer, and he continued:

"You have a wonderful love of the water for one who is 'so timid' on it. May I have a share of your log?" for she was sitting down low on the beach, upon an old log close to the water's edge.

"You may have it all," she replied, hastily, "for I must go back and dress for dinner." And she would have risen, but he stretched forth his arm.

"One moment!" he said, for he was reckless at last. "I must say a few words to you; but if you prefer to go back and have a scene before all those people, I am ready. You can choose the place and the audience, but speak somewhere and without more delay, I will!"

He was thoroughly in earnest—Laura felt that in every low, firm accent. Yet, though conscious that it was all over with her, she nerved herself to betray nothing, but sat with folded hands and indifferent look and eyes gazing far away over the water, presenting, certainly, an aspect not the best calculated to encourage a lover. But Ashby was no "laggard in love," and, though all unconscious how fast the little heart was beating under that cold semblance, he resolved, come what might, to put an end to his doubts. Yet now that the long-sought opportunity was within his reach, there seemed to have fallen upon him a sudden spell of silence, forbidding any expression of the one absorbing emotion which filled his mind. Every beginning seemed more feeble and tame than the former, and despite his tumultuous doubts and hopes, or perhaps in consequence of their hurrying throng, he sat painfully silent. Laura, for her life, could not restrain a mischievous "Well?"

"O Laura, you know what I would say!" he exclaimed.

"You give me credit for too much discernment. I am sorry to disappoint your modesty by saying that I have not the least idea, *Mr.* Ashby," she replied, with haughty emphasis, in a well-feigned tone of indifference, which wounded him deeply.

"Have a *little* mercy for me!" he said, the pain he felt but too apparent in his voice.

Laura stole a look at him. The dejected attitude, the voice which he vainly endeavored to control, all moved her, and she involuntarily placed her hand on his arm, regretting the action a moment after, when he caught and held it, delight sparkling in his eyes.

"May I have it?" he asked, eagerly, while it trembled in his own.

"Of course not!" was the pettish reply, in a tone which all her efforts could not render quite steady.

"I will not take that denial until you look in my eyes and repeat it," said Ashby, artfully; and Laura was rash enough to accept the challenge. Vain attempt! After a moment the black eyes bore down the blue ones; her lashes fell and her head drooped lower and lower, until a shoulder somehow arrested this proceeding. She felt that there was no more use in concealment; the game was over and Ashby had won.

As they took their leisurely way to the hotel, they passed several sauntering groups,

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from one of which darted a lively girl with intent to arrest their progress.

"Laura Wynne!" she cried in amazement, "I thought that 'dreadful headache' wouldn't let you walk, and you have been gone the whole morning!"

"I have a presentiment," said Charles Lowell, who from the piazza had been attentively observing them, "that Laura wont be such a victim to the headache in future!"

As he spoke, he looked fixedly at his cousin, whose color rose beneath the meaning glance and tone. She gave him a little appealing look which brought him round to her side directly.

"So it is all settled?" he whispered. "I cannot say I am glad, Laura, but since the fates will have it so, I will promise to do my best at liking him."

He was as good as his word. Ceasing his sarcasm at Ashby's expense, he adopted a more sincere and friendly tone with the young man, whose haughtiness and distance, the inevitable result of Lowell's previous ill-concealed hostility, soon gave way before the change; while his true nature, now for the first time perceived by the other, so won upon him that it was not long ere he sought to continue for his own sake that friendship which he had undertaken in Laura's behalf.

At the end of the season they separated; but only to meet again in New York the ensuing winter. It was just before the rising of secession's storm, whose thunders were already beginning to mutter. Ashby was with Laura when the news of the first hostilities came, and his excitement at the tidings was naturally extreme.

"And I am here at the North!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "It is maddening! But I will not long be here."

Laura looked at him with wistful eyes. "Why would you go back?" she said.

He turned to look at her in surprise. "Why?" he repeated, "how can you ask me? What motive save one could urge me to return now?"

"You do not mean to take up arms against your country?"

"I mean to take up arms *for* my country—for the South," he returned. "Could you question it, Laura?"

"Are you resolved?" she asked.

"Is it my courage or my honor that you doubt?" he responded, excitedly. "I should be unworthy of my name—of you—if I could hesitate as to my course."

"O, think again!" she pleaded. "You know it must separate us."

"He stopped as if thunderstruck. "You *cannot* mean it?" he said, at last.

"How can I help it? Is it not plain that it must divide us?"

"No!" he exclaimed, "not if you love me. Would *I* let political troubles come between us? And my feelings upon the subject must be at least as strong as yours; for this storm threatens my own State—my very birthplace."

"But there is a difference," she said, timidly. "My sympathies are with the whole country, and yours with only a few Southern States. How can I marry a—"

"Yes, call me a traitor!" he said, bitterly, as she hesitated. "I knew that must come, but I little thought to hear it first from your lips."

"O hush!" she sobbed. "Could I ever call you that? I only meant an enemy, but it was too hard to say."

"But what a monstrous thing you ask of me!" burst forth Ashby, after a painful pause. "To turn against my country, and aid her foes—"

"No, no, I do not ask that—but only to be neutral. It would be too hard, I know, to fight against your friends and home, but you might refrain from taking any part in the struggle?"

"Yes, and die by inches in my forced inaction! and I hope I may, when I serve the South so! Forgive me for speaking thus to you, but my blood turns to flame when I think of acting such a cowardly part."

Lower and lower sank Laura's hopes as he spoke. She could not mistake the unflinching purpose, the stern determination that nerved every word, and she felt, with a hopeless pang, that they must part. But the trial was almost more than she could bear; for her lover used every means in his power to change her resolve. Caresses, prayers, reproaches, everything was tried, and all in vain. If his purpose was unalterable, her own was not less so, and although she trembled before the tempest she had raised, she would not speak the word that would quell it—she dared not use the spell. His pleading, broken tones were hardest to resist, and she scarcely knew whence she gained the strength to refuse all his entreaties. Abandoning at last the hopeless endeavor, he rose to go, drawing her toward him and holding her close, while he looked down upon the pale face whose worn

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despair showed him that he had not suffered alone.

"You see me for the last time in *this* world," said he, "and perhaps in the next, for I doubt if your Northern liberality would give a *traitor* a place in heaven."

She shuddered at his bitter laugh. "O Norman," she said, "how can you be so cruel?"

"Love is more cruel than hate, sometimes," he answered. "Good-by forever, my only, only love! We shall never meet again." He stopped, as if afraid to trust his voice, held her convulsively close for a moment, then suddenly snatching his arm away, hurried from the room.

Laura, left alone, raised herself up eagerly, to listen. She heard the street door shut; she counted his footsteps on the pavement until they were lost in the distance. Even then it seemed that she could still hear the echo of his tread; but when all was quiet, when, with the last vanishing sign of his presence, her incredulous heart was forced to admit that he was gone from her utterly, she fell back, not fainting, but completely worn out. The silence of the room oppressed her with its terrible vacancy. Where only a moment before his dear voice was sounding, now was heard naught save the monotonous ticking of the mantel-clock. But his presence lingered about her yet, and wheresoever her glance fell she seemed to see his eyes looking at her with that last reproachful gaze. Her own eyes overflowed, and burying her face in the sofa-cushion, she gave way to the storm of agony that would not be repressed.

Lowell heard of Ashby's departure with regretful surprise.

"I never thought of his leaving us so," said he; "and yet I might have known what would be his feelings in such an event, so thoroughly in earnest as he was. I never saw any one half so enthusiastic; he was always a puzzle to me in that respect." And Lowell fell into a fit of silent musing.

It was a matter of deep regret with him that he had been out of town when Ashby left New York, for, entertaining for the young man the sincere regard which none who knew him so intimately could fail to feel, he hated to yield him up to the Juggernaut of rebellion, as he expressed it, without one grasp of the hand, one good-by. Laura was very silent on the subject, not being one to talk of her grief, and her cousin's sympathetic penetration was too fine to allow him to offend on this point, so Ashby's name was never mentioned where it had once been a "household word."

Months passed on. One day Lowell came to his cousin. His face was very grave.

"Laura," he said, "you remember there was a battle last week?"

"Yes," she answered, listlessly.

"The loss on both sides was large. It would not be strange, Laura, if we should hear of the hurt of some of our friends—"

He stopped, as if uncertain how to proceed. She looked up now, the weariness gone from her manner and an eager light in her eyes.

"You have heard something—of *him*?" she said, seeing the doubtful look with which her cousin was regarding her. "Tell me—tell me all! You need not be afraid for me,"—impatiently—"only let me know everything."

"I heard this morning," said Lowell, "that Captain Ashby had been taken prisoner, and with others had been removed here."

"Here!" whispered Laura, below her breath.

"And I went directly to see him—"

"Well?" said Laura, eagerly; then, as his hesitation suggested an awful doubt—"he is not—dead?"

"O no, no, not dead; but, my poor child, he is wounded."

"Dangerously?" she whispered.

"Dangerously, I fear. It was not considered so serious at first, but the physician tells me it has taken a bad course, and there is little hope now. Laura, he begged to see you. He is very weak, but they thought that even the excitement would do less harm than the refusal of his wish. You will go?"

"At once!" was the quick answer.

As they entered, Lowell lingered a little behind, not to witness that first meeting. The kind old surgeon who received them had known Laura from childhood, and, addressing her cousin in a grave, low voice, he said:

"You are only just in time. He is failing fast, and the end may come within an hour."

Lowell was inexpressibly shocked. "So soon?" he said. "You did not tell me this morning—"

"No, for I was not certain myself at that time. It is a case of sudden changes, and he is very much altered for the worse since morning. I fear the signs cannot be mistaken." And he shook his head, despondently.

But Laura? She stood again beside her lost love, her hand in his, her hair sweeping the pillow where lay his feeble head. Through the tears that filled her eyes she saw the ter-

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rible changes wrought in the dear face that she had last beheld bright with the health and vigor of youth. She could have buried her face in the pillow and sobbed aloud in her agony; but she choked down the emotion, that not one sign should be visible to the eyes that were gazing in her face with, even then —though she knew it not—a dying earnestness.

"I was wrong, my darling," he faltered. "We meet once more in this world, though I dared not hope it. Once more, and then—we shall meet again there, though I am a 'rebel' still—but that will not divide us in heaven, I think. I spoke bitter words when we parted, Laura—but you have not remembered them against me—perhaps God will not. I love my cause—the cause I am glad to die for—with all my heart; but if I am wrong, he will set it all right, will he not?"

Thus, in broken sentences and with lengthening pauses, he whispered low to her, reading the answer as well in the tender eyes as in the murmured words. Kneeling beside him, she felt his hand clasped in hers grow colder each moment; yet, unused as she was to such scenes, she never dreamed that the end was so near.

When at last he stirred uneasily, although no sound came from his moving lips, she understood the voiceless sign, and summoned her cousin. He came, and with him the old physician, whose eyes no sooner rested on the face of the young soldier than he said, gravely and sorrowfully:

"My poor child, it is almost over."

At this, a cold shiver chilled the girl; she opened her lips to speak, but the words died away, as one glance at their faces told her the dreadful truth; then, crushing down the agony that God only saw, she turned again to Ashby. His eyes wandered over the group—he stretched his hand feebly to Lowell, who held it, looking down to hide the emotion he could not repress; then his gaze, already solemn with the first dawn of eternity, dwelt upon the face of Laura. She answered the mute, appealing look with a long, last kiss, and when she raised her head, the light had gone out forever from those dark eyes.

Her cousin took her home, astonished by her strange calmness. His own eyes had brimmed again and again, during those last sad moments, but hers had been feverishly dry. She could not speak of her grief, but moved about her home with a deadly calm, so much more terrible to witness than the most passionate abandonment of sorrow, that her silently pitying cousin feared for its after effects upon her slender frame. But when all was over, and she had only a grave to remind her of the joy and beauty that had once blessed her life, Nature took her revenge. It was amid a storm of tears, that she pressed to her lips the ring, which, drawn from his cold hand, she wore in token of an eternal union that no earthly trial should trouble.

MANAGEMENT.

BY HELEN WYNDHAM.

ELLEN PEABODY was a quiet, unsuspecting young woman, of really good and amiable disposition, and one beloved by all her acquaintances. It was because they loved her that they were so averse to her marriage with Job Morgan, a young man of the village whom every one in Willis agreed was as unlike Ellen as the sharp and prickly thistle is unlike the little modest white violet. But whenever avails the voice of friends on the one side, when the lover pleads on the other?

Ellen did not get angry with them, but she felt that they deeply wronged Job, that, in fact, none understood him; and she felt that it would be the greatest triumph of her life when she could show the Willisites what a good husband and useful man he was. Yes, she was sure that he only needed appreciation and encouragement; that he had wells of goodness in his soul which people in general did not suspect. Unfortunately for Ellen, Job had won her to think just as he did about himself, and she consented with joyous pride to help to make him happy.

They commenced their married life in a pretty little white house in the village, as neat and tasteful an abode as any one could desire. For a few days Ellen thought herself perfectly happy; for Job had declared to her that no one had ever cared for him before; that she

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was the dearest little wife in the world, and various other pretty little speeches, sufficient at any rate to fill the meek little heart of Ellen Morgan with rapture. But actually before a week had gone by, he came home in a passion, and vented his ire on the defenceless head of his wife. It was earlier than the usual hour of his return, and Ellen had not got supper prepared. Job came in and looked around very sternly.

"Ellen, where's your supper?"

"It isn't ready, Job, but—"

"Not ready? I hate a shiftless woman."

Poor Ellen was ready to cry, but she controlled herself sufficiently to say, as she went out into the kitchen:

"I'll have it ready in a few minutes, Job."

In an incredibly short space of time she called him, and he took in the contents of the supper table at a glance.

"Cold bread, when you know I like hot biscuits, and everything on the same plan! If there's one thing I like better than another that thing you never have!"

Ellen's face grew white, but he did not notice it, for he began hastily to partake of the supper he had condemned, doing full justice to the snowy bread, cold boiled ham, and clear amber-centered tarts set before him. Then he got up and left the house, and did not return till late in the evening.

Meantime Ellen, after she had cleared away the tea-things and put everything in order, went up to her room and sought earnestly for divine strength to bear patiently, that she might help him to conquer the enemy to their peace. She felt better and calmer after this, and went down to the sitting-room again.

At the late hour of his return, he found his dressing-gown and slippers toasting before a cheerful fire, and the smiling face of his wife met him at the door, but the scowl on his face deepened and he scolded her for sitting up for him.

This was only the beginning. For a year things grew worse and worse, and Job seemed at last to think that he ought not to speak a pleasant word at home. The discouraged wife bore all patiently, and still hoped for some change in him which should make them both happier, but her face grew thinner, and her large blue eyes strangely bright.

In little more than a year after her marriage Ellen give birth to a girl and died. Job was shocked by her death into something like human feeling for the baby, and spared no expense in attending to its needs. Mrs. Cram, a widow lady of the village, was engaged to take care of it, and Job lived by himself, having hired Dorrance Flynn, an uncouth country girl, to do his work and keep his house.

Mrs. Cram was a smart, energetic woman, but one of those who cannot help being so. Not for one moment in her life had the woman been still, neither did she want any one about her to be. She taught Susan, her only daughter, all the mysteries of house-work with which she was herself familiar, before she had scarcely entered her teens, and so well had she trained her that her hands were never idle. Like her mother she was energetic, quick-motioned and industrious; but unlike her, she was gentle and undemonstrative.

The little Ellen was given up entirely to Susan's care, and was taken into her warm heart and nursed very tenderly. She learned to love the baby, and when she noticed how fondly the little curly head nestled against her, she would forget that the child was not to be hers always.

Little Nelly was nearly a year old before her father seemed to take any interest in her, and then after a formal call one day he began to go very often and to seem very much in love with baby. She, however, was afraid of her father, and would only stay in his arms a moment, never voluntarily leaving Susan.

"Baby seems very much attached to you," remarked Job, as he was trying in vain to coax the little one to him.

"Yes sir, she does love me, I think."

"And well she may. These little ones know whom to love," said Job, smiling at Susan, in a very meaning way.

"Yes, she knows I am much attached to her, and who could help being, so gentle as she is?" returned Susan, smiling at the little upturned face of Nelly, who laughed merrily in return, showing two little white front teeth in the operation.

"I shouldn't like to part her from so good a nurse, but the fact is, I'm lonely over home, and thought I'd have little Nelly to keep me company. Will you come too, Susan, and be a mother to the little girl? I don't know where I could find a better."

Susan's face flushed scarlet and her lips curled a little, but she answered:

"I can't tell you now, Mr. Morgan. I must think of it."

"I will hope you'll think well of it, Miss Susan. And will you give me your answer to-morrow night?" he asked, as he bent his head to kiss the baby.

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"Yes."

After he had gone Susan sat for a long time thinking abstractedly of his question. She did not love the man, and she shrewdly guessed what sort of a life poor Ellen had lived with him. Had it not been for little Nelly she would have given him an instant and perhaps indignant negative; but could she give up her darling? If she did not marry Job Morgan, some one else would, and she could not bear the thought of any other teaching the little one to love her.

When she asked her mother's advice, for Susan was a dutiful young woman, she seemed to think any doubt was out of the question.

"Why, Susan, you will be well provided for, for your lifetime."

So Susan married Job Morgan, but there was something in her manner that awed Job, and he never felt quite at ease in her presence. A few weeks after their marriage, he suggested that Dorrance, the hired girl, should be dismissed, as he could not afford any needless expenses. Susan did not understand the last part of the sentence, and answered coolly:

"I think Dorrance does very well, and if we change we might have to pay another girl higher wages; besides it is always unpleasant to have strange faces around. By the way, little Nelly wants some new shoes and a dress. If you haven't the money with you, I can get them and let you step in and pay for them when you come home."

Nelly held out her hands across the table, crowing merrily, and yet her father took no notice of her, for he was perfectly confounded by the stern fact that stared him in the face: here was a woman who did not fear him!

How calm and peaceful she looked as she sat there listening to baby's prattle, and how elegant, in her simple dress and plain collar, with the soft wavy hair lying in warm red shadows about her forehead. He used to think she would be like Ellen, but she was not. Quiet and lady-like as she always was, there was a something about her which told plainly that her will was too strong to be conquered except by the right. Without saying a word Job took from his pocket-book a ten-dollar bill and laid it on the table, and went out.

For a long time he brooded over his situation, until he got quite desperate, and determined to frighten Mrs. Morgan into complete submission. So one night after supper, he did not go out, but moved back his chair and called peremptorily:

"Where are my slippers?"

Susan raised her eyes in wonder, but answered quietly:

"They are in their usual place, Mr. Morgan."

"Get them for me."

Did Susan hear? Surely not, for there she sat, without a change in her calm face, with her hand on Nelly's chair, while the little one was making earnest endeavors to climb over into her lap.

Job repeated his command, "Get them for me."

Susan looked at him with her calm, deep, thoughtful eyes, and then, without a word, took little Nelly and left the room. He could hear her sweet, clear voice singing hymns to baby, and the little one crowing in her drowsy way as sleep stole gently over her.

When Dorrance had removed the supper table he would have asked her to bring his slippers, but he knew who would hear him through the open window, and he went very quietly and brought them himself, for the first time since his marriage, for Susan was a thoughtful wife and a good one.

The next morning Job felt somewhat ashamed to meet his wife's glance at the breakfast table, but she appeared just the same as usual, and smiled so pleasantly that he half believed she had forgotten the scene of the past night.

This was the last of Job's trying to conquer Mrs. Morgan, and though his unruled temper sometimes exhibited itself, it never in any respect disturbed Susan's peace, for she pursued the even tenor of her way, and was as happy as are women generally.

Little Nelly was almost an idol, but Mrs. Morgan was too judicious to spoil her, and had the satisfaction of seeing her grow up to beautiful womanhood without a trace of the parent temper which, happily, was almost entirely subdued by her good management.

BE KIND.

There is no excuse for unkindness, even in the "vilest of the vile." It is the bane of society, and yet all are more or less liable to indulge in it. We may be determined, resolute, unyielding in what we believe to be duty, but still we may be kind. Indeed, firmness and decision in the treatment of wrong-doers, are required by kindness, for one of the first dictates of a kind spirit is, that we should consult the good of an offender, and his good can be effectually promoted only by intercepting him in his evil way.

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THE REBEL CHIEF'S END.

BY J. E. D.

In a small rocky cave on the ocean's shore,
Where ever is heard the wild waves' roar,
'Neath mossy rocks and dripping stone,
A rebel lay on his couch alone.
No friend was there with kindly word
To soothe his cares, and nought was heard
But groans;—yes, he was there of the ruthless band,
The leader of a murderous band:
He who had swayed the bloody knife,
And proudly entered the battle strife.
But the giant frame and sinewy limb
Showed how disease had preyed on him:
That dark wild eye had wilder grown,
Those black locks from his forehead thrown
Left large cold drops on his pallid cheek—
Ah, death was there, and he could not speak!
He had braved it oft in the battle's strife,
And in night storms that perilled life,
But now he yielded. A noble soul
Was once enshrined in that manly mould;
That voice so strong, so loud and wild,
Was once the voice of a prattling child,
That innocent strayed the wild wood through,
And dashed from the flowers the pearly dew;
That eye that has flashed in savage joy,
Was once the mild eye of a laughing boy;
And those dark locks, now thinner grown,
Around his brow in curls once shown—
But all was gone that once could tell
Of the fair young boy in the woodland dell;
While he, pursued like a hunted deer,
At last reclines on his death-couch here.
Passions are there within that heart,
And feelings that will not with life depart;
His pulse beats feebly, his racking brain
Would see the land of dreams again;—again
He sees his mother weep beside his bed,
And fondly bathe his aching head
And throbbing temples with her tears:
But that dream has gone with bygone years.
Then he sees his wife with silent prayer
Steal quiet to his couch, and there
She stops and weeps that he must die—
Alas, the heart's deep agony!
Again is flitted that dream so wild,
And he felt the embrace of his loving child;
He felt on his brow those curls of gold,
And saw those limbs of angel mould;
He felt the touch of the burning kiss—
O, his cup was full, and his life was bliss!
But they passed away, and all was gone,
And again he felt on the earth alone.
He took from his breast a gilded box,
He gazes upon it, and then unlocks:
A Bible was there—'twas the last bequest
Of a mother dear as she sank to her rest.
It may be, then, that hope's bright ray
Shed a light across his darkened way.
But he felt the guiding hand of fate,
He dropped the box—it was too late:
"O Heaven, receive my soul!" he cries,
And th' eternal shades closed o'er his eyes.

A NIGHT IN THE WATERS.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

THE Canadian papers a short time since were filled with accounts of a destructive flood that occurred in Canada East, which occasioned much loss of life and property, and a paragraph like the following has been going the rounds of our press:

"The loss of life from the late flood in Canada East, is much greater than was at first reported. Full fifty persons were carried away by the flood and drowned. At L'Isle Dupas, three houses were floated away, and seventeen persons perished!"

The reader can have but little idea from the above extract of the terrible scenes that took place along the rivers at the time of the flood, and the horrors of the night when it was at its height. I was there at the time, and it is now my intention to tell you of the scenes I saw, and the adventures that befell me while the tragedy was being enacted. A kind Providence alone saved me from destruction, and preserved me to be here to tell you my story.

To make it all plain to you, I must tell you how it was that I came to be there at that time of the year which is the worst of any for travelling in those regions, owing to the melting snow, and the almost impassable rivers that sweep away bridges and inundate roads, until in many places the whole country looks like a vast lake, in which are seen the tops of submerged trees, and in some cases only the roofs of the cabins of the settlers, their inmates either having forsaken them or dwell-

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ing in the loft, and making their exit from the window, and their journeys in a boat when it became necessary for them to go abroad.

I had a cousin who, when the war broke out, was among the first to enlist, going in the second regiment that left our State. We had always lived close together, and being only sons, we were to each other as brothers. When he enlisted I wished much to go, but circumstances made it absolutely impossible; so all that I could do was to wish him well and a safe return, and promise to answer all his letters, which promise I faithfully kept while he remained in the army.

A year went by, and almost every week I received a letter from him. He was one of the best of correspondents, and described everything he saw in the most faithful manner. He liked a soldier's life well, he wrote, and more than once he said that he should wear the blue until the rebellion was over. Poor fellow! He fell sadly from this good determination, and died just before the end had come.

From his last letters I saw that he had become, from some cause, sick of his present life, and longed for the freedom that he once enjoyed. What had brought about the change I did not then know; yet I did not wonder that the reverses that befell the Army of the the Potomac during that summer should discourage its soldiers, and make them long for the homes that they had left.

I expected that this was one cause of my friend's home-sickness, and in my letters I tried to cheer him up and to remain hopeful that the cause of the right would triumph.

I was, therefore, greatly surprised when I saw the name of Charles Wentworth, his name, among a list of deserters, supposed to have deserted to the enemy, as no trace of them could be found. At first I would not believe that it was he; but as the days went by and no letter came with the old familiar postmark, I knew that it must be he.

Some months after I took a letter from the post-office bearing a Canada stamp and postmark. I glanced at the superscription and I knew the hand in a moment. It was cousin Charlie's. A hot flush suffused my face as I broke the seal. It was a large sheet, and contained a full confession of his crime, also giving the cause for so doing. It is needless for me to repeat it to you. He was sick of army life; thousands of men were sacrificed for nought, and with such generals the South could not be conquered. With a dozen others he had deserted, and had made their way through the country to Canada, and here he would remain until the war was over. This was the amount of the letter.

I wished many times afterwards that I had waited for a day or a week before I had answered that letter. I should have paused and let my indignation had time to cool, but I did not. I at once sat down and wrote him an indignant letter, telling him that he was a disgrace to the family, and that I wished the correspondence between us to cease at once. This was among the other bitter things that I wrote, yet the next day I was sorry that I had done so; but it was too late then. The letter was on its way to the northward, and no power of mine could recall it.

Weeks, months and a year went by, and not another word came from Charles. I did not expect he would write to me, yet I thought he would not neglect his father. Once again, during this time, I had written to him, in which I half apologized for my former letter, but obtained no reply. He had either left the place from which his former one was dated, or else had determined to observe my request and cease all intercourse with me.

During the ensuing fall the father of Charles died very suddenly. His wife had been dead for many years, and there was no other child. Again it became my duty to write to him, which I did, directing to the only place that I knew, and at the same time I caused a notice of his father's death to be inserted in a number of the Canada papers. Whether he ever saw it I know not, for no word came from him until the first of last March, when I received another letter with a Canadian postmark, superscribed in a hand that was anything but elegant, and one that was evidently but little used to writing.

I knew, as soon as I gazed upon it, that it had reference to Charlie; and for a moment I could not summon sufficient courage to tear open the envelope. I feared that it contained intelligence of his death, or that something terrible had befallen him.

At last with a desperate effort I broke it open, and the first glance showed me that he was still alive. It was in his handwriting, yet not like that which was once his. It was evident that the hand which wrote it had hardly strength to hold the pen. These were the words that it contained:

"Kentworth, C. E., March 5th, 1865.

"DEAR COUSIN:—Come to me if you would see me before I die. They tell me that

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I have but a few weeks, perhaps only days, to live. I know that you will come, for the old love we once bore each other, and which must still linger in your heart, as it always has in mine. Father is too old to come, but he can send his blessing. Come without delay if you wish to see me again on earth.

"CHARLES WENTWORTH."

Before I had finished this short missive I had made up my mind to go. My cousin, once as dear as a brother, dying, and I must go to him and cheer his last moments. As he had truly said, his father *could* not come, but I could go; and my only wish was that I should be able to reach him in time. The next day the Grand Trunk Railway was carrying me swiftly to the north on my errand of love and friendship.

At one of the large towns over the boundary I purchased a map of Canada East, and sought for the town from whence my friend's letter had come. I found the township after a little search, and also that it was at least a hundred miles from the nearest point of railway, and that a large part of my journey must be made in stage, on horseback, or on foot, which I could not determine by referring to the map or of questions that I put to the conductor. I showed him the place, and he told me that I must stop at D——, from whence a stage ran out towards that portion of the country, but whether it went as far as Kentworth, he was unable to say, but was rather of the opinion that it did not. At any rate I could find out at D——, where we soon arrived, and I was set down, at the close of a wet, foggy, uncomfortable day, while the train kept on its way to the north.

I was the only passenger that left the train at this point. A team was in waiting that conveyed me to the one hotel of the village which seemed to be of considerable size. On my arrival I found that the stage in which I must take passage would start in fifteen minutes, and proceed about twenty miles that night, and then continue on in the morning to W——, which was fifty miles distant. From thence I was informed that it was twenty-five miles to Kentworth, and that a stage ran there from W—— once a week, to carry the mails.

It is needless for me to follow each particular of my journey; how owing to the rain and the depth of the snow we were two days in getting to W——, and from thence the road was in such a condition that it was considered impossible to proceed with horses. There was no way for me to go on, they said, unless I went on foot. I could wait, and I had better do so until it froze, and then the stage would go on.

When I thought of Charlie, who, if alive, was looking each moment for me, I felt that I could not stay, and the next morning by break of day I was on my lonely way to Kentworth. By noon I had but ten miles before me, and I had hopes of reaching the place of my destination before nightfall; but I now found the road so soft and muddy, because of the warm weather and the slight rain that was falling, that it was exceedingly difficult and tiresome walking. Where I had stopped for dinner at a log cabin by the roadside, the people had advised me to wait until morning, when perhaps it would become cold, and the road thereby be made better; but I determined to see my friend, if he was still alive, before I slept, and so I kept on.

The road from this point, for several miles, lay through a dense forest, without a sign of a human habitation; and hardly had I entered it before the rain, that had been falling slowly all day, came down in torrents, and in a short time I became wet to the skin; while at every step the travelling became worse, and I would sink nearly to my knees at every effort. The streams that crossed the road, in many places overran their banks, and flooded the bridges, and I became fearful that if the rain continued to pour down as it did for any length of time, the way would become absolutely impassable.

Just as it began to grow dark I came into a clearing, and saw before me a log cabin, standing solitary and alone, while beyond it was the forest, as dense and gloomy as ever. I made my way to the cabin as soon as possible, and was greeted at the doorway by an old Frenchman, who at once asked me to enter.

I did not require a second invitation, for I was glad of a shelter and a chance to rest; so I followed him in, and found that the cabin contained, beside ourselves, the wife of the settler, who was much younger than himself, and his two children, one apparently about eight, and the other ten years of age, and who gazed at me as though they seldom saw a stranger beneath their roof.

Of the Frenchman I inquired the distance to Kentworth, and found that it was still two miles to what was called the village. Surely I did not think of going there to-night, said my host. I should spend the night with them.

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This I assured him was impossible. I must keep on and see a sick friend, if still alive, whom I had come a long way to see.

"Is it the young man down to Farewell's, from the States, who has been in the army?" inquired the woman.

"Yes," said I, eagerly.

"Then you are nearly there," said the man. "It is not more than a mile to Farewell's, and after we have some supper I will go with you and show you the way. You may take the wrong road where it branches off in the forest."

"Is he alive?" I asked, "and can he live?"

"He was alive this morning, but he can't stand it long. I shouldn't wonder if even now he was dead. My wife has been there and done all she could, but it needs a woman there all the time."

"And is there none?" I asked.

"No. Farewell and the young man are alone, but the old man has taken all the care possible of him."

Our supper was soon prepared and hastily eaten, and then we were on our way, through the wind, rain and darkness, that seemed to have doubly augmented since I had been in the cabin; but we fought with it bravely, and at last saw a light gleaming out through the darkness that indicated the end of my toilsome journey. It was with a thankful heart I heard my companion announce that this was the place; for I was so fatigued that, to have saved my life, it did not seem I could have gone a mile further.

We reached the door of the cabin, and without ceremony my companion pushed it open, and I followed him into the one apartment it contained. The sight that there met my gaze and the horrors of that night I shall remember as long as I live. The room was destitute of furniture save two rough benches, and a rude bed in one corner, and upon the edge of this was seated a man apparently about fifty years of age, supporting the body of a man in his arms, that at the first glance I thought were sustaining only a corpse. But following my guide nearer, I saw that he still breathed, although in every other respect he had the appearance of a dead man.

A light was burning on a rude shelf close to the bed, and by its rays I tried to trace a resemblance to my friend; but I could not do it. There was nothing save the dark curly hair that reminded me of him, and I came to think that the sick man was not the one I sought.

"How is the young man to-night?" asked my guide, going close to the bed. "Any better than he was this morning?"

The man on the edge of the bed shook his head.

"He has seemed to be dying all the afternoon," he said.

At this moment the sick man opened his eyes, and by some instinct turned them full upon me. I knew him then, and I pressed forward and took one of his wasted hands in mine, and said:

"Do you know me, Charlie?"

At these words a look of gladness spread over his features, showing that I was recognized. At the same moment I felt a slight pressure of the hand; his lips opened and he called me by name; but the effort was too much, and he relapsed into a swoon that closely resembled death. We laid him back gently upon the bed, and I took the place occupied by the one that had cared for him so long. It was my right now to care for him as long as he might live.

The settler and my guide drew up one of the benches to the fire, and I could hear the former ask how I had reached there through the storm. He knew upon my coming that I must be the friend that had been sent for, yet he wondered how I had been able to get there—and it is a wonder to me now how I reached the cabin without any accident befalling me. The strength of the storm had held off until I had gained a shelter. Had it not, I must surely have perished; for I could hear it without as I never heard a storm rage before, mingled with the roar of a river that seemed to be near.

The minutes lengthened themselves into an hour, and still Charlie lay as he had done when we first laid him down. There was no perceptible change, and I sat beside him listening to the storm and watching his face, hoping he might yet awake again to consciousness that I might tell him of home, of his father's dying blessing, and to hear from his own lips my forgiveness for my unkindness. But I feared this would not be the case. I could only hope and watch.

There was a strange fascination in my position there that night. The dark, low cabin, filled with shadows, the two men seated by the smouldering embers, conversing in low tones, so that only a word now and then met my ear; the dying man by my side, and above all, the terrible storm that was raging without, and this in the heart of the great Canadian wilder-

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ness, made my position seem most strange and unnatural, and I could almost think that it was all a dream, a nightmare brought on by the fatigue I felt weighing me down.

At last the Frenchman arose and came to the side of the bed and gazed for a few moments upon the form of my friend, and then he announced his intention of going home, but this was objected to by our host.

"You can't go home to-night, Leroy. Hark! just hear how it rains; and it is as dark as pitch."

"And that is the very reason why I must go. If it rains like this all night, we shall all be in danger of being carried away by the flood. I know my wife will be afraid to stay alone with the children, and I must go. Besides, I told her I would be back, and she will worry about me."

"But the bridge across the creek may be gone," urged the settler.

"I don't think it is; so I must try and reach home at any rate. Good night."

With these words he went out and closed the door behind him. A moment after he opened it to say that he would come again in the morning, and then he was gone out into the tempest that sounded so terrible without.

"I hope he will reach home in safety," I said to my host.

"I think he will, though the water is rising fast. It don't seem as though I ever heard it rain so before. Unless it stops soon, the settlers here will be in danger."

At this moment the dying man moaned and moved slightly. I bent over him, calling him by name. He made no answer, but laid as he had done since I had come.

Farewell came and seated himself near me, and I asked him of Charlie's sickness, and how long he had been with him. To this he said that he had found him in W——, without employment, or friends, or money wherewith to buy a meal. He had taken him home with him, where on this spot he was clearing him a farm, and here he had since been. Soon after his coming his health began to fail, and although they had done what they could for him, he grew worse rapidly, and at last he had written to me. Such was my friend's brief history, as far as known to the one who had so kindly cared for him.

The night went on, and as it did so, the storm, if possible, increased in violence, the wind and rain beating against the cabin so that it trembled like a thing of life, and more than once I was fearful that the stout timbers would come crashing down about our heads. It was plain to see that the sick man grew fainter and fainter, and that the flame of life must soon go out. It did not seem possible that the light of morning would see him alive.

The roar of the river sounded louder in our ears, and once I thought I detected the rush of water close outside the cabin. I listened intently, and this time I was not mistaken. Water was certainly rushing past the walls of the cabin.

The settler heard it too, but I think he was aware of it before I was; for he had gone to the one window that the cabin contained twice before, and gazed out into the night, and came back with an anxious look upon his face which I thought deepened each moment as the storm seemed to increase in violence. Now he arose and went to the door, opened it a little way, gazed out into the blackness for a few moments, and then came back to the bed and laid his hand upon my arm, saying:

"Stranger, if this storm lasts one half hour longer, we must leave the cabin."

"Do you think there is danger of its being swept away?" I asked.

"I know there is. The water is gathering round us every moment."

"Where shall we go for safety, and what shall we do with *him*?"

"There is a large tree standing almost upon the bank of the river. Once in its branches, and we are safe. The ground is higher between us and that, and the water will not be so deep for us to go through. As for him, he is the same as dead. The living must care for themselves."

"I shall not leave him while he lives," I said, firmly. "I have come too far, and love him too well, to desert him now, though the danger is great."

Farewell muttered something to himself which I did not hear, and again he went to the window, where he remained gazing forth long and earnestly, while I turned my attention wholly to my friend.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes went by, and still the change, both in and out of the cabin, was for the worse. Charlie was gasping for breath, and I raised him in my arms, while the tempest without each moment grew more terrible. I could hear the rush of the water about the cabin, could feel it creeping about my feet as they rested upon the floor. It had found an entrance to the cabin, and soon the water inside would be on a level with that without.

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Suddenly the water surged against the side of the cabin, and it trembled to its foundation. Farewell came up and grasped me roughly by the shoulder.

"Come," he said, "we *must* leave this place."

At first I shook my head, and then I glanced down upon the burden I held in my arms. I was supporting a corpse. In the rush and the roar of the tempest, Charlie's spirit had gone to the One that gave it. I laid my burden gently back upon the bed, and stood gazing down upon all that remained of the friend that I had loved. But I was drawn away by the strong arm of the settler.

"Come," he said, "we have no time to lose."

He took me by the hand and led me out into the wildly rushing water. Its coldness seemed to penetrate to the very marrow of my bones, and roused me to a consciousness of our dangerous situation, and I struggled bravely against the current that threatened to sweep us away.

The tree, our place of refuge, was reached at last, and we were bestowed among its branches, there to remain until the water subsided. I wonder now how I survived that terrible night, after the fatigue I had undergone through the day. Looking back upon it, it seems little less than a miracle that I am alive.

Long before daylight we heard the crash of timbers, and knew that the cabin was being swept away. I thought of Charlie and thanked God that he had died when he did; that it had not been his fate to breathe out his last breath in the rushing of the merciless waters.

Just at the break of day the storm broke, and when the sun rose it was warm and bright, and restored a little warmth to our completely benumbed bodies. The whole clearing was one sea of foaming water, and no sign of the cabin was to be seen, nothing to mark the spot where it had stood, and I shuddered as I gazed into the water, for I expected to see the white face of my friend looking up from its depths.

To me it seemed that we should perish there before the water would fall sufficiently for us to leave the tree, but the settler assured me that a boat would be sent from the village, a mile up the river, to our aid. And he was right, for about ten o'clock a boat appeared and took us from our place of refuge.

They were fearful that the water had swept us away, as well as the Frenchman further down, and so had come to our aid. A kindly foresight it was in them to bring food and stimulants, and when we had partaken we felt like new men.

We kept on down the river, and they found that their worst fears were realized. The Frenchman's cabin had been swept away, and he and his family drowned. We could not find the bodies then, not until three days after, when they were found and buried in one grave. That of Charlie's was also discovered, and I and the man who had cared for him in his last sickness were the only mourners that followed him to his lonely grave.

It was a week before I was enabled to leave Kentworth, and I learned much more of the disasters of the flood, and to my dying day I shall not forget my night in the waters.

POMONA.

BY GEO. BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

Her smile like brilliant sunshine opes
The petals of the tardy flowers;
All through sweet summer's vernal hours
The goddess with a lovely train
Goes a-field o'er her domain.

Orchard and vale yield for her shrine
Wreaths fragrant as Flora's bower;
Richest fruit is the noble dower
She giveth mortal lips for aye,
Who ever bless her useful sway.

Queen of garden and fruit-tree, hail!
Thy kisses, fresh as the daisy's bloom,
Give blossom and bud, strength and perfume;
And thy breath vigor to leaf and bough:
All graces unite to thee endow!

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NELLIE'S CONVERSION.

BY NELL CLIFFORD.

Mr. Leigh was a professor of religion after the strictest sort, lugubriously good, with nothing sunshiny about him. Indeed, his appearance somehow reminded one of a mountain bathed in gray shadow. High up and intellectual he was; but there was an atmosphere of coldness that repelled, an elevation to which no one had any desire to attain. Had he been in Hindoostan he would have been a brahmin; but being reared in America, he was a man who thoroughly believed in that caste which is built up by property, education, or religion. Of firm principle, he yet did not take the broadest views of duty and humanity.

Mrs. Leigh was one of those rare women we sometimes meet, whose disposition of unchanging sweetness can accommodate itself to any phase of character, and wind itself around all angles in some unaccountable way, exactly as you have seen mosses and lichens flourish on rugged boulders; and you have wondered what fed and gave them life. We know that God makes such natures and such mosses, and keeps them, too, in his own way, and for his own wise purposes.

She had great reverence, and next to God she venerated her husband. She never seemed to have a separate will from his, and her wishes were made known in faint suggestions, and not in the out-and-out manner common to women of marked individuality. You may possibly think her weak and negative in character; but under this abundant softness and flexibility, you might find a stratum of something that would not so easily bend. Had she lived in the days of the Reformation, she would have been burnt at the stake, rather than have yielded her faith. These descriptions may, to some, appear cumbersome and out of place; but they are necessary to a right understanding of the influences and training to which their children were subjected.

Myra, the eldest, a girl of twelve, with a face and head of classic elegance and finish, was already a small, feminine beginning of Tom Paine, as the skeptical curl of her lip, and general air of unbelief truly indicated.

Nellie, the next younger, would not attract the attention of a casual observer; but there was a certain delicacy about her, an earnestness in the soft, brown eyes, a slight quiver of the chin and under lip, that made her grow into your sympathies as you watched and studied.

Martin, a boy of seven, with massive head and open brow, with gray eyes from which a laugh was seldom absent, and a firm, beautiful mouth, with his lithe, compact little figure, set you to thinking. You found yourself unconsciously picturing a brilliant future for him.

Parental government had been so rigid and serious that they had imbibed some curious ideas, as the following conversation will show:

"Nellie, what does make you so sober? Anybody would think you'd got religion, you are so poky."

"Don't you want to be good, too, Myra?"

"No, I don't want to be good, and give up my doll and playhouse, and all my fun, and act just as though it were Sunday all the year. Why, Nellie, I think it is dreadful. I wouldn't be a Christian for all the world, would you, Martin?" she asked her brother, who stood slightly in awe of her, on account of her superior age and sharpness of tongue.

"No, not yet; not till I get old like father."

"Well, I don't want it, ever. I am going to enjoy myself. *I* don't believe Mrs. Graves and Mr. Frost tell the truth when they get up in meeting and say how happy they are. They don't act happy, and they look just as they do at funerals."

"O Myra, please don't talk so wicked. May be they feel happy."

"Well, I shan't be a Christian, at any rate. Come, let us play 'Bloody Tom and I.'"

"Please, I am afraid it isn't right," said Nellie, with a sigh, as she went from the room to avoid temptation.

She gathered her few toys in her apron, dressed her doll with loving care for the last time, and with something of the spirit that actuated Abraham when he took Isaac and bound him on the altar of sacrifice, she carried her treasures to her sister.

"Here, Myra, I don't want these any more. I am going to be a Christian."

Her voice quivered, and she choked down a rising sob as she turned away.

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"Why, Nellie, are you going to give them to me? I wouldn't if I were you."

The charmed voice of the tempter was in her ear; but the resolute, suffering little soul was firm.

"Yes, they are all yours," was the broken reply; and she rushed up to her room to cry and pray.

Nellie's self-denial was not without its effect upon her brother and sister. Myra, in spite of herself, felt that Nellie had somehow got above and beyond her; and Martin's heart yearned after her so much, that he forgot his ball and hoop for the present, and went to seek her.

"Nellie, *I* love you."

"I know it. And you'll be good, wont you?"

"Yes, I will. I don't care what Myra says; and I'm going right away to give her all my playthings too."

The hasty resolve was instantly acted upon, and the impulsive boy came back.

"Now," said Nellie, "say we have a prayer-meeting."

"I'll pray first," said Martin; "I'll pray 'Our Father,' and you pray 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' and then we'll change about."

Their voices, like sweet incense, went up to heaven, and I doubt not their childish amens were echoed among the everlasting hills, while shining throngs were about them as witnesses.

"Aint you very happy, and isn't this a great deal better than chasing hoop?" asked Nellie.

"Yes, I am happy, and it is a great deal better than playing *now*," he replied, as though he were in doubt as to how long this state of things would last.

In this close, grave line, it was difficult to walk, especially for Martin, whose active limbs ached for want of exercise; and who, therefore, in a short period became weary of the way he had chosen.

"Myra," he said, with a rueful face in which there was a trace of shame, "Myra, will you please give me back my toys? I aint going to have religion any longer. I can't have any fun, and it will kill me."

"Didn't I tell you so? It is just so with everybody, only they don't like to own it up."

"O no; mother don't get tired, nor the minister; but then they are big, and I am little," dissented Martin.

"And there is Nellie, she'll just die before long, I know she will; for she'll never give up what she thinks is right," commented Myra. "She wakes me upnights singing the 'Happy Land;' and once or twice she has frightened me getting up and praying in her sleep. But let us go and play."

Myra, young and simple as she was, had a clearer insight of Nellie's character than even her parents, because, though very transparent, she was also very still in their presence, always shrinking into the background as much as possible. Myra's careless prophecy of Nellie's early death was more correct than she thought; for one morning she awoke with a severe cough and high fever.

"Nellie, I can't imagine where you took this cold," said Mrs. Leigh, as she laid her hand on her hot brow and crimson cheeks.

"I know," said Martin, "she has been trying to have a trance."

"Trying to have a trance! What does he mean, Nellie?"

"Mother, I wanted to go to heaven as the little girl did you told us about; and so I went out into the meadow, and prayed for the angel to come and lead me; but he didn't come because I wasn't good enough, and I fell asleep on the damp grass."

Tears rolled fast over the cheeks of Mrs. Leigh while she listened. She saw at once how it had been taken for truth, word by word, by the pure and tender mind of her child. It is needful for us to repeat the substance of the story that had so powerfully affected her imagination. It was the only daughter of a widow, a little girl of remarkable piety and sweetness of character, who was in the habit of retiring to a field near by, to pray. She afterward told her mother that, during one of these hours of intercourse with God, she seemed to be in a rugged place, covered with thistles and briers, out of which she could not escape, till looking up, she saw a being of wondrous brightness, clothed in a long, white robe, who said to her:

"Be not afraid! go with me, and I will show you heaven and hell."

She gave him her hand, and the briers and stones no longer troubled her, and she walked over them as if they had been velvet. Her guide led her into a broad road, on which many people were travelling; and he told her it led to hell. She trembled, and hung back; but the angel said nothing should harm her, and she went onward. By-and-by she reached a deep pit, over which hung a cloud of darkness and horror. She leaned over, and heard sobbing and moaning, and voices of lamentation forever. She turned away with

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a shudder; and her guide took her into a straight and narrow path, so straight and narrow that she could not have walked in it if she had not been helped. Sometimes she felt very weary. Presently she came to Mount Zion, for the glory of the Lord shone around her; and the gates of pearl flew open at a word from her guide. She had so much of earth in her eyes that the light dazzled her for a time, but after she became used to it, she saw clearly. Every form of beauty she had seen on earth, there, was a thousand fold more beautiful. Rivers, clear as crystal, made of the tears of saints, a vast multitude of angels, the throne, close to which stood many children, and most glorious of all, God himself, she beheld. She begged to stay, but the angel told her she must go back for a season; and if she were good, he would come for her again.

This was the tale that had so vividly impressed Nellie, one that was turned over in her mind until she resolved to do as her little pattern of goodness had done. The result was a bitter disappointment; not in the truth of the story, but in her own fitness for heaven.

The angel only delayed his coming for a few weeks, for Nellie did not get better. She drooped, day by day, and at last she was obliged to keep her bed altogether. Myra and Martin would come in, look sadly at her pale face and brilliant eyes, and then steal out as silently as they had come. Nellie appeared distressed at such times.

"What is the matter, darling?" asked Mrs. Leigh.

"I am trying to think, and I can't just make out things."

After one of these painful reveries, she fell into a sweet slumber. When she awoke, she was fairly radiant, as she exclaimed:

"It is all plain now, mother. I have seen an angel, and he told me. I am going home soon; and I want Myra and Martin to know, and father too. Please call them. Come close to me," she said, as Mr. Leigh and the children entered. "I am not going to stay with you long; and I want to tell you that God made us to be both good and happy. We don't live as we ought when we are not so. Myra and Martin, you can play hoop and visiting, and be Christians too. When I was sleeping but now, an angel came to me, and said: 'Be not troubled. Take a lesson from the river, the lamb and the birds;' and I opened my eyes, and saw a stream leaping and laughing all the way to a distant lake, with which it mingled all its gladness of life. Again I looked, and lo! a milk-white lamb was sporting among the flowers along its banks. I raised my glance, and the leaves of the forest were trembling with pleasure, and among the branches were many birds singing for joy. The very sunshine had a song of its own, as it burst over the scene, and it was all praise to God. The angel said 'thou mayst be like these, and commit no sin.' Father," said the full-fledged soul, as she clasped her arms in a new, brave tenderness around his neck, "Father, are you happy? Does your religion make you happy?"

Mr. Leigh hesitated, in strong emotion. There was coming a sweeter and deeper revelation of the New Testament through the chastening influences of affliction and the power of the life and faith of his little daughter.

"It is my duty to serve God, and I have tried to do it; but I have not lived as you have, my child. I have regarded God rather as a just Judge to be feared, than as a kind Father to be loved; but the light is breaking."

"Yes; the light is breaking," repeated the dying Nellie.

"Are you crying, mother? O, don't. Jesus —has—come. Good-by."

This was all there was of death for her. The transplanting of their human blossom to the garden of Paradise drew the remaining members very closely together. Confidence was invited from each by the warmth of reciprocal sympathy. The innocent pastimes of childhood and youth were encouraged, and not frowned down by Mr. Leigh. Religion, instead of being considered a kill-joy by the younger inmates, was the first and highest source of happiness.

Some may object to the elevation of the language employed by a mere child; but often when treading the borders of the spirit-world, our little ones startle us with their maturity of thought and expression. Parents who have parted with such, though they wonder, will not dispute the fact. Truly, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

What is glory? what is fame?
The echo of a long lost name;
A breath, an idle hour's brief talk;
The shadow of an errant naught;
A flower that blossoms for a day,
Dying next morrow;
A stream that hurries on its way,
Singing of sorrow.—*Motherwell.*

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WOODSIDE COTTAGE.

BY DR. J. GILMAN.

'Tis far away among the hills
Of our own Granite State,
Where greenwood boughs and purling rills,
Where birdlings' songs the pure air fills,
Where Nature's beauties, not her ills,
Are early seen and late.

Beyond the green I see it stand,
The "Woodside Cottage" there;
It sheltered once a happy band,
United both in heart and hand,
For whom, now scattered o'er the land,
The mother kneels in prayer.

Alone she dwells in that sweet spot—
The father lives above;
The flowers are springing round her cot,
Planted by hands she 's ne'er forgot;
O, is not hers a happy lot—
To live a life of love!

The grand, the awful—soft and sweet,
Of nature here combine;
The towering mountain's lofty height,
Majestic rivers in their might,
With softest hues of lingering light,
In sweetest concert join.

The silvery lake, the verdant dell,
The greenwood's deepest shade,
Where squirrels chirp and wild birds dwell,
Where winds in softest accents tell
Of freedom—these I love full well—
The mountain and the glade.

But dearer far than all to me,
Is the "Woodside Cottage" near;
Its o'd familiar scenes I see—
The bird-box nailed against the tree,
Its inmates just as happy, free,
As when I placed it there.

And there 's the oft-frequented well,
Its bucket clothed with green;
The sweep hangs high the place to tell
Where crystal drops of nectar swell:
O, how I 've sipped the drops that fell—
Such drops I ne'er have seen.

And now, at evening's twilight hour,
I'm seated on the sill;
I gaze upon the same wild flower,
I hear the night-bird's witching power,
The whippoorwill from out the bower—
I seem to hear them still.

BACHELOR'S EXPERIENCE.

BY H. W. B.

It is not necessary for me to relate my early history. Why tell how, or when, or where I was born? That I have an existence is undeniable; this manuscript is presumptive evidence of that. If any one doubts that I have moved in society, have seen the world, that doubt will disappear before I have finished. That what I write is a truth, a fact, I leave those who may peruse this to form their own opinion.

Suffice it, then, to say I am a bachelor, of presentable appearance, tolerable information, and passionately fond of young ladies, especially the neat and tidy. Of course some wonder why I don't get married, that's just what I wonder at; but before I close, you may find a reason of your own; don't let me anticipate your wishes, and don't get excited over my *awful* fate. Perhaps I had better entitle this after the old maxim, "The way of the transgressor is hard"

My life has been the mere experience of my circle of acquaintances; mine is written, theirs dead or forgotten amid new joys or deeper griefs.

When I arrived at the impatient age of sixteen, when long cigars and big tobacco quids made men of boys, when long-tailed coats, bosomed shirts, standing collars and essence of peppermint added dignity to youth (at least, youth thought so), and made some slim spindle-shanks a man of property and a catch, I started out in the world with my brains clouded with tobacco smoke and my clothes scented with a beautiful conglomeration of the same delicious odor mingled with an agreeable perfume of peppermint. I had two ideas besides peppermint and tobacco, how-

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ever, and they were to find a wife, and a rich *old* uncle, who would *die* soon and leave me the bulk of his property. That wealth, severely earned through long years of toil and privation, would not be willingly bequeathed to such a genius as I, never troubled my mind; it would, of course, be left me. I failed in both, however, as every man who starts in life with two such mad propositions ought to do. Some fair damsel sighing for a husband, may ask how I failed in the first, and some lucky fool who stumbled on a wife, may remark, any man can marry. I do most sincerely pity such people; my deepest commiseration is extended to them; they waste brains and energy. 'Tis not every woman I *would* marry, nor every woman who would marry me; so I am still looking for a wife.

After long and faithful search to find some wealthy relative to leave me his fortune, and after being shown the sidewalk repeatedly, in a manner that always left an impression upon me, I concluded that either my rich relations were fools, or I had mistaken my calling. In the course of my long, distant, and tedious peregrinations, I was introduced to a lovely and bewitching lady of the name of Miss Clara Angel. She smiled, and I was in love. O, the rapture of that emotion! How it thrilled my whole soul! What a new dignity it added to me! The possibility that she did not love me I never calculated—the idea that any woman of intelligence could refuse so brilliant a chance as to become the wife of such a wonderful genius as myself, was presumptuous; so I spent money for gifts, money for tickets to the theatre, to concerts and lectures. I wasted my time, wasted my energies, exhausted my resources, made my friends sorrowful, wore out the patience of my relations, and lost my *coveted* "heirship."

On one of those calm, serene and beautiful evenings, at the hour when the moon's silvery light hallowed everything with a mellowing influence, I was seated in a buggy with her to whom my sighs and joys were all dedicated. Just as we neared the shade of a magnificent oak, I began to feel all the blended emotions and sensations usually experienced on such occasions, and as passion grew warm and ardent, I confessed all. I told her of my love, my hopes, my ambition, and my prospects. It awakened no corresponding thrill. Coolly and silently she listened. I grew madly eloquent. I pressed the question, and she replied:

"I don't see the necessity of this warmth between *friends*. I love you certainly. I love you with a *sister's* love, and shall ever esteem you as a *brother*."

This reply thoroughly unmanned me. I had plenty of sisters at home; I knew the value of a sister's love. Being a worthless, good-for-nothing fellow, my sisters were constantly teasing the life out of me; nd when my senses fully recovered from the shock produced by her reply, I concluded she had flattered my fancy at the expense of my pocket. She bewitched me with her sweetness, sweetness long drawn out to the tune of misspent time and exhausted resources, threadbare coats and laughing shoes, hats that to all appearance had served a campaign in Southern warfare, so awfully worn out. If I had been born rich or a poet, I should make a hero out of myself and a heroine out of her; but being unfortunately destined to go hungry to bed, the romance of the thing soon wore out, and I, like others, was doomed to learn that wondrous wise truth "that as good fish live in the sea as ever came out of it." I vote the celebrated individual whose fertile mind originated that immortal homily a leather medal. What on earth is the use of trying to conciliate a rejected lover, by telling him that? Why insult a disappointed fisherman, by telling him that plenty of fish live in the sea, if none will bite his bait? What consolation is it to me to know that plenty of women walk the streets, plenty sit in nice parlors, waiting to be won; plenty that would learn your step, greet your coming, and exercise themselves to please, if I don't admire them, or if I "can't see it?" No, positively no, there is no comfort, no solace, no consolation in knowing these dead realities, these certain and incontrovertible facts. What does a *lover* care for truth? He is all romance. I have learned the truth by bitter and humiliating experience, and have got over it all bravely.

After I had finished my love affair with her and seen the necessity of doing something to regain my lost reputation and position, I took a careful survey of effects. To drown myself was folly; hanging was madness; poison was hard to take and disagreeable in its effects; shooting was impossible, because I had not the courage; suicide was cowardly, and in committing it what would I gain? No accidental discharge of fire-arms, no assassin's knife, no drowning by being capsized, no death by purpose, accident or intention. I must live. O, such a life! A blank, a blot, a future all misery, a past all remorse! I con-

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cluded to study law. I fondly dreamed that in pursuit of legal fame, love and its romance would be forgotten; therefore I entered the law office of a distinguished practitioner, and commenced the arduous and laborious study of law. I opened Blackstone; I read a few pages—thought and dreamed over my rejection more than I did over what I read. Again and again I tried it with no better success. I gave it up. Then I went to earning money. I read books, earned dollars, felt good. There is such a soothing effect upon a man's nerves in the continual flow of money into his purse. I began to take young ladies out to ride, began to feel a friendship for them, loved them all, gave up my position, determined to devote myself to the ladies.

I made a selection, I won her; she loved me with all the trusting, thrilling intensity of a woman's first attachment; then *I* changed. I tired of her, I grew indifferent, I threw her aside. I concluded that I should never marry, never be satisfied. I tired of myself, hated the whole world, was dissatisfied with mankind, grew impatient of restraint, concluded to try law again, could not study, left home, became penniless, became thoughtful, reflective, sensible. I wondered if any one had ever succeeded living as changeable and vagrant a life as I was leading. I concluded that to win success in any channel, you must bend all of your united energies in that channel. I might be a genius, but if I scattered my efforts over all the field of science or literature, I should spend a good long lifetime in reading over what other men have learned and written. But if I bent my whole soul for the development of that one truth, perhaps some latent idea or original thought might be discovered that would crown my efforts with fame if not with satisfaction.

I returned home; I re-entered the law office; I again read Blackstone, corresponded with a number of young ladies, grew disaffected; law evidently was not as interesting as young ladies. I got into another love affair, gave a ring, became a fool, and thinking to expiate my folly under the hallowed name of patriotism, entered the military service, was promoted to a lieutenantcy, earned a good reputation among my comrades, was discharged the service, and for a third time commenced to study law. I thought myself thoroughly and completely weaned from a woman's influence, but on my arrival home, a lady of long-standing friendship, quiet manners, dignified mien, and lovely appearance, so warmly greeted my return that it well-nigh proved hopeless. All my trials, my sacrifices, my bitter and exhaustive experience, had done no earthly good; here I was soon to be entangled in another love affair. And as a warm breath plays upon my cheek, and affection's lips press mine, and a loving arm, heart and soul twine their gentle power around my wayward soul, I am perfectly contented that "so mote it be," and, hereafter, shall cease to sing "No one to love."

MODERN WINES.

In England it is in the flavoring and coloring of the different sorts of port and sherry that the greatest taste and skill are shown. Here it is chemistry steps in to aid the wine-merchant, and not only relieves him of the trouble of research, but takes all the drudgery of preparation off his hands. The initiated in London are aware of the visits of an individual at certain establishments, whose sole stock in trade consists of sundry not very large bottles, containing liquids of various colors. Morning or early forenoon is his time for doing business, and the transactions are generally for ready money, with few questions asked or answered. This is the dealer in essences, and the essences play an all-important part in wine-making. Essence of sloe-juice gives a dryness and color combined. Essence of black-currants produces both body and richness of flavor—much esteemed in good port wines—and expressed juice of Orleans plums is found to answer the same purpose. A solution of tannin in spirits gives the requisite astringency and the true sherry flavor to inferior Cape wines. For the costlier brown sherries, a very superior wine called Color, worth perhaps about a hundred pounds per butt, is sparingly used for the purpose of giving color; and in the commoner sorts, caramel or burnt sugar, effects the same object. Palm-oil dissolved in spirits gives a rich color to sherry; and almond-paste produces a fine nutty flavor, which flavor can also be obtained by the use of nitro-benzole—the latter article being largely used in the flavoring of cheap sherries.

We will not pretend to say that we can name all the ingredients used in the "doctoring" of drinks, for there may be mysteries; but we know that in addition to the articles just mentioned, salt, common sugar, *capsicum*, grains of Paradise, sulphuric acid, cream of tartar, and glycerine play their parts in adding flavor, and in producing oiliness, crusti-

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ness, and the beads in the liquids we are asked to consume as port and sherry.

There could be no greater mistake than to suppose that adulteration is confined to the wines most commonly consumed in England. We are not sure indeed but that the adulteration of champagne is carried even to a greater extent than the adulteration of port and sherry. It is only a short time since that a suit in the Court of Queen's Bench, arising out of a dispute in connection with some dock-warrants, disclosed the fact, that champagne that will fetch a guinea a bottle on the race-course, need not cost the retailer more than thirteen shillings a dozen. We are not in any great degree a champagne-drinking people, yet a learned counsel, on the trial just alluded to, maintained that there is more of this particular wine consumed in England in one day, than is produced in all France in the course of twenty years. This is only another mode of telling us that we don't get the real article, but of course we all know that; yet it is made a point of honor in some countries to stand up for the genuineness of the champagne they consume. In the Pall Mall clubs, it would be rank heresy to hint a doubt of the sparkling vintage. Russians will swear that out of the capital of the czars or the Neva, you have but very little chance of even tasting the genuine product of the champagne vineyards. In California, they are quite convinced that they had the very best of undoubted Moet and Chandon; while the New Yorkers would think a man mad who could dream of questioning the fact, that the only real Veuve Clicquot is to be had at Delmonico's. All cannot be right in asserting that they alone have a monopoly of the drink so much in repute, though we think there can be no doubt that the Russian has the best chance of tasting the genuine article. It is stated on good authority, that, with the exception of what is retained by the French court for its own use, and for sending as presents to crowned heads, there is a standing agreement, that all that is left of the celebrated Clicquot vintage shall be sent to the Russian government. How the rest of the world is supplied with its champagne, only a small portion of the world really knows. Germany supplies a large portion of what is sold as the best champagne; and Moselle wine deprived of the peculiar flavor of the muscatel grape, from which it is made, constitutes an excellent sparkling drink, such as may well satisfy those who had no chance of ever seeing a bottle of real champagne decanted.

But champagne may be made of almost any beverage that will ferment and effervesce, and, in fact, we rather fear it *is* made of any and every liquid that can be got to bubble and sparkle for the period demanded in the drinking of it. Sugar-candy, carbonate of soda, and the requsite colorings and flavorings, play their part in the sophisticating of the desiderated drink. From gooseberry, from mangold-wurzel, and from rhubarb, good champagne may be concocted; cider, perry, mead, maple syrup, and even spruce-beer, have been used, and used largely, in the manufacture. There is no occasion for the rhubarb used in the making of champagne being fresh, for excellent judges have owned that they have been deceived with a wine of this description made from very stale rhubarb. If proper skill is displayed in the flavoring, and needful care bestowed upon the racking, we really do not see how the general public can be expected to judge accurately of what they are drinking, when connoisseurs are compelled to own that they are deceived. That tinfoil, pink tissue-paper, and neat but showy labels, have much to do in recommending champagne, is a fact the dealer knows well, if he does not acknowledge it.

PHOSPHORUS.

Phosphorus was discovered in 1669, but the process by which it was obtained was too expensive to permit its general use. It was first employed to ignite matches in 1680, but it was nearly 100 years afterward when it was discovered in old bones, that it became of much importance. Pure phosphorus is a semi-transparent, nearly colorless substance, flexible, and so soft that it can be cut with a knife. In itself it is tasteless, but when exposed to the air it emits a vapor having an odor like that of garlic. It melts at 111 1-2 degrees, and takes fire in a warm atmosphere. It is insoluble in water, but is readily dissolved by ether, naptha, dithloride of sulphur, and bi-sulphuret of carbon. The red amorphous phosphorus more recently used in the preparation of matches is less dangerous than the ordinary stick phosphorus, as it is free from the poisonous vapor, and is not so highly inflammable. Phosphorus is contained in various rocks, whence it passes by decomposition into the soil, is taken up by plants, enters into grain, and is thus received into the animal system. It is an essential ingredient in the composition of the brain and nerves.

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

The trial of the Washington assassinators has attracted much attention during the month. Indeed it has been the only theme on which the daily papers could harp, in hopes of creating a sensation, and thus dispose of each day's publications. Every twenty-four hours the Journals have promised us something startling, and each promise has met with disappointment and disgust on the part of the public. We were led to expect that the most shocking revelations would appear in print, but such has not been the case, and the people cared at last but little whether the evidence was reported or suppressed, an open court held or a secret tribunal organized. The trial has not exhibited such stupendous rascality as was expected, but the secret testimony was important. Payne is fully identified as the would-be murderer of Secretary Seward, Booth as the murderer of President Lincoln; but there the interest ends, always excepting Mrs. Surratt, the woman who could have prevented the crime at any time, yet did not make an effort to do so, but rather urged the matter on, and as one of the conspirators she should be punished, woman or no woman. She took a step that she knew was terrible, and she should be made to suffer for it. She is a fiend, and should be treated as one. Payne will be hanged, and he deserves death; but as for the rest of the gang, it is impossible to state definitely what will be done with them. The arguments are all in, and it is probable that before this meets the eyes of our readers some decision will be arrived at. The attempt to prove that Payne is insane, even provoked laughter from that desperado.—— The great event of the past month was the military review at Washington. No such pageant was ever before witnessed in this country; and but seldom two hundred thousand men assemble under arms in Europe. Indeed, the Duke of Wellington said there were but few generals in England who could march twenty-five thousand men on to Hyde Park and then march them off, without confusion and disorder. We don't mean to boast, and contend that no country in the world could produce so large an army, but we do mean to say that in the armies that marched through Washington, there were more brave soldiers and skilful officers than can be found in the same number of men in the rank and file of military France or commercial England. They were veterans, accustomed to war and the smell of powder, confident men, who knew their leaders, and trusted them, because they had led them to victory so often, and yet with all their glory thick upon them they were glad to relinquish the profession of arms, and return to civil life. Of course Washington was crowded with people anxious to see Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Howard, Custar, and hundreds of others whose deeds are familiar to the public, and whose names will live in song and history. There was only one thing to mar the whole display. That was the thought that Sherman should feel unhappy at some action taken by the government when his arrangement with Johnston was made known. The cheers of the soldiers and the citizens must have thrilled his heart and melted the ice that he has carried there for so many days. He has explained the reasons for his conduct, and those reasons were satisfactory; so he must let the matter drop, and not make speeches and write letters reflecting on his superiors. If he continues to do so, he will ruin himself as sure as his name is Sherman. He is too great a man for such pettishness; his friend Grant should tell him so, and teach him the virtue of silence.—— Jeff Davis parted with his family on board of a gunboat at Fortress Monroe. He was not much affected, and his wife did not shed many tears. He was placed in a casemate, and his family went south. Since Davis has been in the fort the daily papers have managed to tell quite a number of lies respecting his treatment, while the Philadelphia papers have been awful with their thrilling falsehoods. They have represented that irons were placed on the prisoner's hands and feet, that four men were required to do the work, that he threatens to commit suicide, that only a spoon is

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allowed in his cell, and other nonsense, too frivolous to mention, but worthy the pen of Philadelphia reporters. People used to say, when they desired to represent a notorious person, that he lied like a Philadelphia lawyer. A change has taken place. Now the expression is, he lies like a Philadelphia reporter. There is no sense in publishing such stuff, for there is but little truth in all the statements that have gone forth, yet it will be scattered all over Europe, and our government held up for the indignation of the civilized world. If the fools must lie, let them do it with some kind of decency.——President Johnson has set an example for which we must honor him. He has refused an excellent coach and span of horses, but thanked the gentlemen who would have presented them. This stamps him as an honest man.——The scoundrel who was to introduce the yellow fever into some of the Northern cities, has been held for trial in Canada.——A mad project has been started to pay off, by subscription, the national debt. It is a cheap way of rubber advertising, and will amount to nothing. We should like to see it successful, however.——Sherman will have command of Mississippi, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Louisiana, with headquarters at Cincinnati. He will look after his affairs in that direction, we will warrant, provided he will keep his temper.——As we predicted, the president has issued his amnesty proclamation, in which he tells us in plain terms who can be saved, and who must stand aside and take some of the rough chances of life. He has left one hope, and that is, by making an appeal to him, in the proper form, a pardon will be granted to those whom the proclamation repudiates. All who left judicial stations to enter the rebel service, all who left the army and navy, and all above the rank of colonel are exempted from pardon, except by a special act of the president. There is another class of rascals exempted. Those sneaks who sheltered themselves in Canada and planned and made raids on our territory, plotted assassination, poisoning, infecting with yellow fever, and other crimes which honorable men would never think of, are not included in the proclamation; and it is just that they are not, for such scoundrels deserve hanging, and we hope that some day they will meet their just deserts. They are a disgrace to manhood, more like fiends than human beings, and should be consigned to that hell to which they belong, there to receive some slight punishment for their crimes, dastardly and cowardly, unworthy of the age in which we live, and in fact unworthy of any age.——The English papers are opposed to the hanging of Jeff Davis. We supposed that such would be the case, but if our amiable friends, on the other side of the ocean, desire that his life should be spared, they had better let our government attend to its own business, without dictation from interested parties.——Delegations from the Western Boards of Trade have enjoyed for a week the hospitalities of our city, and seemed to enjoy themselves.——The passport order has been revoked, and people can leave the country without requesting permission from the government.——Representative Harris, who was tried by court-martial for disloyalty, was sentenced to fine and imprisonment, but the president remitted the fine and imprisonment.——We have news that the Atlantic telegraph cable is nearly completed, and that the Great Eastern will sail, with the cable on board, some time during July. We predict for the whole thing as great a failure as that which occurred when attempts were made to connect England and North America, some years since, with telegraphic communications, and we are surprised that money could be raised for so costly an experiment, with all the odds against ever receiving one penny in return. We hope that but few Americans have taken stock, and that on no account will they be induced to do so. We wish the whole experiment success, but a moment's reflection will convince most any one that continued success is an impossibility. A bite of a shark, a slap of a whale's tail, a chafe on a ledge of rocks, and the connection is severed forever, and the stockholders can groan for their money, and howl at their foolishness. The cable that is to be laid is just 2300 nautical miles, or in rough numbers, about 2600 miles long.——Grant and Sherman have had interviews at West Point with General Scott. Affecting interviews they must have been, and worthy the pencil of a great artist. How the recollection of younger and glorious days must have passed through the mind of the veteran as he looked at two of the greatest generals of the age, who were mere boys in the Mexican war, and never expected to catch the eye of their chief. Few words were spoken, but silence was more expressive than any conversation could be.——The most important piece of foreign news that we have to record this month is the rupture between Prince Napoleon and the empe-

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ror. The former has resigned his seat in the cabinet, and all because he took occasion to speak on republics, and to differ on the Mexican policy. We have had a warm friend in the prince, and hope that he will keep quiet and abide his time.——General Grant was received with immense enthusiasm in New York. His hands were shaken by thousands, and the modest hero barely escaped with life, so great was the crowd around him. He flanked the politicians, and thus escaped some of their demonstrations.——Delegates from Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi have visited Washington for the purpose of being reconstructed. No result has yet been arrived at. The president is watching events.——The president has received hundreds of applications for pardon and restoration to citizenship. Some of the most prominent Southern men are eager for forgiveness.——It is estimated that there are 70,000 bales of cotton in Arkansas, 300,000 in Texas, and 1,000,000 east of the Mississippi River. We take this estimate to be nearly correct; and if such is the case, there are 2,500,000 bales in the country, North and South, so we have great hope that we shall see cotton lower in the course of a few months.——With one dash of his ink-dropping pen, the president has created a revolution in the Southern trade, and has done more to make violent rebels friendly than by any other act that he could have performed. He has declared that all restrictions on business at the South are removed, with the single exceptions of dealing in munitions of war and certain kinds of cloth, which it is thought best to let alone for a short time, or until all the fire-eating, dissatisfied gentlemen are satisfied that it is better to remain in peace than to fight. Cotton can now be moved to any part of the world, on paying the regular export duty of three per cent. on a pound.——We believe that we can see signs of encouragement in this order of the president, that will help restore tranquillity to the country, and once more bind the North and South together with fraternal bonds of trade. ——President Johnson does not seem to believe in giving to the negroes free suffrage, just at present. He is in favor of waiting until such time as he thinks the majority of them will understand their rights. To all negro soldiers he is willing to give suffrage, but the great mass of colored people must wait for a few months. He tells them not to be impatient, for events are assuming definite shape. He does not move quick enough to suit some people, so it is quite probable that we shall see prominent republicans assume a warlike attitude before long.——It was reported that the monuments which had been erected on the Bull Run battle-fields, in honor of our fallen braves, had been defaced and badly injured by those living near, but at last accounts, we are glad to see that the story is contradicted. Some of our soldiers would have taken terrible revenge for such an insult. ——General Howard has received the most gratifying information from South Carolina respecting the workings of the freedmen in that State. Some 40,000 of them are at work supporting themselves, and living contented; but in Macon, Ga., the blacks are dying by the dozen, and refuse to go to the country, where their services are required. These will regulate themselves after a while, and as soon as the colored people discover that the government is not bound to support them in idleness.——Rich estates are selling from one to ten dollars per acre, in North Carolina, and some great fortunes will be made in that State by the aid of land.——France has withdrawn belligerent rights from the South, coming out in a frank manner, a striking contrast to the method which England adopted, when Russell issued a note that Confederates could not be admitted as Confederates, or surrender as Confederates to an English court. Russell's rather inclined to be a Dogberry of the dullest kind.——A most brutal murder has been perpetrated in West Roxbury. A little girl, fourteen years of age, and her brother, twelve years of age, were killed by some ruffian or ruffians, after the girl had been most outrageously treated. They were out at play in the woods where they met their fate. A deeper sensation has not been experienced in this part of the country for years, than when the news was published. It struck home to every heart. Rewards of about $4000 are offered for the apprehension of those who committed the terrible crimes. Punishment prompt and sure should be meted out to the perpetrators of such horrible atrocities. We suppose that some would start the plea of insanity, as is usual in this city, but a community of sensible men wont stand such pleadings a great while. We have had our share of them already.——A. H. Stephens and poor old Reagan, the postmaster-general of the Confederacy, have been placed in summer quarters at Fort Warren, where they will be cool and comfortable until called for.

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The Florist.

Hydrangea.

There are several kinds of hydrangea, most of which are American shrubs. The kind best known, however, and which is called the hydrangea, *par excellence*, is a Chinese shrub. Botanists call it *Hydrangea Hortensia*, the specific name being given in honor of a French lady, whose Christian name was Hortense: and though it is now so common, it has not been introduced much more than fifty years—the first plant of it grown in Britain having been imported from China by Sir Joseph Banks, in 1789 or 1790, about the same time as the tree peony. The hydrangea, though nearly hardy, is generally considered as a greenhouse or window plant; and it is admirably adapted for the latter situation, as it is scarcely possible to give it too much water, though water may be withheld from it for several days without killing it—the plant reminding its possessor of its wants by its conspicuously drooping leaves, and reviving rapidly when water is given. It should be grown in a rich soil, and its branches should be cut in every year when it has done flowering; as otherwise the branches are apt to become unsightly from losing their leaves near the base.

Inga.

Beautiful plants, nearly allied to the genus Mimosa, with silky, tassel-like flowers. All the species are stove-shrubs, and should be grown in a mixture of loam and peat. They are propagated by cuttings, taken off at a joint, and struck in pure sand, under a bell-glass, and plunged in a hotbed, or in tan, to afford them bottom-heat.

Lisianthus.

Ligneous, perennial and biennial plants, natives of the West Indies; which, require a hothouse or greenhouse in our climate. *L. Russelianus* has handsome purple flowers; but they are not so beautiful as was at first supposed, and the species is neither hardy nor annual. All the species should be grown in a mixture of loam and peat, and they are all propagated by cuttings struck in sand, under a bell-glass.

Cerinthe (Honeywort).

Hardy annuals, more curious than beautiful, that will grow in any soil or situation; and which, if sown in spring or summer, will generally come into flower in about six weeks from the time of sowing; and if sown in autumn, they will stand through the winter.

Liriodendron.

The tulip-tree is very ornamental from its flowers, which somewhat resemble those of the parrot-tulip, and its curiously-shaped leaves. It seldom flowers till it has become a large tree. The seeds often lie two years in the ground before they come up.

Lisanthe.

The plants should be grown in a greenhouse, in peat and sand; and they are propagated by cuttings of the tips of the shoots, like heaths.

Anemone.

All the plants belonging to this genus are beautiful and well deserving of cultivation; from the little white wood anemone to the largest Dutch varieties, which have been sometimes known to be six inches in diameter. The common hardy kinds are of very easy culture. They should be planted in a warm dry border, in face of a south wall, in a light soil, and they may be left in the ground for several years without taking up. But the garden anemones, which are what are called florist's flowers, require the utmost care in their cultivation. The tubers of these fine kinds of anemones, and their hybrids and varieties, are sold in the seed-shops by the hundred. They resemble little bunches of small black potatoes, which may be divided, each portion producing a new plant, though it will probably be too weak to flower the first year. When the plants begin to grow, they should be frequently watered with rain-water, so as never to allow the fibrous roots to wither from drought; and when the plants have done flowering, the mats on hoops should be stretched over the bed, and the plants kept quite dry, till their leaves become brown and wither, which will generally be in about a month after they have done flowering. The tubers should then be taken up, and kept dry, till the return of the proper season for planting. When seedling anemones are to be raised, the seed should be divested of its pappus, by rubbing it between the hands or through a sieve, and sown in pots or boxes in August; the young tubers should be taken up when the leaves wither the following summer, and re-planted in autumn, when they will flower the following spring.

Syringa, or Mock Orange.

This is a strong-growing shrub, with clusters of light-colored, fragrant flowers, filling the air for quite a distance with agreeable perfume. Grows from six to ten feet high, and is entirely hardy, flowering in June and July.

Littæa, or Lyttæa.

Handsome plants, with spreading leaves and long spikes of flowers. The fine plant, formerly known as *Bonapartea juncea*, is now called *Littæa geminiflora*. They should be grown in sandy loam, and are increased by suckers from the roots.

Rose of Sharon.

A common flowering shrub, and perfectly hardy north of Massachusetts. Being a late bloomer, it comes in well when there is a scarcity of other flowers, and the hollyhock shaped bloom, together with the regular handsome growing head, make it a desirable showy shrub of easy culture, growing readily from cuttings, and is frequently used for screens or hedges. There are many varieties, single and double, white, red, striped and pheasant-eye.

Bird's-Eye.

This is a very neat little plant, cultivated in peat soil, and kept moist.

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The Housewife.

A good Plum Cake.

An equal weight of butter and flour, a quarter of a pound of cut peels and citron, double the weight of butter in currants, the grating of three lemons, and half a nutmeg, half an ounce of pudding spice, one glass of brandy, and the same quantity of eggs as the weight in butter; beat your butter as for pound cake; put in a few chopped sweet almonds. Paper and butter a hoop, bottom and sides; then put in your mixtures; bake in a slow oven for some time; take off the hoop when done, but not the paper.

Rich Plum Cake.

Mix two quarts of flour with a pound of sifted loaf sugar, three pounds of currants, half a pound of raisins, stoned and chopped, a quarter of an ounce of mace and cloves; a grated nutmeg, the peel of a lemon, cut fine; melt two pounds of butter in a pint and a quarter of cream, but not hot, the whites and yolks of twelve eggs, beaten apart, and half a pint of good yeast. Beat them together a full hour. Put in plenty of citron and lemon. Then butter your hoop, or pans, and bake.

Rye Drop Cakes.

To one pint of sour or buttermilk, add two eggs, a small teaspoonful of soda, a little salt and rye meal, sufficient to make a batter that will spread a little, but not run. Drop in muffin-rings with a spoon. For baking they will require twice the time of common griddle-cakes. They are also nice baked in cups about fifteen minutes.

English Everton Taffy.

Two pounds of brown sugar, half a pound of butter a wineglass of vinegar and water mixed; boil these half an hour. Then try it with a steel in cold water; if it will slip off and break brittle, pour it into pans to cool.

Cider Cake.

One cupful of sugar, one cupful of butter; mix them together, and break in two or three eggs; then add one cupful of flour, one nutmeg, and one teaspoonful of saleratus; put into it one cupful of cider, or pour the cider, foaming, over it; then add two cupsful of flour; mix the whole well together, and bake it three-quarters of an hour.

Rice Puffs.

To a pint of flour put boiling water or milk sufficient to make batter. Beat four eggs (when it is cool), and put in, together with a teaspoonful of salt. Drop this mixture by the large spoonful into hot fat.

Coffee au Creme.

Put two spoonsful of coffee with some sugar into three pints of cold cream; boil it up for half an hour; let it stand; beat up the yolks of eight eggs, strain them through a sieve, and mix the whole together; put the vessel into boiling water to simmer over a slow fire, keep it constantly stirred.

Rout Cakes.

Take a pound of ground almonds and a pound of fine, sifted sugar, a few grains of nutmeg, a little grated lemon peel; dry it well up into a stiffish paste; work it well; if too stiff it will crack; then add a trifle more yolk of egg, and form into cakes to suit the fancy; no cutters are used; they must be made a day or two; after they are formed, let them stand on sugared paper, upon your baking sheet; bake them in a quick oven; a few minutes will do.

Bread without Crust.

The housewife who would bake her bread or biscuit without a dry, hard crust, can do so very readily. Just before placing the bread in the oven, she has only to rub its surface with butter or lard. This will close the pores, prevent the escape of the gas which is produced by the yeast, and the escape of the steam which is produced by the moisture of the heated loaf. Bread thus baked will be almost crustless.

Cream Soda—an excellent Drink.

Five pounds of loaf sugar, one ounce cream of tartar, one ounce Epsom salts, five ounces tartaric acid, Dissolve all the ingredients in one gallon of water. and heat it till it boils; and skim, if necessary. When cool, put the syrup in bottles, and set in a cool place. To prepare the drink, put two or three tablespoonsful of the syrup into a tumbler two-thirds full of water; add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of super carbonate of soda; stir briskly, and the effervescence will be equal to any soda from the fount.

Coffee Cream.

Mix three cups of good coffee with one pint of cream, and sugar according to taste; boil them together, and reduce them about one-third; observe that the coffee must be done as if it was for drinking alone, and settle very clear before you mix it with the cream.

A Substitute for Cream.

Beat up the whole of a fresh egg in a basin, and then pour boiling tea over it gradually, to prevent its curdling; it is difficult from the taste to distinguish it from rich cream.

To roast a Leg of Lamb.

Let it roast gradually, and commence a distance from the fire; a leg of five pounds will take an hour and a quarter; one of six pounds, will take an hour and a half.

Beef and Mutton.

Four pounds of beef lose one pound by boiling, and a pound and five ounces by roasting, and one pound three ounces by baking. Four pounds of mutton lose fourteen ounces by boiling, and one pound six ounces by roasting, and one pound four ounces by baking.

To preserve Milk.

Put a spoonful of horseradish into a pan of milk, and it will remain sweet for several days, either in the open air or in a cellar, while other milk will sour.

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Curious Matters.

A rare Medical Curiosity.

The monstrosities of disease are often strange, but a more remarkable specimen than that which by accident came under our observation at the office of Dr. Tewksbury in this city, says the Portland Argus, we have never before seen or heard of in America. It is a leg that he amputated in this State, of a young lady of fourteen years of age, where the lower portion, including the ankle joint, with all the fleshy parts, even to the skin, had all been changed or transformed into a solid rock-like substance, and enlarged to three times its natural size. We are informed that examinations of this specimen have been made, and that it does not partake of the nature of bone, but is like ivory or stone. It is quite certain that in no museum in this country can another specimen of the kind be seen.

A delicate Picture.

A scene recently took place, at a Paris wedding, in which the refining influences of love and French politeness combined to produce a very charming picture. The bridegroom, an honest andi ndustrious locksmith, was uneducated, and when called on to sign the register, marked a cross. The bride, on the contrary, although belonging to a poor family, had received an excellent education. Nevertheless, when the pen was passed to her, she also signed a cross. The bridemaid, a former schoolfellow of the bride, having expressed her astonishment, the young wife replied: "Would you have me humiliate my husband? To-morrow I will commence teaching him to read and write."

A Kiss to catch a Recruit.

Duncan Mackenzie, an old peninsular soldier, aged nearly ninety, died at Elgin. Duncan was a Highlander, every inch of him, and that, too, a stalwart one, for he was more than six feet in height, and must have been (as he was wont to say) a strapping fellow when he kissed Jane, Duchess of Gordon, in taking "the shilling" from between her teeth, to become one of her regiment—the Gordon Highlanders. Duncan delighted to tell how he was enlisted, and he has not left, we presume, one alive to tell the same tale about kissing the duchess in the market.

Writing.

The discovery of the art of writing is of uncertain date. Pictures are supposed to have been first resorted to, for the purpose of conveying ideas. These, in process of time, were superseded by hieroglyphics, and they in their turn by arbitrary marks. Letters can be traced back to Cadmus, who introduced them among the ancient Greeks; the Roman characters are evidently derived from the Greek; and the Britons were taught the use of them by the Romans. The art of writing was but little known till the commencement of the eighth century.

An easy Courtship.

A two-months' widower living near Hartford, Ct., went to that city the other day in search of a housekeeper to take care of his six motherless children. He was recommended to a nice young woman, and stating his case to her, was told hesitatingly that she had no objection to going, provided she went as his wife! He hadn't thought of that, but accepted the conditions, and she rode home with him the same day.

Queer Custom.

It was an ancient custom, from the time of Charlemagne until nearly 1830, that every traveller who came to St. Goar, on the Rhine, for the first time, should submit to a mock imprisonment at the hands of his fellow-travellers, from which he could escape only by further submitting to the baptism of water, or of wine. If he chose the first, a pitcher of the Rhine water was poured over his head; if the second, he was obliged to empty at one draught a huge beaker of wine to the health of Charlemagne, of the queen of England, the reigning duke, and the company. The rules of the order of Merry Fellows were then read to him, his brows were encircled with a gilded crown, and he was admitted to the right of fishing at the Loreiel, and of hunting on the banks, two valuable privileges, with the slight drawback that neither place was accessible. Finally, the new member was obliged to make a contribution to the poor, and have his name inscribed in the records of the order.

Origin of the Carter Potatoes.

About thirty years ago, more or less, John Carter, a resident of Savoy, in the county of Berkshire, experimented for the purpose of the improvement of potatoes by planting potato-balls; and at harvesting the first year, he found that he had advanced one step towards bringing out a new potato. He, therefore, the next year, planted the seed, raised the first, and so on for several years, till he produced the potato now distinguished as the "Carter." Mr. Carter died soon after, and therefore did not enjoy the full glory of his discovery.

Ann as a Man's Name.

Annie is, or was common as a man's name among the French. The celebrated warrior, the Constable Anne de Montmorenci, flourished in the time of Francis I. of France, and was killed at the age of 74 years, at the battle of St. Dennis, Nov. 10th, 1567. Although he bore a feminine name, he was anything but a woman in temper or disposition. He was a rough, brave, cruel soldier and general.

Magnanimity.

A miller's dog, in England, broke his chain; the miller ordered his maid-servant to tie him up again. She was attacked and bitten by the dog. On hearing her cries, the miller and his people ran to her assistance. "Keep off!" said she, shutting the door, "the dog is mad. I am already bitten, and must chain him up alone." Notwithstanding his biting, she did not let him go, but chained him up, and then retired to her chamber, and with the noblest resignation prepared herself to die. Symptoms of hydrophobia soon broke out, and she died in a few days The dog was killed without doing any further mischief.

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Facts and Fancies.

CONVERTING A JEW.

Speaking of religious conversions, a humorous writer remarks:

I remember hearing, once on a time, of a certain great meeting held in Dublin to hear the report of a committee on the subject of the conversion of the Jews. The substance of the report was so far favorable, that several Jews had been brought to embrace Christianity; but here came the drawback; it was always found that when the efforts of the controversialist had ceased, and the convert was pronounced safe, he had invariably gone back to his old belief. This was disheartening, certainly; and while the meeting was in the act of deploring such a calamity, a young naval officer, who happened to be present, observed that he had within his own experience one case, which certainly gave a more cheery aspect to the question, and with their permission he would be glad to relate it. After a brief apology for his deficiencies as an orator, he related how it happened that once he was in command of a small sloop of war, at the mouth of an African river, whose banks were inhabited by a colony of Jews, a race of most strange and mysterious origin, but yet to be found there. Among these there was one, a very venerable-looking old fellow, who supplied the sloop with yams and sweet potatoes, and such other produce; "and with him," said the officer, "I had frequent discussions, some of them on religious topics. He interested me at last to that degree that I began to wish I could convert him, though really, from my ignorance of polemics, I did not know exactly how to set about it; and at the same time I was discouraged by hearing that, of the supposed converts made by missionaries on the coast, there was not a single one who had not relapsed.

While I thus hesitated and pondered, I received sudden orders to sail. I went on shore to settle some matters of the ship's accounts, and seeing that Moses was on board, I offered him a passage in my gig, to have a few last words with him. We started a religious discussion at once; but I found my friend, long trained to argue with the missionaries, rather more than my match. He knew far more than I did, and employed his knowledge more skilfully. In my embarrassment I grew angry. I was foiled so often that my men had hard work to keep from laughing, and this overcame me completely. So I just seized him by the collar and chucked him into the sea; and after keeping him down for a second or two, I said: 'Will you be a Christian now?' 'No,' said he, 'never.' Down he went again, and for a little longer, when I asked, 'Will you now?' 'No,' said he, 'for nothing on earth.' I put him under again, ladies and gentlemen, and I am obliged to own I kept him almost a minute, so that when he did come up he was very red in the face, and nearly suffocated. 'What do you say now? Will you be a Christian?' 'Yes,' said he, with a gulp. 'Then you shan't relapse anyway,' said I; and so, ladies and gentlemen, I put him down again, and held him there quite long enough to prevent accidents; and that was the only Jew I ever heard of who didn't recant."

INTERESTING BIBLE CLASS.

Pupil reads—"And Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet."

Teacher to the class—"Who was the father of Shem, Ham, and Japhet?"

Class all round—"I don't know."

Teacher—"Now listen. Noah had three sons—Shem, Ham, and Japhet—who was the father of Shem, Ham, and Japhet?"

Class—"Don't know."

Teacher—"You don't? Do you know John Smith, the tanner?"

"Yes, yes, yes," answered a dozen voices at once.

"Well," said the teacher, "John Smith had three sons—Henry, William, and Joseph. Do you know them?"

"Yes, we all know them."

"Well," said the teacher, "who was the father of Henry, William and Joseph?"

"I know," said a bright-eyed little boy, "who was the father of—of—"

"Shem, Ham, and Japhet?" asked the teacher.

"Yes," replied the boy.

"And who is he?"

"John Smith, the tanner!"

THE EXPECTATION.

The San Francisco Mercury relates the following good story:

A short time ago, it chanced to us to see a young couple shopping. It was perfectly evident that they were raw at the business. The lady wore orange-blossoms, and had that indefinably interesting look peculiar to brides, while any one might have known the gentleman was a newly-wedded man, from the manner in which he handed his lady about, and performed those numerous little offices of gallantry which so pleasantly keep up the delusion of courtship during the honey-moon. They were buying furniture at one of those general outfitting establishments where Mr. Toodles was in the habit of supplying himself with things that might come handy in a lifetime. The bridegroom was an attache of some public office or counting-room, at, perhaps, a thousand a year, and the bride a seamstress. They had laid up some money, and, having taken a house about six feet square, with a door like the entrance to a mouse-trap, were proceeding to furnish it with what little remained. They had already selected half a dozen large Brussels carpets, mahogany chairs enough to furnish Platt's Hall on an oratorio night, window cornices, and curtains of satin and lace, one of which was large enough to cover up their little dwelling. A bookcase and cabinet, and a bureau with psyche and all complete, either of which was as big as the house in question, had been checked off to them at a bargain, and in a corner of the warehouse where specimens of fine cabinet work were gathered, both had come to a dead halt over an article which neither could look at without blushing, and of the nature of which both professed entire ignorance. It was a choice piece of workmanship, with all the new-fan-

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gled appliances, and seemed to possess for both a fascination which debarred all further progress.

"Hem!" said the shopman. "Neat, isn't it?—the latest invention out. Selling like tickets for a raffle. Children cry for it. Acts like magic on the occupant. Can be worked by a simple attachment to a sewing-machine. Takes care of itself, and deposits its load as a feather. Is a nurse as well as a comforter, and don't spank nor stick pins, as other nurses do. Try half a dozen."

The young couple eyed the thing sideways, but took a good look at it, nevertheless; pretending to glance around upon other objects, such as pictures, mantel ornaments and statuettes, but always coming back to the original object of attraction. At last they were about to depart, having purchased a sufficiency of furniture to stock a hotel, when the dealer came running up to them, with caressing palms and his blandest possible manner.

"You have forgotten one thing; let me put you down for just one—pray, do—you know you'll need it—it's so handy to have, you know."

"Well, it'll keep, I suppose," rejoined the bridegroom, pettishly.

"Can't say; the stock might run out, and the patent be accidentally destroyed, or—or—in short, there's no telling what might not happen."

"That's very true," whispered the bride, through her thick veil—and she squeezed Benedict's arm very hard as she spoke; "as it's always well to be prepared for emergencies, *suppose we try one?*"

After this, need we say it was a *cradle?*

SHORT AND SWEET.

"Why, you see, when a man came a courtin' me," said Mrs. Dobson, "I hadn't the least thought of what he was after—not I. Jobie came to our house one night after dark, and rapped at the door. I opened it, and sure enough there stood Jobie right before my face and eyes.

"'Come in,' sez I, 'and take a cheer.'

"'No, Lizzie,' sez he, 'I've come on an errant, and I always do my errants fust.'

"'But you'd better come in and take a cheer. What is yer errant?'

"'Courtin' business. My wife's been dead these three weeks, and everything's going to rack and ruin right straight along. Now, Lizzie, if you've a mind to hev me, and take care of my home an' children, an' my things, tell me, and I'll come in and take a cheer; if not, I'll get some one else tu.'

"Why, I was skeered, and said:

"'If you've come on this courtin' business, come in. I must think of it a little.'

"'No, I can't till my errant's done?'

"'I should like to think about it a day or two.'

"'You needn't, Lizzie.'

"'Well, Jobie, if I must, I must, so here's to you, then.'

"So he came in. Then he went after the squire, and he married us right off, an' I went home that very night. I tell you what it is, these long courtin's don't amount to nothing at all. Just as well do it in a hurry."

THE SKEETER TO THE SLEEPER.

Hum um—hum! shut your eyes, sir; the noise you hear is but flies, sir; a whim-m—w-h-m!—don't be scared, sir; go to sleep, your sheets were aired, sir. Mu-m—a h-y-m-n it is I'm singing, its music in your ears is ringing; I wont sting you, sting you, s-t-i-n-g! I'd scorn to do so mean a thing. A h-u-m-*bug* it is, not *me*, that bites. Take care! don't slap, I never fight. Slap! whang! Take care! you nearly hit me. 'Twasn't me, my friend, that bit you. There! again! it's come to blows; you fool, I didn't touch your nose! What in the world's the use of slapping —your own face, when you should be napping? A-h-e-m-m, don't be alarmed, you really ought to be quite charmed. Hum-m-m! don't play the boy, I merely sing you lullaby. A wham, again—there, there. Now go to sleep. Aha! you're going. Now for a feast, old chap; I go in. All right! he's gone; I'll have my fill. Say, old sleepy, here's my bill!

JOHNNY AND THE DUTCHMAN.

The day that Wade Hampton charged Kilpatrick's camp, writes a soldier, I was at General Carlin's headquarters, when a rebel soldier, carrying a carbine, and a Teutonic member of the 9th Michigan came up. On reaching the tents, the Dutchman saluted, and said:

"Captains, there ish un prisoner."

"Where did you get him?" inquired the adjutant general.

"Well, yer see, I vas in the peginninn of de fight, and got cut off; and without der gun or horse, hid in der swamp. Pimeby I sees der Johnny coming up, so I shust shumped pehind der tree to grab hims. Der tam fool didn't comes close ter nuff, and I steps out mit 'surrender!' I shook hands mit him, and we made une compact to strike for ter camp; and if it so pe we make rebel lines, I was to be his prisoner; and, if der were ter Union lines, he is to pe mine prisoner."

The story seemed so improbable that the rebel was appealed to, and confirmed the Dutchman's tale, merely adding:

"I was tired of toting the gun, and wanted to sell out cheap for cash or hard tack."

HOW A JILTED MAN FEELS.

Dick had been jilted by a flirt—and felt awfully—all down from head to foot, that is to say, "down at the heel," and "down at the mouth." To "sumtotalize" the whole, he had the "sulks." As he came out of the house of his lost Dulcinea, he was met by a crony, with:

"Ah, Dick! good morning to you; what a glorious day!"

"O, come, now—none of your blarney."

"Blarney—why, what's the matter? By the way, Dick, did you know I was an excellent thermometer? I can tell by my feelings when it is going to rain?"

"Pooh! pooh!"

"I should think we might have lightning soon."

"Very possible, for I myself do *feel like thunder!*"

HATED BOTH.

"Did you attend church to-day?" said a planter to his late slave.

"Sartain, sar," was the reply; "and what two awful big stories dat preacher did tell!"

"What stories were they?"

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"Why, he tell the people no man can serve two masters; now dis is de fuss story, kase you see once I serve you, my ole massa, and also young Massa John. Den de preacher says he will love de one, and hate de odder, while de Lord knows how I hated ye both!"

A REFORMED MAN.

Old Billy Smith kept a small store in one of the interior towns of Massachusetts. It was the rendezvous of all loafers in the village. These fellows used to be there every night, playing poker, generally with the old man's clerk, and, besides drinking the old man's liquor, spent his money, furnished by the confidential clerk. Old Billy suspected what was going on, and came down on them suddenly one night; and before they could hide themselves, Nemiah got "Jesse," but was forgiven, promising to sin no more.

"Nemiah," said Billy, "never let a soul in after eight o'clock."

Nemiah promised obedience. Next night the crowd was at work as usual, and Billy thought he would go down and see how things went on. Accordingly down he went, and knocked at the door!

"Who's there?" cried Nemiah.

"It's me, Mr. ——, open the door."

"No; Billy told me never to let any one in after eight o'clock, and I aint going to do it."

"But, Nemiah, it's me—open the door in one moment."

"No, none of your gammon; you sound mightily like him, but it wont go down; so travel, or dod rot your head if I don't give you a shot with this old blunderbus, you old humbug."

Billy waited to hear no more, but started off like the wind, confident that Nemiah was a reformed man, and the next day doubled his salary.

AN AWFUL THREAT.

Ned Grimes wore a sad countenance. He was asked what was the matter, but no satisfactory answer was forthcoming. At length a particular friend obtained the following particulars from him:

"You know," said Ned, "I have been courting Sally W. a long while, and so we had a great notion of getting married, when the darned old colonel—"

"Go on, Ned, don't be a boy; what about the colonel?"

"Why, you see, Sally said I had better ask him, and so I did, as perlite as I knew how."

"Well, what reply did he make?"

"Why, he kinder hinted round as if I warn't wanted there, no how."

"Well, Ned, let us know what they were—what the colonel said to disturb your mind so?"

"Why, he said—"

"Said what?"

"Why, he said that if he catched me there again, he'd cowhide me till I hadn't an inch of rind left on my back, darn him!"

A PARTICULAR CLERGYMAN.

It does not require a very old person, who has lived in the country, to remember the time when instrumental music of any kind in a church was considered little less than sacrilege. A base-viol has set many a congregation at loggerheads, and the clergymen, especially, used to set their faces hard against the innovation. We remember a clergyman, whose voice and warning against the instrument had been overruled, who rose to give out the morning psalm, with the following "introductory remarks:"

"You may *fiddle* and *sing* the one hundred and twenty-fifth psalm!"

A STAPLE PRODUCTION.

A full-grown Buckeye, in rather an oblivious and balmy state, tumbled into a stage-coach, one bright morning, beside a traveller who was in pursuit of knowledge, certainly at that time, "under difficulties." After the ribbons had been picked up, and the horses received notice to start, the traveller remarked that Ohio was a fine country.

"'T—hick—aint nothing else," hiccoughed the Buckeye.

"What is the staple production, sir?"

"Co-or-on."

"You must raise a large quantity—what is done with it?"

"W-h-hic-wy, a great deal is used up in wh-hic-iskey, and some they waste in making bread."

A BRIGHT CHILD.

"Father, what makes Ben, our milkmaid man, walk so funny?"

"Why, Milly, you see he froze his feet so badly once that the doctors had to cut all his toes off."

"Indeed, father—then why is Ben like that Union captain that General Grant cashiered the other day?"

"Really, my child, I don't know—can't think.

"Why, don't you see?—he is a *no-toe*-rious cowherd, Ben is."

"Milly, Milly, child—you'll get married some day."

A NAUTICAL INCIDENT.

A noise was heard on deck, the dog watch sprung from his caboose, seized the gig-whip and laying over the dead eyes of the buoy, made him shin up the bowsprit, catch hold of the sky scraper, which he used so freely on the kelson, that he rubbed off the shoe of the anchor, which was caught by the cat harpings, who commenced to spanker with the boom, till she burst through the stays cutting, the topsail ties grabbled the monkey's tail, which knocked a Jew's eye out of the Turk's head, caught the ship round the waist with one hand, boxed the compass with the other, till the cook cued, and the captain applied the leaches of the foresail to the inflamed eye of the astonished needle.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

A Yankee, out walking, in Virginia, at Wheeling, while to himself a talking experienced a feeling—strange, painful, and alarmin'! from his caput to his knees, as he suddenly discovered he was covered o'er with bees! They rested on his eyelids, and perched upon his nose; they colonized his peaked face, and swarmed upon his clothes. They explored his swelling nostrils, dived deep into his ears; they crawled up his "trousers," and filled his eyes with tears! Did he yell like a hyena? Did he holler like a loon? Was he scar't, and did he cut an' run? or, did the critter —*swoon?* Ne'er a one! He wasn't scar't a mite; he never swoons—nor hollers; but *he hived 'em in a mailbag* tight! and *sold 'em for two dollars*.

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Mr. Jollygreen in Search of Petroleum.

Mr. Jollygreen, having a few spare thousands, visits the headquarters of the "Spouting Well Company," for the sake of finding a safe investment. The oil samples are superb.

A few days after the investment Mr. Jollygreen returns to the office on business, and is informed that the "Spouting Well" is played out.

Mr Jollygreen starts for Pennsylvania to investigate, and is informed by the matron who owns the land on which the well was located, that "divil a drap of ile is thar."

Mr. Jollygreen meets two of the original settlers, who offer, for a consideration, to show where he can strike ile.

Is introduced to Miss Angel, the belle of Fatty Creek.

At the supper table the belle informs the guest that her dad owns one hundred acres of land on Fatty Creek, and has "struck ile."

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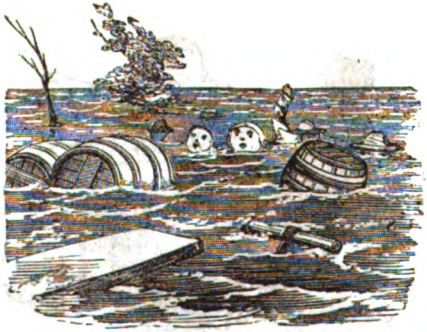
Mr. Jollygreen determines to make a ten strike. Offers his hand and heart. Is referred to dad.

The lovers tell their story, and hope for favorable results.

Terrible indignation of the belle's only parent.

The oil king swears that Mr. Jollygreen is a bore, and directs his men to use him as such.



A sudden freshet sweeps the whole party, oil barrels and all, into Fatty Creek, where the oil king is drowned.

As the belle cannot sink, she saves her lover, and when the flood subsides is married in the presence of the oil men. Great illumination with petroleum.

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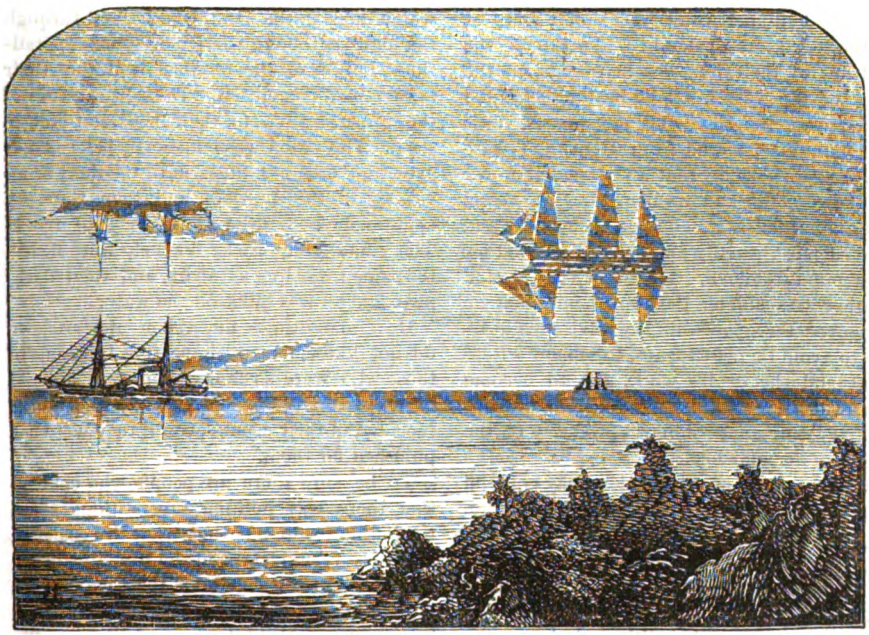
THE

DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII.—No. 3.....SEPTEMBER, 1865.....WHOLE No. 129.

MIRAGE AND ITS WONDERS.



MIRAGE, AS SEEN FROM NAHANT.

For this month a large portion of the Dollar Monthly is devoted to a very interesting subject, viz: "MIRAGE AND ITS WONDERS." In selecting our illustrations we have been extremely fortunate, finding space to give our readers some of the most remarkable scenes that ever occurred on this continent, on the ocean, or in Europe, and placing the whole before our patrons in so clear a light that even the dullest will comprehend all that we shall relate.

The scientific world, and those who have investigated the subject of mirage, tell us that it is caused by certain peculiar conditions of the atmosphere, that it is an optical illusion, and depends upon peculiar rays of light passing from a denser to a rarer atmosphere; yet this explanation is not satisfactory when we

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stand on a high cliff like Nahant, and obtain fair images of vessels which are a hundred miles distant, sailing upon the ocean, the crews entirely unconscious of the sensation which their barks are creating on shore.

Many of our readers will recollect the incident that is traditionally reported as having occurred in Salem harbor, when that city did not contain as many brave men and fair women as at the present time. A ship sailed from that port for England, freighted with passengers who left dear friends behind. Weeks and some months passed away, and nothing was heard of the vessel, but one day the missing ship was seen standing up the harbor, with all sail set, and a fair wind filling the canvas. The joyful news spread quickly, and all the inhabitants of the town flocked to the landing to welcome the crew and passengers, for they had given them up as dead. But at last it was noticed that the vessel stood on her course without reducing sail, as a prudent skipper would have done; and just as the spectators on land could make out the features of their long-absent friends, on the deck of the vessel, a loud wailing cry was heard from the ship, and sails, masts, yards and hull disappeared from sight, and were never again seen by that awe-stricken crowd on shore. Men and women, when the vessel vanished from sight, fell upon their knees and prayed most heartily for their friends and for protection from evil. We think that Cotton Mather was among the crowd, and that he improved the opportunity to advise his hearers to avoid their evil ways, to eschew witchcraft and the devil's work, and to become good Christians; and we have no doubt but that a lasting impression was produced on the minds of his audience.

Perhaps some of our readers may contend that such a vision is more connected with the supernatural than with mirage, but we believe that it was one of the great wonders of Nature, of which there are many examples and illustrations on record.

Let us take the old tradition relating to the strange sights seen off Block Island. It is reported on the authority of the oldest inhabitants of the mainland, near the island, that a great many years ago some of the evil disposed persons of Block Island boarded a ship that was lying at anchor near the shore, murdered the captain and crew, robbed the vessel of cargo and all that was valuable, and then set her on fire, and she was consumed to the water's edge and sunk. The pirates rioted in their ill-gotten wealth, and would, no doubt, have forgotten their crime if they had not been startled by the appearance, one dark night, of the vessel on which the murders had been committed. She appeared close to the spot where the crime had been perpetrated, with flames apparently consuming masts, and spars, and sails, while the human victims ran about the ship, and uttered terrible cries for that mercy which had been denied them at the hands of the islanders. So vivid was the picture, that even the faces of the dead could be identified.

This strange sight remained visible to all the inhabitants of the island for the space of five or ten minutes, and then the flames appeared to consume the masts, yards and sails, and they fell crashing to the deck. The cries for help and mercy ceased, and at last the light died out, and then the black hull of the ship disappeared in the dark waters, and all was quiet except the strange howling of the watch dogs on the land, who barked through the night as though stirred by some superstitious notion of the terrible deed that their masters had committed. The perpetrators of the crime retired to their beds, but not to sleep. The vision was constantly before their eyes, and haunted them until the next anniversary of the murders, and then the ship again appeared, fired from deck to truck. The same wild shrieks for help were heard, the same trembling of spars, and then darkness, and all was quiet on the water.

How many times the vision appeared we do not know, but we hope that the souls of those who were so foully slain were suffered to repose in peace, and that the murderers repented of their crimes even if they were not punished for them.

To be sure there are people who contend that there was nothing superstitious about the burning ship, but that what the islanders saw were veritable vessels on fire, apparently near the shore on account of the peculiar condition of the atmosphere; that the exhibition, in fact, was a splendid result of mirage. We are unable to decide this point, but rather favor the supernatural notion, because we think that those who commit murder should be punished mentally and bodily.

Those who have visited Nahant during the summer months, when the hotel was crowded with gay company, will recollect the beautiful mirage exhibitions with which Nature sometimes favored the few who were early risers, and preferred a walk and an appetite to lying

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in bed. While the haze was on the water, and the sun was just rising from its ocean couch, inverted vessels could be seen, and sometimes they were high in mid-air, suspended like Mahomet's coffin. After a while the mirage disappeared, and the vessels could be observed floating on their natural element. It was an uncertain but ever welcome guest, often looked for, but seldom seen.

And now let us turn for a moment to mountain scenery, and see what strange forms mirage assumes for the purpose of startling us poor mortals. Visitors to the White Mountains, or rather those adventurous gentlemen who climb lofty peaks for the purpose of witnessing the sun rise or set, or looking at a rich valley spread beneath them, have often been startled by seeing gigantic figures hovering around, sometimes in mid-air, and again standing on the very summit of the loftiest elevation, like the spirit of the past looking at the spirit of the present age, or the one to come. Mirage of such a nature is common in other countries besides our own, and is one of the inducements to attract tourists to certain localities.

One of the most grand sights which can be afforded to human eyes, is to view the raging of a thunder storm from the spur of a high mountain. When the thunder and lightning are beneath you, and you can see the latter shoot across a valley, followed by a heavy discharge of heaven's artillery, that shakes the mountains to their centres, then you are forced to wonder at God's power, and to think how insignificant is man. The mirage of the setting sun and clouds at such times, is something grand and sublime to behold.

Some of the sights obtained by the aid of mirage have been wonderful, and at times incomprehensible. For instance, some years since a Frenchman (Bottineau), who was signal master at Port Louis, acquired the faculty of discovering representations of ships in the air, when they were hundreds of miles distant, and often foretold their arrival, sometimes twenty-four or thirty-six hours before they made their appearance above the horizon. He was at first treated as a visionary, and subjected to ridicule; but the constant verification of his predictions at length aroused the attention of the government, and a committee was appointed to investigate the matter, who were obliged to report favorably for Bottineau. At one time he notified the authorities that a fleet of nine ships were approaching the island, though yet 200 miles distant. This created great consternation, as (it being war time) an invasion was apprehended; but the ships did not make their appearance, which gave B.'s

MIRAGE AT THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

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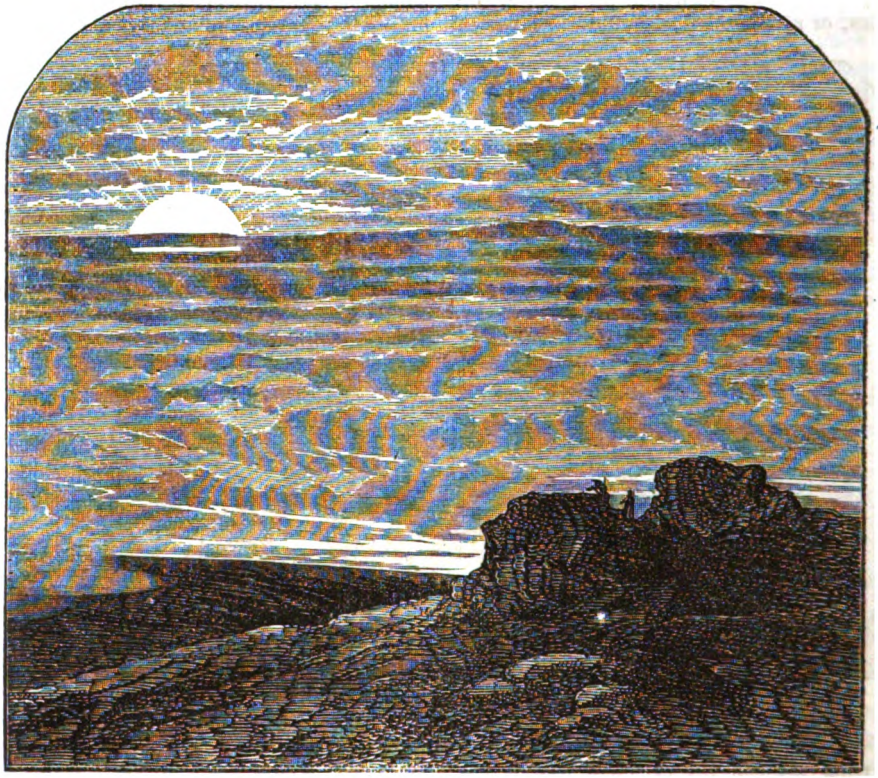
revilers fresh opportunity for ridicule. But in due time it became known that a fleet of nine men-o'-war had arrived at Bombay, which passed the Isle of France at the time Bottineau declared that he saw them. All revilers were now silenced; and the discoverer returned to France, with the view of soliciting a pension on making known his discovery, which he called "Naucopie," and which he declared that he could teach to other eyes; but he died before a negotiation could be had, and his secret died with him.

heat then acts rapidly upon the stagnant air, the strata of which but slowly intermingling, present a series of mirrors which variously reflect the objects upon the surface. The tides must have operated to raise up the surface into a convex form, as sometimes occurs at this locality. Objects upon the Sicilian shore opposite, beneath the dark background of the mountains of Messina, are seen refracted and reflected upon the water in mid channel, presenting enlarged and duplicated images. Gigantic figures of men and horses



A STORM AS SEEN FROM A VERMONT MOUNTAIN.

Many of our readers have heard of the Fata Morgana, of the Sicilian coast, the reputed famous enchantress. From a high authority we learn that Fata Morgana, or castles of the fairy Morgana is a form of mirage occasionally seen by observers standing on eminences on the Calabrian shore, and looking westward upon the strait of Messina. It occurs in still mornings, when the waters are unruffled by breeze or current, and the sun, rising behind the mountains of Calabria, strikes down upon the smooth surface at an angle of 45°. The

move over the picture, as similar images in miniature are seen flitting across the white sheet of the camera obscura. It sometimes happens that the sky above the water is so impregnated with vapor that it surrounds these objects with a colored hue. The wonderful exhibition is but of short duration. Its appearance is hailed with shouts by the populace, who call attention to it by the cry of "Morgana, Morgana!" The phenomenon is not peculiar to the locality, though the configuration of the coast and the meteorological

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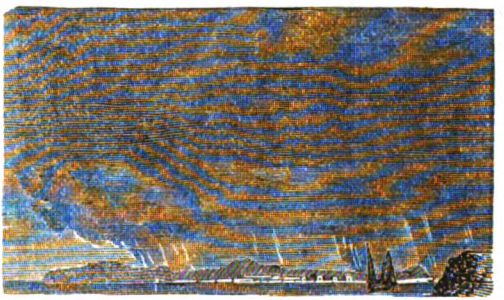
conditions of the region concur to render its exhibition more frequent and also more beautiful here than elsewhere. The description of Minasi, which was published at Rome in 1773, is commonly quoted as the best account of this mirage, although many American travellers have written of the wonders of Fata Morgana, and mirage, as seen on the water and on the land.

One standard American work in speaking on this subject states: "Mirage is an optical illusion due to unequal densities and refracting powers of adjacent strata of the air, usually of those close to the surface of the land or sea, and in consequence of which, two and sometimes three images of a distant object are seen; in the latter case, the middle one being inverted, as it would be if seen in a horizontal mirror stretching between it and the eye. Rays of light passing from a denser to a rarer medium are bent, at the surface of division of the two, from a perpendicular to such surface, and the reverse. But as the angle in the denser medium is thus always less than in the rarer, a ray proceeding from the denser to the rarer may strike the surface between them at an inclination so great that the corresponding angle in the rarer shall exceed the whole space, 90°, within which transmission could occur; such a ray cannot be transmitted, but will undergo total reflection, even at the surface of a perfectly transparent medium; so that to all rays coming from without a certain angle called the limiting angle, such a surface acts as a mirror; or rather it reflects absolutely the whole of such light, which no ordinary mirror does. These two principles of the refraction and total reflection of light explain all the cases of the phenomenon under consideration, which is often termed that of unusual refraction, and the chief examples of which are commonly known as looming or mirage, and the Fata Morgana.

"The looming of ships or of distant shores on the sea or lakes, is seen when, owing to the presence of dense vapors or to a considerable difference of temperature of the water and air, the strata of the latter near the surface are of very unequal densities. Hence it is here more frequent in the morning, or when the air is misty, as after rains, in the summer and autumn. At these seasons, the water, retaining its heat more perfectly over night than the air, may be in the morning several degrees the warmer, the stratum of air just over it will be rarer than that higher up, and looming is then very sure to be seen, but best by an eye quite close to the level of the water, imperfectly at heights greater than six or eight feet, and rarely as high as twenty-four feet. In one form a ship or other object near the water seems greatly elongated upward, or a second inverted image meets it from above.



MIRAGE OF SUNBEAMS ON THE COAST OF SICILY.

"Sometimes the proper image of the object is elevated, while the second image appears inverted beneath it, and surrounded by a sheet of sky which is mirrored and repeated with it. This second image may be truncated below by the horizon, or entire; in the latter case, a third appearance, erect, and usually only partly emerging above the apparent horizon, is sometimes seen. The unusual images commonly have serrated or indistinct bodies, and are marked by a tremulous motion—qualities more apparent, as indeed is the whole phenomenon when viewed through a telescope. A horizontal line of separation runs between the first two sets of images, which is above the horizon; the apparent horizon is on the other hand depressed. Above and between these, a low shore with its inverted image may appear like a body of land actually suspended in the air. The nearer the objects, the less the angular interval between the line of separation and the horizon.

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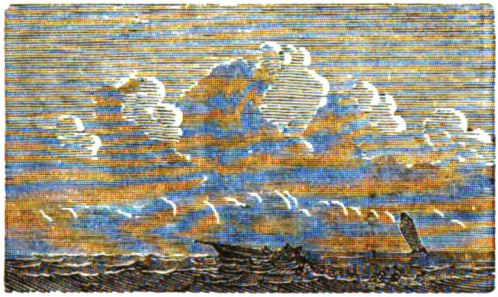
"M. Bravais who has most thoroughly investigated the subject, found that for a distance of twenty-five miles the angle was seven minutes, for five miles, six minutes, and that it disappeared at three hundred yards; within which distance therefore, no appearance of mirage can occur. These appearances are explained by supposing two or three sets of rays setting out from the objects, only one set of which in ordinary states of the air would meet the eye, but all of which in certain cases, owing to unequal densities of near strata, and to consequent refraction and perhaps total reflection, may be brought by different paths to the eye. As all objects are seen in the direction from which the light appears to meet the organ of vision, two or three images in different places are the result. The inverted image is usually or always due to reflection. Thus Dr. Wollaston obtained three images of an object seen through a square glass vessel holding successive layers of syrup, water and spirit; the appearance occurring at either line of junction of two unlike fluids, and where by slow intermixture a gradual variation of density occurs. The same effect may be seen by holding a word in large type on the further side of the heated layer of air moving over a hot poker, or by regarding objects through the hot air or steam escaping from the boiler of a locomotive; and the familiar tremulous appearance of distant fences heated by the summer sun, and of objects seen through air over any hot bodies, are imperfect instances of the same phenomenon.

"In 1822 in the arctic regions, Captain Scoresby recognized by its inverted image in the air the ship Fame, which afterwards proved to be at the moment seventeen miles beyond the visible horizon of the observer. Dr. Vinee on August 6, 1806, at seven in the afternoon, saw from Ramsgate, at which place usually only the tips of its towers are visible, the whole of Dover castle, appearing as if lifted up and placed bodily on the near side of the intervening hill. So perfect was the illusion, that the hill itself could not be seen through the figure. This form of mirage may be lateral, as well as vertical, arising from unequal density of two contiguous vertical bodies of air. Thus, on Lake Geneva, a boat has been seen doubled, the two images some distance apart; persons have been duplicated in the same way, and any one in a hot day, by placing his eye near to a heated vertical wall, may see lateral mirage of objects at a distance and nearly in a line with the wall. Upon land, the mirage is best seen over desert plains, in hot climates; the intense heat of the sands greatly rarifies the air in contact with them, and rays of light coming from distant objects, as villages, or the trees upon oases, are gradually bent by approaching the rare stratum, until they strike it at an angle greater than the limiting angle; total reflection then occurs, the air near the sand acting as a mirror or a body of water, in which inverted images of the objects are seen. Thus is presented to the inexperienced traveller the appearance of tranquil lakes, sometimes almost surrounding him; this, however, necessarily changes to the real aspect as he approaches, as if the waters were continually receding before him."

MIRAGE OF CLOUDS AT SEA.

A gentleman, who has devoted much time to the study of mirage, on sea and land, writes that light is *reflected* when it is sent back to us in the same form, shape, or direction that it was transmitted. A looking-glass *reflects*. It sends back the image undistorted, as it was imparted to it. But if we take another sort of medium, such as water, and place anything in it—as a cent, for instance—that cent will appear of a distorted shape. The light coming from it will be *refracted*, that is to say, *bent back*—into a direction other than that it

took at first, so that we shall find the object to be in a different position from that in which it appeared to be. You can test this by a very simple experiment. Place a cent at the bottom of a basin; retire from it till it is hidden from your eyes by the rim of the vessel; then get some one to pour water into the basin; you will at once see the cent again, because the light from it follows a *broken* and not a direct line on passing from the more dense medium, *water*, to the less dense medium, *air*. Mirage, or, as sailors call it, "looming," is the appearance of objects on the earth or sea above our heads, or to our right or left, either reversed or in their natural position, or sometimes both at once, as you will see in the first engraving, where the steamer is seen topsy-turvy in the clouds, and two images of the sailing vessel appear above it. The phenomenon is not rare on our coasts in summer time; but the home of the mirage, so to speak, is on prairies, and the level African plains.



MIRAGE OF CLOUDS NEAR THE SHORE.

There the phenomenon presents to the traveller the appearance of a vast lake, to which he hastens forward, only to find it forever moving onwards further and further beyond his reach.

If you look this fall, over a level field on a very hot day, all the objects will probably appear to be gently shaken. The landscape "quivers through the heat," as the poet says, though the air be quite still. This is due to the way in which the threads of hot and cold air cross one another as they ascend and descend. The sun's rays, in passing from one to the other, are perpetually broken. Hence the glancing, undulatory motion which the most careless observer can at times scarcely fail to notice.

When Napoleon invaded Egypt, the French soldiers suffered agonies of thirst in forced marches across the desert—agonies made the more intense by the continual appearance, as they thought, of lakes and streams only a short way further on.

One of the French scientific men who accompanied the expedition, explained what they saw as follows: As the sun rises, the earth becomes heated, and the lowest stratum of air dilates. If there be the slightest breath of wind, the strata above and below will commingle, and produce the quivering spoken of above. But if the air be perfectly still, the lowest stratum will dilate gradually, and the rays of light that proceed from an elevated object will be refracted continually in their progress through the disturbed strata above, until they reach the lowest of all, which acts as a vast looking-glass. Now opticians tell us that the angles of incidence and reflection are equal; that is to say, when a ray of light strikes a level surface, at a certain angle, the direction taken by it, when reflected, makes with the surface an angle equal to the former one. Consequently, the observer, who always sees an object in the direction of the ray which reached him last, will see the objects reversed, and the sky being reflected too, the appearance of a lake is at once produced.

In this case, which is the simplest form of mirage, the objects are reflected without distortion. However, from the cause mentioned above—namely, refraction—the most fantastic alterations of form sometimes take place. The most celebrated of these form the subject of the engraving on page 181. It is known as the *Fata Morgana*, as, before the cause was known, it was fabled to be the work of the famous enchantress, Morgan La Fay, who plays so important a part in the romances of King Arthur. It is most usually seen on the Sicilian coast, opposite Reggio. An eye-witness describes it thus:

"For several miles along the coast of Sicily I saw the sea assume the appearance of a

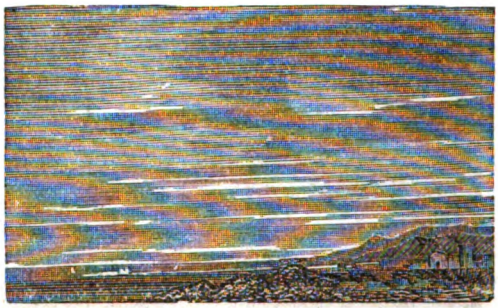
chain of gloomy mountains. Above them I saw a colonnade of several thousand pillars. Presently they changed all of a sudden, and appeared to bend themselves into arches, like a Roman aqueduct. Anon, a cornice formed itself along the top, and then a vast number of castles, all alike. Soon they melted away, to reappear as a colonnade, and then to change with equal rapidity into pines and cypresses."

Of course, this appearance is due, in the first instance, to the same causes as the Egyptian mirage. But as the air is not perfectly still, the images become gradually more and more distorted, and finally fade away altogether. In the case of mirage at sea, which is very common, the cause is the same, but the positions of the dense and rare strata of air are reversed; the cold stratum—that next the sea—being the lowest. The diagram given on page 182 will at once explain it. An observer at o, standing in the stratum of air (x), sees the steamer A B, by direct vision, in its proper place, and of its proper form. But numerous rays, as A′, B′, which would never, in the ordinary state of the air, reach the eye at o, are reflected from the upper stratum (y); and should the rays by which he sees the upper part of the steamer reach his eye beneath those by which he sees the lower part, he will see an image of the steamer reversed in the clouds, as a b. Again, other rays, AA″, BB″, may be reflected in such a way from the upper stratum (z), that the observer will see a correct image of the steamer above the reversed one at a' b'.

A curious modification of the above is lateral mirage. Two gentlemen were standing on the shore of the Lake of Geneva, and looking through a telescope at several boats that were sailing from left to right towards the middle of the lake. All of a sudden they saw a precisely similar fleet sailing from right to left, parallel to the other. The shadow of the mountains, or the depth of the lake, or some other cause, had rendered certain portions of the air cooler than others, in a *vertical* instead of in a *horizontal* direction, as in the desert.

The way in which images may appear in the clouds at sea has enabled persons of keen vision to predict the return of vessels in a way so surprising, that had the unfortunate people lived in more ignorant days they would most probably have been burnt as professors of the Black Art. A second glance at the diagram will explain how this can be. The vessel, A B, need not, of course, be above the horizon; that is to say, visible by direct vision to the observer at o, to produce an image of itself in the clouds at a' b'. This being the case, it only requires calm weather and a good telescope to detect the fleet of shadowy vessels, recognize their build, and thence their name.

The same phenomenon, whose cause was then unknown, no doubt gave rise to the story of Vanderdecken, the Flying Dutchman of the Cape of Good Hope. Probably the terrified mariners saw nothing more than the reflection of their own vessel and themselves in the clouds, and thence framed the wild legend of the impious captain, who was doomed for his misdeeds to sail forever round and round the Cape. Like so many others, before and since, they were only startled by their own shadows!



MIRAGE OF THE AURORA BOREALIS, AT LAPLAND.

A CHAPTER ON LIONS.

At the foot of the great mountain named Le Chailla, seven or eight-and-twenty miles to the east of Batna, there are vast thickets composed of evergreen oaks, Aleppo pines, junipers, and lentisks, which form a capital cover for the king of animals. He rarely leaves them, except by night; and he then follows the numerous foot-paths which wind across them in all directions.

An Arab, going to cut wood, hatchet in

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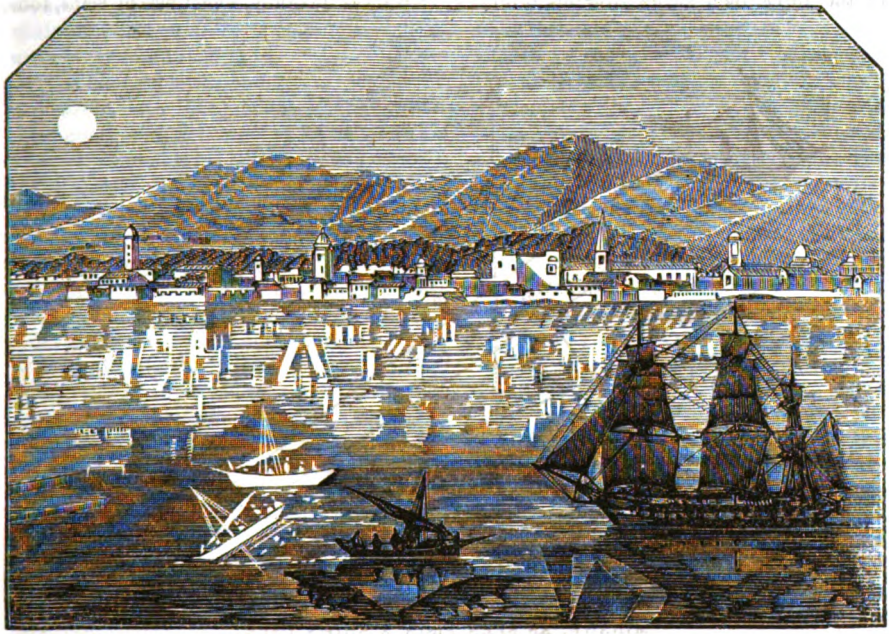
hand, was thoughtlessly following one of those paths, when, at a sudden turn, he found himself in the presence of an enormous lion. The animal, as much taken aback as the man, bristled his mane and uttered low growlings; while the Arab, believing the lion about to swallow him, brandished his hatchet with threatening gestures, which could only serve to irritate him. In fact, the lion did advance; and then the Arab, mad with terror, dealt him a terrible blow on the head with his axe. The edge of the tool penetrated deep; but although a little stunned, the brute rushed upon his aggressor, and with his formidable jaw broke his thigh. The poor wretch's



THE "FATA MORGANA," AT REGGIO, SOUTH ITALY.

screams of pain, repeated by the echoes from rock to rock, seem to have made the lion believe that he was surrounded by several enemies, for he let go his prey, and fled with rapid bounds to his secret fastness. The unhappy man, in spite of his wound, profited by the momentary respite. With a superhuman effort he hauled himself up a tree; at the base of which, the lion, soon discovering his mistake, stretched himself at full length, to watch the victim who had just escaped from him. It took an hour and a half for the inhabitants of the douars to understand his position and come to his succor. Seventy or eighty Arabs, all armed with guns and yataghans, halted about a hundred paces from the perch on which the poor fellow could hold no longer. They shouted to him to pluck up courage, and that they would soon deliver him. Among them was a famous runner, a brother of the Sheikh Belale, who used to run races with horses. "Fire all at once at the lion," he told them. "To attack you he will quit the tree. I shall soon be there, and up it; and then I can sustain the wounded man, until a favorable opportunity occurs of helping him down and fetching him away." A general discharge was made. The lion, only wounded, rushed upon his aggressors, who showed him their heels with such agility, that he could not catch a single one of them. Tired of the onslaught, he returned to the foot of the tree, up which the sheikh's brother had nimbly climbed, and was holding the patient in his arms, more dead than alive with fright and suffering.

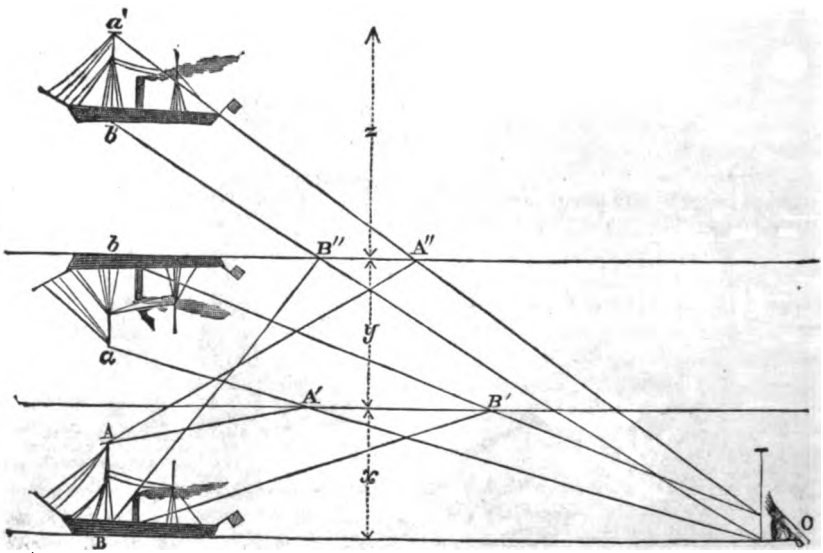
Meanwhile, after reloading, the Arabs came back, determined to make an end of it. Forming a circle, they advanced within fifty paces of the lion, and at a signal from the eldest present, fired all at once, and immediately once more fled, furiously pursued by the exasperated animal. Taking advantage of the moment, the runner slipped down the tree, bringing with him the wounded man, whom he hoisted on his back, and then hastened to

escape. The lion, who had seen every movement, was on the point of seizing his prey a second time, when the two brothers of the victim, who had prudently reserved their fire to cover the retreat, discharged their guns point-blank on the animal, who, this time seriously wounded, fell, but soon got up again. One of the brothers then plunged his yataghan into his belly. The lion turned upon him sharply; with one stroke of his talons and one bite of his jaw he killed him. Leaving this victim on the ground, the Arabs accompanied the original sufferer to the douar; where, after embracing his wife and children, he soon breathed his last sigh. The survivor of the three then swore over his brother's corpse, either that he would kill the lion, or that the lion should kill him. After earnestly imploring the sheikh to take care of his own and his brother's children, he stripped himself of all his clothing, took two guns and one pistol, and then gave an express prohibition for any one to follow him.

Arrived at the scene of the recent combat, he saw the lion lying on the ground, about ten paces from his brother's body, close to a copse of evergreen oak. The lion allowed him to approach within twenty paces, without seeming to pay any attention to him. The Arab took aim between the head and the shoulder. At the shot, the lion, in two bounds, reached his aggressor, who coolly stuck the muzzle of his second gun into his ear, and blew his brains out. Of course the victor, after receiving everybody's loud and hearty congratulations, was carried in triumph to his douar.

Great forests are the lion's favorite habitations—lofty trees, with thick underwood—which he scarcely ever leaves except in the evening, when he goes in search of his food. He habitually follows the roads and paths. Only when disturbed or pursued does he make his way through the thicket. He announces his departure from his lair by terrible roars, and then is silent to avoid betraying his approach when he nears the douars. He then advances stealthily, sometimes by leaps, sometimes crawling close to the ground, catching the slightest sounds and keeping his eye on every bush. If the dogs, by their excited barking, betray his approach, the Arabs rush out of their tents, yell at him insulting epithets, "Christian! Jew! Gipsey!" and worse, throw stones in his supposed direction, and beat the nearest trees with their sticks. Thus discovered, he retires; but only to change his tactics. He waits till the hubbub has settled down. Then, aided by his enemy's false security, he returns unawares, clears the enclosure at a single bound, seizes his prey, and makes the best of his way back again, before the Arabs are even aware of his inroad.

The enclosures, in which the herds are



MIRAGE, AS SEEN FROM A SHIP'S DECK.

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folded, are usually from eight to ten feet high. We can imagine how strong and agile the lion must be, to clear such an obstacle with ease when laden with the prey which he has selected as the plumpest. If the first theft does not suffice to appease his hunger, he defies his adversaries anew. The offensive names and stones slung after him produce about an equal effect; the dogs do not care to quit the tents, and he carries off his victim undisturbed. When, by a very rare exception, the lion, surprised, fails to secure his prey, the herd has suffered none the less; for it is seldom that, before seizing one, the destroyer has not felled five or six head of cattle. Does he do so with a view to a speedy return? Perhaps; but he multiplies his evil deeds, if only for the pleasure of revelling in blood.

It is impossible for the lion to eat all the animals he slays; but that does not hinder him from continuing to butcher all he meets on his passage. Blood is his stimulant, and carnage his pleasure. He rarely attacks horses, oxen, or mules, on the open plain; but if they straggle or venture to pasture in extensive woods, they pay the penalty of their invasion of his territory. There he is master, and slaughters whatever he finds, at his ease.

At El-Mader, a lion rushed through a herd of domestic animals, dividing it in two. Sheep, goats, horses, and mules were dispersed in indescribable confusion. One half was able to escape to the plain. The other half, purposely separated by the lion's manœuvre, fled towards the summit of the mountain. Next day, forty-five carcases strewed the ground. On visiting the field of carnage, M. Chassaing recognized, besides the lion's traces, the marks of a lioness and her cub. Evidently, a single lion could hardly accomplish such a massacre alone. Some author has written that the lion, seizing a bullock by the ear and whipping him with his sinewy tail, is able to lead him whithersoever he will, more cleverly than a butcher could. We may believe that the lion, without touching the beast, has the talent to drive him towards a thicket, where he is sure to devour him in peace; and he effects his purpose by intercepting any attempt he may make to return to the plain.

A general belief is, that the lion fixes his residence in holes or in the hollows of rocks: in short, in a cavernous den. This is a mistake. Confident in his strength, sure of his own power, and fearing the attack of no animal whatsoever, he simply selects, as a place of repose, the densest thicket he can find, where man, if he dares, may go and visit him. Moreover, it is the pangs of hunger only which can rouse the creature out of his slothfulness; and he will hardly take the trouble to dig a retreat which his courage and pride would disdain, if he had it. Were it possible for the sportsman, following his track, to muffle the sound of his footsteps and avoid all brushing or breaking of the branches which oppose his passage, he might easily be surprised in his slumbers, and so made to pass from sleep to death; but these obstacles are so many impossibilities with which it is very prudent not to contend.

In the adult state, there exists four times as many lionesses as lions, although in youth the balance of the sexes is pretty nearly equal. The disturbance of the equilibrium may be attributed to the furious battles between the males; at the close of which, one of the rivals is almost always left for dead, sometimes both. In fact, the most efficient exterminators of lions are the lionesses. Those ladies are fond of holding soirees, at which every gentleman present is expected to fight for his love and his life; the survivor to enjoy the honors of the evening in undisturbed tranquillity. The invitation given is a passionate roar, which attracts all the lions in the neighborhood. Their assemblies are sometimes even held by day.

While following some footprints, at about eleven in the morning, M. Chassaing reached an eminence covered with thick brushwood. In this retreat he suddenly caught sight of two magnificent lionesses, and three lions, one of whom was monstrous. This last followed one of the lionesses step by step, keeping his weaker rivals at a respectful distance; these manifested their impotent rage by short, snappish, subdued cries. The happy sultan swept round his favorite in rapid circlings, seeming proudly to enjoy his conquest. M. Chassaing was considering whether he might not venture to disturb the party, and was trying to get nearer to the amorous couple; when, to his astonishment, he perceived a little further off four other lions, from two to three years of age, who doubting their own strength, kept their distance from the lionesses, not daring to venture nearer. He had the good luck to be able to gaze on this strange tableau vivant for several minutes. Deeming it folly to quarrel with the assembled nine, he quietly and prudently retired from the spot.

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JEAN AND MADGE.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

PART I.

Light the steps that come through the wheat,
  Fringed and white from the asters and orchises!
It takes heavy burdens to steady the feet
  That dance under baskets of red amaryllises
Garlanding nectarines, apples and grapes.
    Wild, wild, shake from the apple-tree
      Showers that are golden, and mellow, and sweet;
    Jean sits a-dream at the edge of the wheat-sheaves,
      But Madge stands stately and cold 'mongst the harvests,
    She hasn't a lover to render her sweet.

Blue the eyes that dream of their love,
  Hushed the heart that is happy and satisfied;
It takes heavy burdens to weigh down the life
  That has beauty, and health, and love that is undescried,
Under the nectarines, apples and grapes.
    Wild, wild, shake from the apple tree [sweet;
      Showers that are golden, and mellow, and
    Jean has forgotten her share of the harvesting,
      But Madge, who knows her hidden heart's sorrow,
    Chides sharply the little one knelt at her feet.

PART II.

Lone the lanes of the stubbly wheat,
  Dying and spent are the asters and orchises;
Under the sod are a pair of the feet
  That danced under baskets of red amaryllises
Garlanding nectarines, apples and grapes.
    Cold, cold, drip on the apple trees,
      Showers that are chilly, and gusty, and wet;
    Jean lies asleep at the edge of the wheat fields,
      But Madge is triumphant, and gladsome, and merry,
    As she walks with the lover she's lured to her net.

Closed the eyes that dreamed of their love,
  Hushed the heart, in dying dissatisfied;
It takes bitter grieving to crush out the light
  Of a life that has loved, but finds that love's truth has died,
Gathering nectarines, apples and grapes.
    Cold, cold, drip on the apple trees,
      Showers that are chilly, and gusty, and wet;
    Jean lies asleep at the edge of the wheat fields,
      But Madge is triumphant, and gladsome, and merry,
    As she walks with the lover she's lured to her net.

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ODD NOTIONS AND OLD ONES.

Would a Catholic telling his beads, or a forgetful housekeeper tying a knot in the corner of her handkerchief, imagine that they had anything in common with the South American quipus, or the Indian wampum-string? Yet they have; for rosary, wampum-string, quipus, and the exchequer tally, are all cousins-german. Darius made a quipu when he took a thong and tied sixty knots in it and gave it to the chief of the Ionians, that they might untie a knot each day, till, if the knots were all undone, and he had not returned, they might go back to their own land. Le Boo made a quipu when he tied a knot in a string for each ship he met on his voyage, by which to remember its name and country; and so did his father, Abba Thulle, when he tied, first thirty knots to remember that Captain Wilson was to come back in thirty moons, and then added six more, as six moons' grace beyond. In Polynesia and the Eastern Archipelago quipus are still in use; and forty years ago the tax-gatherers of Hawaii kept their records in a manner rivalling the Peruvian intricacy of cord and knot. The herdsmen of the Puna, the high mountain plateau of Peru, still register their farm stock on quipus. The first branch shows the number of their bulls; the second of their cows—divided into milch cows and dry; the next registers their calves according to age and sex; then come the sheep, in several subdivisions; then the number of foxes killed, and the quantity of salt used; and lastly the particulars of the cattle that have died. On other quipus they knot down the produce of the herd in milk, cheese, wool, etc. Each heading is indicated by a special color or a differently twined knot. In the old times the army registers were kept in the same manner. One cord knotted down the slingers, another the spearmen, another the clubmen, others the battles gained and lost; and in each town were special officers—quipus readers, or knotmen, as they were called—whose duty it was to attend to and read these public records. There are still some Indians in the southern provinces of Peru who are familiar with the historical quipus; but they keep their knowledge a profound secret, especially from the white men. It was a task of no small difficulty to read the quipus, even for the initiated; and as Mr. Taylor says, the deciphering had generally to be accompanied with an oral explanation to start with, as to what special fact or record was referred to, and whether the string meant cows or men, foes or foxes. This given, the rest was comparatively easy; though indeed, each cord had its own meaning, and certain colors represented fixed circumstances—as red for soldier, yellow for gold, white for silver, green for corn, and so on. The Peruvian quipus were very massive. Von Tschudi says he has dug up one weighing about eight pounds. Rather a heavy set of tablets to carry in one's pocket on a hot summer's day!

We all know the old stories of how certain arbitrary kings, loving knowledge and desirous of improving the linguistic acquirements of the time, shut up sundry infants with dumb nurses, then waited for the first intelligible word, to determine which was the original language of humanity. Psammetichus, king of Egypt, took two children whom he caused to be tended by a silent keeper and suckled by goats. Their first word was bekos, meaning in Phrygian "bread," but, by natural imitation, the bleat of the nanny-goat their long-time mother; however, the imitation was set aside, and the Phrygian language declared to be the oldest in the world. The Great Mogul, Akbar Khan, shut up twelve babies and twelve deaf and dumb nurses together; but when the children were twelve years old, and all the learned had assembled to hear their first utterances—a Jew to judge if they spoke Hebrew, an Arab Arabian, a Chaldee Chaldean—to the mortification of the conclave they would not speak at all, but expressed themselves in signs and gestures—which after all constitute the original language of man. This theory would not suit the prejudices of all, notably of that hot-headed Welshman who nearly murdered one of our ablest archæologists because he doubted that Adam and Eve spoke Welsh.

A Lapland woman, ignorant of English and of all other intelligible language, told a deaf and dumb boy by signs all about her reindeers and elks, and "smiled much" at her young companion. The North American Indian code of signs and gestures very nearly resembles those taught in the deaf-mute schools. Gesture language is almost universal. The Cistercian monks lighten their vow of silence by it; and who has not seen and wondered at the strange antics performed by our omnibus conductors and our cabmen? A whole battery of telegraphic signs pass from each to each as they meet each other in the street; and the freemason's signs are varieties of the same growth.

Certain gestures are instinctive; as crouching or cowering in fear and to deprecate wrath

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modified by us now into kneeling and bowing. As for salutations, these are as various as the races of men; but in almost all places is found some trace or use of the hand-grasp, as a symbol of union and affection. Shaking hands is not a universal original custom, but it is almost universally adopted when once introduced. The Fijians used to smell and sniff at their friends before the Europeans came among them to teach them better manners—now they shake hands like sane and cleanly people; the Wanika, near Mombaz, grasp hands, but with the Moslem speciality of pressing the thumbs as well; the Red Indians have adopted the habit of shaking hands from the white men, but the clasped hands, emblematic of friendship, had existed among them as a sign for centuries before; and the joined hands, forming part of so many different marriage ceremonies, may be taken as the almost instinctive emblem of union and affection. The Red Indians rub each other's arms, breasts and stomachs, and then rub their own, to testify their joy at meeting; the men of Central Africa rub each other's arms up and down; the Polynesians stroke their own faces with their friend's hand or foot; the New Zealanders press noses with certain formalities; so do the Lapland Highlanders; the Andaman Islanders blow into each other's hands with a cooing murmur; an Indian tribe on the Gulf of Mexico blow into each other's ears—which must be a queer and unpleasant way of saying "How 'ay do;" and the Tierra Del Fuegians jump about like dogs or "the Cure." We kiss when we do not shake hands; but our kissing is only a variation of the New Zealander's pressing noses; and the "pump handle" is not so very far removed from the savage's rubbing his friend's arms as his most appropriate manner of expressing his esteem. Other less pleasant signs and gestures may be met with everywhere; such as lolling out the tongue, protruding the lips, snapping the fingers, and "making faces" generally, as expressive of contempt. Biting the thumb is also used elsewhere than at Verona; while "taking a sight," which our vulgar little boys hold as such prime fun, was as common in Rabelais's time as our own.

Come now to the rich section of superstition—to the charms and counter-charms, the bewitchings, divinations, and all the rest of the mystic ignorance in vogue among the unenlightened—and we find the same arts practised, and the same follies committed, all the world over. The old Greeks and Romans had, as their sign of charm against the evil eye, a hand closed all but the forefinger and the little finger which are held out straight; and the modern Romans, with the rest of the Italians, wear the same sign as the unfailing amulet. When Ferdinand the First, king of Naples, used to appear in public, he might be seen often thrusting his hand into his pocket. Those who understood his ways knew that he was then clenching his fist with the thumb stuck out between the first and second fingers, as his counter-charm against any evil eye that might have been thrown upon him. That, too, is a universal action—that clenching of the fist with the thumb stuck out between the fingers; but it has different meanings according to its locality, and none of them pleasant. Half in jest and half in earnest, Robert Southey used always to make the sign of the cross with his left foot if he met one magpie. Who does not throw a pinch of the spilled salt over his left shoulder to avert the evil chance threatened by the catastrophe? and who would help his friend to salt, unless he wished for a quarrel?

ARCTIC SCENES.

A grand and awful confusion reigns around; the voyager shrinks from the overwhelming scene, where ranges of mountains, islands, rocks, castles, huge formless masses, and gorgeous prismatic lights surround that laboring speck upon the mystic sea, of whose littleness he is so small an atom; and a strange sense, which is not fear, but awe, comes to him with the knowledge that nothing of this sublime confusion is real, on the horizon or beyond it. All the time of his stay in the arctic regions he is to be surrounded by contradictions, by the sublimest manifestations of nature, by the lowest conditions of humanity, by gorgeous and majestic optical delusions, and by the most grovelling facts of daily existence.

Toil is the law of the ice-clad land—toil, not to wrest from the bosom of the earth her children's sustenance, but to tear from the amphibious creatures, from whom they have learned how to shelter themselves from the cold, and whose skins cover them, the unctuous flesh, which they devour raw, in enormous quantities. The Innuit are, on the whole, a gentle people, driven by the relentless need and severity of their lives into close and peaceful companionship.

They have no bread, no medicine, no household furniture; they are poor human waifs upon the wide white bosom of the frozen seas;

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CROSSING OF THE ALLEGHANY, PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

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and they have no help or resource but in the seal, the walrus, the white bear, the reindeer, and the wonderful Esquimaux dogs, which are by far the noblest living creatures in all these sterile waters. From the seal they have learned to make the *igloo*, which is the house of the Innuit. They eat the flesh of this animal, and drink its fresh warm blood; they kill its young, and eagerly swallow the milk of the mother, found in the stomach of the baby seal. When the sudden summer comes, and the snow melts, and leaves the surface of the ice bare, they are houseless; the igloo melts away; their home is but of frozen water, and suddenly it disappears. Then they have recourse to the *tupic*, which is a huge sheet of skins hung across a horizontal pole, supported at either end. Their bed is a snow platform, strewn with the moss which is the reindeer's food, and covered with skins. Their choicest dainties are the fat of the *tuktoo*, or reindeer, the marrow produced by mashing the bones of the legs, and the thick, white, unctuous lining of the whale-hide.

The interior of an igloo presents a picture more repulsive than that of any African hut or Indian wigwam. The igloo is a dome-shaped building, made of ice-blocks, with an aperture in the roof, and a rude doorway at one side, closed with ice-blocks, when the inmates are assembled. The snow platform which forms the bed is occupied by the women and the stranger. Men and women are clad in skins, put together with neatness and ingenuity. The dress of the sexes differs only in two particulars; that of the women is furnished with a long tail, depending from the jacket, and has a sort of hood, in which loads and children are carried. The life of the infant is preserved by its naked body being kept in contact with that of the mother. One household implement they possess—it is a stone lamp; something like a trough, with a deep groove in it, in which the dried moss, used as wick, floats in the seal oil, expressed by the teeth of the women from lumps of blubber, which they patiently "mill" until the precious unguent is all procured. But this lamp too often fails them, and darkness and hunger takes up frequent abode with the Innuit. Days and nights are passed by the men, sitting singly, in death-like stillness and silence, by the hole which they have found, far under the snow, at which the seal will "blow."

When the Innuit brings the seal to the igloo, a crowd invades the narrow space, for the simplest hospitality prevails, and the long watch, the skilful stroke do not constitute sole ownership of the prize. The skin is stripped off the huge unsightly carcass, and a horrible scene ensues. The flesh is torn or cut with the stone knives in large lumps, and having been first licked by the women, to remove any hairs or other adhesive matter, is distributed to the party, and devoured raw; the blood is drank, the bones are mashed, the entrails are greedily eaten, the dogs sharing in all; and the blubber is made to yield its oil by the disgusting process already described. One turns silenced from the picture.

As the seal teaches the Innuits the art of housing themselves, so the white bear teaches them how to kill the walrus, their most plentiful and frequent food, when the ice is drifting, and the unwieldy creatures lie upon the blocks close in shore; then the bear climbs the overhanging precipice, and taking a heavy block in his deft forepaws, he hurls it with rare skill and nicety of aim upon the basking monster below. So brutes train men in those dreadful regions, and not men brutes.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

We present on page 187 an accurate sketch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, as it appears at the point where it ascends the Alleghanies, by the inclined planes, between Harrisburg and Pittsburg. There are two planes on the ascending side, towards Harrisburg, and three beyond, towards Pittsburg. They are on an angle of some twenty-five degrees, making it rather perilous at this point of travel, from fear of the breaking of chains, or other contingencies. The scenery around is exceedingly beautiful, and along the whole route, delights the traveller by its wild and picturesque beauty, and the novelty of ascending such heights by means of railroad cars. When it was first proposed to surmount the difficulty of the passage by the means now employed, whereby the cars are raised over the inclined plane by means of stationary engines and immense chain cables, the proposition was considered to be altogether beyond the power of engineering; but perseverance and liberal expenditure at length consummated a piece of work that is justly esteemed a modern wonder, second only to the celebrated Simplon road, over the famous European heights of that name. Our artist has represented the train in the very act of ascension over the inclined plane, forming a most grand and novel sight; such, no doubt, as many of our readers have witnessed while journeying to the West.

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A FLIRT AND A FLIRTATION.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

BY GEORGE STOTT.

Mr. Conway returned from town on the day he was expected, on the whole in high good humor. He had managed to extricate his son from one of the "messes" into which he was perpetually getting, at the sacrifice of considerably less money than he had anticipated; and he had procured a sum sufficient to provide for his most pressing necessities for some months to come. But better than all this, he had met Lord Carrysbrook, and his

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invitation to spend some time at Northlea Court, during his stay in that part of the country, had been gladly even eagerly accepted. Indeed, from the marked cordiality of the other's manner to himself, and the *empressement* with which he inquired for Miss Conway, he felt no doubt that it would rest altogether with Helen to become Lady Carrysbrook or not. If only he could be sure of her! He had suggested to his son that he should use the influence he had with his sister, for the two were really fond of each other in a most undemonstrative way. The worthy captain lighted a cigar, and stroked his silky moustache, thoughtfully, for a minute or two.

"My dear sir," he said, at last, "I'd do it with pleasure, or anything else you wanted in reason, for first and last you haven't been a bad governor to me. But it wouldn't pay. Awfully good thing for us to get Carry and his money into the family, of course; and I should think he'd suit Helen; for he's not half a bad fellow, and in six months, I'd lay odds, that he'd do whatever she told him, as sure as my retriever. But you see she knows all this just as well as we do, and if she don't choose to pay the price, why I can't go and preach to her about the nobleness of sacrificing herself on the altar of duty, and imitating Jepthah's daughter, and the other Greek girl who got potted for family reasons; it wouldn't come well from me at all, and she'd very likely tell me so, and then we might have a row, and we never have yet, and I don't want to begin. You'd better give her her head."

Compelled to admit the force of this argument, Mr. Conway, such was his anxiety, made the enormous sacrifice of seeking out his sister as soon as he reached home, and telling her of his hopes and wishes as to Helen. He could not bring himself absolutely to ask her aid and advice, but he let her understand that she was free to speak if she had anything to suggest. But Mrs. Dynevor had been too long a slave to have the power or even the wish to avail herself of the freedom that was proffered, and shrank from the responsibility involved in independent action. She could only wish and hope; hope that her brother might be gratified, hope that Lord Carrysbrook was worthy of Helen, hope that the dear child might be happy, whatever she did.

Helen was in one of her most listless and indifferent moods when she and her father met at dinner. He told her of his meeting with Lord Carrysbrook, and of the prospect that before long they would have him for their guest, and tried, though not very successfully, to rally her on the captivation she certainly exercised over the young magnate. But she listened apathetically, and could not be roused into showing the smallest interest. He was intensely provoked with her, but by a great effort restrained himself from showing it, and went on to speak of what he had heard of Carrysbrook in town, his great and increasing wealth, the influence he must necessarily possess in the country, the impression that prevailed in high quarters that he really had very good abilities for business, and if he could only be induced to take the trouble, as he no doubt would some day, would soon become a man of importance, and lastly, of the efforts Lady Flora Ruthinglen, a rival and pet aversion of Helen's, had made to catch him whilst staying in the same house in Scotland. Gradually Helen thawed, laughed at her ladyship's defeat, asked questions concerning the information her father was detailing; and showed an appreciation of the prize which he firmly believed might be hers for the taking. It was long since they had been on such affectionate terms; he took an interest in her singing, and she flattered him by professing to know what songs he liked best, and before they parted for the night they had become almost confidential, and she listened without contradiction, and almost with complacency, whilst he said that if he had ever seemed to grudge her money, or cross her in anything, it arose entirely from his anxiety to see her in the position she seemed born to fill, of an acknowledged leader in society.

Helen's graciousness was not affected; she really was dazzled by the prospect set before her. She thought she should make a good countess, and that she should like it at least as well as in the long run she should like anything. In the description she gave of herself to Humberston she had done herself no injustice. She was all she said, she knew it, and had long acquiesced in this view of herself, and felt that the only thing for such a creature to do was to follow the life for which it seemed suited. What would be the good, she would have asked, of a kite's attempting to cultivate the virtues of benevolence and respect for the rights of property? The poor creature would have a hard struggle against his natural instincts, nobody would believe in him, and if he escaped being shot or pecked to death, he would certainly die of starvation. She had grown up from the time she was seven years old without soft or tender influences of any

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kind. Her aunt was the person she loved best in the world, but it was with a protecting, half-pitying affection, that could exercise no control over an unruly spirit like hers. She soon saw that the type of excellence the good old lady held before her was not at all to her taste. It was slow and stupid, she thought; and then, what was the good of taking any trouble to please her aunt, who was just as fond of her when she was wildest and naughtiest as when she was best? Her father was only anxious that she should be beautiful and accomplished, and she saw very soon that he was selfish, shallow and pompous. Her brother she liked; he was always very kind to her, but she saw very little of him, and knew that he was intellectually her inferior. After a training, or no training, of this sort, she had entered the world at a very early age, with the settled purpose to be admired and to succeed. A great marriage was an essential ingredient to the last, but for this she was in no hurry. It was very pretty to read about love in books, and still pleasanter to play at it in real life, but falling in love in earnest was quite out of her line. If she should happen to be in love with the rich husband she was to marry some day, it would be all very well, and she would be quite ready to acquiesce in a result which seemed extremely unlikely. If she should not, it would be very well too; she didn't want it, and thought she could do excellently without it.

She did not see her way to any other life, and in this it was better to be rich, and a great lady, than not. Probably everything in life was disappointing, if she only knew it, and if so, it was wisest to make the best of it, and tell as few lies about it as might be. Humberston had attracted her. She had flirted with him at first, simply following her instinct of subduing every man who came in her way; and as it was easy for her practised eye to see that he was not much used to such encounters, she looked on him as an easy prey. But she met with a resistance which at first astonished, and then piqued her. The experience was new. Most men of Humberston's age and ability had encountered her with her own weapons—had been much more ready and eager in protestation than he was; but her hold on them, as she had come to see, had amounted to nothing. The power to wound is perhaps the only test of a hold over the affections, and she could see they were invulnerable. They hardly affected to suffer from her caprice or coldness, and if she tried their patience too far, would shrug their shoulders, and lounge away in search of more pleasurable excitement. Younger and weaker men would indeed cast themselves body and soul in the dust before her, and get trampled on for their pains. She could not doubt the reality and strength of the fascination she exercised over Humberston; she could, and often did, annoy and irritate him deeply, but she could not quite subdue him. Sometimes, when her nature had been wrought on by music, and she would be dreamily conscious of the passion in his eyes as he gazed at her, a momentary blind impulse would pass through her to fall down before this nature she could not conquer, and beg her to make her his slave, as she could not make him hers —an impulse which the next instant she half loathed, half laughed at. But in general, her feeling towards him was what she told him— that she liked him and liked to talk to him, for it interested and excited her, and that she should always wish to be friends with him. And so this night, after she had gone to her room, and sat thinking of the brilliant prospect that was opening to her—of diamonds, equipages, great houses, and her probable career as wife of an ambassador or great minister of state, she thought a little of Humberston too; how she would "take him up' and bring him out in the world; how she would not rest till her influence had got some position for him in which his talents should have free play. Yet all the while the thought lurked in her mind, though frank as she was she would never have admitted it, even to herself, that she should be disappointed if he would consent to be benefited by her, to accept anything from one who would not give everything.

A day or two after Mr. Conway's return Vivian contrived to catch cold; and, the least thing sufficing to upset his delicate health, became at once so decidedly ill, that Humberston did not like leaving him for more than half an hour at a time, and was hence compelled to cease from his visits to Northlea Court. However, after nearly a week of semi-torpidity, Vivian, as was his wont, suddenly rallied, professed himself able to do without any more surveillance, and insisted that Humberston should take a long ride. He was returning, after having lost his way, and been out much longer than he had intended, and was debating whether he should still have time to look in at the Court for just half an hour, when at a cross road two miles from

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Northlea he came upon Helen herself, accompanied by two gentlemen, apparently proceeding in the same direction as himself, and also on horseback. One of her companions he at once recognized as Lord Carrysbrook; the other, a rather slight but singularly handsome and elegant looking man, he guessed from the resemblance must be her brother.

"Why, Mr. Humberston," said Helen, as she reined in her horse and held out her hand to him, "we haven't seen you for an age. What have you been doing with yourself? We thought you must have flown. But let me introdnce you to Lord Carrysbrook and my brother."

Reginald Conway's greeting was most gracious; Carrysbrook (who *was* rather of the Assyrian bull type) bowed with true English indifference to a man not in one's own set. But as he looked closer, he said:

"By-the-by, though, Mr. Humberston, surely I've met you before, though I can't recollect where."

Humberston told him.

"O yes, to be sure. Very glad, indeed, to meet you again. Didn't remember you just at first;" and he went on to ask for their friend Strange.

"Regy and Lord Carrysbrook almost took us by storm yesterday," said Helen. "We had a letter only the night before from Regy, saying he was coming down here, and adding, as if it was the most ordinary piece of news, that he had persuaded Lord Carrysbrook to come with him, and take us on his way to Lady Tiverton's. You can imagine the effect on our nerves. It was a pity Mr. Vivian was not there to study the different ways in which we received the startling intelligence. Aunt Anne collapsed at once, and her mind has been wandering ever since."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, Miss Conway," said Lord Carrysbrook. "It wasn't my fault, really; your brother said it was all right. I'm sure nobody need ever be put out of the way for me. I'm the easiest fellow going to satisfy; anything does for me. There's nothing I hate so much as fuss, and ceremony, and bother. 'Sure you I do."

"Ah," said Helen, with immovable gravity, "then your lot is indeed a hard one. In your position you must find it so difficult to live in that simple way which you say you so much prefer. Such is the burden of greatness! Still one admires the sentiment, Lord Carrysbrook. I believe most celebrated men have felt like you."

"Hang it! don't, please, Miss Conway," put in poor Carrysbrook; "don't go on like that. Whenever you make believe to think much of any one, I know you're sneering."

"Sneering at *you*? Heaven forbid! Are you not a pillar of the state?—a bulwark of the constitution?—a jewel in the crown?—a—a—what is it, Regy?—a pilot that weathers the storm?" But she caught her brother's meaning glance, and turned to Carrysbrook, who was looking more and more unhappy, with a bright smile. "I declare it's too bad to tease you, isn't it? You are *very* good, I know, and I'll believe, if you like, that if you were set down to veritable cold mutton, you'd enjoy it."

He looked delightful, leant towards her, and whispered something. She laughed.

"*Merci beaucoup.* But I own a weakness for better fare myself. In time I shall come to care for my dinner as much as Lady Tiverton. I'm sure I shall be just like her by-and by. Don't you think so?"

"Helen, Helen," said her brother, "I wish you'd keep that tongue of yours in better order." But they all laughed heartily.

"But to return to my question, Mr. Humberston," said Helen. "What have you been doing with yourself all this time?"

It has been said that Humberton's temper was not of the best, and the incidents of the ride had not tended to soothe it. Though Helen had done nothing but "chaff" Lord Carrysbrook, yet even this showed the intimacy that prevailed between them. He it was who was now manifestly first with her, and Humberston bore seeing this even worse than he had anticipated; so it was very coldly that he answered:

"Vivian has been ill, and has wanted me."

"O," said she impatiently, "you know I don't believe in Mr. Vivian's illnesses. I think his ill health is only an excuse for his laziness. Whenever he is bored, or doesn't care to do anything, he can always get out of it that way."

"What Vivian is it?" said Carrysbrook. "Do you mean *the* Vivian?"

"Yes," said Humberston, "I'm staying here at the Grange with him."

"By Jove, are you! you ought to feel flattered, then. He wouldn't ask everybody. Why, he's no end of a fellow, isn't he? Clever, you know, and all that. Why Monty Thirlestane, my cousin, who's the cleverest fellow I know, swears by him."

"Has he *really* been ill, Mr. Humberston?"

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said Helen, in that low sweet tone which she could make irresistible when she chose.

"Yes, very ill," he answered quietly.

"O, I'm so sorry. I didn't know, you know. But he's better now, I hope—else you would not be here?"

"O yes," said he smiling; "he's all right again to-day, I believe."

They were now at the gates of the park.

"And will you both come to dinner this evening? *You*, at any rate?"

"Thanks, very much," said he, "but I know it's out of the question for Vivian, and I shouldn't like to leave him alone for so long."

"Then you *must* come to-morrow. Tell Mr. Vivian it will be quite the best thing for him, and he shall be taken the greatest care of, and needn't say a word unless he likes. Good-by," she went on as Humberston attempted to speak: "I can't listen to any excuses, and I lay my strict injunctions on you to appear without fail," and she rode on.

"It must be slow, acting as head nurse in ordinary, I should think," said Reginald Conway; "what does the man do it for, I wonder? Perhaps he isn't well off, and thinks Vivian will leave him some coin. His life's not a good one."

"Isn't it possible they may really like each other, Regy?" said Helen, listlessly. "Such things do happen sometimes, I believe. Here we are at last, and I'm frightfully tired. Thanks," she said, as Carrysbrook helped her from her horse—"thanks and good-by for the present. I shall go and rest till dinner time."

"Well, Vivian," said Humberston, as he entered the library, where the other was sitting by a blazing fire, though it was only the beginning of September, and ordinary mortals would have thought the day hot—"Well, old fellow, I've been much longer than I meant. You haven't wanted me, I hope?"

"Not at all," said Vivian. "Stratton has been with me" (that was his man of business for the Oakburn property), "and I've been deep in accounts all this morning. Upon my word, I find that I'm a much richer man than I ever thought of."

"I congratulate you," said the other, "but I've some news. The 'baron all covered with jewels and gold,' has arrived, and Reginald Conway with him. I've just met them all."

Vivian gave a low whistle. "That looks like business."

"Cleopatra, as you call her, has commanded us both to dine there to-morrow. Can you go, do you think?"

"O yes, I think so," said Vivian. "I shall be well enough to-morrow, and it will be interesting to see how our friend plays 'that dull, cold-blooded Cæsar.'"

"You don't think there's much doubt of the issue, I suppose?" said Humberston, after a few moments' silence.

"As far as he is concerned, I should say none. Now he's fairly housed at the Court, his doom is sealed. A much wiser man would hardly have a ghost of a chance. What she'll do is just so far uncertain that she's a woman, and her conduct, therefore, incapable of prediction. Still I'd back the event heavily. She'll never get a better chance, and she must know it. If she refuses Carrysbrook I shall rather expect to hear some day that she's gone into a convent. It would not surprise me."

"*Tant pis* for her and the convent too, if she does, then," said Humberston, and was silent.

"What do you think of Conway?" asked Vivian.

"He's remarkably handsome and excessively civil. I haven't had time for more, you know."

"Yes," said Vivian, "he's an amiable devil, there's no doubt. But he is one, and not of the best style either. However, there's no need to warn you against him; as you don't go in for cards or betting you'll find him innocuous, and I couldn't do it without entering on matters I don't want to talk of without good reason. Poor old Conway! I've a great contempt for him, and he bores me to death. But I can't help liking him a little for the way he's behaved to that son. He's paid heaps of money for him first and last, and it must sometimes have been confoundedly hard for him to get at. Yes, we'll go up to-morrow and see this great sight. There's a most detestable touch of winter in the air to-day," added he, as he stirred the fire; "visions of the Mediterranean have been floating in my head all the morning."

Accustomed as Humberston was to Helen Conway's wayward moods, he was hardly prepared, after the eagerness with which she had insisted on his presence, for the coolness with which he was received when he and Vivian presented themselves the next day. She was friendly enough, it is true, but there was—or at least he thought so—a certain element of patronage in her tone, as though she were a full-fledged woman of the world and he a lad

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at college, which was intolerable to him. Lord Carrysbrook, of course, took her in to dinner, and Humberston was on her other side, but took very little part in the conversation. It was only natural—even he could not deny that—that Helen should pay attention to a man of the other's rank, and her father's guest; and if she was to do so, it was clear that their ordinary style of talk must be dropped, as it would have been as unintelligible to Carrysbrook, as Sanscrit. He was not a fool, had plenty to say of a common sort, and said it with the readiness and confidence of a man inured to good society, and of one, moreover, who can't help feeling that he is of consequence and is one to be listened to deferentially.

But he and Helen talked of people that Humberston had never seen and of places he had never been at. He felt shut out from her and bitterly wrathful at everything. She made one or two attempts to draw him into the conversation, but he was in no mood to be conciliated, and answered coldly, as she soon gave up the effort. To have introduced any of their usual topics would have been quite out of taste, and probably a failure, so in despair he turned to Reginald Conway and tried to talk on the approaching Leger, betraying an amount of ignorance of turf matters that at last changed the other's contempt into genuine compassion, and made him admit that even were there nothing else against it, it really would be unfair to try to have anything on with such a baby.

After dinner Helen sang, and Carrysbrook stood by her, turning over the leaves of her music with great assiduity, always in the wrong place, and profuse in thanks and compliments. But Helen was too true an artist to care for unskilled applause, and soon left off, promising to sing again later. Perhaps she missed Humberston from his usual place and the sight of the uncontrollable emotion with which her singing always inspired him. He had not gone near her, but had been talking to anybody and everybody, and found himself at last, to his great astonishment, engaged in an apparently triumphant argument with Mr. Conway, though what it was about and what he was saying he had but an indistinct idea. Later on in the evening he and Helen found themselves side by side.

"This is the first time," she said, somewhat reproachfully, "that you have not listened when I've been singing. Am I singing out of tune to-night, or have I offended you? Come, now, and I'll sing *Dove sono* to you. I know you like it."

He followed her to the piano. She looked up in his dark face and compressed lips as he was putting the book before her, and asked again, half smiling, "Are you really angry? What is it?"

He broke out savagely. "What *is* the use to me or yourself of this pretence? You know it's mere nonsense to talk of my keeping away from you—" He stopped, smitten with a sense of his extreme rudeness and folly in thus showing his ill temper, and went on more gently. "I beg a thousand pardons for speaking so rudely, but you did provoke me, and, in addition to all my other follies, I couldn't help showing it."

Helen did not look angry. She glanced hastily round to see that no one was near, and kept striking grand cords on the piano, under cover of which she said, "I wont pretend to misunderstand you, Mr. Humberston, but I really don't know what you have to complain of. I don't think I ever gave you reason to suppose that you had any exclusive right to my attention." He did not answer; and she went on, almost anxiously, "I do so wish you'd let us understand each other. I do want to be friends with you, and I'll prove it by trusting you and speaking frankly. You know we are both man and woman of the world who have our own way to make in our different lines, and mustn't quarrel with our bread and butter. We can't play at being shepherd and shepherdess in Arcadia. If we ever thought so—and I'm sure I didn't—we might have known better, and ought to be ashamed of ourselves. I've said before, and I say it again, that I should like to have you always as a friend. I believe if you wont be so wrathful, and will think quietly about it, you'll see that you never really thought of me as anything else."

Humberston had recovered himself by this time, and his voice was grave and a little scornful, as he answered:

"Of course it's not for me to contradict anything you say. I don't need to be told that I have no right to be angry. Even if I had, to show it as I did just now was ungentlemanly and very stupid. I have been a fool—that's all. I am not the first you have seen, if all tales are true."

She said nothing, and began *Dove sono*, but her voice was strained and false. She stopped.

"I can't sing that to night," and began one of Thalberg's arrangements, which she played

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correctly enough but with none of her wonted grace and finish. As she rose, Vivian was standing by, and raised his eyebrows with the slightest smile.

"Well, Mr. Vivian, what is it?" she said. "Didn't I play well?"

"I am sure I never said so," said he.

"I want the truth—will you tell me the truth?" she said, impatiently.

"Well then, for you, it was very bad, if you will have it," he answered, quietly. "You know that yourself perfectly well."

"This shan't be, at any rate," she said, sat down again, and broke into a strange, wild song, which she sang to perfection, as if a fury had possessed her.

Vivian turned to Humberston, who was by him, fairly moved from his usual calm.

"What the d—l's the matter with the girl?—she seems half mad to-night."

He did not answer, and almost immediately after they took their departure.

Helen went to her aunt's room before going to bed, sat down on a stool at the old lady's feet, laid her head in her lap, and submitted to be petted, complaining of being very tired. Mrs. Dynevor went buzzing on about trifles for sometime, at last she said:

"What was the matter with Mr. Humberston to-night, Helen? Did you notice it? He did not seem himself at all."

"How should I know?" said Helen. "Was anything the matter with him?"

"I wish, darling, you would give up this flirting, as you call it. It's really wicked, I'm afraid. I've fancied often before, and now I'm almost sure, that he loves you and is unhappy."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Helen. "If he does he's a fool, that's all. Love me, indeed? What have I to do with love? I hate the very name."

"Hush, dear child, you mustn't say that. And you are quite sure you don't care for him at all?"

"Now, you dear, enthusiastic, romantic young creature, do try and be sensible. What would be the use of my caring for him? He's a barrister, isn't he, with perhaps a hundred or two a year of his own. Most likely not enough to buy me gloves. Just fancy my living in a little house in St. John's Wood and nursing children. It wouldn't suit my book at all, I assure you."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dynevor, rather sadly; your papa saw that—he's so clear-sighted, Peregrine. He pointed it out to me."

"Pointed out what?"

"It was when he was telling me that—that Lord Carrysbrook was coming here. He said that we could never hope to see you happy except as the wife of a man of rank and wealth."

"O, papa, papa!" said Helen, impatiently. "If he offered me up as a burnt sacrifice he'd have a long speech ready to prove it was the best thing possible for me."

"And you do love Lord Carrysbrook? You will marry him?"

"I shall certainly wait till I'm asked."

"But he will ask you, dearest: even I can see that. He as much as said so to me this very afternoon. What will you say?"

"How should I know? I thought young ladies never thought of these things, or fell in love without their parents' sanction. I hope I shall behave prettily. I ought to blush, and modestly cast down my eyes, and refer him to my papa in a trembling whisper, oughtn't I? How I do hate life, and everything connected with it! What on earth am I to do with myself ten years hence? Aunt, I wonder whether Clytemnestra made a *mariage de convenance*. I suspect she did."

"Helen, you do quite frighten me," said Mrs. Dynevor.

"I dare say I do. I thought I should. O, how tired I am," said Helen as she rose; "yet I know I shan't sleep for hours—I wish I were a man, I'd have some brandy."

"I'll come and sit with you, dearest, till you go to sleep."

"Indeed you'll do nothing of the sort," said Helen. "Annette must read me to sleep; she has to do it often enough, so I hope she likes it. And it's as likely as not the book might shock you."

"Helen," said her aunt, "I'm afraid you never think now of some things you ought to think of. I wish—"

"Hush, hush," said Helen, with a laugh; "*I* know what you are going to say, you good old soul. But I must 'gang my ain gate, and dree my ain weird,' I think. Good night, aunty dear."

Vivian and Humberston were sitting over their wine the next day. They had seen but little of each other through the morning, as Humberston had been out shooting—perhaps rather as an excuse for being alone, than from an ardor after sport, as his bag was singularly empty, even for him. A much less keen observer than Vivian would have seen that he was listless and absent; but for a long time

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he took no notice. At last, after a silence of some minutes, he said:

"Ned, old fellow, you've known me long enough to know that I never seek after confidence. But there are times when it does a man good to talk, and I've an idea that you want to now. If I'm wrong, shut me up, and there's an end of it."

"By Jove," said Humberston, "I believe you're right. You know what it is, I suppose!"

"You've been badly hit, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"I've been a confounded fool."

"I don't know that," said Vivian, "I suspected how it would be from the first, but you've done better than I imagined you would. In fact, I believe you have made the girl care for you after a fashion, but she wont let that interfere with her."

"What I was wanting to say, Vivian," said Humberston, with some hesitation, "was—it's awful nonsense, I know—but I don't think I can stand staying here much longer."

"So I thought," answered the other. "Well, the fact is, I'm anxious myself to be out of this land of fog. It wont do for me now. So that if you don't care for prolonging the campaign, we'll break up the encampment. I shall go to the south of France, and then to Italy. Can you put aside your law for some months longer, and come with me? We might be off the week after next."

Humberston hesitated. "O yes," he said, "I can, if you wish it."

"I know what you are thinking of," said Vivian, "that considering what you are, and what you want to be, you hardly like the idea of wasting more time in wandering about the world. That's what I'm coming to. We've broken the ice already this evening, and we may as well go a little deeper. Look here, Ned. As far as I can see, I can only last about four or five years longer. O, it's a fact, my dear fellow, Crofton and M'Leod will tell you the same, if you get them into a corner. And don't look down in the mouth about it, old boy. It's a question whether it's worth while making a moan for any one; it certainly isn't for me. I never have done, and never should do anything, and years ago I lost the only thing I ever cared to have. However, whether I'm right or wrong, I shall act on the assumption, and *en attendant* consider myself entitled to any reasonable pleasure I can procure. One of the chief of these is your society. Ned, I like you, and I think you like me, but I can't allow myself to lead you away from your work, unless I can in some sort make it up to you. As far as it lies in my power, you will be my heir."

"My dear Vivian," broke in Humberston, "I can't possibly think—"

"Now do be quiet," said Vivian. "In the first place you can't very well help yourself, that I can see. That I'm not dead yet, and you may never get anything, so you needn't cry out before you are hurt. And after all, so much of this property is entailed, that what I can leave you is not worth making a fuss about—it wont make a Carrysbrook of you, or anything of the kind. But it will be just a few thousands a year, enough to give you a decent place in the world, and enable you to cut law, and go into parliament if you have a fancy for that kind of bore, or enjoy yourself, if you like that better. And why shouldn't you have it, my dear fellow? I've no children, no near relations, and the few friends I have, are as well off as myself, and don't want this. I shall take care that no one with a reasonable claim on me is passed over. So we'll dismiss the subject. Now as to immediate arrangements; there's some business must be done in London, which you can do as well as I can, if you'll take the trouble. I'll stay here and settle what has to be settled, and join you there in the beginning of the week, and then we'll take wing. You can go up to the Court to-morrow, and make your *adieux*. My health will explain suddenness, and everything,—it's the pull of being an invalid,—and you can be off next day. I don't think you'll regret your experience. The sting will soon pass, but the knowledge will remain. Come, we've talked business long enough now. Let us have a game of *ecarte*."

Humberston paid his visit the next day, and saw Helen and her aunt. Miss Conway was frigidly friendly, full of courteous regrets at their departure, and speculations as to their probable meeting next spring. He had a hunger for one of the old looks to take away with him, but her eyes were as cold as her words. He paid but a very short visit, pleading his preparations, and as he strode rapidly across the park homewards, he cursed himself for a fool, and his heart was full of wrath and bitterness against Helen Conway.

Humberston, on his return to the Grange, found Vivian in the hands of lawyers and agents, and, as his own preparations were by no means of the extensive nature he had

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alleged, there were several hours left him to dispose of before dinner. A sudden fancy came over him to have another look at the place where he had first seen Helen Conway: though he would not for worlds have admitted this object to any one, and almost tried to persuade himself that he was only going to have a smoke by the brook. It was soon reached, and there the first thing that met his eyes was Helen herself seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, almost on the very spot where he had been lying.

It is always decidedly awkward to meet people after we have taken leave of them preparatory to a long absence, we feel so like convicted impostors, and are painfully conscious that our presence requires explanation, not to say apology. He tried to laugh it off as best he could.

"Well, Miss Conway," he said, "I suppose you flattered yourself you were safe from me at any rate. I am here in the body, so you need not think it is my ghost, and that I am going to haunt you."

"And you really are going?" she said.

The beautiful face was serious, even sad—the voice low and gentle, and he felt its sway still in every nerve.

"Yes," he said, "I am off to-morrow, as I told you."

She sat down again. He stood by her, not meaning—not even wishing to stay, but yet unable to tear himself away at once.

At last she said, "This is the place where we first met, isn't it? Yes, I thought so. But I don't think I could count on your aid now, Mr. Humberston, if I was to come to grief."

"Why not? What do you mean?" said he.

"You are dreadfully angry with me. Now are you not? O, I saw it this morning. And yet, whatever you may think, I do so wish to be good friends with you."

"Miss Conway," said he, "that is, just now, not possible. I love you too much—too madly, I believe, to be content with what you offer. Don't be afraid," he went on, "I'm not going to pother you now. But this is at the bottom of my going away. I'm a fool, but I can't help myself. You've bewitched, possessed me. I'm in a fever of irritation when I'm with you, and when I'm away I am restless and longing to see you again. I can think of nothing else, apply myself to nothing. Now this wont do. I can't afford to become one-ideaed, and put my mind out of my own power in this way. And so I'm going away to try if I can get tranquil once more when I am away from you. If I can—Heaven only knows—and I meet you again and can look on you calmly, I shall then be proud of your friendship if you will give it to me. Till I can do so, I own I'd rather not see your face. Forgive me for speaking so plainly, and now good-by, Helen. I must call you so this once."

He took her hand, which lay passive in her lap—pressed it—and was turning away. But there came a little struggling cry which stayed his steps: "O, don't go! don't leave me!"

His heart gave one fierce exultant throb, and he almost felt the blood as it rushed through his veins. The eager craving love that was in him burst at one sweep through all the curbs which had checked it. He threw himself by her side, caught her in his arms, and almost devoured her with his passionate kisses.

There may have been a faint, half-audible protest, but he heeded it not. He lost his head, and was only at last roused to consciousness by the sound of his own voice to find that he was holding her strained to his heart, and asking her, "Did she love him?"

She made an effort to free herself, but he held her fast; then she looked up with the old saucy smile, "Why, in Heaven's name, what would you have, sir?" she asked, "exacting as you are, you might be satisfied, I should think." She looked up into his eyes—the soft round arm stole round his neck, "O, I do! I do!—my darling," she murmured, and burst into wild tears.

He did all he could to sooth and calm her, for she frightened him. It was like seeing a man's tears.

"Let me cry," she said, "it wont hurt me, I know; but I haven't cried for years and years, and almost forget the way. There! I'm better now; only I have a great mind to go on, for I find being petted exceedingly pleasant. And so you loved me all the time? I knew you did, and I believe I loved you; only I tried and tried against it, and treated you as badly as ever I could, to show myself that I didn't. You know why—you know what I wanted, or thought I wanted. And when you got angry, and wouldn't put up with it, then I found I liked you all the better, and that frightened me. Why, to-day after you had gone, do you know I went away up to a window, where I could see you, and watched you, and you did not once look back, and then I felt—O, so wretched." She shuddered.

"This must be love—real love, I feel now;

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for it doesn't seem to me that I care about anything except being with you, and knowing that you love me. How did you make me love you, I wonder? I think you used to mesmerise me when I was singing."

"Hardly," he said, laughing, "for you certainly mesmerised me then."

"Ah, but I think you did. But"—hesitating a little—"aren't you afraid of me? Don't you think I shall plague your life out? I'm a frightfully dangerous creature to tie yourself to; any one would say you were a fool to think of it. I told you—you know what I am—or what I was—for I don't know what I am now."

"I tell you," he said, "as I told you before, that I love you as you are, faults and all, whatever they may be. I would not have you changed by a hair's breadth, my own. You are a glorious prize to win! If I can't keep you, now I've won you, it will only show that I'm not strong enough. But I'm not afraid."

"Well, if I satisfy you, I suppose it's enough. You don't know," she went on very gently, as she laid her head on his shoulder, "how I love you, and thank you for winning and subduing me. It's so delicious to think that I belong to you, and have got you to think of, and must do as you tell me. If I didn't really think I should make you happy, you shouldn't have me; but I hope I shall—I know I shall."

They were silent some minutes; then she said:

"What on earth am I to say to everybody? There will be such a scene! I must be changed, indeed! Do you know, I am almost afraid of papa? Really, though, his case will be a strong one this time. We have been playing at shepherd and shepherdess in earnest. You don't think I'm an heiress, do you? You'd much better go and have nothing more to say to me." But she held him fast.

The question of ways and means had, in fact, been most completely absent from Humberston's mind, and he still felt too happy in the present to think of it.

"You leave that to me," he said. "I shall talk to Vivian. You know what interest he has. He must be the *deus ex machina*."

"O, I'll leave it to you with pleasure," she said. "You needn't fear that I shall want to assert my independence. Only be quite sure of this,—I am yours, and nothing shall keep me from you whenever you tell me to come. And now it is fearfully late, and I must get in. I shall have a headache, and keep in my room. I can't see tiresome people to-night. We had better separate here. Now, good-by." Another long embrace, and they parted.

"Why, Humberston," called out Vivian, as the other entered the room where he was sitting, "what on earth have you been doing? I've been waiting dinner for you this half hour. Halloa! though," he went on, as he looked at him again, "what's up, old fellow?"

Humberston laughed. "I'll tell you by-and-by; not whilst you're hungry. Profoundly sorry to have delayed you, I am sure."

"I think I see," said Vivian. "A light seems breaking in on me. May I ask, do you still intend to go to town to-morrow?"

"Will you wait? I'll tell you everything as soon as we've dined."

He did as he said, and told him of his meeting with Helen, and of its result.

"Well," said Vivian, "I may as well shut up for the future. I did think I knew something of women, and it's manifestly the grossest delusion. You're satisfied now, I should hope."

"Of course; but I admit I don't see my way very distinctly. There are such things as ways and means, you know."

"My dear fellow, I told you yesterday that you were to be my heir, and of course I don't mean you to be exposed to the temptation of accelerating the course of nature. Now that's settled, and don't let us have any protests about it."

"Well, but what will old Conway say, do you think?"

Vivian thought a little. "He wont like it, that's certain," he said. "And all things considered, small blame to him. He has set his heart on a great match for his daughter, and that you are not, and never will be. Your mind is quite made up on this matter?"

"Fixed as fate."

"Then—you may certainly tell me you're big enough to fight your own battles—but will you let me act *in loco parentis*, and see him for you?"

"My dear fellow, if you would, you know I should only be too thankful; but, really, I don't like to disturb the even tenor of your ways."

"Never mind that," said Vivian, "you know Conway has an infernal temper, and if you went to him he'd be more likely than not to give you a taste of it, and make a scene, and as you intend him to have the honor of being

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your father-in-law, it's as well not to begin with unpleasant memories. He'll be pretty well behaved with me. I've a strong impression he'd rather we did not quarrel. Besides after all what can he do? He's one of those men who bluster a good deal, but when they're fairly in a corner, give in. He must know that the fair Cleopatra has a most energetic volition, and no exaggerated notions of paternal authority. Still it's better that you should have his sanction, and I mean to get it for you. But I suppose I can't reckon on seeing you abroad this autumn?"

"Look here, Vivian," said Humberston, "I'm not going in for fine speeches, but I'll just say this. Neither my marriage—if I do marry—nor anything else I do, is ever to put any obstacle between you and me. At least if I thought so, it wouldn't be done, that's all."

"You're a good boy," said Vivian, and his voice was very soft and kind. "Now listen to me, Ned. Many years ago, I was very near indeed to perfect happiness, or what I thought so, and you know I missed it. Well, I was always of rather a selfish turn, and that didn't improve me. I've done a good deal of mischief in my time, and I can't charge my memory with having been of much use to any one as yet. Now, I've a fancy that I should like to do a little good, by way of a change, if it could be achieved without too much trouble. I'll do my best to see you well through this business—and I'm not much given to failures."

The March of the next year was drawing to its close, in soft winds and sunshine that would have done credit to June. London was filling fast, but the day was still early, and the smoking-room at the —— Club was unoccupied, save by Montague Thirlestane, who, lying back in his favorite chair, was combining the delights of an enormous cigar and a new magazine. He looked up in some annoyance as the door opened, for the paper interested him, and he wanted to finish it undisturbed, but in an instant the magazine was thrown away, and he sprang to his feet to meet the intruder—Charles Vivian.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, "I didn't even hope to see you for the next two months, so you're all the more welcome. When did you get here?"

"Only last night. I've come straight from Naples. It seems my presence is considered necessary to add the crowning grace to a wedding, and I received such favorable accounts of the weather here, that I thought I might venture."

"A wedding?" said Thirlestane, "whose is it?"

Vivian laughed.

"You know the lady pretty well, Monty, I fancy—Helen Conway."

"I should say I did. Then it's that friend of yours,—Humberston isn't his name?—unless he's thrown over too."

"No, it's Humberston," said Vivian. "So you have heard something of it then?"

"Something of it! My dear fellow, during a painfully memorable three weeks of last autumn, I heard of nothing else. You know Carry went down there fully determined to propose, and thought he was very well received. He flattered himself he was making way immensely, when all of a sudden, one fine morning, that mildest and most inefficient of sheep-dogs, the aunt you know, came to him—but you must know all this—"

"Only imperfectly, and by guess," said Vivian, "go on. I daresay she told Humberston, but he didn't tell me."

"Well, Mrs. Dynevor comes to him (he'd made her a sort of confidante beforehand I believe), and throws out some hints about engaged affections, and that sort of thing, you know. However, neither of them is a spoiled diplomatist, and at last the truth had to be blurted out—Helen had pledged herself to Mr. Humberston. His lordship admits that he was in a rage, considered that he had been grossly trifled with, and said so. See the lady herself, he must and would, and ultimately he did, and she quite took him aback by being very gentle and quiet, and at last begging his pardon if she'd caused him any pain, and owning that she hadn't known her own mind till the last moment. Carry felt more in love with her than ever, but saw he had no chance, so he forgot all about his engagement to Lady Tiverton, and rushed over to me at Baden-Baden to tell me all about it. He's always been used to come to me you know for help and comfort whenever he came to grief ever since he was a little chap so high. It was rather a bore, I must say; there was an awful jolly lot there—De Vitry, Martigny, Weston, and a man he knew, a Russian Count Orloffsomething—such a fellow! He'll amuse you; you'll meet him this season. He's coming here. We only wanted you there to be perfect. Well, Carry isn't the best company at any time, and of course now he was worse; but he's a dear good fellow, and so I sighed

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and resigned myself. I kept him with me; wouldn't let him go and marry Flora Ruthinglen, just to show he didn't care; made him lose a little money at the tables, then took him on to Vienna, and at the end of three weeks succeeded in inducing him to realize that Helen Conway was not the only woman in the world after all. I think it's the best thing possible for him that he's out of it. She would never have cared for him, and wouldn't even have taken the trouble to pretend to, and he's an affectionate fellow at bottom, and it would have cut him up, and sent him to the bad likely enough, which would be a pity, for he might be trained into a very decent family-man if he met with the right kind of woman. But I can't understand how old Conway was brought round. He certainly wanted Carrysbrock, or somebody like him, for a son-in-law, and he had good reasons for it."

"Well," said Vivian, "I fancy that result is attributable to me in great measure. I went to him and told him the exact state of the case. He did bluster and talk big at first, no doubt, but I gave him to understand that I quite identified myself with Humberston in the matter, and that had its effect. Conway, you see, has a passion for being a great man in the country, but his position is very precarious. If I back him up he may hold it: if I opposed him he certainly would not. Besides which, you know that story about young Conway. Well, his father knows I know it. Of course I wouldn't have worked a screw like that to gain any point, but he didn't know that; in fact, it would be rather beyond his comprehension, and I didn't think it necessary to tell him *I* wouldn't. Faugh! dealing with such people isn't pleasant, but fools must be treated according to their folly. Helen is of age, and we all know he couldn't give her any money, so what hold had he? He gave in at last and made a clean breast of it to me, and told me that he was on the edge of ruin, and had looked to his daughter's marriage as a means of saving himself. It was really pitiable, and I promised to put my shoulder to the wheel in his behalf. I recommended my man of business to him—his own is an old fool—and I think now that with strict economy on his part he'll be able to keep his head above water and save something. I've done a little for him myself, and have got more done, and he's abjectly grateful—or seems so."

"Well, but Humberston has next to nothing, has he? and if she has nothing, what the deuce are they going to live on? is the question."

"He will ultimately have pretty nearly as much as I have," said Vivian. "He will be my heir, as far as I can make him so, and I don't suppose I shall overtax his patience."

"Stuff and nonsense! We're not going to let you die yet, old fellow," said Thirlestane, but his hard, clever face softened strangely as he laid his hand on the other's shoulder.

"No," said Vivian, "I don't mean to—in fact, I'm better than I have been, still, it's morally certain I shan't be an old man, and I was forty-four last week."

"And I shall be next month. We're pretty close together, Vivian."

"I must see more of Humberston," resumed Thirlestane, after a pause, "I know scarcely anything of him."

"You'll hear a good deal some of these days. He'll be a success, I really believe. I don't think I used to do him full justice. He's a better man than I ever was."

"Hardly that, old fellow."

"Yes he is, Monty. He's heavier metal, and has more backbone in him."

"And she—is she really tamed at last?"

"I believe he is literally her one thought. She was not the woman to do things by halves, you know; any way she seems to flourish on it—I never saw her looking so well."

"Yes," said Thirlestane, "it's the way with them all. They cannot stand alone, do what they will. They must have something to worship. Better a sham than nothing. I must see them both—it will be interesting."

"Look here," said Vivian, "come and dine at Conway's to-day, I'm going to, and I'll take you. He's very much subdued, and wont bore you."

"All right; so be it. Upon my word, Vivian, it makes one realize painfully that one's getting an old fogy to watch all these matters as calm and uninterested spectators."

"It doesn't follow that you need confine yourself to that always," said Vivian; "you may resist assuming that *role* with good reason. Practically you're years younger than I am; as for me, I am quite aware that I'm *only a locum tenens* at the whole affair, and shall be delighted to make my best bow and yield up my place when I'm told to."

"Pish!" said Thirlestane; "don't moralize any more or you'll make me melancholy. *Dum vivimus vivamus*, at any rate. The evening papers must be in and the room full by this time. Come down and try if contact with the world wont warm your blood again."

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WHAT I FOUND.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

Under a fern-tree branching low,
  Under a fern-tree fresh and sweet,
Like a tasseled fan waved to and fro
  To temper the parlor heat—
A sparrow's nest, all silken wrought
  By God in a simple instinct hid:
A cunning work, an embowered cot,
  A cup with emerald lid.

Over the spot the sunshine played,
  Touching with tremulous golden streaks
Four little birds, so snugly laid
  I only could count their beaks:
Four beaks that suddenly gaped for food,
  As flower-cups look to heaven for dew,
Blindly believing in all things good,
  In all things good and true.

But you, ye parent birds, have found
  That danger is on the earth, and woe;
Flitting with wildest chirp around,
  Be comforted—I will go.
What am *I* but a fledgling weak,
  Nestled under the open sky,
(Ah, Lord! than these innocent things less meek,)
  Kept till I learn to fly?

Here is a strawberry ripe and red,
  I lay it down at your home-door, dears;
Now let your darling ones be fed,
  Cease your crying and fears.
Ye are the blessed—my gift is poor,
  Is small to that ye have given:
Thank God for the sight of you—O, I am sure
  There will be birds in heaven.

IN THE ARBOR.

BY N. P. DARLING.

TINKLE, tinkle, tinkle.

"There comes the horsecar, Dick—hurry, if you are going out to May street."

Dick jumped from his stool in the little office, seized his hat and pulled it down over his eyes, and rushed out into the street and into the crowded car. Only just room enough for him in one corner, where he crushed in and almost disappeared, except his head and shoulders, amid the great mass of crinoline carried by the lady beside him. He thought to himself that he had grown small very suddenly, and wondered if he was really five feet nine with a "manly breadth of shoulder," or not. Once he looked at his friend Sam Dodridge, who stood in the office door, just to assure himself that he had not been swallowed up by some awful monster, but was still a denizen of this earth, this world of woe, this vale of tears. Yes, it was all right. Sam was there; but where was he? He felt very much like a chicken about to be gathered under the wing of its mother—"only more so," he thought.

When the conductor came into the car, Dick began to fumble around for a pocket which he knew must be *somewhere*, and at last was successful, though he wasn't positive whether the pocket belonged to him or to the lady beside him. However, as it contained a ticket it answered every purpose, and so, passing it to the conductor, he looked up out of his nest and—well, he whistled, very low, almost under his breath; and then he said "Jehu!" in a whisper, for right opposite him, encased in one of the neatest, sweetest blue bonnets—only a tiny shell of blue silk and lace and flowers—was the most wondrously beautiful face that was ever seen (yes, and Dick was willing to bet on it) in a horsecar since the first tramway was laid.

And so Dick sat looking at the beautiful face, and growing very much in love with it, till the tender blue eyes that belonged to the beautiful face turned away from the end window and looked at Dick, when he blushed and the beautiful face did the same, when they both looked away, and he nestled down further into the corner, just stealing a glance occasionally when he thought she was looking the other way, only to become more and more bewitched, until at last, he was almost tempted to rush out and cut away one of the carhorses, spring upon the back of the noble (?) steed, implore the young lady to fly with him—which of course she would do—when they

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would gallop off with the speed of the wind on a calm day, to some bright little isle of their own.

But just then the lady beside him arose, pulled the strap, the car stopped, the lady got out followed by the angel with the beautiful face and the tender blue eyes, who wore the blue bonnet with the little white flowers in the back of it; and Dick, looking out after them, saw that it was the corner of May street, and remembering that his sister lived on that street only five doors from the corner, and also having a faint idea that that was the place that he started for, he arose and followed too.

And he walked up May street behind them, noting the light, graceful form of the angel, her easy carriage, the neat little foot—ah! wasn't it a beauty? Dick couldn't help thinking so, thinking too that the soft pit-pat of those little boots on the pavement was the sweetest music he ever heard—a sort of bootee solo, I suppose, far superior to G. Swaim Buckley on the bones; but just then she looked back at him, and Dick got a gush of loveliness right in his face and eyes just before she disappeared up the steps of the tall, brick house next door to his sister's.

He stood still just for a moment to recover himself from the flood of beauty that had almost swamped him, and then remembering that it was tea time and that his sister always waited for him Saturday evenings, he hurried on and found her standing in the door; and little Jennie, his niece, came out to the gate to meet him. So he took her in his arms, gave her a kiss, saluted his sister Mary and her "dear John," as she always called him, who, according to her account was one of the best husbands that ever lived, patted the dog Bose just for a minute, and received a welcome from that animal after the fashion of dogs, and then, looking up at the brick house next door, thought he saw a face at the upper window, though he wasn't positive, and it was all the same, for tea was ready, and Dick was just a little bit hungry. So he went into the house and sat down to the table between John and Mary, and commenced talking and eating just as if he hadn't lost his heart fifteen minutes before, and couldn't tell for the life of him who had it, except that it was a beautiful young lady with melting blue eyes and golden hair, with cheeks like peaches and lips of roses bright with dew, who wore a blue bonnet and had the neatest little foot in the world.

But after tea was over and Mary had washed up the dishes and put little Jennie to bed, though she had to kiss Uncle Dick twice before she would go, Mary came into the parlor and sat down beside Dick on the sofa, and began to give him a dolorous account of a young lady whose cruel parents were about to force her to marry a man she did not love. An old fellow aged enough to be her father, ugly as sin, who would make her miserable all her life if he didn't die, and the probability was that the cross-grained old fellow wouldn't, if he thought it would please anybody. He was rich, and so the girl's parents thought that it would be an excellent match.

"And who is this distressed maiden?" asked Dick, feeling very much like appearing as champion for the young lady and running the old curmudgeon through with a butter-knife and marrying the maid in spite of the old folks.

"Why, it's Katie Weaver—she lives next door in that brick house."

"O, ho! You don't!" exclaimed Dick, starting to his feet.

"Don't what?" asked his sister, in some alarm, grasping his arm.

"Don't say so."

"Yes, I said so; but why?"

"Then—I've—seen—her!" replied Dick, in a very solemn tone, resuming his seat. "Yes, these eyes have seen her and—and—"

"Well, that isn't very strange."

"No! O, no, it's nothing to see the most beautiful woman that ever trod the earth—nothing to behold the light of her radiant countenance, perhaps; and those eyes, so blue, so tender, and so—O, yes, that foot, that bonnet—O, no, tis nothing—perhaps."

"Are you crazy, Dick?"

"No," after a pause, "I'm only in love; but that is quite as bad perhaps. And she is to be married?"

"Yes," replied Mary, looking very sad, while poor Dick felt very much like crying; and John said that if he was a young man he would see what could be done; and Dick asked what that would be, and John said he didn't know, and Mary said she couldn't think, and Dick said it was a great shame, and Mary and John both said so too. And Mary said that he ought to be tied up and whipped; and John thought State prison too good for him, while Dick said he should be hung as high as Haman; and though they talked till ten o'clock, they didn't conclude what they would or could do about it, but

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went to bed in a very sorry frame of mind.—

The next day was Sunday, a long, dreary, rainy day. Dick went to church in the forenoon, but in the afternoon he staid at home and read part of the time, and thought about Katie Weaver and how he might love her, and how happy they could be—that is, providing she could love him and there was no old curmudgeon of a rival in the way—ah, that was the rub.

And so he laid there on the sofa in the back parlor, the shutters all closed, with only a dim light in the room, holding a book in his hand, with his eyes fixed on the toe of his slipper, thinking, thinking, thinking, till he became very desperate and was almost willing to undertake anything for the sake of Katie; but there wasn't anything for him to do that he could think of, except to wait, and just then some one called:

"Tea is ready, Uncle Dick," and little Jennie was standing in the doorway waiting for him. So he took her up in his arms and kissed the little round, rosy face and carried her out to supper, thinking to himself how happy sister Mary and John ought to be with such a sweet little bundle of sunshine to gladden their hearts, for Dick loved children.

One evening more in the parlor, Dick sitting at the window looking over across the garden at the tall brick house, and John lying on the sofa with little Jennie in his arms listening to her innocent prattle, and Mary reading there in the little rocking chair, swaying to and fro, and looking up at John and smiling occasionally. By-and-by she put down her book and turned to Dick.

"John didn't tell you that we were going to Sawny's Pond next Wednesday?" she asked.

"No, I haven't heard anything about it before," replied Dick, turning away from the window.

"Well, we are, and Katie is going with us. Couldn't you drive out there alone, say about four o'clock?"

"Don't know but I could," and he twirled his moustache for a moment and then brought his hand down on his knee very hard—"and I will," he added. "It's just what I've been wanting."

"Yes, and Katie wouldn't be there if you went with us, you know—Mrs. Weaver wouldn't allow it."

"No, of course not," said Dick; "but I shall be there all the same."

And so it was settled, and Dick went back to the office and his seat on the high stool next morning, quite cheerful, keeping an image of Katie in his mind all the time, with thoughts of her that made even the dingy old office look bright.

But Sam Dodridge didn't know what to think of him, he seemed so happy all the day long; and when he questioned him, his only reply was—"'Tis all right, my boy. Just wait awhile."

"Of course it's all right, Dick. I know there's nothing wrong; but what makes you so happy?" asked Sam.

"Why, don't you know?" putting on a very serious look.

"No."

"Well, then you can't tell any one," and Dick laughed and went back to his ledger; but Sam didn't ask any more questions.

So Wednesday afternoon came, and a splendid horse with a top carriage to match, and Dick Vernon inside, rattled over the level road towards Sawny's Pond.

John, with Mary and Katie, had gone on before; but while John was fastening his horse to the stump of a tree near the lake, and the ladies were sitting in the boat by the shore, Dick drove up, in a cloud of dust, with his horse all flecked with foam, and breathing very hard, as if the grass had not a chance to grow under his feet.

"Well, John, you didn't get much the start of me," said Dick, jumping out of the carriage and proceeding to fasten his horse; after which they walked down to the boat where the ladies were, and Mary introduced Dick to Miss Weaver; and there was a conscious blush on Katie's face when she gave him her hand, and he thought she remembered seeing him in the horsecar, trying to flatter himself that she did.

But whether she remembered him or not I do not know, and she didn't tell, though she made herself very agreeable to Dick, and he did everything in his power to please her, and they became excellent friends in a very short space of time. And they rowed all round the lake and filled the boat with the lilies, and Katie sat down and made a wreath of them when they got ashore, and put it on Dick's head; but he thought it would be more becoming to her, and so crowning her with the lilies he whispered—"My queen!" and looked so very much as if he meant it that Katie blushed, she didn't know why, but I think she was trying to fancy how Mr. Stevenson, that old man that her father wanted her to marry,

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would look, on his knees before her, crowning her with lilies, and whispering, "My queen!"

But Dick wasn't thinking of rivals then; and when John said that it was time to start for home, Dick stood up, and looked down at Katie sitting there on the grass, and asked her if she didn't think it would be more comfortable to ride home with him, than to go with John and crowd them into one carriage; and she said she thought it would, though of course she didn't think anything about the pleasure of Dick's society, any more than he did of her's.

They became very well acquainted on the way home; and though they knew there was no one to hear, still they talked very low to each other, and Dick found out all about his rival, Mr. Stevenson, and I don't know but he went so far as to hint that the old gentleman never could love her as a "certain young man" *always* would, for the simple reason that he couldn't help it.

But I know that Dick thought that the ride home was very short. Even Katie made the remark that Dick had a *very* fast horse, though John and his wife had been at home half an hour at least.

If old Mr. Weaver had been awake he might have heard something out by the gate that sounded very much like kissing; but then, it might not have been that, though I don't think Dick Vernon's conscience would have ever troubled him if he had kissed such a pretty girl as Katie Weaver, even if the old folks had been unwilling.

After that Dick and Katie met very often. It was generally at the house of Dick's sister Mary, though sometimes they had stolen interviews in the garden by moonlight; and Katie came to think very much of her *younger* lover, and was almost persuaded to run off with him in spite of the old folks; but she always said wait till she was of age, and then she would have a right to do as she pleased—that was only three months longer, and so Dick tried to be as patient as he could.

And at last the three months had nearly expired. "Only a week longer," said Dick as they sat on the seat in the grape arbor. Katie trembled just a little, and Dick put both arms around her and pressed her to his bosom and kissed her, just as he thought he had a right to; but Katie looked up then, gave a little shriek and fell back into Dick's arms again.

What was the trouble? Nothing, only Mr. Stevenson had appeared, or at least Dick thought it was he. And now he stood in the arbor doorway looking very sternly at the lovers, though he didn't speak at once.

"Walk in," said Dick, determined not to be frightened till he saw some cause to be so.

The old gentleman advanced a few steps toward him, drew out his snuff box, took a pinch, put up the box, took out his handkerchief and then spoke:

"Young man," said he, "do you love that girl?"

"Better than my life," Dick replied, drawing Katie closer to him.

"And, Miss Katie, do you love this young man?"

"Yes, Mr. Stevenson," answered Katie, in a trembling voice.

"And you never cared anything for me? Why did you not tell me that before?"

"Because you never asked me," was the simple reply.

"And when I asked you to be my wife, your mother answered for you."

"Yes."

"What a fool I've been."

"Exactly," replied Dick, "you've hit the nail on the head now."

"It isn't my nature," said he, after a pause, "to marry a woman whose heart is already another's. I don't think I should ever be happy with such a woman. I could not be happy with you even, Katie, after what I know now. Adieu!" And Mr. Stevenson passed out of the arbor toward the house.

What he said there I don't know, but the next day Dick received a letter from Katie, saying that he could visit her at the house now whenever he pleased. But the visiting didn't continue long, for a month from that night when Mr. Stevenson met them in the arbor, there was a wedding at Mr. Weaver's and Mr. Stevenson gave away the bride; and Dick Vernon said that it was the happiest day he ever saw, though, by-the-by, he has seen a great many happy days since.

BIRD-CAGES.

Bird-cages are common among us, and a cage full of birds or an aviary, is mentioned in Jeremiah. There was found in a tomb at Athens a cage, of which the top and bottom were of baked earth; the bars were made of threads, and in it birds, formed of baked earth were suspended. On some Etruscan vases there is a bird seen issuing from a small cupboard, which is probably intended to represent a cage.

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THE INDIAN'S LAMENT.

BY R. T. A. MACEY.

I have left the land where my fathers dwelt,
'Neath the sunny eastern sky,
And have crossed the mountains' azure belt,
Where the peaks loomed wild and high.

For I longed to have a barrier dread
To my far-off western home,
Which would mock the white man's restless tread,
And leave me in peace to roam.

I turned me around, while I proudly stood
On the mountain wild and bleak,
And the fire coursed madly through my blood,
Though my lips refused to speak;

For I thought of my father's distant grave—
Of the relics it contained:
Of the hallowed rest of the free and brave,
By the white man's step profaned.

I thought of the woods I had roved of yore,
And the glad streams dashing by:
Of the sunny lakes, which would beam no more
To the exile's longing eye.

And my bosom was filled with burning tears,
Though my eye was dry and calm;
Ah, the bursting heart still subdued its cares,
And despised the childish balm!

But I said in the depths of my desert soul,
'Hath the earth no valley lone,
Where the forests wave, and the rivers roll,
For the red man's joy alone?

"Shall the pale face tear up the spreading plains?
Shall he fell the ancient woods?
Shall he claim all lands for his wide domains?
Shall he rule the sweeping floods?

"Shall the red man slink from his eager track,
As he comes careering on?
And the cry still ring, 'Back, yet further back!'—
Till our latest hope is gone?"

Ah! I heard it then, 'twas my people's knell,
'Twas echoing through my breast,
When I bade the east a last farewell,
And turned to the gloomy west;

And I knew that the time was rolling round,
That the hour was near at hand,
When the red man would have no hunting ground
In the breadth of his father land.

THE CONFESSIONS OF ARISTIDES JINX.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

My friend Tompkins, although, in other respects, an excellent fine fellow and good company, is, nevertheless, inordinately fond and proud of his native city: a sentiment with which I should not dream of finding fault, did he restrict his admiration to words alone; but he does not. I would willingly admit, for the sake of peace, that Boston is the finest city in the world, and that every good thing possessed by any other city is merely a poor copy of a Boston improvement. But this will not answer; words do not suffice him. He *will* persist every time I come to Boston, no matter if it be twice a week, in showing me over the town, as if I were an entire stranger.

As usual, I was forced to undergo the infliction when at Boston, the other day. Convoyed by Tompkins, I had been shown nearly all the lions; had manifested a great deal of admiration—which I did not feel—for the custom house; frankly admitted that the post-office was superior to the one at New York; expressed my sincere delight that Boston was blessed with such a really beautiful park; became excessively patriotic, and twaddled of the pilgrim fathers in passing the State House; and was about giving vent to my surprise that Bunker Hill Monument—the upper third of which we could just see, looming like a big chimney in the distance, as we turned into Somerset street—was still standing in the same spot, when Tompkins, starting from my side as if he had been shot through the breeches pocket with a tailor's bill, exclaimed, with much excitement:

"By Jove, if there aint Spink!"

"Where—where?" I asked, nervously clutching him by the arm, and gazing in all directions with the greatest anxiety, not that I had ever seen or even heard of Spink before, but the tone and manner of my friend left little room for doubt that to see Spink was the

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most startling and extraordinary sight in the world.

"There—there! that's him! Don't you see him?" returned my friend, pointing to a jolly, round, red-faced little man, about five feet three inches short, by three feet five inches wide, who was rolling along towards us on the opposite side of the way.

"How are you, Tompkins?" vociferated Spink, as he came up with us. "Just the chap I wanted to see. Tip us your daddle—will yer, old feller?" and grasping Tompkins's outstretched hand, he shook it furiously.

"Mr. Spink, shall I make you acquainted with my friend, Mr. Jinx, Mr. Spink," Tompkins went on to say, as, after returning Spink's cordial greeting, he turned to where I stood, surveying the pair with no expression of countenance whatever; for to say the truth, my expectations having been so much excited by Tompkins's exclamation, I was somewhat disappointed at the result.

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, sir—extremely so," remarked Mr. Spink, grasping my hand, which he wrung with the most vigorous good will, letting it go by degrees, partially relaxing his hold for a moment, then clutching at it again and again, as if reluctant to terminate the ecstatic pleasure he experienced in shaking my hand. "Always happy to become friends with the friends of my friends, he! he! he!" And the little man laughed and chuckled clear down to the tops of his boots.

I returned the friendly salutation with my naturally bland and fascinating smile, bowed with graceful dignity; then feeling it necessary to say something, I assured him, in a confidential tone, that it "was a magnificent day."

"Charming—delightful!" he exclaimed, with enthusiasm, as though the fact had but just dawned upon him for the first time. Then sinking his voice, and assuming a serious, even melancholy air, he reciprocated my confidence by imparting the important information that "there was a good 'eal of such weather in the Injun summer season."

Whereupon, as a well-bred man, and I trust, a gentleman, I manifested the polite quantity of surprise and admiration; although, as Pugwash is somewhat less than forty miles from Boston, it might be supposed I should have some little inkling of the description of weather usually found in this latitude.

"But, I say, Tompkins," he continued, whirling round upon my friend, "you must come up and see us to-night, and your friend Mr. Jinx, too. Can't hear of a refusal. You know where our place is by this time, I should think, he! he! he!—210 Lemonade Row. So come along—will you?"

I was about to interpose some feeble objection, but was cut short by Tompkins, who at once accepted the invitation for both. Whereupon Spink, with an apology for leaving so abruptly, as he was in a hurry, wished us good morning, and waddled off before I could explain to my friend that the condition of my wardrobe precluded the possibility of attending a party on that evening.

"O fudge! Never mind your dress. You look well enough," returned my friend; "besides, it's not a party at all—only a family set-down, and, perhaps, a little whist or so. Fine fellow, that Spink," he continued, in a semi-soliloquy; "very much of a gentleman, and rich, too, Jinx, m' boy—rich as a rajah."

This simile served to raise Spink very materially in my estimation; for though I made considerable noise about my democratic principles, and spout incessantly of the tyranny of the rich, and all that sort of thing, before the Pugwash Mutual Benefit and Community Equalizing Society, I, nevertheless, am quite as well pleased to be noticed by and invited to the home of a jolly young Dives as you are yourself. While engaged in pondering the important question what coat I should wear that evening, we arrived at the door of the lodgings I usually infest while in town, where Tompkins, promising to call for me at seven, wished me a jolly afternoon, and went on his way rejoicing.

Having completed a satisfactory toilet, I sat down to write, and had written as far as the last period, when seven o'clock and Tompkins came simultaneously.

"Well, Jinx, m' boy, all ready, eh?" said he, in his lively way, bursting into my room, and a loud laugh at the same time. "You don't mean to say you live *here*? Why, bless my heart, there isn't room enough to swing your hat. You, doubtless, have another apartment in which to keep your tooth brush and razor; you can't possibly have room for them both *here*! But, come, it's time we were off;" and suiting the action to the word, he clattered down stairs, making much more noise than was absolutely necessary, with the inhuman design, I more than half believe, of compelling the landlady to carpet them. However, I have my own opinion as to his success.

I followed my friend at a slower pace, for I

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was not altogether pleased with his remarks concerning my apartments. The room, to be sure, is not one of your vast, sounding, echoing rooms, where you can fancy a ghost in every corner; but it is a very comfortable little room, for all that; more than two-thirds of it is plenty high enough to stand up in, and there is no necessity whatever of bumping your head where the roof slopes down; such a catastrophe could only result from sheer carelessness. As for the length and breadth, why, by keeping my hat and trunk underneath the bed, and with a little pains to place the chair in such a position that the door wont strike against it in opening, there is an abundance of room; and what, I should like to know, can be more convenient for writing than to form a desk by piling up books on the bed to any height that suits you best? Then by investing the wash bowl on the floor beside you, you have a nice little stand for your ink-bottle, all of which arrangements I consider quite nice and comfortable. Things, to be sure, are on a rather more magnificent scale at Pugwash; but one cannot expect the same luxuries abroad, in a vast city, that one has at home, and although I must overlook it in Tompkins, I don't thank him in the least for disparaging my "apartments." I've half a mind to tell him so. Swing my hat, indeed! I don't want to swing my hat. What on earth can a man want to swing his hat for in his own dormitory? But hold! I am wandering away from my subject.

Overtaking Tompkins, we turned our steps towards Lemonade Row, and conversing carelessly upon indifferent topics, soon reached the residence of our friend Spink. Ah! how little I thought, as we mounted those five Quincy granite steps, and twitched that silver-plated bell knob, how big was that three story, swell front brick dwelling, with the fate of Jinx; even when admitted within the portal, and standing in the front entry, even when I deposited my hat and cane on the hall table, and gave the hurried, final twist to my ear locks, glancing anxiously at my boots the while to observe whether there was any dust on them, and at the breast pocket of my coat to make sure my new eight shilling pocket handkerchief protruded a graceful and fascinating distance, even then, I say, I perceived nothing remarkable about the house. Nay, even when I had passed that sacred precinct, the parlor door, and was introduced to Mrs. Spink, mother of our friend Spink, to his eldest sister, Miss Sarah Spink, and to a friend of the family, Major George Booth, even then I considered my new acquaintances very ordinary, pleasant sort of people, but by no means remarkable. Ah! how dull and slow of comprehension is the human mind! Mrs. Spink, as she then appeared to me, was a very good natured old lady, who liked to hear herself talk, and tried hard to seem twenty years younger than she really was. Miss Sarah, who had evidently turned the last corner, whatever that may be, was unmistakably literary, and consequently—but never mind. Major Booth impressed me at first as being an uncommon fine-looking gentleman, tall, well formed, with immense whiskers, and a very fascinating address. How little I thought him the villain he afterwards proved himself to be!

We conversed pleasantly a few minutes, and were about sitting down to a game of whist, when the door opened, and Spink's youngest sister, Miss Carol, glided into the room with the step of a sylph. How can I ever hope to describe that bewitching, that enchanting female? The thing is impossible. It would require blacker ink than mine to give the faintest idea of the dark luxuriance of her hair, the jetty sparkle of her eyes, and whiter paper than this I am now spoiling, to describe the pearly whiteness of her snowy neck. But enough; the most prodigal and lavish use of Webster's unabridged would miserably fail to reproduce her image.

I felt, the instant she entered the room, that a crisis had arrived in my existence. "Jinx," muttered I to myself, "behold, your destiny approaches. The being before you is destined to influence, either for happiness or misery, the whole of your future existence."

How I comported myself during the introduction which followed I have not the least knowledge, into such a maze of bewilderment was I plunged. Neither have I the slightest idea how it came to pass that Mrs. Spink faced Major Booth, and Miss Sarah my friend Tompkins, at the whist table, leaving the lovely Carol and myself sitting side by side on the sofa. I only know that when I, in some measure, recovered my equanimity, such was the disposition of the *dramatis personæ*. You may be sure I wasted none of those precious moments. Calling into requisition my unrivalled conversational powers, I exerted myself to the utmost to create a sensation, and if I may judge by the expression of Carol's lovely eyes, which she ever and anon raised to my face with the sweetest and most confiding air imaginable, I was more than ordinarily

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brilliant that evening. There was no end of subjects I touched upon, partly to amuse her and partly to impress her with my knowledge of the world and acquaintance with fashionable society. I poured into her ear a profusion of those delightful nothings which pass current in society as the best method for a well-bred man to entertain a lady of refinement. I spoke to her of the different balls we might anticipate the coming winter, about Jennie Smith's engagement with Tom Whangs, who hasn't a copper of his own, and not the best of expectations, about the people of Nahant the past season, about the Rev. Dr. Brick's delightful sermon at the Shark Lane church, last Sunday, about the last fashions and the next, and I don't know what beside, when the game of whist being brought to a close, the conversation became general.

"Suppose you favor us with some music, Miss Carol," suggested Tompkins.

"Certainly, if you desire it," replied Miss Carol, sweetly, at the same time rising from her seat by my side.

I was on my feet in an instant, to accompany her to the piano, and enjoy the blessed privilege of turning the music for her, but was forestalled by Major Booth, who rushed to her side as though he had been on the look-out for a year. I do not know how I ever thought Booth good-looking, now that I examined him more closely. I was surprised I did not perceive at first what a gross looking fellow he was. Miss Carol's song was perfectly exquisite; I think I never heard music to compare with it before. Tompkins and myself were loud in our applause and requests for a repetition. Gracefully excusing herself, she turned to the major:

"Perhaps you will give us a song?"

"Certainly," he replied. "I am only too happy to gratify *you* in anything;" and the insolent fellow smiled and grinned in her face like a hyena. I detest that Booth. What a hardened, unprincipled villain he must be, to force his odious attentions upon that peerless young creature! I am convinced nothing but her natural sweetness of disposition and aversion to injure the feelings of any one, even that low Booth, prevents her repelling his advances with the scorn and contempt he merits.

Miss Carol reluctantly, as was sufficiently evident to me, played the accompaniment; while the brute, in the basest of base voices, roared out a song concerning the queen of his soul, which, as nearly as I can remember, was as follows:

"Queen of my soul, whose star-like eyes is all I seek,
Whose voice, in sweetest melody, can love or pardon speak;
I bow me to thy loved control, Mary, Mary, queen of my soul!
Mary, Mary, quee—ee—, bright quee—ee—ee—ee—en awf me soul—l—l!"

It is a matter of astonishment to me how under the sun any of the persons present could make up a face to applaud the major's disgusting performance, to me it was perfectly execrable. But they did, and continued to applaud his songs all the evening, confound him! thereby effectually preventing another *tete-a-tete* between Carol and myself. The fellow absolutely seemed to delight in annoying me. His abominable songs, the easy nonchalance of his manner, and his affected familiarity with Carol, whom he persisted in calling by her Christian name, as though he were her brother, was so particularly disagreeable to me, that I felt continually the strongest desire to assassinate him.

However, the evening wore away, and it became necessary for us to depart, though, for my own part, I could have cheerfully stayed a hundred and fifty thousand years; but that being impracticable, we were forced to take our leave; not, however, without being repeatedly and pressingly urged to call often, and unless I deceive myself grossly, Miss Carol was particularly earnest in her invitation to me individually.

But ten short days had elapsed since my first interview with that adorable creature, and in that time I have called upon her five separate evenings. I can perceive that she takes a deep and growing, though, as yet, perhaps, unconscious interest in me. I can perceive by the deepening tinge upon her cheek, by the soft and winning glances of her downcast eyes, that my coming is looked forward to with pleasurable emotions. But that never ending Booth is continually present to render me uncomfortable. I should think the fellow would be ashamed to call so often; but people of his stamp have no discretion—no shame, in fact.

No longer ago than last evening, he established himself on the sofa by the side of that dear angel, and while I was conversing with Mr. Spink, he threw his arm upon the back of the sofa, thereby almost embracing my adored Carol, and continued for a long time whispering in her ear. How must she have felt, poor girl, and in my presence, too!

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How I longed to tell her that I thought none the worse of her for his atrocious behaviour! I think no event, in the whole course of my existence, ever excited my anger to such a degree. I was frantic with rage. I could have wrenched his hideous head from his shoulders,—yes, have torn out his vile heart, consumed it in the fire of my wrath, and scattered the ashes to the four winds of heaven! Yet I didn't do it,—no; with a violent effort I restrained my propensity, and why? The gentle Carol shall never know the fearful and sanguinary passions that form part of my nature. No; outwardly, I will be unruffled, the smiling, the placable Jinx. Never shall she be affrighted and dismayed by so much as a glimpse of the fierce whirlwind of jealousy, the terrific tornado of wild hatred that sweeps with blighting and devastating fury through my tempestuous interior. Such fearful knowledge shall be forever hidden from thy dear eyes, beloved Carol!

But there must be a speedy termination to this state of uncertainty; that detestable Booth will else drive me to the commission of some terrible deed. Yes,—I will put in practice the plan I formed while walking the seventh time through Lemonade Row, this afternoon. Business of importance calls me to Pugwash. I could transact it and return in one day; but I will not. I will stay a week —a whole interminable week. The long interval will give time for the love I am convinced Carol feels for me to strengthen. Absence, they say, inflames strong affections, as it quenches weak love. Then, upon my return, I will fly to her dear presence, make known the passion that consumes me, and hear from her own lips the words that seal my fate. Am I over-sanguine in believing she will accept my love? If Jinx has any skill in reading the female heart (and he thinks he has), then will the result be as I could wish. I will take one more turn through Lemonade Row, then, hey for Pugwash!

By the way, it is singular—very singular—that, until my present visit to Boston, I never noticed what a magnificent street that is in which the Spinks reside. Every part and everything in the least connected with it has a peculiar interest when one examines it closely. The very flag-stones of the walk seem better adapted for a promenade than in any other street. The gas lights are much brighter, and the glass lanterns decidedly cleaner than I remember to have seen them elsewhere. The houses, too, have an undefinable air of comfort and joyousness about them, which it would be difficult to describe. It is rather odd, too, although Spink's house is in reality not a particle higher or larger than the adjoining house, yet, for some reason, it seems to stand out from the rest, to be more lofty and spacious. Probably it is better built than the rest. *Apropos* of the Spinks, it speaks rather badly for my discernment that my first impressions of the family were so widely different from my present opinion. That Mrs. Spink is a lovely old lady, excessively entertaining and good tempered; Miss Sarah, of whom I thought slightly at first, is an estimable young lady, a most sensible and learned person, in fact, a perfect walking she encyclopedia. I enjoy her society amazingly. And Miss Carol—but hold! I'll not write another word until the week of probation is passed, and I have declared my love; then—then will I return, and triumphantly, as with a flourish of trumpets, finish this page of my diary.

Heavens! can it be that only one week has elapsed since I penned the concluding word of the last paragraph? Only last night that I returned from Pugwash? Through what have I not passed since then? How have my soaring hopes been dashed to earth? I am writing this on the back of a bill of fare of a wretched eating-house, whither I have rushed in my desperation, with the forlorn hope of calming my distracted mind, and in some measure restoring peace to my perturbed spirit by partaking of a broiled steak and fried onions. But I feel it will be in vain. Even onions fail to fill the aching void which I feel in my thorax from the irretrievable loss of my lost love—Carol Spink. But I must be brief. The bill of fare is none of the biggest, and I do not feel inclined to invest capital in a sheet of paper, at the present moment.

In short, then, I returned from Pugwash; but it is superfluous to say that—for if I had not returned, how could I be here?—it serves, however, to show the reader in what a state of agitation my mind is in at present. But to proceed. I arrived in Boston on the last inward train from Pugwash, just as the evening was closing in. With wildly beating heart, and the most glowing anticipations, I drove at once to Carol's residence. I had spent the whole day upon my toilet, and left Pugwash in a costume the faultless elegance of which was beyond all praise. Leaving the coach at the corner of the street, in order to have time to collect my thoughts, I walked slowly

towards the door. I distinctly remember now, now that it is too late, that I stubbed my toe as I ascended the steps, and upon attempting to ring the bell my fingers slipped from the knob. Bad omens both. The servant who admitted me grinned prodigiously as she replied affirmatively to my inquiry whether Miss Carol was in. Passing into the parlor, I found the object of my affection alone. Taking her hand, I retained it within my grasp. She made but one slight attempt to withdraw it, then allowed it to remain passive, looking inquiringly at me. Now or never, thought I, and glancing hurriedly around, I saw, or rather fancied, we were alone. The folding doors between the two parlors were indeed partly open, but I thought not of that. Prostrating myself at her feet, I poured forth my tale of love with all the impassioned eloquence of which I was master. She made one or two attempts to rise; but I detained her, thinking it only maiden coyness. I told her how madly, how fervently I had loved her; hinted at some dark deed if she refused my prayer, and wound up with a declaration that I would never rise from my knees until she pronounced the words that were to make me happy.

Imagine, then, my horror, when, instead of the gently murmured yes, she burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which was answered by a louder roar from the back parlor. Glancing in that direction, I beheld the folding doors thrown open, and that detestable old Spink woman, her blue stocking old maid daughter, and Tompkins, in convulsions of laughter; while that ruffian Booth, with an expression of fiendish mirth struggling with savage ferocity, walked deliberately to where I was still kneeling, and seizing me by the collar, jerked me to my feet as though I had been a child in his hands, muttering the while something about the door, what, I did not understand. I was as one in a dream.

How long I might have remained in such a ridiculous position, I can't pretend to say, perhaps till this time, had not Tompkins taken me by the arm and marched me out of the house. It was not till I had been in the cool night air some little time that I recovered my consciousness, and with it my temper. Tompkins stood leaning against the wall in a perfect paroxysm. Turning fiercely upon him, I demanded an explanation. His only reply was to press his hands upon that part of his person where his vest laps over with the waistband, and renew his cachinations, doubling himself up in the most absurd manner.

"By Jove!" I roared, in fury; "this is some of your work. You shall answer for it at the sword's point! Do not think to escape giving me satisfaction for this night's work. A friend will wait upon you early in the morning!"

"Don't—don't make a bigger ass of yourself than you have already done," he gasped, when his ridiculous laughing fit had in some measure subsided. "What could induce you to be such a fool, O thou rural Jinx? Didn't you know that Miss Carol had been engaged to Major Booth more than two years? And don't you know it was only night before last they were married? And now, wretched libertine, and destroyer of family happiness, that you are, you can't allow poor Booth to enjoy three short days of happy honeymoon in peace, but you must come and make love to his wife, and that, too, before his very face. O, Jinx, Jinx! I am ashamed of you,—I am indeed!"

I stayed to hear no more, but rushed with the speed of a fugitive pickpocket to my lodgings, where, for more than an hour, I paced my room, trying to make up my mind to some desperate deed; but not being able to think of anything that commended itself to my judgment, I went to bed and to sleep.

I could, I think, have survived this dreadful disappointment had it been kept secret; but it has not. Not a single acquaintance have I met this morning but begins to grin the moment his eyes rest upon me, and worse than all, I see the whole affair described in glowing colors in one of the morning papers. My name, to be sure, is not printed in full, but so near it that they might as well have written Aristides Jinx at once, for all the world will know it is me.

I think I shall return to Pugwash to-morrow. This city is a wretchedly vulgar place. I scarcely know a city where the great majority of the people are so exclusively low-bred, as they are here.

The concluding portion of the foregoing history has been written with pain and humiliation. Gladly would I withhold it from the public eye, but duty to my country and my fellow-men should be, as it is, paramount to every personal consideration. If this, to me, harrowing confession shall have the effect to teach city gentlemen caution in introducing impressible young men into families containing attractive young ladies, I shall not so much regret my discomfiture.

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THE MOTHER'S HOUR OF PRAYER.

BY MRS. S. M. HUMPHREY.

It is a calm and tranquil hour,
Nature is hushed in sleep;
The soft moon sheds her soothing power,
And stars their vigils keep.
O, 'tis an hour divinely fair,
It is the mother's hour of prayer.

It is a dark and stormy hour;
The winds, with fearful moan,
Expend the fury of their power,
And nature seems to groan.
Yet the mother kneels serenely there,
She feels it is her hour of prayer.

She pleads, while Heaven in mercy hears
The anxious fervor of her cry;
Soothed is her heart of all its fears,
Dried is the tear in her fond eye.
She feels her Father's presence there,
Thrice blessed is the hour of prayer.

The suppliant mother knows that he
Who bade her ask will grant the boon;
Faith gives her sweet tranquillity,
And makes a little heaven of home.
Then, gentle mother, everywhere
Choose for thyself an hour of prayer.

MACARTHUR'S EXPERIMENT.

BY KATE PUTNAM.

"BERT, I am tired of all this!"

So said Lowrie Macarthur one lovely day at Saratoga, near the commencement of the season.

"Of all what?"

"O, this eternal round of dressing, and flirting, and chattering. I feel as if I had but one idea above a monkey."

"And that is—?"

"To shoulder my gun and knapsack, and depart to the woods of Maine; where the leaves and the brooks will do all the talking, and not expect compliments at that."

"How long do you intend to remain in your rural paradise?"

"'It may be for years, and it may be forever.' That is, I mean to stay there until I have had a glorious tramp, be the time longer or shorter. Then I shall come back to exult over you fellows who have been wasting the summer in this over-dressed crowd. How you'll envy me, by-and-by!"

"Humph! I wouldn't exchange places with you, for all your splendid anticipations," said Herbert Long, drily; then, after a pause, "do you realize all that your charming plan involves? What will Helen Bradley say at your desertion?"

Lowrie shrugged his shoulders, impatiently.

"Helen Bradley! It strikes me as waste of tears to weep over her woes. Did you ever happen to know a coquette who remembered a man after three days of absence?"

"Don't be so bitter," said Long, smiling, "or I shall think she has refused you."

"Think what you like," was the careless answer, "so you think better of playing the idler here, and decide to join me in my tramp 'down-east.'"

"Not I. I am not tired of the spectacle here, if you are. To me, there is more amusement in the study of human faces, than in all the leaves that ever grew."

"That is where you puzzle me. You don't flirt, but—"

"But I like to see others do so. Cannot you understand, O poetical Macarthur, that one may like to watch a game in which he takes no part? And the game of flirtation, even when played by cool heads, presents some desperate chances, more or less interesting to people fond of speculation."

"Well, you are a philosopher," said Lowrie. "I'm not."

"That is evident from the absurd raid you are meditating into—where is it? Maine? Why—surely, that is where all the Indians grow! I hope you don't intend to bring home an interesting young red person, as the future Mrs. Macarthur?"

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"Possibly I may. Do you think she would be received by my friends?"

"Can't tell, really. I can ask Miss Bradley's opinion upon the subject, however. Seriously though, Macarthur, why *are* you going off on such a wildgoose chase? Pardon the phrase, but it suggested itself to me, very forcibly."

"No need of apology, for it expresses my intentions. I am going, not unconsciously, but with malice prepense, upon a literal wildgoose chase. Wildgoose, wildduck, *et id omne genus*. So your question has answered itself."

"I perceive—but that is not all?"

"Well, as I told you before, my present life bores me. It was well enough once, but I find it uncommonly stupid now. So I'm going off to the wilderness in search of a sensation, whether good or bad, doesn't much matter; anything but week after week of days so much alike as to make an earthquake or the knout a pleasant variety. There must be a better life than this, somewhere, and for my part, I am resolved not to give up the search until I find it. At least, I shall not be worn out with platitudes and unmeaning chatter. I shall share the glorious freedom of the woods. I can talk when I like, do what I like, and—"

"Be as selfish and savage as you like," concluded his friend, with a light laugh.

Macarthur's eyes had kindled from their listless indifference of a moment before.

"'Selfish and savage?'" he repeated, thoughtfully. "On the contrary, I think I shall lose my selfishness there; and as for the last, if I do grow savage, it can hardly fail to be an improvement upon civilization, as generally exhibited within my experience. I tell you, Long, I am tired of it all. What is my life worth to myself, or any one else? I have lived twenty-four years, and hardly thought it worth the trouble, since I was a boy. I want to get from my life something better than the mere endurance of it. My new plan will give me physical exertion, at any rate, and perhaps something better still. Solitude is not always a blank, as Emerson and Thoreau can testify."

"Emerson and Thoreau!" exploded Long. "By Jove, that's too good! So this is at the bottom of it all! And pray how long since you concluded to devote yourself to following up their misty theories? Are you going to live in a log house in a small clearing, and raise your own vegetables? How certain meless friends of yours will open their eyes at this whim. Well, well, one never knows what a poet will do next. After all, if you have Emerson on the brain, perhaps your best way is to fight it off alone, down in Maine, for if you stayed here, you would probably make life a burden to us, with your 'inner circles,' and 'primordial poles,' and all that sort of thing."

At this Macarthur winced a little, as his friend could see.

"But, after all, Lowrie," he added, "you're a good fellow, though a little whimsical. I imagine people generally bring away from any place about what they carried to it, but if you find what you want—whatever that may be—in the Maine woods, let me know, and I'll forswear the vanities of life, and spend the remainder of my existence 'under the boughs of the wide-spreading' shrub-oak."

With this he took his friend's arm, and they strolled together into the house.

"Miss Bradley," drawled Willis Greeley, at dinner, as he took his seat beside that young lady, "pway, have you heard the last good thing?"

"If it's yours, I'll be bound we all have," drily commented Long, from his place opposite. From the bottom of his heart he despised the young fop.

"I believe the *credit* of it rests with your friend, Mr. Macarthur," said Greeley, for a moment betrayed by anger into a natural manner.

"By-the-way, where is Mr. Macarthur?" asked Helen Bradley, glancing from the empty seat next her, to Herbert Long.

"That is pweecisely what I was about to tell you," said Greeley, recovering at once his drawl and his good humor, with the prospect of the choice bit of gossip he was about to relate. "He is, for aught I know, at this vewy moment on his way to the fowests of Maine, where he proposes to pitch his tent, and live alone, wather than with common people like us."

Miss Bradley's color did not pale, but Long could not help fancying her grasp upon her spoon unnecessarily firm, as she asked, rather contemptuously:

"Maine! where is Maine, pray?"

"Maine," replied Willis Greeley, pompously, "is a small place near Greenland, where they waise salt fish and wattle-snakes, mostly. Mr. Macarthur, who is poetical, you know, Miss Helen, is going up there to live among squiwwels, and twees, and other green things."

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"Either your knowledge of natural history is remarkably slight," observed Herbert Long, with a quietly cynical smile, "or you have had such luck as falls to the share of very few men. In the course of my life I have seen some queer sights, but I must confess I never yet saw a green squirrel."

No one was averse to a laugh at the expense of Willis Greeley, and the merriment which followed this speech completely crushed the young dandy. Not daring to enter the lists with Long, whose weapons he knew were too sharp for him, he was silent, applying himself to his soup with an intensity of devotion, which must have afforded extreme gratification to that article of food.

Ere long, Lowrie Macarthur, acting upon the impulse of his new resolution, made his parting calls, and went eastward, to the region of "salt fish and wattle-snakes." Unable to secure Herbert Long's companionship, he departed quite alone, preferring solitude to the society of unappreciative, fashionable acquaintances, whose presence, whatever might be the change of scene, must inevitably confine him to the same narrow round from whence he sought escape. Nor did he feel lonely in the life upon which he had entered, so many new thoughts and feelings, of whose latent existence in his nature he himself was scarcely aware, awoke within him beneath his surrounding influences. The sneering epithet of "poetical," applied to him by Willis Greeley, was not without some foundation of truth. There was much of the ideal element in his composition, whence arose thoughts and aspirations, whose meaning would have baffled utterly the young dandy's comprehension.

But with the poetic nature there came something of the poetic temperament, also. A listless, dreamy indolence had combined with the idle life he led, to choke the deeper fountains of his soul, making him seem more shallow than he really was. He might have taken a far higher stand, but the motive power was wanting. Sometimes, indistinctly conscious of an undeveloped might within, he grew discontented with his life, his aims, himself, finally; and it was in one of these fits of dissatisfaction, that he exchanged the luxurious ease of fashionable existence, for the lonely, independent life of the wilderness. Somewhat to his surprise, he found little to regret in the sacrifice. While his arm strengthened and his cheek bronzed, his mental nature, too, seemed to grow, until he looked back with scorn upon his own effeminate indolence of a few weeks before. He was, perhaps, in the first revulsion, liable to rush to the other extreme of counting worthless all the pursuits of civilization, confounding good and bad, and, in his hatred of mere outside glitter, rejecting the precious stone because it was polished; but fuller experience would remedy that error, and, meantime, he was learning invaluable lessons of self-reliance, thoughtfulness and sturdy independence.

One day, perhaps an hour before sunset, he came suddenly upon traces of a clearing in the woods. Hitherto, when at a distance from any settlement, he had encamped for the night in the open forest, himself preparing the food which his own hands had furnished, and making his bed of moss and the aromatic pine-branches. These arrangements, in whose performance he had at first been sufficiently awkward, had been followed up until they seemed the most natural ones in the world to his expert hands. But as his eye, now educated to read at sight the book of the weather, perceived in the darkening skies all the signs of a terrific storm of wind and rain, he was not sorry to behold near him the evidences of human habitation; aware, as he was, that the walls of a log-house would prove a safer shelter from the lightning-bolts, than the giant pines around him. Beside this consideration, he felt some little curiosity as to the characters and habits of these remote dwellers in the forest, and was disposed to welcome eagerly any opportunity of gaining an interior view. So, slinging over his shoulder some fine partridges, recently killed, that he might be a less burdensome guest, he walked with rapid strides in the direction of the clearing. But the distance was greater, and the storm nearer, than he had anticipated; so that before he had reached his destination, he looked an embodiment of the spirit of the rain. Rivers ran down his back; a lake rippled peacefully in the hollow of his crushed-in hat, and small brooks trickled incessantly from every finger. It was in this pleasing plight that he presented himself at the door of the much-wished-for dwelling. As his step sounded without, a middle-aged woman ran to the door, saying, eagerly:

"Is it you—?"

At the sight of the stranger, she stopped abruptly, disappointment visible in her face; but drew back, nevertheless, to allow him to enter. He did so, then, raising his saturated hat, inquired:

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"Can I stop here awhile, madam, out of the rain?"

"I s'pose you can," she answered, with a manner whose ungraciousness seemed the result of awkwardness or ignorance, rather than any inhospitality of spirit.

With the word she led the way back into a kitchen, where she motioned Macarthur to a seat beside the fire. This he took, gladly, looking about meantime with curiosity at his unfamiliar surroundings; but before he could do more than notice a pitcher of wildflowers, whose beauty of color and arrangement at once attracted his gaze, further investigations were ended by a sudden exclamation from his hostess.

"Good land!" she said, pausing near him on her way to the door, "you're jest like a drownded rat. You'll ketch yer death a cold in them are wet close!"

Macarthur looked down somewhat disconsolately at his dripping garments, which, now beneath the heat of the fire, were steaming away like a first-class vapor-bath.

"I dare say you are right," he answered, laughing; "but since it can't be helped, I I think I wont trouble myself about it." And he leaned back in his chair with the air of a man bent on making the best of a disagreeable situation.

The woman, leaving him, went into an adjoining room, whence she presently returned, bringing with her a heap of masculine habiliments, which, one after another, she unrolled, and held up for her own careful consideration. Apparently the result was satisfactory, for, the inspection being finished, she presented them to Macarthur, at the same time showing him a room wherein he might make a change. Following the direction of her finger, he entered, closed the door, and placed the garments upon the bed, where he might contemplate them at leisure. They consisted of a pair of trowsers of a violent and startling plaid, a greenish-yellow coat, with preternaturally long skirts, and a waistcoat of the most implacable red, garnished with rather large brass buttons.

The young man could not forbear laughing outright, as he examined this singular outfit with a view to ascertaining what appearance it would probably make upon his own person. After making the change, he looked with considerable interest in the six-inch glass which adorned the neighboring wall; but as it was impossible to gain anything more than a limited reflection with such slight assistance, he was forced to content himself with imagining his glories, while his thoughts, involuntarily reverting to his fashionable friends, pictured their amazement at beholding him in such *outre* attire. Laughingly congratulating himself on having no more critical observer to fear than his homespun hostess, and, perhaps, an equally homespun husband or son, he re-entered the kitchen, which was empty, its officiating priestess having resumed her watch at the door. Though she presently returned, she seemed unquiet and anxious; frequently leaving her work to look down the path leading through the clearing. Her restlessness was so apparent, that Macarthur at last inquired if she expected any one.

"Yes," she answered, still gazing restlessly down the gloomy looking path. "Lizzie haint come home yet, and I'm—"

"Good heavens!" interrupted the young man, springing from his chair, and gazing incredulously in the other's face; "a woman out in this storm? Are you in earnest?"

"Sure I be, mister; she's been out the whole arternoon. She haint one that's afraid of a rain-sprinkle, but this storm's a beater, and no mistake, and she oughter have been here afore this."

As she turned again towards the door, Macarthur followed her, excitedly.

"Can nothing be done?" he asked. "Cannot I be of some assistance?"

"Wall now, mister," she began, apologetically; "I was jest thinkin' to ask you—would you mind jest runnin' down to the aige o' the pond? Your eyes are better 'n mine, an' maybe you'll see somethin' of her."

Macarthur eagerly assented to her proposition, and took, in haste, the battered and patriarchal hat which she gave him to complete his outfit. Accompanying him to the door, she said, with a glance at the clouds:

"The rain's holdin' up awhile, and if yer spry, I guess yer wont git much wet. Keep right on that path till yer come ter the pond —'taint far."

Nodding a reply, he hurried through the clearing. It was a different way from the one by which he had approached the house; for while he had been forced to break out a path for himself, through the underbrush, his feet were now treading a real, though somewhat irregular road, running nearly at right angles with the first direction. In his haste, he soon reached the end of the path, which, making an abrupt turn, left him on the shore of a rather large pond, lying, gray and

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indistinct in the cloudy dusk. Not at all indistinct, however, was the figure of a girl, who, some paces down the beach, was bending down, occupied with the fastenings of a boat. Macarthur, upon seeing her, ran to her assistance, but amid the clamor of the wind, his footsteps, falling upon the soft beach-sand, made so little sound that he reached her unperceived. She started at first, on seeing him; then laughed.

"Why, Peter," she cried, merrily, "back again so soon? So the rain has driven you to the old hat again—I'm glad to see it once more. But what a storm it has been!"

Hearing no answer, she looked up in surprise, and Macarthur, coming nearer, said, with some embarrassment:

"Excuse me—I have not the honor to be Peter, but shall be most happy if you will allow me to fill his place." And stooping down, he finished securing the boat.

The girl took the affair very coolly. After the first moment of surprise, she laughed more heartily than before, as she answered:

"Excuse *me*, rather, for my disrespectful remarks upon your attire. I had no intention of lessening your natural satisfaction at its appearance, but was certain that the hat, at least, was an old acquaintance. No allusion to its age is meant this time, I assure you."

"Since the hat is so fortunate as to be numbered among your friends," said Macarthur, joining in her mirth, "I will hope that some of its privileges may extend to the temporary wearer. And now, as the boat is secure, perhaps it would be as well to return to the house. I think the storm is about to begin again."

"Yes, it is by no means over yet," she replied; and at the moment there was a blinding lightning-flash, followed by an instantaneous peal of thunder, which crashed directly overhead. So terrific was it, that Macarthur involuntarily started back, then, with some annoyance, observed that the girl's careless attitude remained unchanged. Piqued to have been more easily moved than she, he resumed his former tone of gay *nonchalance*, as they moved up the path together.

"You certainly may boast of unequalled storms in this region," he said. "One needs to have graduated from a thunder-school, to listen composedly to such fearful crashes."

"Yes," she replied, "and you will find that this is the very best finishing-school of the kind, one could desire. For myself, I find that I have quite lost terror in admiration, for the storms are magnificent in these woods."

The young man was a trifle surprised by her manner and language; so calm, easy, self-possessed, and far above her probable station. Her face and figure, too, so far as he could observe, were thoroughly lady-like, graceful, and even elegant. Now, however, as the path grew steep and rocky, he postponed further speculations to offer her assistance. Observing a slight hesitation in her manner, he said, with affected gravity:

"Pardon my lack of ceremony, and permit me to introduce myself as Lowrie Macarthur, at your service. I presume there is nothing now to prevent your accepting my aid."

And raising his ancient hat, he bowed low, again offering his arm. The girl, who had looked on with a smile of careless amusement, replied:

"I hesitated less on my own account than on yours, fancying you might be the one most in need of assistance. You are probably less familiar than I with these woods, certainly with this portion of them. No, thank you, I need not trouble you; a little help with this rock will be quite sufficient."

"Will you not contribute your share toward our further acquaintance?" asked the young man, presently. "May I not know your name?"

"You may call me Miss Wallace," she replied; but her manner, though courteous, did not encourage further advances.

When they reached the house, its mistress received them with hearty rejoicing, betraying, thereby, how great anxiety she had felt concerning Lizzie. The latter laughingly assured her that she had no fear of any ill effects from her wetting, but adopted, most compliantly, the safeguards recommended by the other.

Macarthur now had an opportunity to complete the inspections so abruptly interrupted on a previous occasion. The house was a small, one-story building, composed outwardly of logs, but more neatly finished within. There appeared to be two rooms beside the one in which they were sitting, and which was furnished with extreme plainness, indeed, but better and more tastefully than one would have expected in such a place. The apartment wherein Macarthur had adorned himself with his present becoming attire, was of much the same character as the first, but through the opening door of the other, as Lizzie passed into it, was revealed a glimpse

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of something quite different. The young man's curiosity on the subject was destined to be gratified, for the result of certain important consultations carried on by the feminine portion of the household was to establish him for the night in this same fairy bower, Miss Lizzie having transferred herself and belongings to the room of the hostess, Mrs. Jenkins by name.

When fairly ensconced within the room, Lowrie examined its appearance with much interest; curious to learn the tastes of this girl who had made herself a bower in this wilderness. And indeed, it had all the effect of enchantment to step from the rude kitchen into this white and fragrant sanctuary. It mattered not that the articles of furniture were fashioned of coarse and plain material, for the snowy drapery that concealed them rendered them fitting for the most fastidious taste. A straw matting covered the unpainted floor; in one corner leaned a guitar, overhung by a few shelves of books suspended by cords wreathed with a clematis vine, foam-white with feathery trails. Forest leaves glowed gold and crimson here and there, and evergreen was festooned in thick green coils round the window and over the walls, from which peeped out occasionally a face or landscape, framed, sometimes with emerald mosses sprinkled with scarlet cups glittering like vivid dewdrops; sometimes in the dark richness of oak-wreaths, with their acorns intermixed. Indeed, there were few treasures of the forest that found not a representative within that room. Lowrie's dreams that night were haunted by dryads and beautiful Maid Marians.

The storm had passed with the night, and the young man awoke to find the early sunbeams falling upon branches all a-glitter with raindrops as with jewels. Hastily dressing himself, and, this time, somewhat to his satisfaction, in his own dry garments, he raised the window to admit the morning breeze, which came to him laden with the breath of a climbing rose whose dewy blossoms nodded a good morning at him. While plucking some of the brightest buds, his wandering eye was attracted by an advancing figure, which presently proved to be Miss Lizzie approaching the house, her hands filled with wild-flowers. As Macarthur had been extremely desirous of better acquaintance with this singular girl whose tastes and refinement puzzled him not a little as contrasted with her position, he at once determined to avail himself of this offered opportunity. Accordingly he was soon beside her.

"Good morning, Miss Wallace," he began, lifting his hat. "May I venture, unassisted by my venerable friend of last night, to join you?"

"You are not the rose, but you have lived with it," she replied, returning his salutation. "I shall not forget that you were worthy of wearing it even once."

"Thank you, and allow me to present to you some of your own roses. What a delicious morning! One is willing to endure a storm for the sake of such an ending."

"Yes, there is apt to be very little half-way about our Maine weather. It displays either a downright smile or a terribly decided frown —not much sulking."

"Whereby its good taste is shown. Is not that one of the most unpardonable of faults?"

"Sulkiness? Yes, it *is* a very bad fault of temper, certainly, but I think there are other faults of character quite as difficult to forgive."

"For instance?"

"Well, for instance indolence. That is my special abhorrence. I scarcely know a word too hard for it."

"The eighth Deadly Sin?" suggested Lowrie.

"Almost that," she replied, smiling.

"But do you call it a fault of character? It seems to me rather the result of circumstances."

"Sometimes, perhaps, but not usually. To me it generally indicates a vacancy of mind or a weakness of will, either of which is deserving of contempt."

Macarthur winced somewhat beneath her earnestly spoken words, which his own consciousness applied to himself. After a pause, he said:

"Since indolence appears to you in so odious a light, I presume you esteem its opposite the noblest of the virtues."

"I esteem it the motive-power of most of them, at least," was the reply. "One who lacks energy and resolution, must be good negatively, if at all. But these poor flowers will wither if I keep them longer without water."

She entered the house, whither Macarthur was presently recalled by a summons to breakfast. The fresh blossoms were placed in the centre of the table, "for a sort of French sauce," as Miss Lizzie laughingly observed. Lowrie had the pleasure of partaking of his

own partridges, deliciously broiled, to which were added some fine fresh trout of uncommon size. As she placed them upon his plate, Mrs. Jenkins observed, complacently:

"Them's the pootiest trouts yon've ketched yit, Lizzie. There aint one of 'em that's undersized."

Macarthur looked up in surprise. The young lady laughed as she met his questioning glance.

"Peter and I think we have one of the finest trout streams in the State," she said. "I wont say how long it took me this morning to catch those, for it would sound too boastful, but the credit is really due much more to the brook than to my own skill."

"This morning!" repeated the young man. "It must have been an early fishing-party."

"So it was, and the more pleasant on that account. The fishing-party professes herself quite delighted with the experiment, and disposed to repeat it before long."

"Perhaps you shoot, Miss Wallace?" inquired Lowrie.

"I plead guilty so far as the shooting of birds is concerned; not much else."

"I noticed quite an extensive collection of stuffed birds in the next room. Is it possible that you—"

"That I shot them?" said she, answering his half hesitation. "Yes, I believe I can claim the credit of most of them, though Peter shot several. Aunt Patty, when did Peter say he should come back? This afternoon, wasn't it?"

"Wall, yes, he thought he'd manage to git back afore night. I hope to mercy he will, fur it's ruther lonesome here without him."

Macarthur gallantly volunteered his protection and services until such time as Peter should return, protesting that it would not only be a pleasure to afford them any assistance, but that he should welcome the opportunity of experimenting in the matter of trouting and hunting. So it was settled that he should remain during the good man's absence. But none of the party imagined what this agreement implied, for not only did Peter fail to make his appearance that afternoon, but even after three more days had elapsed there was still no sign of his coming. Just as their anxiety was getting unendurable, he was seen advancing sturdily up the path, and in the first glimpse of his thick-set form, Macarthur found sufficient explanation of the antiquated garments which had replaced his own wet ones. Peter was rather stout, and so extremely short as to demonstrate at once the impossibility of adapting his attire to the somewhat uncommonly tall figure of our friend Macarthur, for whose benefit, therefore, Mrs. Jenkins had brought forward an old suit which, formerly the property of Jenkins Senior, Jenkins Junior had preserved in the family for occasional use in case of a wetting.

Peter was full of doleful tales of his mishaps by field and flood. His continued absence was caused by the carrying away, in a freshet, of a bridge which formed the nearest communication with the town which he had been visiting. Lacking this means of return, he was obliged to travel by another route quite out of his way, and the distance, combined with the bad roads here and there rendered almost impassable by the same freshet, made him, as he said, sometimes think he should never get back again. Back again, however, he now was, and extremely relieved to find that the two women had not been alone during his absence. Meantime Macarthur was regretfully meditating upon the propriety of departure, since there was no further need of his presence. Gladly would he have lingered still, but not only did he lack an excuse for so doing, but he was sensible of the inconvenience to which his longer stay would subject the inmates of a house which afforded only sufficient accommodations for themselves. So, packing up his traps, he bade adieu, the next morning, to Mrs. Jenkins, and walked down to the boat with Miss Lizzie, who, Peter being busy in the woods, had undertaken the task of transporting the young man across the pond to the wood-road leading to the nearest settlement some five miles distant. Macarthur would fain have done the rowing, but the young lady herself took possession of the oars, declaring that she could not lose her morning exercise, and reminding him that he would need all his strength for the long walk to his intended stopping-place, a distance of some twenty-five miles. So, yielding to her wishes, he could only sit still, watching her bright, expressive face, and the quick, graceful motions that sent the boat leaping like a live thing through the blue ripple of the water. His occupation, however, was not an irksome one, and in its pursuit time passed happily indeed, but far too swiftly for his wish. It seemed to him that the passage was ended before it had well begun. As he stepped out of the boat, he said, laughingly:

"Since you would be my Charon, you must take the boating fee," at the same time giving

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her a gold coin, adding, as he did so, "Now if you will be so kind as to give me that flower in your hair, we may each have something to recall the trout we caught and the flowers we examined together."

"The trout we *fried*, you might have said!" she replied, with a smile, placing the blossom in his hand, at the same time returning the coin. "But I will not keep the boatman's fee, lest the report of my immense wealth attract some desperate robber to the house. If you will pluck me that blossom by the roadside, I shall have a *souvenir* like your own. Good-by, and a pleasant journey to you!" And in a moment more she had pushed off from the landing.

The young man's path was haunted all the way by a vision of the bright face that had shone upon him those last few days. So oddly thrown together, their acquaintance had unavoidably lacked the formality which its recent date would have involved in society, a few hours bringing them into more familiar relations than would have been effected by as many weeks of common association. As Mrs. Jenkins, in Peter's absence, had many household duties to perform, Miss Lizzie had insisted upon assuming a certain share of the tasks, in which volunteer service Macarthur had eagerly enrolled himself, proving an invaluable assistant in the matter of odd jobs, even to the frying of fish, a labor which the two had merrily undertaken upon some occasion of unusual hurry. The recollection of these domestic occupations might not have been so fascinating had his fair companion been capable of nothing more, but these were so evidently incidentals of her chance position, that their homely details irresistibly heightened the grace, refinement and culture characterizing every word and motion. The spice of mystery, too, was extremely captivating. Thoroughly familiar as she seemed with the simple dwelling, he could not believe it her home, nor yet that any tie of blood bound her to its inmates, spite of the title of "Aunt Patty," which she bestowed upon good Mrs. Jenkins, whose demeanor toward her apparent niece strengthened the young man's doubts upon the subject. Her manner was a mixture of fondness and respect, quite in contrast with Lizzie's own easy carelessness and unconscious superiority of look and speech. It was with difficulty that Macarthur had restrained the unwarrantable though natural questions suggested by curiosity, and his mind was the more active that his lips were forced to silence. Many were the speculations arising from the experience of those few days.

From Maine he passed into New Hampshire, where he hunted and fished to his heart's content, climbing Mount Washington, encamping in its valleys, and pedestrianizing generally amid the magnificent scenery of that wonderful reg on. Fashionable parties and crowded hotels he shunned, preferring the companionship of lake and forest unprofaned by meaningless laughter and idle flirtation.

Some weeks of this pioneer life brought him nearly to the close of August, at which time he began to meditate upon the propriety of return. This question being satisfactorily settled, he chose for his homeward route the somewhat round-about one which had brought him into the State. Throughout all the journey he looked forward with bright anticipations to the moment when he should again behold the sparkling face of that mysterious Miss Wallace, whose image had never faded from his memory. Passing the night at the nearest settlement, he engaged one of the village boys to row him across the pond the next morning. The house, as he approached it, looked just the same as before, save that the door, which, on that first stormy afternoon had been closed against the rain, now stood wide open to the sunny calm of the August morning. The kitchen, as he entered, was empty, but while he yet hesitated upon the threshold, Mrs. Jenkins came up from the brook, bringing a pail of water, which she nearly dropped at sight of the tall intruder.

"Why, good land, Mr. Macarthur!" she exclaimed, shaking his hand cordially. "Is this you? Ef it didn't 'most give me a start to come on yer so suddin, not expectin' to see yer. Set right down, do!"

Accepting the offered chair, he applied himself for the first few moments to answering her questions. Presently he asked:

"Miss Lizzie is well, I suppose?"

"She aint here now," said Mrs. Jenkins, for a moment pausing in her work. "She's gone home."

Macarthur was at once disappointed and enlightened.

"Then this is not her home?" he said. "Where does she live?"

The woman seemed annoyed at the admission contained in her words, and answered, with some hesitation:

"Wall, she lives here part o' the time, but she aint here now."

"How long has she been gone?"

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"Ruther more'n a week. Le'mme see—a week last Friday, jest."

"Has she gone far?"

"Pooty far, I guess."

It was evident that she intended to give him no clue as to the girl's residence or movements. Presently Peter came in from his work, and they talked of fishing and hunting. When the young man rose to depart, he said, as he shook hands with Mrs. Jenkins:

"So you wont tell me where I can find Miss Wallace?"

Beneath his appealing look the woman hesitated again, but finally answered:

"I can't, 'cause she wouldn't like it, but I'll tell yer so much—she aint anywhere in this part o' the country."

This was all the information she would vouchsafe, and with it he was forced to content himself. Peter rowed him over, but he found the passage scarcely as delightful as the one of a few weeks previous, when other hands had held the oars.

Macarthur returned to New York, strengthened mentally and physically. Herbert Long, questioning him with regard to his adventures, smiled at his enthusiasm upon the subject.

"By the way," he asked, abruptly, "where is the Indian princess whom you were to bring home as your dusky bride? I should be extremely happy to make her acquaintance."

It seemed to him that Macarthur was unaccountably embarrassed in replying to this raillery, so, out of politeness, he let the matter drop without further attempt to satisfy his curiosity.

"Well," he said, changing the subject, "don't you find, now that you have tried a change, that idleness and civilization have their charms, after all?"

"Yes for the second, and no for the first," said Lowrie, laughing. "I admit that I am not prepared to give up civilization, but my idle days are over. I am going to settle down to business."

"Settle down to business? How extremely prosaic!" cried his friend. "Where's your Emersonian theory, pray?"

"What was that?"

"O, something about solitude not being a blank, implying, I believe, that society was."

"Why, I hold the opinion still. Nothing is a blank to a well occupied mind, while the reverse is true of indolence. You know as well as I do, Long, how much mental occupation people usually get in what is called society. It is my belief that one active brain does more real thinking in an hour than troubles the head of a fashionable lounger in a whole year."

"I dare say you are right," said his friend, as he rose to go, "and that's quite a concession on my part, considering that your remark applies rather forcibly to myself. Well, if you succeed to my satisfaction in your business scheme, perhaps your example will be of sufficient weight to reform even such a hardened case as mine. But for the present I think I'll continue as I am. Sudden changes are dangerous, you know."

Macarthur's "business schemes," as his friend called them, did succeed admirably. His persevering application was due in some degree to the earnest praise which he had heard Miss Lizzie Wallace bestow upon energy and resolution. Her words had aroused to activity the dormant faculties awaiting some impetus to set them in motion.

It was July of the year following the one which witnessed Macarthur's forest adventures. That young gentleman was now at Newport, whither he had been tempted by Herbert Long, on the plea of a necessary vacation. Also he wished him to meet a cousin of his (Long's) whose family he had visited the previous winter in Philadelphia, where she had just come out. Finding her possessed of beauty and style for which he was quite unprepared—not having seen her for some years before—he took up the fancy that she would be admirably suited to his friend Macarthur, to whom, however, he said nothing, either of his cousin or the views he entertained concerning her. This by way of a more complete surprise.

The riding-party of which the two young men had been members, had just returned, and Long had been examining the visitor's book with a view to ascertaining the arrival of his cousin, that day expected. Her name was there, and a short search resulted in the discovery of the lady herself, seated in one of the parlors by a low window commanding a magnificent prospect and an unequalled breeze. She carelessly assented to his proposal of introducing a friend, and leaning back in her cushioned seat, awaited their coming. Her position was such as to command a view of the whole long room down which they must pass in approaching her, at the same time rendering her equally conspicuous. While yet distant, her glance was attracted by something in the figure and carriage of her

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cousin's companion—something whose growing familiarity, as they came nearer, caused her to rise to her feet in surprise. This action drew his attention upon her; he started as he saw the erect bearing, the small, graceful head with its glossy wreaths of black abundant hair, and the lithe form yet fresh in his memory; then, after a moment's hesitation, outstripping with rapid step his astonished friend, he offered her his hand with a smile that lighted up his whole face, exclaiming:

"Miss Wallace, this is too delightful to be true!"

"Is it possible this is Mr. Macarthur?" was her simultaneous ejaculation.

"Upon my word there seems to be no necessity for an introduction," interpolated Long, who had listened in bewilderment. "How does it happen that you have both kept your acquaintance with each other so remarkably quiet?"

This brought on an explanation. It appeared that Mrs. Jenkins, in her younger and unmarried days, had been a servant in the family of Miss Lizzie, to whom she was extremely attached, having taken care of her from infancy. When the child was about fourteen she was so delicate as to alarm her parents into a determination to place her where she could have plenty of vigorous exercise and country air. At her own earnest request she was sent to the house of her old nurse, Patty, whence she returned so greatly improved as to encourage them in permitting her to repeat the experiment, which she had done for four successive summers. In order to avoid offensive curiosity concerning her affairs, she chose to pass as the niece of Mrs. Jenkins, who, by her express desire, discountenanced all questions upon the subject.

Of course the end of this veracious history is apparent to every reader, therefore details may be omitted. It is sufficient to say that after a proper period had elapsed, there was a wedding in Philadelphia upon which occasion Miss Wallace changed her name to one for which she had somehow learned to feel a wonderful preference. And Willis Greeley, now the husband of Helen Bradley, told, as a capital joke, to all his acquaintances, that "Macarthur was going to mahwy a wed Indian, b'Jove! that he found in a log hut up in Maine!" As the young exquisite is not particularly well informed with respect to the habits of Indians, a race usually found in wigwams rather than log-huts, this interesting item of intelligence is supposed to have been the result of some rather severe quizzing indulged in by Herbert Long, who chose to amuse himself at the expense of the sapient Greeley by giving him this version of "Macarthur's Experiment!"

ROYAL MARRIAGES WITH SUBJECTS.

There exists much popular misconception respecting the nature of the Royal Marriage Act, the sovereign being generally supposed to possess the absolute power of placing a veto upon the marriage of any member of the royal family with a subject. This, however, is only partially the case, because any member of the royal family who may fail to gain the consent of the sovereign to his or her marriage with a subject, and who is moreover, above the age of twenty-five, can forward to the privy council a notice of the intention to marry, and, after the expiration of a year from the date of such notice, may carry that intention into effect, provided the consent of both houses of parliament be obtained. The power of the sovereign extends only over such members of the royal family as may be under the age of twenty-five. Similar attempts at limiting the marrying powers of members of the blood royal have been frequent in other countries, although they have seldom passed into the form of law.

The English Royal Marriage Act originated with George III., who was deeply incensed by his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, eloping with Lady Anne Luttrell, a member of a family politically distasteful to the king. Another brother of the monarch, the Duke of Gloucester, had, about five years previously, secretly married Lady Waldegrave, but the intelligence was not imparted to George III. until he became aware of the ill-advised union of the Duke of Cumberland. To prevent such marriages in future, he caused the Royal Marriage Act to be framed, the parliament placing certain restrictions on the powers sought to be obtained by the king. Since that time there have been several attempts at evading the provision of the act, among which was that of the Duke of Sussex, who, in 1825, espoused one of the daughters of the second Earl of Arran, a marriage which the crown refused at first to recognize, although it ultimately yielded to the force of public opinion. The duke's wife, on the death of her husband, was created Duchess of Inverness, from one of the titles borne by the deceased peer.

It is not the extent of ground, but the yearly rent, that gives value to an estate.

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ESTRANGED.

BY ANNIE M. LAWRENCE.

We stood in the morning early,
We two, by the moss grown spring,
And we said, "In the journey before us,
Each to each we will fondly cling,
And Love over all the pathway
Shall a radiant glory fling;

"That trust in the truth of the other
Shall be ever perfect and sure,
For hearts that can love as we love,
Will also be strong to endure;
And the faith that we pledge shall ever
Be firm, unshaken and pure."

And down in the fountain before us
Looked upward faces twain;
While our hearts held deeper fountains
Mirroring each one face again,
One face to each held the dearest,
And all other beauty was vain.

We gathered a cluster of blossoms
From amongst the moss at our feet,
And placed them in our bosoms,
As tokens dear and sweet,
That "forget-me-not" was the motto
Each loving heart should repeat.

And then in the radiant sunshine,
Hand fondly clasping hand,
We turned from the moss-edged fountain,
To seek for a path o'er the strand,
That having been safely traversed,
Would end in Love's beautiful land.

And we saw not at first, that between us
A tiny streamlet sped,
Bearing out to the land before us
A gift from the fountain head—
For rushes and fragrant flowers
Quite shadowed its lowly bed.

And the days grew many and many,
For the way was very long,
But the flowers still decked our bosoms,
And love was pure and strong,
And the ripple and purl of the waters
Was only to us as a song.

And still, as at first, our clasping
Of hands led us side by side,
But the stream unperceived grew wider,
And sped with a swifter tide,
And even then in our blindness
We watched the clear waves glide,

And said, that one or the other
Would cross the brook ere long,
Before the shores receded,
Or the waves grew fierce and strong;

This streamlet was naught to hearts like ours
Who deemed all doubt as wrong.

At last, a-weary with reaching
For a hand-clasp over the tide,
We walked for the first time lonely,
And laughed, as in merry pride
We questioned which should be yielding,
And cross to the opposite side.

But swifter the rivulet glided,
And the shores grew rough and steep;
The waves had a song no longer,
But in grief seemed to sob and weep:
While the low, sweet words of our converse
We had now in shouts to repeat.

And never a narrowing tide ebb,
And never a bridge that spanned,
Brought us back the old time blessing
Of clasping hand and hand;
But the stream grew deep and mighty,
A broad river through the land.

Then there came a time, when no longer
Our loudest tones could be heard;
And to soothe this wearisome journey,
Came never a spoken word:
Only a dirgelike murmur
Like the wail of a dying bird.

Still deeper and darker the waters,
Still swifter the current sped,
And looking afar o'er the distance,
I saw, with surprise and dread,
That they merged in a boundless ocean,
And I knew all hope was dead.

The "forget-me-nots" in my bosom
Were bright in their fadeless hue,
But gone for aye was the hand-clasp,
And the face I no more should view,
That beside my own in the moss-grown spring
Had smiled from the waters blue.

Since then, though days grow dreary,
I have walked on the shore alone,
Looking all in vain for a footprint,
Or listening for Love's dear tone:
While over my heart this parting
Has the weight of a graveyard stone.

And the beautiful land we were seeking
Lies afar o'er the boundless wave;
And I think sometime, my companion,
Whose heart was strong and brave,
May yet find its joyous precincts—
But my rest is beyond the grave.

A LIFE.

BY MRS. EMMA F. PRADT.

CHAPTER I.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

READER, I believe that. There is a silent concatenation of causes, which we term *fate*, passing through the whole contexture of our lives, pressing us into the paths God hath marked for us to walk in—a hidden hand, that brings out the rich symphonies of our lives—a divine pressure, that extracts the wine of existence, and casts away the accumulated rubbish. Yet, for all that, how we chafe at the scourging of the hand that is so evenly moulding out our destiny, accepting life as a necessity, much as the criminal, whose labor is performed *as* labor, without any higher purpose, forgetting to look forward into the great future for which present trials are so surely fitting us. I can see all this now, in looking back over my life; but many years of it seemed a very bitter trial, and in its short duration it is as rich in experience as most lives of twice its length.

My parents both died when I was only a few months old, and I was sent to the county poor-house. I remember every room in that old red house distinctly, every flower in the front yard, and every shrub. The trees in the orchard, at the left of the house, all had some peculiarity, and were all old friends. Mrs. Frame, the wife of the superintendent, was a bustling little woman of about five and forty years; a woman who *ruled* well her household. Hiram Frame, her husband, was a meek little man, rather sparsely built, who had a habit of sighing, very deeply, "O Lordy!" and when I was very young I used to suppose him very pious. Then there was crazy Jem, who used to always go out through the second story window, upon the roof of the west wing, to shave himself. He was "particular about having the clear light of heaven, for Hatty always liked to see him shaved clean." Poor Jem! his life was a sadly wrecked one, for Hatty, the heroine of his young love's dream, slept in the quiet churchyard, just back of the stone church. Then there was Jane Evans, a poor idiot, who used to sit from morning until night rocking to and fro in a big chair, in the large front room, staring at the bleak white walls with a vacant expression, and two deaf and dumb men. These, with a pet crow, named Jack, and a white kitten, which I had found at the front gate one morning, and which Mrs. Frame, in positive tones, averred must be drowned, much to my terror, made up the family. Strange companionship for a child, it seems to me, now that I look back upon the old house and its inmates; and yet my life has had so many bitter passages in it since, that I look back upon that as almost a happy period, and think the poorhouse is not the worst place in the world, after all.

The history of my parents I knew nothing of; and but for Mrs. Frame I should, perhaps, have been like Topsy, "'spected I never had any—I just growed."

Mr. Oliver owned the farm next to the poor-house, and it was when wandering down in the orchard that I found little Neddy, Mrs. Oliver's ten month old baby, one morning, who had crept out of doors and through the fence, after a daisy that grew at the foot of an old peach tree. Dear little Neddy! my five year old heart clung to him from that time; and, for the want of something else to love, I poured out all the wealth of affection in my young heart upon him. True, Mrs. Oliver used to fret about "low-born folks," but Mr. Oliver, dear good soul, used to say, "Why, Melissa, the child is good enough; a real kind-hearted little thing; and how she loves Neddy, too." I didn't understand it all then, and I used to talk to Jack about it, and wonder if Mrs. Oliver did not love me; but he only answered, "caw, caw, and cut, cut, cut," while crazy Jem would say, "Very like, Willie, you didn't shave clean in the clear light of heaven."

Thus the years, with their budding Mays and chill Decembers, walked fleetly by, until I had reached my fourteenth year, and had become quite useful to Mrs. Frame, who had always carried on all the work of the establishment herself; but as she was getting old and rheumatic, she was now glad to have younger shoulders to bear some of the burdens.

It was on a sultry summer afternoon, the air was dry and hot, scarce a leaf quivering in the burning sun. Crazy Jem had been cutting wheat with Mr. Frame and the two deaf and men, but they were all now lying at the back of the house on the cool, fragrant grass, rest-

ing. Poor Jack sat perched upon a lilac, just by the porch, where I was churning, with his bill open, panting with heat. Little Neddy Oliver, now grown to be a boy of nine summers, was waiting for me to finish my task, and go with him after pond-lilies down beyond the meadow. Neddy was a beautiful child. I can see him as plainly now as when, on that sultry summer day, he sat, with his bright brown curls brushed back from his white forehead, his little hands patiently folded in his lap; and when my task was at last done, how his large brown eyes looked up pleadingly, as he said, "Pleathe Mith Frame mayn't Willie go now?" "Yes, and be off with you out of the way;" and away we went, down through the lane, whose bright green carpet was studded with yellow buttercups and blue-eyed violets, out into the dusty road, through the cool woods, stopping now and then to gather the flags and wild columbine that grew luxuriantly down to the pond, where the beautiful lilies, growing up out of the dank, slimy, black mud, reminded me, in my more mature years, of virtue and innocence rearing their pure heads even above the loathsome taint of sin.

I laid my sun-bonnet under a tree and sat upon a log, dipping my bare feet in the water, and listening to the bright ripples as they broke over them, translucent and cool. I remember wondering if I should always live at the poorhouse, and, if God really loved me as my Sabbath school teacher had told me he did, why he had taken both my father and mother away, and why I could not go to school like the rest of the girls. There was such a hungering for the key to unlock the hidden lore of the ponderous books I had seen at Mr. Oliver's.

Suddenly I heard a plunge, when, looking around, I saw Neddy, with his little hand full of flowers, just sinking in the pond. One shriek of mortal terror—a bound—and I was out upon the branch from which he had fallen, clinging with my bare feet to its rough surface, never thinking of the black water beneath me—only waiting for the little hand to come up the third, last time. Never shall I forget the agony of that moment. There it was—one grasp—ah! I had missed it, and lost my own footing; and, sinking in the water, I remember thinking how they would look for us, Neddy and I, and perhaps never find us.

Ah! a frail branch of the tree swept out to me. I grasped it, but could not get back upon it; but by clinging to it I might hold on until somebody came along. O! would Neddy be dead? Hark! there was a footstep. It was one of the deaf and dumb men, going down to the village post-office for Mr. Oliver. It was useless to shriek. Could I attract his attention in any way? I waved my hand wildly, but on, on, he walked, and, as his footsteps died away, I remember wondering if I should be long dying—if it were a very terrible death to drown? I could not hold on much longer; my strength was fast failing. The sun was sinking. It was time we were at home. Would somebody come to look for us?

There was a sound of horses' hoofs. Ha! the unknown horseman was nearing me, and, sending forth a despairing cry, and wildly clinging with renewed energy to my frail support, I saw him dismount—felt myself lifted out of the water—whispered, "Neddy," pointing to the spot where he had fallen—and sank into unconsciousness.

The next I remembered I was lying upon a bed, and the rotund form of Mrs. Frame was bending over me, chafing my numbed limbs; the stranger was standing at the foot of the bed looking at me earnestly; Mr. Frame was squeaking out, in his shrill voice:

"O Lordy! Betsy, do you think Willie is goin' to die?"

"Whist, man; there she goes again!" and I was conscious of a whiz and a whir, and I again became insensible.

When I next recovered, the physician from the village was holding my hand; and as his kindly smile, so full of tender sympathy, was bent upon me, I felt a sense of rest; and as he stroked back my brown hair tenderly, saying, "Poor little Willie," the words, the tone, went straight to my heart; and as my eyes filled with tears, I could not help whispering, "*I love you.*" I was a simple child, and obeyed nature's impulses; and the dear, good doctor stooped and imprinted the first kiss I had ever had in my life, save dear little Neddy's.

"Did they find Neddy, Doctor Haynes?"

"Yes, Willie, poor little Neddy is in heaven; but my little girl must be perfectly quiet now, and by morning she will be well."

After this I sank into a most refreshing slumber, under the influence of the sedative powder which had been administered, and dreamed I saw Neddy, dressed in spotless white, with a crown of pond-lilies upon his forehead, and as he kissed me, he said, "Good-by, Willie, there is a new gate open for you.

There are tears for you, too, Willie; but Neddy loves you."

Was it his soul, with spiritual gaze, looking out into the future, beholding the fiery trial through which I was to pass? Many times since, when life's pathway has been very dark, through the torn rifts of the clouds has beamed out the loving child-face of my dream, and the sweet words, "Neddy loves you," have fallen like a heavenly benediction on my soul.

"Who is she, Mrs. Frame?" inquired the stranger, "and why do you call her Willie?"

"Her parents," replied the voluble old lady, "died when she was only eleven months old; the father first, and then the mother. Her name is Wilhemina Perine. There was a little gold locket and chain around her neck, when she came here. These the mother enjoined them to leave upon her, and requested the persons into whose hands she should fall to never let her part with them upon any consideration. When she came here I removed them from her neck, and have always kept them put away for her until she is grown. We have had Willie so long, that she seems like our own child; but then she aint like us, somehow. I'd like to see her edicated, for the girl is smart. This is the locket," she continued, unlocking a little box and producing the trinket. "You see it's set all round with red and green stones; but there is no place to open it."

The stranger had seemed much agitated during her recital; but when she produced the locket, his eyes suffused with tears as he touched a secret spring and an inner part opened, and revealed a beautiful, girlish face upon one side, and that of a young man on the other.

"Mrs. Frame, I have been trying to find this child for the past eleven years, and now a strange fatality has led me directly to her. Was there nothing else?"

"Law suz, yes; now that I think of it, there *was* a little box, that Willie keeps herself, up stairs, with some papers and a lock of her father's and mother's hair in it. We couldn't any of us read writing, so we never took much account of them."

Hereupon, the lady's curiosity being thoroughly aroused, she went to my trunk and brought forth the papers, and then bustled off to get the supper. They thought me asleep, but from under the quilt I was furtively watching every movement of the stranger's face as he unrolled the papers I had so sacredly cherished, because they had been my mother's; and as he read the tears coursed down his cheeks like rain. Coming to the bed, he bent softly down and kissed me, saying, "Thank God, Alice, I have found her. O, my Alice!"

I threw my arms around his neck and wept; why, I knew not, unless it was because I thought he possessed the key which should unlock the mystery of my life.

"Willie, can you bear to hear it now?"

"Yes, O yes, tell me all about it," I replied. Then he lifted my head, and sliding his arm under me, pressed me close to him, and proceeded with the following narration:

"Your mother's maiden name was Alice Haven. Her father was a rich merchant in the city of New York, and I was his clerk; a poor young man, with no means except my scanty salary, the whole of which went to support my widowed mother. I boarded with Mr. Haven, and was thus constantly thrown into the society of your mother. I grew to almost worship her, which was not at all strange, for every one who knew her loved her.

"Knowing but little of the world, when I discovered the attachment was mutual, I sought her in marriage of her father; but my proposals were met with contumely and scorn, and I was denounced as an arrogant fortune-hunter. I replied to Mr. Haven as only one could reply whose whole nature was aroused, and whose finer feelings were all awakened. The result was I was discharged immediately, and Alice was sent West to visit an aunt, living then in Chicago. The last time I saw her, I gave her this locket and chain. I spent all the funds I had in the world to obtain it. On the back of the locket are engraven our initials, 'W. R. G., to A. L. H.' Alice said to me then, 'Whatever comes, Willie, I shall always love you just the same,' and so we parted, but

> "'The odor and bloom of those bygone years
> Shall hang round my soul forever.'

"I obtained a situation with another firm, and gradually worked my way up, until I was sent to the West Indies on important business. I was gone nearly three years, when my mother wrote me that Alice was married, and had gone to St. Louis to live. I returned to America shortly after this, broken in spirits; but I had laid the foundation of a fine business, and wealth came pouring in upon me.

"Now that fate had stepped in between me and happiness, Alice's proud father was glad to recognize me; and, indeed, I think he would then have been glad to have claimed

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me as his son-in-law; for the fabulous wealth Mr. Perine was supposed to possess proved only imaginary. My ambition died, for I felt that without Alice life was naught to me. Mr. Haven went South, where he shortly after buried his wife; and after a few years' struggle, under great pecuniary embarrassment, his health failed, and shortly after he also died." For more than a year I heard nothing of Alice, when I received this letter."

Hereupon he took from his breast-pocket a little packet of letters, and read me the following:

"St. Louis, April 5, 18—.

"DEAR WILLIE:—I have yearned so to write to you! Perhaps it is wrong; but I know, Willie, your loving heart yearns for an evidence of my affection, and my remembrance of you. I think, Willie, one hour by your side would compensate me for all my past suffering, and for all the misery that the future may have in store for me. The law, and the stronger will of my father, have made me the wife of another; but an unwilling marriage is *not marriage* in sight of God and the angels. I do not write to you to complain, Willie. I *could not* write of this death in life—of the secret fevers known to my burdened heart alone. Like a funeral wail comes to me the chime of those last bright happy hours I spent with you. I have tried to be a good wife, Willie; but the cold man of business who is my husband can never fill your place to me. I shall be yours just the same in heaven, dearest. I cannot believe in the forced opinion that spirits have no sexes. There *must* be —there *is*—love! I write thus freely to you, for I know you have not changed; and now I remember how you used to like the song:

"'The heart that loves truly love never forgets,
But as fondly loves on to the close.'

"My babe is my only comfort—my little Wilhemina. (I call her Willie for you.) But Mr. Perine's health is broken, and I am failing fast, and I sometimes fear she will be left unprotected. Should she ever be an orphan, will you be a father to her for my sake, Willie?"

"There, my little one," said he, bending down and kissing me, "Have I not a right to you?"

"And am I going to live with you?" I timidly asked.

"Yes, Willie, you shall henceforth be as my own child, and live with me and my dear mother, who now resides in Chicago.

"I endeavored by every possible means to learn the destination of your parents after they left St. Louis, but in vain, until a friend of your father's met me in Chicago, and told me they had removed to some little town in Indiana, where they both shortly died. This was all I could learn, until Providence led me to you just in time to save your life."

The next morning dawned gloriously beautiful. A refreshing rain had fallen in the night, and as the sun rose radiantly, the earth looked like a second paradise. I arose early, and went down to Mr. Oliver's, to see all that remained of my little playmate. His little hands were folded over the pulseless heart; his curls, yet damp, clung tight to his fair, white forehead, and the pond lilies he had still retained in his grasp when they found him, lay on the stand by the window. The fringe of the white curtain fluttered in and out in the breeze, and now and then a stray zephyr would steal in at the window, kissing the brow of the sleeper, and lifting the little curls gently, as though they were striving, by their perfumed breath, to call him back to life. The grief-stricken parents, Neddy's dog lying on the front doorstep, the breath of the lilac by the window, the chickens stalking solemnly in the yard, all are as fresh in my mind as though it had been yesterday. Then, by-and-by, the funeral, and another mound in the churchyard, and Neddy dwelt alone in memory.

CHAPTER II.

"In the same brook none ever bathed him twice;
To the same life none ever twice awoke."

THE next day, my newly-found friend, Mr. Graham, and I started for Chicago. My emotions may be more readily imagined than described, when the reader remembers that I had never been beyond the little village of P——. The constant whirl—the din of the cars—so many things new and novel—almost turned my brain. Mr. Graham was so ready to point out everything of interest, and explain to me what I did not understand, and with visions of the dear mother he told me so much about, and the opportunity I should have to go to school, it was not much wonder I was wild with excitement.

Two days we had travelled, and when within ninety miles of Chicago, about three o'clock in the morning, there was a blinding

crash, a sharp pain, and I remembered no more.

When I recovered, I was in a hotel, in the pretty town of S. B., and my wounds were attended to by a skilful physician. Both limbs were fractured, and I was terribly bruised. There had been a heavy rain the evening previous, and the stone culvert had been washed out, having been built on a sandy foundation, leaving the bridge with no support, and in the blackness of night, the heavily-laden train came thundering along, and was precipitated into the awful chasm. The whole train was a complete wreck, and many were buried in the ruins. I had been dragged out of the water, and kind hands had administered to me in my suffering.

For several days I remembered no more, my fever producing delirium; but when I awoke, one morning, the merry peal of bells coming in at the open window told me it was the holy Sabbath. A lady, with a pleasant, genial face, sat beside my bed, fanning me.

"Please, madam, where is Mr. Graham?"

"I do not know, my child," she replied. "You have been badly hurt. A great many have been killed."

O, such a sharp pain shot through my heart! Now, just as a brighter day was dawning, was the dark cloud again to intervene? Was *he* among the dead or dying? If he was living, should I not have been the object of his tender solicitude? Yes, I knew I should.

"But," said I, the mortal terror speaking in my ashen face, "does not somebody know —can't you find out?"

I sighed drearily, as the terrible conviction dawned at last upon me that he was *dead*. The dread that my fears would be confirmed, with every footstep that neared the door, raised my fever alarmingly; and although my kind attendant did all in her power to soothe me, when the physician called in at noon, he found me so excited that he said, unless this anxiety and suspense were removed, my life must pay the forfeit. So, with my description, he went out to endeavor to identify the body, or find if such a person was among the wounded. When he came back, I read no hope in his face. I needed no words to tell me the awful truth. I was thrust out by my evil fate from the only friends I had ever known, among strangers, and helpless. I turned my face to the wall, and groaned with my anguish.

"And was he so near to you?" asked the kind doctor.

"He was all I had," I replied.

The sepulchral tone of my voice startled even myself; and the kind lady's eyes filled with tears as she took my hand, saying:

"Trust the all-wise Father. He will never leave nor forsake thee."

And lying in that little room, I thought of my mother, of Neddy and Mr. Graham; and I wondered if in heaven they were all reunited, and if they would not be near me sometimes. Then I thought of my dream—how Neddy had said:

"*There is a new gate open for you, Willie, and there are tears for you, too; but Neddy loves you!*"

When the good people of the village learned my sad story, a purse was immediately made up to defray my expenses, and every kindness conceivable was poured upon me. I slowly recovered, and was at last able to take care of myself.

I went to live with Mrs. Grover, a widow lady. I worked for my board and clothes, and she sent me to school. Dear Aunty Grover! I wish there were more such people in the world. Such had been my thirst for knowledge, that I made great proficiency, and in a few years was considered competent to take charge of the school, the former teacher having married, and gone to another part of the State.

About this time, I began to turn my attention to music; and here I found a means of pouring out all the hidden and hitherto inexpressible emotions of my soul. It was not a science with me; it grew to be a passion—a part of myself; and I have wondered often, when my heart was under the pressure, why tears should fall from eyes all unused to weep.

Strangely enough, all this time I had not thought to write to Mr. Graham's mother, until one night I dreamed again of Neddy, with the crown of pond-lilies around his head. He was just the same as when I saw him last, and as he came to me, he put his arms around me, as of yore, and laying his round, chubby face against mine, said:

"You have walked *through* the gate, Willie, all down the path. It has been a rough one, but God has led you. Neddy is waiting for you, but it is not time yet; but by-and-by we shall sit down together by the river of life."

Was it Neddy's spirit, or a chimera of the brain?

"Willie," said Mrs. Grover, the next morning, "I was just thinking that your

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friend Mr. Graham may have left you property, which would help you, so you would not have to teach all the time." And my dear, more than mother to me stroked back my hair, and imprinted a kiss upon my lips. "I wish, above everything," she continued, "to see you have the means to place you in the position where you belong; and ever since I have known you, Willie, I have regretted that my means were not more ample, for your sake."

"But, Auntie Grover, he had a mother living, and the idea that I have never thought of writing to her is puzzling in the extreme. His fate must have been a mystery to her. I have a packet of letters that were my mother's, and among them is one from Mrs. Graham. I will see what her given name is, and write her immediately."

The next day after my letter was mailed, I returned home from school, wearied in body and mind. Everything had seemed to go wrong all day. It was insufferably hot, and the children had been restless under the restraint of school. My head was throbbing with pain. As I neared the little cottage, I saw Aunty Grover standing in the door, her gray hair brushed smoothly back under her snow-white cap-border. As soon as she saw me, she hastened down to the gate to meet me.

"O Willie, such good news! What if you should learn that your friend Graham was not dead, after all?"

"I should not think much of him, for leaving me helpless among entire strangers," I said.

"Yes—but, Willie, there was a mistake. He supposed he carried your body from M., where a number were removed from the wreck, and left to be identified. Many were horribly mutilated, so as to render recognition almost impossible, and he took what he supposed was your body to Chicago, and buried it."

"How do you know all this?" I almost shrieked.

"I told her, Willie," said Mr. Graham, stepping out into the little balcony, where I had sunk into a seat from sheer weakness.

The fatigues of the day, and the sudden news, had completely unnerved me. Had one from the dead stepped forth, I could not have been more thunder-stricken. I arose to greet him, but could only extend my hand, with the tears of gratitude coursing down my cheeks. I felt like falling upon my knees, and praising God for his manifold mercies to me.

After tea, we sat down in the cosy little parlor—Auntie Grover, Mr. Graham and I—and the events of the past five years were all talked over. Mr. Graham was just on the point of starting for Europe, when my letter to his mother reached them. I went with him, his bride, a month afterwards.

Perhaps you will smile at this, reader; but I do not think my noble husband loves me any the less for having loved my mother before me. I cannot decide which to love best Mother Graham, or Auntie Grover.

THE SUMMER MOON.

BY MRS. C. O. HATHAWAY.

Moon of the gorgeous summer-time,
How pure thy silvery light!
A spell of calm, caressing peace,
It rests on vale and height.

Down through the foliage green it falls,
Where the sweet flowerets gleam,
With a grace so ethereally pure,
I think of an angel's dream.

Where a fair lady pines with pain,
Moon, in thy beauty go;
Enter her casement open wide,
Rest on her cheek of snow.

Soothe her to sleep with soft caress,
Old memories wake anew,
Whisper the love we bear to her,
The gentle and the true.

Tell her through all the sultry day,
I prayed that white-robed peace
Might fold her in a fond embrace,
While pain should gently cease.

O, let her hear the summer breeze
Amid the old oak's shade,
Where, in the freedom of young hearts,
We two in childhood played.

Lead her beside the shaded stream,
Where the old grape did twine:
She sees again the purple fruit,
And tastes its healing wine.

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Where in the warm and weary South
A helpless soldier sighs,
Carry thou there thy mellow light,
And bathe his weary eyes.

The sick, the wounded, and the lame,
Sweet moon, O, pass not by!
The dearest messages of home
Breathe where the suffering lie.

That blessed home—the quiet peace
For which he longs so much,
Till he shall feel upon his brow
His mother's gentle touch;

Shall hear the voices of the stream,
The woodland, and the lea,
And taste the ripe and melting fruit
From the old bending tree.

These soothing dreams shall make his rest
A blessed boon to-night;
So like a soft elysian spell
Hath been thy welcome light.

With thy white hand, O placid moon!
A veil of beauty spread
Above the unknown graves where sleep
Our own heroic dead.

Write tenderly some loving words
Our souls would bear to theirs;
They need no more our poor support,
But now we crave *their* prayers.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"STAND out of the way! What's the use of crowding up the track just 'cause there's a box got a body in it?" and the expressman pointed his request by elbowing his way from the station platform to his team, thus making way for the six men who were carrying a heavy metallic coffin, roughly boarded over, which had arrived in the evening train from New York.

The crowd gathered and peered in silence. It was early in the war then, and the people of Leslie were not used to receiving their returned soldiers in this way. The men looked grave, the women were pale—some of them shed tears. Meanwhile the coffin was lifted into the wagon, the driver sprang to his place, and the six men stood in a group watching it go up the street. Then one of them said:

"Who is it?" speaking in that gruff, uncompromising way which women never attain to when affected, and therefore go into hysterics.

"They say it's the German fellow named Kohler who went out in our first company," spoke up a little, gossipy man with a wheezy voice.

A woman asked if he had a wife.

"Yes, and a baby three years old! By George, but it's hard for her now!"

Before the crowd had scattered from the station, the express wagon had stopped before a large wooden house in the centre of the village. The driver leaped down from his seat, and ascending the steps, rapped vigorously upon the door. A pale, sad-looking girl opened it.

"I've got the body here of a man named Kohler, sent home from the war," said the expressman; "shall I have it brought into the house, or taken down to the tombs and left in the care of Bates, the sexton?"

The girl looked shocked, and for a moment did not reply.

"I don't know," she said, at last; "come in and see."

He followed her up three pairs of stairs to a door where she knocked. There was no response, except that a child inside began to cry and sob. The girl tried the door. It opened and let them into a chamber where a child two or three years old stood pulling at the dress of a woman who lay upon the bed. A letter had fallen from her hand to the floor. Margaret Lee went forward and tried to wake her.

"My God!" said the man, for the first time betraying any emotion, "don't you see that she is dead?"

It was so; and the little child was trying to waken his dead mother. Margaret stood horror-stricken.

"Read the letter there," said the man; "perhaps that had the bad news in it."

Margaret picked up the sheet. It read as follows:

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"Washington, May 1st.

"MRS. KOHLER:—Madam,—It is my sad duty to inform you that your husband was wounded in our late engagement. He was attended as well as possible while he lived, but died in twenty-four hours after he was shot.

"He is the only man I have lost in the encounter, and he was so generally a favorite with the company that they have subscribed for a metallic coffin, in which his remains will be sent to you in the course of three days. I also enclose you a sum of money contributed by my men to defray his funeral expenses.

"Respectfully your friend,

"G. H. LATHROP, Capt. Co. H., etc.

The child held the bank notes in his hand. Margaret took them.

"You may carry the body to the tombs," said she. "She will have to be buried with him. "O heavens!" when the man had gone, "how terrible this is."

The dead woman was young and pretty. Her face was composed as if her soul had passed while she lay in a swoon. The letter had come but a short time before the dead husband had been brought to the door, and ere that, husband and wife were rejoined. But the little child?

After the funeral, while the neighbors stood around saying that he would have to go to the poor-house, and that it was a hard case, Margaret took him by the hand and turned to her own rooms.

"What!" cried a woman, "will you take him to feed, and three of your own to look after and bring bread to?"

"Yes, unless there is some one else to do it."

"But there's not. Yet how will *you* do it?"

"He can share with us. We're poor enough, heaven knows, but he's poorer. Poor little Louis, come," and she went into her own neat kitchen where her old father and mother sat by the hearth, while a little girl, her dead brother's child, played at their feet. Margaret had them all to support.

"Well," said Aunt Maggie, hobbling down the stairs, "if that isn't what I call 'casting bread upon the waters,' for that poor, worn girl to give her strength to another."

"Louis."

"What, Margie?"

"Will you be afraid to go to the druggist's and get me some camphor? My head aches so that I cannot finish this work to-night unless I have it."

The boy crept to the window and looked out at the pitchy darkness. His blue eyes dilated with fear, but he smothered it, and said, manfully:

"No, I will go."

"Thank you, dear," resting her throbbing forehead on her hand for a moment. "You are my good, brave boy, Louis."

He came to kiss her, then went to the door. The deep night almost appalled him as he opened it, but after casting one wistful glance back into the poor room where only they two dwelt, for the others were dead, he stepped with desperate courage over the threshold. But out of the solid wall of blackness a figure seemed to start. A man's voice said:

"Lad, where does Margaret Lee live?"

"Here, sir."

"Let me go in."

The young man entered. He looked about the dim, scanty room, at the pale, worn girl, at the boy, and then spoke:

"Miss Lee, they told me at the old house yonder, where you used to live, that you had taken this boy when he was left orphaned, and they proclaimed it 'bread cast upon the waters.' It was so, and now after many days it is returned unto you. This child, Louis Kohler, is the grandson of one of the wealthiest burgomasters in Germany, and he has sent me to find him. I am commissioned to give him all the advantages of his grandfather's wealth, and to reward liberally those who have befriended him. When he is sufficiently educated I am to accompany him to Gothenburg, where he will meet his relative, who will make him his heir. Is not this good fortune?"

Heaven knows it was! And there were yet happier changes; for when Louis went to Germany, Margaret went with him as the wife of the gentleman who had brought the good tidings.

INVENTION OF ALGEBRA.

Algebra is said to have been invented by Diophantus, who first wrote upon it about 200 A. D. Algebra, as a science, has undergone no revolution since the time of Harriot and Descartes; but it has been improved in all its details, and greatly varied and extended in its applications. It has superseded the use of the elegant, but comparatively feeble, ancient analysis, and may be regarded as the basis of the whole edifice of mathematical science.

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A QUEER COURTSHIP.

BY T. C. RAYMOND.

It was a wild winter's night, and we, six in number, were seated around a genial bright fire in my uncle's cosy sitting-room. We had come from our homes to spend Christmas with him, and a merry time we had passed. Christmas had gone, and our visit had been protracted far beyond our original intentions.

Uncle Richard and his wife, Aunt Jenny, were great favorites with us. They had no children of their own, and were always glad to have any young people visit them, and happy enough were we to avail ourselves of the privilege.

On the night in question, after tea was finished, we were gathered in the sitting-room. Aunt Jenny was sitting by the table on which rested the lamp, sewing, and Uncle Richard was gazing abstractedly into the fire, and listening to the storm as it howled around the house, and shook it to its foundations.

"What a fearful night," said Aunt Jenny, after a long silence. "I was thinking just now how we should make it pleasant for you, my dears. What shall we do?"

"I have it," said I, quickly, "Uncle Richard shall tell us a story."

"A story," said my uncle, looking up from the fire, "I am afraid I shall have to refuse you, Nellie, I have no talent for story telling."

"We can't let you off," I exclaimed. "A story we must have, uncle. Tell us one of your own adventures. You know you have been a perfect Sinbad in adventures."

Uncle Richard scratched his head, and laughed.

"How would you like a love story?" he asked.

"The very thing. Let us have one, by all means," was the unanimous reply.

"Well, then," he said, with a comical glance at Aunt Jenny, "I'll tell you how I won my wife."

"Now, Richard—" began Aunt Jenny, blushing.

"Never mind, my dear," said my uncle, "it will interest them, and," he added, with a laugh, "it may give them some hints by which they may profit hereafter."

Uncle Richard stirred the fire, and then settling himself comfortably in his chair, told us his story.

"You must know, my dear children, that when I was a young man I was what is generally termed 'very fast.' I don't think I was as bad as many young men, or even as the majority of them; but nevertheless I was looked upon by good, steady people, as a dangerous companion for their sons. I was not long in acquiring this reputation, and it clung to me long after I deserved it. I began to mend my ways when I was about twenty-five, but I was more than thirty before I got credit for being a better man, and it was during this time that I first met your aunt. It was a case of love at first sight; something, by the way, of which you young ladies are fond of hearing, but which I am powerless to explain. It was real, honest, true love, though, and she was worthy of it."

Uncle Richard's eyes wandered over to where his wife was sitting, and meeting there an answering smile, wandered back to the fire, and he went on.

"We first met at a party, and after that very frequently. I determined to be a better man, and to fit myself for the new life to which I aspired. Jenny saw my efforts and encouraged them. Her father, however, did not believe in my good intentions, and when he found I wanted to marry his daughter, was very severe on me. I had a hard time with him before I was married, but after I became his son-in-law, I never had a better, truer friend. The old man is gone now, and I hope he is happy.

"The old gentleman had been a soldier in the war of 1812, and had carried his military discipline into his family, where he was very strict. He was, in addition to this, an elder in the Presbyterian church, and was not at all disposed to regard any shortcomings with leniency. One morning I was sitting in my office, getting ready to go into court, when in walked old Major Shorter.

"'Good morning, major,' said I, 'take a seat.'

"He returned my greeting, and took the chair to which I pointed. He sat there for at least five minutes, regarding me with a fixedness that made me feel uncomfortable. When he had finished his inspection he placed his stick in front of him, and leaning his chin

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on it, looked at me steadily, and said in an abrupt manner:

"'Richard Sturgis, I have called this morning on a matter which is unpleasant to me, and which we had better settle at once. Tell me frankly what is your motive in visiting my daughter so frequently?'

"'To be frank with you, Major Shorter,' I replied, boldly, 'I am very anxious to make her my wife.'

"'Humph!' muttered the old man, shortly, 'I thought so. I suppose you intended to speak to me about this matter?'

"'I did, sir, but not for some time yet.'

"'Well, then, you may save yourself any further trouble about it, for I'll give you my answer now. You can't have her.'

"I rose to my feet in astonishment.

"'I suspected your motives,' continued Major Shorter, 'and I thought it best to come here and let you understand the matter before it is too late. I love my daughter, Mr. Sturgis, and I have no idea of seeing her ruin her happiness by marrying a dissipated man.'

"I assured him that I had abandoned my old habits and was leading a new life, but it was in vain; the old man would not believe me, and our interview ended in a quarrel and my being forbidden his house. I had certainly made a bad beginning, but I was by no means discouraged. I had not said anything to Jenny about the state of my feelings, and I determined to do so at once. I had an engagement to meet her at a friend's and accompany her home that evening. During the walk, I addressed her and was accepted. I told her all that had passed between her father and myself, and she, dear girl, was indignant at her father's course. It was plain that I could not visit her at home as usual, and we set to work to devise a plan for our future meetings. The major was a regular attendant upon the Wednesday night prayer meetings of his church, and was generally absent about two hours. Besides meeting at the houses of our friends, we agreed that I should visit her at home while her father was absent at prayer meeting.

"This plan worked admirably for a while, but, like everything human, broke down at last. One night Jenny and I were cosily chatting in the parlor, when we heard the rattle of a latch key in the front door. Jenny sprang up in alarm.

"'There's papa,' she exclaimed, 'what shall we do? You can't get through the back way, and he is at the front door.'

"My first impulse was to rush by the major, and upset him if he got in my way; but a moment's reflection convinced me that this would never do, and just then I heard the front door closed and locked. My resolution was taken in a moment.

"'Open the parlor door,' I said to Jenny, in a whisper, 'and do nothing to arouse his suspicion.'

"Jenny opened the door, and I placed myself behind it. As I did so, the major entered the room. I trembled in every joint; if he should shut the door I should be discovered. I had not thought of this when I selected my place of concealment.

"'Shut the door, Jenny,' said the major, as he came in.

"'O no, papa,' she exclaimed, hurriedly, 'it's so warm in here that I want the air;' and she pushed the door back so far that she nearly crushed me.

"'Warm!' said the old man, sharply, 'warm! You must be dreaming. It is freezing out of doors.'

"'I'm gone,' I thought, and I prepared myself for a scuffle.

"'However,' said the major, 'it may be warm here, for you have a terrible fire in that stove. You may leave the door open.'

"A load was taken from my mind. The old man sat in the parlor for at least half an hour, and that time he devoted to abusing me, and telling Jenny about my impudence in wanting to marry her. Sometimes I was indignant at the injustice of his remarks, but as a general thing I could scarcely restrain my laughter. My position was a trying one. I was compelled to get up as close to the wall as possible, in order to avoid attracting the major's attention, and to breathe as lightly as I could. The cold draught which came in through the crack of the door produced a constant inclination to cough, and I was in mortal dread lest I should yield to it and betray myself. The half hour seemed to me like thirty years instead of so many minutes, and I was elated beyond description when I at last saw the old man get up and leave the room. As he went out he closed the door after him, and as we heard him ascending the stairs to his chamber, Jenny and I broke into a hearty laugh.

"'You are safe for the present,' she said, 'but you must go away at once. It will not be prudent to let you out at the front door, as papa will hear us, so you must go out at the window.'

"The window was raised softly, and giving

Jenny a kiss, I sprang out of it. I had scarcely touched the ground when I was seized by the collar, and a rough voice demanded to know why I had left the house in that way. Looking up I found myself in the hands of a watchman. While I was hesitating what to say, Jenny, who had heard the question, said to the watchman:

"'It's all right, policeman; the front door-key has been misplaced, and the gentleman had to leave the house through the window.'

"'Who are you?' asked the watchman.

"I am Miss Shorter,' she replied, 'and the gentleman is Mr. Sturgis, a friend of my father.'

"'If you say so, miss, I suppose it's all right,' said the watchman, releasing me, 'but,' he muttered, as he turned away, 'it's very queer to do business in that style.'

"The next morning, before I left my office, I received a visit from Major Shorter. Declining my offer of a seat, the old man came up in front of my desk, and looking me straight in the face, said, sharply:

"'Richard Sturgis, you were at my house last night. I'm sorry I did not know it, for I would have given you the punishment your impudence deserved.'

"I began to explain the matter, but he cut me short.

"'Never mind,' he said, 'it's over now, and it can't be helped. Don't try it again, for I warn you I shall be on the watch for you.'

"He turned abruptly and left me. I certainly felt rather sheepish, but I determined not to be outdone. I was determined to marry Jenny, and he was resolved that I should not, and from all appearances, the struggle bade fair to be a hard one.

"For several days I did my best to get a message to Jenny, but failed. At last I hit upon a plan of communication. Major Shorter's house was built directly on the street, and as he had forbidden me to darken his doors, I resolved to make use of his windows, which, as somebody very justly remarks, 'are just as good as doors, provided they have no nails in them to tear your breeches.' On the next Sunday night I stationed myself in the shadow of the doorway of the church, and as Jenny came by, accompanied by her father, I managed to slip a note into her hand. In it I revealed my plan to her, and as she passed out of church, a bright look which she gave me signified her willingness to adopt it.

"Every evening after this, at dusk, when I passed Major Shorter's house, I found one of the parlor windows slightly raised, and Jenny sitting by it, hidden in the heavy curtain. I would slip into her hand a note with which I had provided myself before leaving home, receive one in return, press her hand, and be off before her father could see me. This continued for about three weeks, when it was broken up by a rather unpleasant occurrence.

"One evening I had gone with my note as usual, and had placed my hand in through the window, when it was suddenly seized in a vice-like grasp, and the old major thundered, as he threw up the window:

"'Now, you scoundrel, I've got you, have I? I'll make you remember me, you impudent villain.'

"And with that he almost crushed my hand. I yelled with pain.

"'It hurts, does it?' growled the old man, savagely. "Not so soft and tender as the hand you expected to squeeze, you villain.'

"Before this I had been too much surprised to speak; now I cried out, angrily:

"'Let my hand alone, Major Shorter. What right have you to treat me in this manner?'

"'Right!' he shouted, 'right! Zounds, sir, what right have you to stick your hand in at my window? I've a notion to have you arrested as a thief.'

"'Take care, sir,' I exclaimed, trying to wrench my hand from him. 'You may regret this.'

"'Wait till I get out there, and I'll make *you* regret it.'

"He released my hand, and started to come out after me, but I did not wait for him. I had no desire to get into a fuss with him, so I took to my heels.

"The next day I received a note from the major. It was short and sweet, and somewhat to this effect:

"'SIR:—You are an impudent blackguard. In chasing you last night I fell and hurt my leg, which prevents me from seeing you this morning. I write now to inform you that if I catch you lurking around my house again, I shall certainly shoot you.

'Very respectfully yours,

JOHN SHORTER.'"

"This letter, especially after my experience of the previous night, made me feel very uncomfortable, but I consoled myself with the reflection that you must catch a man before you can hang him. I set to work to devise another plan, and when I had arranged it to

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my satisfaction, communicated it to Jenny by slipping a note into her hand at church.

"In the rear of Major Shorter's dwelling was an alley. The back building extended to this alley, and in the second story was a window overlooking it. I asked Jenny in my note to tie her letters to a string and lower them from this window, after dark; I would then get them, and tie my letters to the string in return. This plan worked admirably for a while, but, like the other, was not to last long. One evening I had just tied my letter to the string, when I was startled by a loud 'bang' from the window above, and a smarting in my hands. Away I sped, followed by another report. I heard the old man shouting after me, but did not wait to hear what he had to say. When I got home I examined my hands, which smarted painfully, but the wounds were very slight; the major had evidently loaded his gun with salt, which, while it was quite painful at first, was not dangerous. I was sorely tempted to retaliate upon him, and give him a thrashing, but the reflection that such a course might lose me Jenny, determined me to take it as quietly as possible. I encountered the major on the street the next day, but although he called to me that he wished to see me, I avoided him. I had had enough of him for some time to come.

"I did not see or hear from Jenny for at least a month after this. At last I received a note from her one morning, telling me to come to the house that night, that her father had left the city, and would not return until the next day.

"When night came I hastened to the house, and was met by Jenny at the door. I spent a pleasant evening with her, and was just rising to go away, when we heard the front door open.

"'O dear, there's papa now. What shall we do?' exclaimed Jenny, in alarm.

"We had no time to lose, so I told her to be quiet, and concealed myself behind the sofa.

"The major came in directly after, and seeing Jenny's anxious and flurried look, at once suspected the cause of it. He seated himself on the sofa behind which I was concealed, and I heard him give an angry grunt. It was clear my presence was known to him.

"'Jenny, dear,' he said, 'go into the kitchen and tell Tom to bring me a bucket of hot water.'

"'Shall I tell him to take it up to your room, papa?' asked Jenny, tremulously.

"'No, dear, tell him to bring it here.'

"'In the parlor, papa?'—she began. He cut her short, and replied, sharply:

"'Yes, in the parlor. Tell him to be quick about it. Go along, girl. What are you hesitating about?"

"Jenny left the room, and as she went out I heard her crying. I was confident that the old man wanted to scald me, and I had no idea of waiting quietly for him to do so. Still it was no easy matter to retreat. I glanced up over the sofa, to take a look at the state of affairs. The major was sitting with his back to me, and his face to the door through which Jenny had disappeared. He knew well where I was concealed, but he paid no attention to me, so sure was he that he had me in his clutches. My position was desperate, and so was the resolution I formed.

"While his back was still turned to me I sprang to my feet, and giving the sofa a push, sent the major rolling over on the floor, and before he could regain his feet, I had passed through the parlor door, and locked it on the outside. Calling to Jenny to come and release her father, I left the house and returned home.

"Feeling assured that the major would call on me in no very amiable mood the next morning, I left town to avoid seeing him. When I returned, I learned that he had been to my office, and had vowed vengeance against me. I continued to keep out of his way, however, until his wrath subsided, for it was not to my interest to meet him.

"After this I did not see Jenny for a long time. At last, I could stand the separation no longer, so I wrote to Jenny to stay at home the next Sunday morning, and I would see her while her father was at church.

"On the appointed day I was at the house, fully intending to go away before the major should return. Unfortunately, however, I overstayed my time, as usual, and the major came in so suddenly that he cut off my retreat. It was useless to attempt to hide in the parlor, for he knew my tricks too well by this time, so I hurried out of the door leading to the back part of the house, and seeing the door to the cellar open, bolted into it. I was too late, however. The major saw me as I went into the cellar. I had hardly got down the stairs when he came to the door.

"'Well, Mr. Sturgis,' said he, 'so you are here again.'

"'It seems so, sir,' I replied, not knowing what else to say.

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"'How long do you expect to stay?' he asked.

"'I was about to go as you came in,' I said. 'I may as well do so now.'

"'Not yet,' he said, sharply. 'You seem so fond of my house that I'll give you more of it than you bargained for. I warrant you, however, you'll not find my cellar as comfortable as my parlor.'

"With this he turned off and locked the door on me. I looked around the cellar for some other mode of egress, but could find none. It was a close, well-built cellar, lighted by only one grated window. It was clean and well arranged, but quite cold. Finding that I had no means of escape, I seated myself on a box and tried to make the best of my condition. In a short time I discovered that the major's stock of wine was stored in the cellar. Selecting a bottle of prime old Port, I took out the stopper with my knife, and paid my respects to it. I had no idea how long I was to be kept there.

"About four o'clock in the afternoon the door at the head of the steps opened, and Major Shorter made his appearance.

"'Well, Mr. Sturgis,' said he, mockingly, 'how do you like your quarters?'

"'Very much, sir,' I replied, with an air of unconcern. 'I say, major, this is capital old Port you have here.'

"'Thunder!' shouted the major, 'you have not been to my wine, have you?'

"'I have taken that liberty, to enliven the monotony of my position,' I answered, laughing.

"'You have the advantage of me there,' said the major, after a pause. 'You are not worth a bottle of good Port. Come up, and I'll let you go home.'

"'I assure you I am very well satisfied, sir,' I replied.

"'Come up, and be off from here, I say,' exclaimed the old man, angrily.

"I went up stairs, carrying with me the bottle from which I had been drinking. As I reached the head of the stairs, the old man broke into a laugh.

"'You've been too much for me to-day, Sturgis,' he said. 'Go home now, and don't repeat your visit.'

"I went out of the house, and returned home. A few days after this I received a note from Jenny, telling me that her father was about to take her to Europe, with the hope of getting rid of me. This brought matters to a crisis, and we determined to set aside her father's unjust opposition, and take the responsibility of marrying.

"Everything was in readiness. The carriage was at the cross street near Jenny's home, and I was waiting near the door for her. She came out soon, and we hurried to the carriage. It was quite dark when we got there, and helping Jenny into it, I ordered the driver to take us to the Rev. Mr. ——'s house. I had hardly gotten into the carriage, when some one on the front seat, whom I had not noticed before, said, quietly:

"'Upon my life, this is cool.'

"Jenny gave a scream of alarm, and I recognized the voice of Major Shorter. He had discovered our plans, and had taken his seat in the carriage for the purpose of thwarting them.

"'And so you two fools are going to be married, and without my consent?'

"'You have unjustly withheld it, Major Shorter,' I said, 'and we have determined to act for ourselves. You have no right to act towards us from such groundless prejudices.'

"I expected an angry retort, but the old man spoke very mildly when he replied.

"'I have been thinking during the last half hour, Mr. Sturgis,' he said, 'that I have not acted right about this matter. I will be just towards you. Get out now, and let the carriage take us home, and come to see me in the morning. I promise you, you shall have no cause to complain of me.'

"He held out his hand to me; I took it most gladly, and bidding both parties 'good night,' left the carriage.

"The next day I called on the major, and before I left him we arranged matters to our entire satisfaction. He agreed to put me on probation for six months more, and promised that if at the end of that time I was steady and deserving, Jenny should be my wife. I passed the ordeal, married Jenny, and never had a better friend than her father proved. This, dears, is how I won my wife. No doubt you think it rather a queer courtship; and so it was, so it was; but it brought me a dear, good wife."

Uncle Richard fell to poking the fire again, and we all listened to the storm once more.

It is a folly for men of merit to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected by it. Fabius Maximus said he was a greater coward that was afraid of reproach than he that fled from his enemies.

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TILL THE END OF THE WAR.

BY FRANC SMYTHE.

I FOLDED Uncle Gartney's letter in silence, and handed it back to mother. I thought she looked a little crossed—just as I felt. It was natural enough, to be sure, that her brother should ask for an asylum for "his little motherless girl with her own aunt" when affairs in Washington were in that surprise-stricken state, in the beginning of the war. But then, the idea of Ethel Gartney coming from petting and pampering to such a home as ours! We did not want her money, nor her fine, mincing manners among us. We could never make her comfortable with our outlandish ways, and the restraints of her city civilities were odious to think of. And to offer us money for such inconveniences was like proposing to one of our wild, roaming waterfalls to accept of a sculptured basin, and play at being a fountain, in exchange for its present prerogatives.

I was a Maine girl, and had been fostered by the rugged freedom of my State. When father died and left mother and me to get along by ourselves, we never dreamed of shrinking into dependence upon anybody. Through the winters we stopped in A—— on the coast, teaching a school for the sailors' children, mending and making for such as had no wives, and keeping a little stock of notions, whose sale helped, with the rest. And in the spring, moving up among the mountains, and setting the big log cabin which father had built to rights, and there, boarding the lumbermen, gathering and drying herbs, and weaving baskets such as the Indians make, for which there was good sale, until the nipping weather drove us down again.

It was a healthy, busy life. We hadn't a bit of time for fretting and fuming, and I only knew there were such things as intrigues and enemies by the means of a few novels I had come across. I wonder how I picked up as much book learning as I did. Mother wouldn't have tolerated me with a book in my hand, except for the winter school. I got eighteen pence a week, you see, for each pupil, and the teaching never hindered my sewing much. So mother thought it was quite a lucky thing that I had a literary turn, and sometimes used to buy two or three of the Boston weeklies for me. I suppose but for them I should have lived till now and never looked in the glass except to see if my face was clean. But the stories set me studying whether my eyes were bright and my cheeks red, and all that. Of course they were, and all the rest of the girls' were too, for we'd never done anything to dim them; so for my life I couldn't make up my mind about being pretty, until Seth Derby (who was one of our summer boarders) says to me that spring:

"Why, I do declare, Milly, you've grown to be a real beauty!"

Seth had always taken a sort of shine to me, but somehow he didn't really suit me, though he was forehanded enough. He used to follow me off when I went for the willow for the baskets, and was quite a help about it, too. But then I'd always liked to go alone on those tramps; I don't know why, for I was a real sociable body; but everything was so still and sweet in the deep woods that it made me feel strange, and I couldn't bear to have any one speak. I loved to sit down on some great log that had fallen across the river, and watch the water foaming and tumbling and carrying everything along with it. Then I would wonder where it went to, and wish it would carry me along too.

One day this same spring—the spring the war broke out—I'd been carrying dinner to three or four of the men who were too busy to come home. I stopped to heat the coffee for them and fix things comfortable, and then started back. The river was just opening, and great logs and blocks of ice were crashing along together. It made my eyes snap to see it. In a sunny spot where the snow had gone off, I found some anemones. I was picking them, thinking I'd take them home and fix them in a mug—for I always would have such things, though mother thought it was nonsense—when somebody behind me said:

"Can you tell me where the Widow White lives, miss?"

It was so sudden that I colored up, particularly as it was quite a fine gentleman who spoke to me; not that he was finely dressed, for his suit was just coarse mixed cloth, but there was something about his face and all, more like the minister in A—— and such.

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"That is my mother," I said. "Do you want to see her?"

He said "yes," and I told him I'd show him the way.

"This is early for flowers," he said.

"No, it is late. They were out three days earlier last year, and a week earlier year before."

"It must be pleasant to mark the record of the year in flowers."

"O, I don't mark any record. I'm just apt to recollect when they blow."

"Do you live hereabouts?" he asked next.

"Why, yes—I live with my mother."

"True, I forgot. You are Miss White."

I couldn't help laughing at being called "Miss White." I don't think I ever was, before."

"My name is Milly," I said.

He acted as if the things I said seemed funny to him; so I thought I wouldn't talk any more, for I didn't like to be laughed at.

Pretty soon we had to cross the river on the log I spoke of. I pointed it out. "Our house is just over here," I said.

"It isn't possible that you walk over that!" he exclaimed.

I thought if he wasn't accustomed to such things, I'd just like to astonish him. So I answered very cool that there was another one a little ways along he might like better.

It was a slim log, and quite rotten. Seth had warned me not to cross it again. The banks were pretty steep, too, there. But I was always reckless.

I thought the stranger acted a little reluctant when we came to it.

"I am sure this is not safe," he said.

"Well, *I'm* not afraid," I answered, stepping on to it.

I stepped light and quick, and was most across when I looked back. He had just reached the middle, and the log was cracking and splitting. I felt horribly faint. Just as I sprang to the bank, I heard it part and saw him falling. I clambered down the bank like a wild-cat, clinging to the bare, sappy boughs. He had lodged where some blocks of ice were wedged with the drift-wood, and would resist the current I knew, for a little, and I leaped from block to block till I got to him. He was completely stunned, and his head was cut.

Up there in the woods I carried a little flask of brandy, and I managed to get some of it between his teeth. Then I wet the end of my shawl, and sopped his head and face with it. But he didn't come to, and I felt the ice begin to creak and shake under us. I shouted, but the river made such a noise no one could hear, and for a minute I thought we should both be drowned together. Then I put my hands resolutely under his arms, and, scrambling and slipping, I managed to drag him to another cake. I thought it was fixed, but as we got upon it it moved, and for a few seconds spun along so that I was too dizzy to stand, and had to crouch down beside him.

How handsome he looked! He was just like marble, with such a beautiful, peaceful look! I thought if I was sure we were going to die, I would kiss him.

The moment the block stopped I took hold of his shoulders again; but I had so little strength left that he partly slipped in the water between the ice, and the tide was so strong I could hardly keep hold of him. I shall never forget how I felt.

All the while we were getting nearer the firm ice by the shore. I put all my strength into one effort, and pulled him upon it. Then I sank down beside him, and Seth found us both there, almost frozen, an hour after.

The stranger's name was Adam Bloss. He had come out to oversee a lumber claim, and had calculated on boarding with mother. Of course we took him, after all that had happened, and he was laid up for a week from his fall.

I think I changed during that week as much as if I'd lived a hundred years. Sometimes, even in my sleep, I would start and quiver all over, just like those ice-cakes, and then a whole flood of new feelings would come foaming into my soul; and there'd be a queer, tight pain about my heart at times, and then again it would beat as if it would burst.

Mother medicated Adam's cuts, and then I had to tend them. My hand used to tremble so I could hardly do it, and while I sat in the room with him I would watch him as though I never could see enough of him. Sometimes I used to wish we were floating again on the ice, so that I might save him over again.

When he got well, I went with him all over our section of forest, to teach him the way. He had pencils and paper and made pictures; and a gun, too, though he said he never shot in the spring. When we were off alone so, he would tell me stories about the world—of large cities and city folks and their pleasures, which made me feel as though we were more like wild animals or Indians than like civilized people.

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One day I asked him to make my picture; so he did, and he showed me a painted picture of his sister. It was very fair and small, with little, light rings of hair curling all over her head; and mine looked very coarse and brawny beside it, with such great shoulders and arms, and black, straight hair, hanging in thick plaits down the back, like an Indian's.

I studied upon it sometime, and then said:

"I am not at all handsome, Adam, am I?"

He laughed, and said I would look well enough, dressed with care and taste. But all along he seemed to take more interest in my mind than in my face, and got books for me, and talked about art and refinement. He said I was as fresh as my own forest, and to talk with me was as good as discovering one of those rare, deep pools, cool and pure as crystal, which lie rimmed with emerald in almost inaccessible nooks—I remember his very words. And he liked to watch me when I was clambering and springing about as I had always done, and said he wished more women were like me.

It was just then that Uncle Gartney's letter came. Perhaps if Adam Bloss had not been there, I should not have had such a mean, selfish feeling about Cousin Ethel's coming. However, come she must. Uncle Gartney had set the day, supposing we were in A——, and when Adam heard all about it, he said he would go down and meet Ethel and bring her up to our "eyrie." He wanted a change of a day or so.

She was a little thing; he had to put his arm about her to keep her from jolting out of the wagon as they came up the rough road. She was pretty, too, I suppose. Her hair curled, and she was always laughing. She could have put both her feet into one of my shoes. It made a good deal more work to have her around, and I had to do it; so there was less leisure for tramping about with Adam. He was sorry, for the season was getting fine, and I knew the names and the nooks of all the flowers which he wanted to learn about. However, he used to bring them home, and after I had told him their names he would make them into a wreath and put them around Ethel's head.

By-and-by he got a boat and took her off with him almost every day on the river. I stood ironing or baking, all day long by the door, and saw them go and come, looking *so* happy. When I had gone about in the woods with Adam he had never offered to help me; but then I didn't need it, for my foot was surer than his; but he was always helping Ethel—taking her right in his arms down the steep place, emptying the pebbles out of her shoes, and making her lean on his arm when she looked weary. I could see that she liked it, too.

O, how jealous I was! But I'm sure it was none of my business; only I'd grown up in such a wild way that I couldn't see how much Adam Bloss was above me. And when he came there, and all my pulses thrilled at his most careless touch, and my cheeks crimsoned when he looked at me, why, I grew fond of him before I knew what I was about. Everything he taught me seemed to bind me right to him. It was just as if he had the key to a lock on my soul, and opened it when he liked. And I felt as I had once felt toward the river—as though I would like to yield myself right up to him, and have him carry me along with the current of his will.

But I learned a great deal of life in a few weeks of sensation, and I felt at once that Adam was going to love Ethel—pretty, shallow little thing that she was. For I never let any one see what ailed me, but went right straight along with my work, getting through with more than ever before.

One night in the full of the June moon, I stole down to the river, partly to get away from Seth, and partly because it was a comfort to be anywhere near Adam, who was out on the river with Ethel. I sat down under the tree where he always moored the boat, and pretty soon I heard the oars and they turned into the cove. He fastened the boat, and then stepped into it beside her and took her right in his arms.

"O, Ethel, my darling!" I heard him say, "it would have been easy to go before I saw you."

"Don't go, Adam!" she answered. "Papa says that the South is right, and I'd rather you would not fight against it."

"If you love me, Ethel, don't say such things! When you know how I adore you, and when I tell you I would not hesitate to sacrifice even my love to preserve my country, you will feel, if you trust me, that I cannot be wrong."

"I don't understand much about it, Adam; but the Southerners in Washington are very gentlemanly, not at all like the people you see locked up in jails; so I can't tell why they call them criminals."

"Dear little child," he said, fondling her, "you are too young and too innocent to know

much about the wrong in the world. If you will only love me truly, you shall never need to come in contact with it."

"I do love you, Adam."

"Darling!" he exclaimed; then he added, "maybe I have done wrong, Ethel, to lead you into this engagement so suddenly; but I could not leave you without speaking. I shall not write you till I have seen your father in Washington, and obtained his consent; and I shall not see you again, Ethel, till the end of the war. I shall tell your aunt what we have done; and O Ethel, tell me again that come what will, you will be true to me, or I shall have no strength to go."

"Dear, dear Adam, I shall never think of anything but you, till you come back!"

She put her round, soft arms about his neck, and laid her forehead on his shoulder. Then he kissed her over and over again, lifted her out of the boat, and they went up to the house.

I was hot and cold by turns while I listened. It was mean to do it, but I had never heard the words of love before, and they seemed to charm me. With all that I felt for Adam, I would as soon have cut off my hand as even to have imagined how he would talk to me if he felt the same; and these things that I heard him say to the girl he did love, shook me through and through—they were so strange—and so sweet. I thought if ever he should have said such words to me, I could not have answered him, but only have gone right down on my knees and hugged his very feet, and said to him, "O! Adam Bloss, do with me what you will!"

When I got up to the house, he was standing outside in the moonlight. Ethel had gone in.

"Millicent," he said, "I have got something to tell you."

So he told me just what I knew, and that he had all along intended to raise a troop of cavalry and go to the war. "And I must see it ended," he added, "before I come home. It may be a long time to leave her, Milly; will you help guard her for me?"

"I can do anything in the world for you, Adam."

He seemed touched a little, as though for a minute he half imagined. I hoped not.

"I want you to write every week, Milly, if you will, and I will answer you. You can tell me everything about the dear child which she will not tell me herself—just how she looks, and what she does without me, and all. And tell me how you get on with your reading. I will send you books, and you must study. You are fitted for a higher work than you are doing."

A few days after this, Adam went; and then the summer lagged along just as usual, as far as the work went, though everything appeared different enough to me.

In September we went down to A——, and Uncle Gartney wrote that he should have to go down to Georgia, to look after some property there, and wished we would keep Ethel all winter. She was a yielding, dependent little puss, and loved to be flattered and fondled; in that way you could do anything with her. She grew prettier and prettier, too, and I wrote Adam that she did, though it cut right through my heart to do it. His letters came every week, one for Ethel and one for me, but mine were about as much to her as her own.

It was in January that we had that terrible storm. There hadn't been one like it in twenty years. No one in A—— slept much that night. The women took such things as they had and went off in gangs along the coast, in the neighborhood of the lights, and listened to the guns and held themselves ready to help as they could. Sometimes a spar or a chest would come ashore, and sometimes a drowned body. We heard the guns from one vessel all night long; but there was no getting to her, though no one knew how near or how dear a one might be aboard. Just at daybreak she went to pieces. The sea had quieted a bit, and some of the boldest put off to her in life boats.

And don't you think she was a blockade-runner! And a good enough fate it was for her, I am sure! But they brought the crew ashore—that is, most of them, and rebels though they were, we had them on our hands—such a limp, half-dead set!

Mother and some of the other women came right forward and volunteered to take one apiece and nurse them, till they were fit for Fort Warren.

It was a young man that fell to our share; his head had been hurt by a beam striking it, and he was perfectly senseless. The tatters of clothes that were left on him were nice and fine, and we made out the mark, "Philip Custis," on his shirt.

Well, week after week he lay like dead—that is, as good as dead, we thought; but a change came finally, and he began to recover. Ethel was about the first he noticed, and his

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eyes would brighten whenever she came in the room. He was as handsome a man as Adam Bloss, though noways like him. He had a sharp, proud face, and spoke as though he was used to a good deal of waiting on. But he could speak low and soft enough to Ethel, I soon noticed, and I thought it pleased her to have him; for the same bright, dazzling look used to come into her face that it had when Adam was making love to her. I believe I disliked her more then than when I found Adam loved her; for I was as jealous of his happiness as I would have been of my own. I told her I thought she was doing wrong, and she bridled up for a moment; then she said:

"O, Milly, you don't know anything about the world. It's always so between gentlemen and ladies."

I thought maybe it was; but I told mother she had better report Mr. Custis convalescent. Then I went to him and told him Ethel was engaged to a captain in the Union army. I began writing Adam about it, but that could not do any good, so I thought I'd not worry him.

After Mr. Custis was reported, there was a sort of an examination, in which he proved that he was only a passenger on board the wrecked steamer. By strange luck his chest came ashore, and in it he had considerable gold. He paid us very liberally, and as he was not to be confined, asked leave to stay a few days longer with us, till he regained his strength.

It was not often that Ethel touched a book; but at this time she would take one every day to Philip Custis's room, to read to him!

Somehow I always did suspect her little shy, white face, and as for him, I knew he was a traitor, blood and bones, though he did get clear of Fort Warren. So one day I opened the door on them, on purpose to see what they were up to.

They were both sitting on the settee, very close, he had her hands tight in his, and they were looking straight into one another's eyes. The book lay on the floor. My blood boiled, and I spoke out pretty hotly:

"You've no more right to make love to her than if she were another man's wife, after what I told you!" I said to him. "And Ethel Gartney, how can you listen to the flatteries of a traitor, after you've won the heart of such a man as Adam Bloss?" I added.

Mr. Custis said in a very cool, lordly sort of way, that he was thanking Miss Gartney for what she had done for him; that it was his intention to leave us in the morning, and he hoped to express his sense of obligation to each of the family. Ethel went off to her room, and after a while I saw she was crying; but I was vexed, and did not speak to her.

The next morning, when we got up, we found them both gone! O dear, that was the worst trial of all; for I thought Adam would never forgive me, after leaving her in my care, and mother was almost crazy thinking of Uncle Gartney, who hadn't returned from Georgia. We couldn't trace them, only that a fishing smack was found adrift next day, and a vessel which had been hovering mysteriously about the coast for some little time, was not seen any more. So we concluded they had gone off in her.

I wrote Adam as well as I could—it was my first letter to him for several weeks, we had been so busy. I had to go to his letters, which Ethel left lying about, to find his address, and I learned from them he was in hospital in Washington, and had asked Ethel to come on there. She had plenty of friends with whom she could stay, and he wrote that it seemed as if he should get well with the sight of her.

O, what a cruel blow it would be to him to find her false! I loathed my own hand because it must inflict such pain. But there was nothing left; so I wrote, giving every particular.

A few lines came in return, from a chaplain, saying that Captain Bloss acknowledged the receipt of my letter, that he was pretty severely wounded and could not write at present. And with that I had to wait.

We went up to the woods early that spring, and the season began just as usual. But ah me! what changes there are beside what the seasons make! Prints of Adam and Ethel seemed stamped on everything before me.

No letter came from Adam till mid-summer; then he wrote many pages. He had returned to the field quite recovered in body, he said. I was afraid he might not refer to Ethel; but he did, fully and freely.

"You know me so well," he wrote, "that it is a consolation to go over the phases of my unfortunately placed love, with you. I do not wonder that I loved Ethel, for she was too beautiful not to love. But I believe if I had been associated with her for a year, I should never have expressed my love, nor indulged the idea of regarding her as my wife. My judgment always perceived evidences of

shallowness in her character, but my passion declared them compensated by that sweet, womanly trustfulness which constituted my ideal. Circumstances do not alter my analysis of our engagement. I felt what I now express before I declared my love to her, but I trusted all to the guarding, guiding influence of love. Had I been with her—had I married her, I think I could have saved her from inconstancy; at any rate, I should always have idolized her. A keen pang, a sharp, corroding regret remains of that which was perfect felicity; and yet I cannot curse her."

I answered this directly, with a simple chronicle of our life, feeling instinctively that Adam would like to know of all that he associated so tenderly with his lost love. And he answered me; but his letters grew less and less frequent, less and less interested in the past, and finally ceased altogether. It was a new pang, certainly, to feel utterly parted from him; but then from the time I first knew that he would love Ethel I had no thought, that, come what might, he could ever think of me as he did of her—we were too different. My life, too, expanded. The suggestions and incentives of Adam, had given me new motives and pursuits. I studied and struggled.

The summer following that of Ethel's elopement we did not go up to the woods. Mother was rather feeble, and I had established a school in A——, which gave us all we needed for our support. The following winter we got a situation in Boston, and we removed there. It was a harder life to lead than that up in the forest; it drained my buoyancy of mind and toned down my vigor of body.

I don't think it improved me according to God's plan of improvement; but the people who called me a coarse hoyden at first, began to say that I was developing into a magnificent woman. Perhaps it was better to have my hair wound up about my head than hanging in those stiff, straight plaits below my waist; and certainly long skirts are more graceful than short ones; but if my mind is fertile or my brain strong, it is because I was nursed on the lap of the great forest. And as I live longer, I love my old self—my free, fresh heart, which paid its natural homage to Adam Bloss, my eager blood, that leaped with the pulse of the waterfall and was still with the murmur of the wood, and my strong limbs, which did not tremble in the storm, nor shrink where a town-trained woman would stand aghast.

I was thinking this wise one early April morning as I walked rapidly along the common. I used to go there for full, long breaths, when there were few astir.

To analyze implies consciousness; and consciousness in itself is imperfection, I said to myself, that day. How changed I am! I mused—all changed, but in that one wild dream of worship which time has not broken, nor experience condemned.

These thoughts were not unusual to me, and there was nothing remarkably coincidental in the fact that Adam Bloss was not three paces distant, while I was thinking them, that particular morning.

In blazing rooms and through busy toil, under the winter morn and the summer stars, my mind and memory had turned to him, and his image had stood between the proffer of other's hearts to mine. But dwelling quietly upon these thoughts, a shadow fell on the sunshine in my path, and I looked up, hastily.

It was Adam Bloss, certainly, who was coming towards me. He was changed, but I don't think eternity could have changed him beyond my recollection; though it was evident that three or four years had removed me beyond his, for he was about to pass me. But I put my hand out.

"Have you forgotten me, Adam Bloss?"

He startled a moment—a flush went across his face, and he remembered me.

"But, Milly—"

"Well, Adam?"

"Time has been working wonders with you," he said.

"It has not caused me to forget old friends."

He laughed, and we lapsed into easy and familiar talk as we walked along. He heard my history and I his. He went home with me to breakfast, and delighted mother's heart with his stories of the war.

"But, Adam, I thought you meant to stay till the end?"

"I believe that the end is virtually come. If not, I shall return. I have been lying very low with fever, and came home for economy in recovering."

"Well, it is school-time now, and I must go," I said.

But day after day Adam Bloss came back to me. Together we shared the piercing emotions of those crowded April days; together, too, we spoke of all our past.

"And Ethel?" I asked, at length.

"They were married on the ship," he said,

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"and are now in France." And then with a moment's hesitancy and embarrassment, he continued, "Through all these years, through the dull, dreary days of camp life and of suffering in hospital, I have studied much upon my own heart, its nature and its needs, and often and often have perplexed myself with wondering how I could have loved Ethel and not you.—Don't interrupt me, Millicent—above all, however you may answer me, do not jest with me;" for somehow, some light satire came into my eyes, which he read.

"I never dreamed of loving you, then," he said, "yet for two years back the thought of you only has filled my heart. By day and night I have dwelt upon your character and realized how gloriously it answered my needs. I would not write to you. I wanted to hold myself aloof from you and let my vague longings for you crystallize. Some words you spoke—"I would do anything in the world for you, Adam,"—have been my hope and my support. Had I thought of you so altered—so brilliant, I would have feared to have trusted time; but picturing you alone with your own free tastes, and untrammelled heart, among your mountains, I believed that memory still kept a place wide enough for love to fill. Millicent, have I waited in vain?"

I did not speak; I had always known I should not, if Adam Bloss tendered his love to me. The old, adoring feeling, the passion of self-abandonment, the trust and the triumph of my life's one love, came over me. I closed my eyes and stretched my hands towards him. I was folded upon his breast, and lay tranced in my utter love for him.

"My Millicent! my Destiny!"

"O, Adam! I am yours; do with me as you will!"

FRENCH BALLS AND PARTIES.

A French young gentleman asking a lady, will request not the *pleasure* but the *honor* of dancing with her. If she is under the care of a chaperon, he will treat the chaperon with exactly the same respect as he would her mother. Dancers of *bon ton* never take off their gloves, nor venture to squeeze their partner's hand, nor press their own against her side in a galop, and especially a waltz. The moment she wishes to interrupt that dance, they drop their arm instantly. If they are dancing with a single lady, their respectful reserve becomes still more marked. The dance over, they offer their arm to conduct her to her place, where, bowing lowly, they thank her for the honor she has done them, and retire. A young lady should never be seen to converse intimately with her partner. It is uncivil, even blamable, on the part of the gentleman, to attempt to establish anything like familiar intercourse. At a ball it is not allowable for the same partners to dance too frequently together.

At French balls, it *is* allowable to ask a lady to dance without being formally introduced to her—which has both more convenience and more common sense than our strict exigence of a presentation. In good society, *nobody* is supposed to be invited who is not fit company for the other guests. *Any* gentleman, therefore, present is supposed to be an eligible, or at least a permissible partner for any lady.

Invitations to a ball should be sent out at least a fortnight before-hand, to give time for the preparation of the ladies' dresses. Too brief an invitation looks as if the party invited were merely a stop-gap, an after-thought to fill up the vacancy caused by other refusals, or even as if they were not wished to come. When an invitation cannot be accepted, it should be declined with thanks and expressions of regret at the earliest possible opportunity.

Dance as other people dance; neither better nor worse. After dancing, you may not lead a lady to any other seat than that which she occupied before. Do not delay asking a lady to dance until the orchestra has already struck up. Never remain at a ball till daylight, unless you wish to be painfully undeceived in respect to both good looks and dress. You do not take leave of your hosts on quitting a ball, but call or drop a card within a fortnight afterwards. It is quite enough for the entertainers to undergo the fatigue of receiving. The quietest way of quitting is the best. Apropos to which, and what to avoid, take the following:

A German lady, who had been to Paris, was making a call on a friend in Frankfort. Wishing to show she had profited by her travels, when she rose to take leave, she hunted about the room for her pocket-handkerchief, without paying attention to anybody present, but upsetting tables and chairs, and smashing one or two China ornaments.

"Good heavens, madame, what are you about?" asked the lady of the house.

"I am leaving the room, madame, *a la Française.*"

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Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

During the past month a startling drama was enacted in Washington, and some of the principal characters in it have been before the public for weeks, but much of the interest attached to them had died out, for we all supposed that President Johnson would take time to examine the documents placed before him, and only sign them after hearing some dozen different parties for or against the sentences. But to the surprise of all, the president signed the death warrants, and ordered an immediate execution. He knew the pressure that would be brought to bear for a reprieve, or change of sentence, if time was allowed, and that time he was not willing to give. As it was he had to deny himself to all to escape the pleadings of agonized hearts. Had he witnessed the anguish that some of the young ladies displayed, he would have faltered, for no man could have endured it. The people would not have been surprised had Mrs. Surratt been reprieved and sentenced to some prison for life. But the president and his advisers thought she was as guilty as the rest, and she went with her companions—travelled that dark road of which so much is said and so little known. The murder of President Lincoln is avenged.——We have assurances from Washington that the army is still further to be reduced, and that the expenses of all the departments are to be cut down as fast as possible. This is good news for the tax payers, and they can stand a large amount of such legislation. We must save money if we would pay the interest of the debt promptly.——From Wilmington, N. C., we have alarming reports of yellow fever and small pox, two diseases that will make sad havoc with the poorer classes of the population. It is stated that the negroes are dying by hundreds through neglect and want of forethought.——The Atlantic telegraph cable before this reaches the hands of our readers, will be laid, or will result in failure. The managers now are sanguine of success. The English government has guaranteed eight per cent. on the stock if the cable remains in working order; but the London Times in speaking of the cable and the guarantee clause, remarks: All systems of government guarantee of this kind are in themselves radically bad, and opposed to every rule of free trade and commercial enterprise. In this case, however, the guarantee is not only at variance with the principles of political economy, but possesses its own special attributes of absurdity. Thus, in return for their guarantee, which is only to continue in force while the line is in working order, the government demand that the maximum charge for messages shall not exceed fifty cents per word. With such a tariff the line would be absolutely choked with messages, and the company, in return for its overwork and general maladministration of business, would only receive a revenue of $1,250,000 a year. At a tariff of $5 per word, on the contrary, the company, while guaranteeing a message to and the receipt of a reply from any part of the United States within 24 hours, would with ease earn a revenue of $5,000,000 a year, or nearly twice the cost of the present cable. In fact, the government guarantee is only conditional on the line being in working order, and while it is so working the company can, for the reason we have stated, do ten times better without it. If the shareholders are wise, the sooner they shake off this clog upon their enterprise the better. At present, it is estimated that the operation of telegraphing can be safely conducted, day and night, at the rate of from six to eight words a minute. Both Prof. Thompson and Mr. Varley, however, are confident that with the new machines they have invented this rate may be increased to nearly twelve words a minute. Such changes will add materially to the cost of publishing a paper, and we suppose that the messages to the journals will be short and sweet.——President Johnson has exchanged a few sharp words with some of the rich men of Virginia. They wanted him to repeal the $20,000 proclamation, so that they could obtain pardons, and set poor men to work. The president remarked: "You know perfectly well it was the wealthy men of the South who dragooned the people into secession. I lived in the South, and I know how the thing was done. Your State was overwhelmingly opposed to secession, but your rich men used the press and bullies, and our little army to force the State into secession. Take the $20,000 clause; suppose a man is worth more than that, now the war is over, and the chances are ten to one that he made it out of the rebellion by contracts, etc. We might as well talk plainly about the matter. I don't think you are so very anxious about relieving the poor. You want this clause removed so as to enable you to make money, don't you? If you are very eager to help the poor, why don't you take the surplus over the $20,000 you own, and give it to them? In that way you will help them, and bring yourselves within the benefits of the proclamation. I am free to say to you that I think some of you ought to be taxed on all over $20,000 to help the poor. When I was military governor of Tennessee, I assessed such taxes on those who had been wealthy leaders of the rebellion, and it had good effect." Sharp talk, that, and the delegation seemed to think so; they left the mansion in a reflective mood.——The corner-stone of the Gettysburg monument was laid on the Fourth of July. General Howard delivering the oration, and a very impressive, soldier-like one it was. The monument will attract thousands of visitors in the course of the year; it commemorates a great victory, and the resting place of the heroic dead. A letter was read from President Johnson, in which he said that God sent the people of the United States on a mission, and that we must perform it. Was it for the abolition of slavery?——It is reported that the Spanish government

will give up the rebel ram Stonewall, and that the United States will receive the present. We can well afford to take it.——Admiral Dupont left a noble legacy to his country and countrymen. All his prize money, some $175,000, he directed should be devoted to building an asylum for orphan children.——During the month news reached us that a large portion of Jefferson Davis's correspondence had been captured and forwarded to Washington for examination. It was secured in Florida, abandoned by those who had charge of it, as soon as they heard that Davis was a prisoner. Hundreds of private letters from Mrs. Davis, from military men, Northern doughfaces, and others, were found in the trunks, thus affording us some insight into Southern feeling, from the commencement of secession until a few days before it went down, never, we hope, to rise again. One of the letters from Mrs. Davis gives us some incidents of her life at Montgomery, Alabama. In writing of a female slave, she says: "The poor girl I thought of buying appealed to me as the wife of the president to take her out of the tavern, and looking so weary, said, 'I am so tired of being bought by first one negro trader and then another. If you have a little girl, as they say you have, I will wait upon her till I die if she will only be good to me.' It was an extravagant kind of sympathy, which I felt self-reproved for afterwards, though upon inquiry her character proved unexceptionable. I have found Jeffie D. a very good boy." She confesses that her heart softened a little under the appeal, but in an instant afterwards reproved herself for the sympathy that she had shown. In regard to the first families of Montgomery, she remarks: "I never saw such stupefied people as they seem out here. They never seem to think of any army but that of the West, and not to feel much interest in that. I asked the news the other day, and was answered 'nothing,' and upon seeing the paper, found there had been an engagement and victory at Vicksburg. They feel the war but little here, and everybody seems to be speculating. Colonel Powell is in trouble here, and I fear his having from a very moderate means raised the money for three plantations since he took contracts for the government looks very bad. I have felt so unhappy about the reported attack on Richmond, and every time a paper comes feel faint at the first note of danger. From your letter I think you feel depressed. Is it so?" No wonder he wrote while laboring under depression, for he saw the days of the Confederacy were numbered, and like Daniel Webster he was asking himself "where shall I go?" These letters will afford a curious bit of reading for many days to come.——Some of our readers will recollect that in April an English midshipman belonging to the English frigate Clio, lying in the harbor of Honolulu, amused himself, one night, by carrying off the eagle that was over the door of the legation. Our government demanded satisfaction, and it was given in a milk-and-water sort of manner; but that did not suit the dignity of the United States, and a more active demand was made, as though we were in earnest in what we said. Then came an ample apology, such a one as should have appeared in the first instance. By a letter from Honolulu we learn the particulars of the insult and who offered it. The letter says: "Since the arrival of the Clio, numerous little midnight depredations have been committed, such as removing signboards, barbers' poles, etc., which, no doubt, were looked upon by the depredators in the light of innocent amusements, but which were very annoying to those on whom they were inflicted. This was all very well as long as the pranks were played on private citizens; but one night the gay jokers went too far. Among the midshipmen of the Clio is a young fellow named Lord Charles Beresford, said to be a nephew of the Marquis of Waterford, who, it will be remembered, was notorious, when in New York some years ago, for prowling around in the night, smashing windows, wringing off door knockers, etc. It appears that Lord Charles has a penchant for the same style of amusement; and, being a 'scion of a noble stock,' thinks he has a right to take down anybody else's sign he pleases. On the night in question his lordship, with two of his chums, took the spread eagle from the gateway of the United States legation, sewed it up in a bag and took it on board the ship, doubtless intending to take it home as a trophy. But this time they were not to get off with impunity. They were pointed out to the officers by some of the native boatmen, and the missing monarch of the air was found stowed away in the berth of Master Beresford. The American residents were indignant, of course, and so was the minister. Several documents were exchanged between the latter and Captain Turnour, of the Clio, and finally the latter gentleman (who, by the way, is a gentleman, as his action in this matter has proved,) left the punishment of the offender to be named by Mr. McBride himself, who decided that if Charley was made to replace the eagle in open day, and apologize for its removal, he would let the matter drop. This was agreed to, and at ten o'clock the next day the 'scion' appeared on the ground, accompanied by his accomplices and the ship's carpenter, the latter of whom was proceeding to mount the bird in its place, when the minister stopped him. That wouldn't do. It must be replaced by him who had removed it. So his noble 'nibs,' hammer in hand, was obliged to mount the ladder and do the job himself. He then acquitted himself of his apology, thanking Mack for his extreme leniency, etc., and was ordered by his captain to go and apologize to his own commissioner, and then 'go aboard.'" Such jokes will no longer tax the patience of our ministers, for now that our war is over, John Bull will have a great respect for our ships, our country, and the force that we can raise.——A Georgia paper has published what is said to be a full account of the meeting, last winter, of Pres. Lincoln and Secretary Seward, with Stephens, Hunter and Campbell, the rebel commissioners who were to talk of terms of peace and secure an armistice for the Confederacy. The editor of the paper states that the account of the meeting and the prelude were furnished by Alexander H. Stephens, now confined in Fort Warren. Davis had no idea that success would attend the conference, but he wanted to fire the Southern heart with failure, by pretending that Mr. Lincoln would grant no terms and had no mercy. "The three Southern gentlemen met Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, and after some preliminary remarks, the subject of peace was opened. Mr. Stephens—well aware that one who asks much may get more than he who confesses to humble wishes at the outset—urged the claims of his section with that skill and address for which the Northern papers have given him credit. Mr. Lincoln, holding the vantage ground of conscious power, was, however, perfectly frank, and submitted his views almost in the form of an argument. During

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the interview, it appears that Hunter declared that he had never entertained any fears for his person or life from so mild a government as that of the United States. To which Mr. Lincoln retorted that he, also, had felt easy as to the rebels, but not always so easy about the lamp-posts around Washington city—a hint that he had already done more favors for the rebels than was exactly popular with the radical men of his own party. Mr. Lincoln's manner had now grown more positive. He suggested that it would be far better for the rebel States to return at once, than to risk the chances of continuing the war and the increasing bitterness of feeling in Congress. The time might come, he said, when they would not be considered as an erring people invited back to citizenship, but would be looked upon as enemies to be exterminated or ruined. During the conference the amendment to the Federal Constitution which had just been adopted by Congress, was read, providing that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except for crimes, should exist within the United States, or any place within its jurisdiction, and Congress should have power to enforce the amendment by appropriate legislation. Mr. Lincoln stated that it would be desirable to have the institution of slavery abolished by the consent of the people as soon as possible—he hoped within six years. He also stated that four hundred millions of dollars might be offered as compensation to the owners, and remarked, 'You would be surprised were I to give you the names of those who favor that.' Mr. Hunter said something about the inhumanity of leaving so many poor old negroes and young children destitute by encouraging the able-bodied negroes to run away, and asked what are they, the helpless—to do? Mr. Lincoln said that reminded him of an old friend in Illinois, who had a crop of potatoes and did not want to dig them. So he told a neighbor that he would turn in his hogs, and let them dig them for themselves. 'But,' said the neighbor, 'the frost will soon be in the ground, and when the soil is hard frozen, what will they do then?' To which the worthy farmer replied, 'Let 'em root!' Mr. Stephens said he supposed that was the original 'Root, Hog, or Die,' and a fair indication of the future of the negroes." We think that the account is correct, and feel glad that it is published. It is an important paper, showing as it does how the heart of Mr. Lincoln was softened, and how ready he was to give mercy to those who had been in arms against their country. As far as paying four hundred million dollars to the owners of slaves, he would have found a fierce opposition that would have cost him some of his popularity with the people, and we don't think that Congress would have voted the money. The temper of the North was not of that kind just then. We had the best of the Confederacy, and slavery fell in consequence, as every one expected that it would. But the negotiations failed, as we anticipated they would, and as Mr. Davis hoped, so he seized upon the occasion to inflame the Southern heart, and it remained inflamed until the collapse. Peace could have been made just as readily then as months later. But Davis willed there should be more bloodshed, and there was, just to gratify his ambition and vanity.—— President Johnson has a difficult task before him, and one that will test his statesmanship to the utmost. He is seeking to bring about the reconstruction of the States, and he is meeting with encouragement and opposition, just according to people's views on the great questions before the country. One class desires that all negroes shall vote, while another contends that they are not fit for universal suffrage, but will be, in the course of time, by the aid of education. It is hard to please all, so we don't wonder that the president is disposed to take no hasty steps until he is assured of the ground on which he stands. His path is beset with difficulties, but as he says that when he has tried one thing and it fails, he shall try another, we suppose that he will come out all right after a while. His position is no enviable one, just at this time.——Edmund Ruffin, the old ruffian who fired the first gun at Fort Sumter, blew out what little brains he possessed, on the ground that he did not wish to survive the liberties of his country. Pity there are not others to follow his example. We should soon have quietness and peace.——A Colonel Gayley, who offered to assassinate Mr. Lincoln for $1,000,000, has been arrested and lodged in a Washington prison. He says he was joking. It will be no joke to prove that he meant to be facetious.——It is reported that France is quite positive in her protection to Mexico, and will make war if we stir hand or foot to interfere in the emperor's wishes. We do not like to be threatened, and yet we have no desire to enter Mexican territory. Still, Napoleon might keep a civil tongue in his head, for all that. Threats only exasperate.

MODERN PIANO-FORTES.

Wonderful improvements have been made in the manufacture of piano-fortes during the past six years. In no country is there such a number of superb pianos turned out as in the United States, taking the average of several years as a criterion. Our manufacturers lead in this particular branch of industry, and their brows are wreathed with laurel, and their show-cases with gold and silver medals, the result of victories gained at fairs and public exhibitions.

To own a good piano is to afford pleasure to your family and friends, and to confer intellectual benefit on your children; but in placing a piano in your house, be sure of one thing—obtain a good one, even if it does cost fifty or a hundred dollars more than a poor instrument. The benefit of such a course is too great to need commendation.

The next best advice that we can give is, to be careful and select a piano that has been made by some firm of acknowledged reputation, who value their work more than money. Such a firm as HALLET, DAVIS & CO. would prefer to sink their capital rather than risk their fame as manufacturers of the best quality of piano-fortes. They are known all over this country, a portion of Europe, and in Chili and Peru their pianos are seen in all the drawing-rooms of the aristocracy. The instruments have won their way through merit alone, and in the face of active competition.

One of our firm has owned a piano manufactured by HALLET, DAVIS & CO. for the past seven years. It has been in constant use, and yet is as good, the tone as pure, as when it left the warehouse. Another member of the firm has owned a HALLET, DAVIS & CO. piano-forte for six months, and is so delighted with it, that he would not dispose of it for a hundred dollars more than he paid for the same. So we will conclude this article by wishing success to the model piano-forte manufacturers of the United States.

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The Florist.

Harebell.

It is rather curious, that though few poets can write a sonnet without mentioning the harebell, and though it is sure to be introduced in every eloquent prose description of country scenery, botanists cannot exactly decide what plant is meant by the name—some supposing it to be the beautiful little blue *Campanula rotundifolia*, and others, the wild hyacinth, *Scilla non-scripta*. As the original word is said to have been "air-bell," it is most probable that it was the campanula that was so first designated, and that is alluded to by the poets; as the tender blue of its flowers is so near the color of the skies, as not to require any great exertion of poetic fancy to call it a bell of air; and as its slender stem has sufficient elasticity to rise again when lightly trodden on.

Helianthemum.

The sun-rose. Low shrubs, generally used for planting on rockwork, and strongly resembling the cistus, or rock-rose. As most of the species are rather tender, they require protection during winter. For this reason, they are either grown in pots, which are placed on the rockwork among the stones, or taken up and re-potted in winter, to be planted out again in spring. The soil should be a compost of loam and peat. They are generally increased by seeds, which they ripen in abundance.

Halesia.

The snowdrop tree. American low trees, which generally form very handsome hardy shrubs. The snowdrop tree flowers freely, and its stem droops gracefully over water. The flowers are white, and resemble those of the snowdrop; and the seed is curiously winged. The species will grow in any soil or situation. They are generally propagated by layers, though they all ripen seed abundantly in England.

Tree Pœony.

A low-growing shrub, blooming the last of May or early in June, and making a splendid show of large rose-colored, red, lilac and white flowers, from four to six, or even ten inches in diameter. When in full flower the stems can scarcely be seen for the profusion of bloom. Some of the varieties are single, others double. They are increased by suckers and layers.

The Columbine.

Perennial herbaceous plants, growing from one to two feet high, of which several species are very ornamental; more especially the common columbine. They grow in any common soil that is dry; and the species are increased by seeds which will keep a long time, and the varieties by division of the root.

Fedia (Horns.)

F. cornucopiæ, formerly considered to belong to the genus *Valeriana*, is a coarse-growing, weedy-looking plant, with pink flowers, and curious seed-pods, shaped like the figures we see of the Cornucopia, or Horn of Plenty. It is an annual, and the seeds only require sowing in the open border.

Convolvulus.

Well-known splendid climbing plants, hardy and half-hardy, annual and perennial. They all require a light but rich soil, and will grow well in a compost of equal parts of heath mould and loam, enriched with about the proportion of a fourth part to the whole, of decayed leaves, or thoroughly rotten manure; and they should be trained against stakes or trellis-work, as their stems are too feeble to support themselves.

Ardisia.

A genus of stove shrubs, of which *A. lentiginosa* is very ornamental for its scarlet fruit. They all grow in loam and peat, and cuttings root freely in sand, in a moist heat under a hand-glass. They may also be increased by cuttings of the root placed in heat.

Argemone.

Prickly poppy. Highly ornamental hardy annuals and perennials from Mexico, with large flowers like those of the poppy, and of the easiest culture. The plants spreading widely, require a good deal of room to look handsome.

Hedysarum.

The French honeysuckle. The species are mostly hardy biennials and perennials, which require only the usual treatment of their respective kinds. They will grow well in any rich light soil, and they are increased by division of their roots and by seeds.

Japan Globe-flower.

The shoots are deep green, three to four feet high, and covered in June and July with double yellow globular flowers. It frequently blooms into September, is hardy, suckers freely, almost too much to be kept within bounds.

Claytonia.

Hardy herbaceous plants, some annual and some perennial, with pretty pink and white flowers, but having rather a weedy appearance. They grow best in a peat border, and are increased by seeds, which sometimes ripen in abundance.

Feather Grass.

A beautiful kind of grass, well worth growing to form tufts in flower borders, from its feathery lightness and graceful habit of growth. It should be grown in light rich soil; and it is propagated by seed, or dividing the roots.

Upright Honeysuckle.

The Tartarian is the more common sort, grows six to ten feet high, and blooms profusely in June. The flowers are followed by red berries, which also add to its ornamental qualities. It is entirely hardy, and of most easy culture.

Ammobium.

A kind of everlasting flower, with a yellow disk and white ray like a daisy. It is generally grown from seeds as an annual; but by striking cuttings, it may be kept two or three years.

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The Housewife.

Fillet of Veal.

The fillet derives much of its pleasant flavor from being stuffed. The stuffing should be placed in the hollow place whence the bone is extracted, and the joint should be roasted a beautiful brown; it should be roasted gradually, as the meat being solid will require to be thoroughly done through without burning the outside. In roasting, care must be taken that it is not at first placed too near the fire; the fat of a loin, one of the most delicate joints of veal, should be covered with greased paper; a fillet, also, should have on the caul until nearly cooked enough; the shoulder should be thoroughly boiled; when nearly done dredge with flour, and produce a fine froth.

Ginger Beer.

Boil gently, in a gallon of water, three tablespoonsful of cream of tartar, three of ginger, and a lemon cut in slices. When it has boiled half an hour, take it from the fire, strain and sweeten to your taste; white sugar is the best, but brown sugar or molasses answers very well. Put to it, when lukewarm, half a pint of fresh yeast. Turn it off carefully when fermented, bottle it, and keep it in a cool place. It will be fit to drink in the course of seven or eight days.

White Spruce Beer.

Three pounds of loaf sugar; five gallons of water; with enough of essence of spruce to give it a flavor; a cup of good yeast; a little lemon-peel, if you choose; and when fermented, bottle it up close. It is a delightful beverage in warm weather.

To clean Kid Gloves.

First see that your hands are clean, then put on your gloves, and wash them as though you were washing your hands, in a basin of turpentine, until quite clean; hang them up in a warm place, or where there is a good current of air, which will carry off the smell of the turpentine. This method was brought from Paris, and many thousand dollars have been made by it.

For Diarrhœa.

Parch half a pint of rice until it is perfectly brown; boil it down as usually done, and eat it slowly, and it will check, if not entirely stop, the most violent diarrhœa in a few hours. Ordinarily, a little brandy, say half a wineglassful, with loaf sugar dissolved in it, will have the same effect. However, it is better, in all cases, to avoid alcohol as a medicine, if other antidotes can be had. In the more obstinate cases, where brandy is used, its efficacy is increased by stirring it with a red-hot iron.

Cure for Headaches.

Make a mixture of two parts of ice and one part of salt, and apply it by means of a little purse of silk gauze, with a rim of gutta percha, to limited spots on the forehead or other parts of the scalp, where rheumatic headache is felt. The skin is subjected to the process from half a minute to one and a half minute, and it is rendered hard and white.

Sore Throat.

Take a glass of olive oil, and half a glass of spirits of turpentine, mix them together, and rub the throat externally, wearing flannel round it at the same time. It should be applied in the early stages of the disease to insure entire success. Sweet oil will answer equally well.

Dr. Boerhaave's Rules.

This great man left, as a legacy to the world, the following simple and unerring directions for preserving health; they contain the sum and substance of his vast professional knowledge, during a long and useful life:—"Keep the feet warm, the head cool, and the body open." If these were generally attended to, the physician's aid would seldom be required.

Charcoal.

In poisons by carbonic gas, remove the patient to open air, dash cold water on the head and body, and stimulate the nostrils and lungs by hartshorn, at the same time rubbing the chest briskly.

For Corns.

Take white pine turpentine, spread a plaster, apply it to the corn, let it stay on till it comes off of itself. Repeat this three times. It is also good for wounds.

Apple Cake.

Take one pound and a half of white sugar, two pounds of apples pared and cut thin, and the rind of a large lemon; put a pint of water to the sugar, and boil it to a syrup; put the apples to it, and boil it quite thick. Put it into a mould to cool, and send it cold to table, with a custard or cream poured round it.

Coffee Milk.

Boil a dessertspoonful of coffee in nearly a pint of milk a quarter of an hour, then put in a little isinglass and clear it, and let it boil a few minutes, and set it on the fire to grow fine.

Curry Soup.

Cut the meat from an ox-cheek, and soak it well; put in a stewpan, with three onions cut in slices, and a bunch of pot herbs; add three quarts of water; remove the scum frequently, and strain; add half a pound of soaked rice, one teaspoonful of curry powder, a little pepper and salt, and stew four hours.

Soup and Bouilli.

Stew a brisket of beef, with some turnips, carrots, onions and celery, all cut small; put the beef into the pot first, then the roots; add a few cloves, and a half pint of beef gravy; simmer an hour; add sufficient beef gravy to fill the pan; boil gently for half an hour.

Rice Soup.

Steep some fine rice in cold water for an hour, say four ounces; then boil it; add three quarts of gravy; add a pinch of cayenne, a little salt, and boil five minutes.

Clear Pea Soup.

Boil in two quarts of gravy a quart of young peas; add a lettuce, cut fine, and a small sprig of mint.

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Curious Matters.

The Dante Statue at Florence.

The Florence correspondent of the London Times says: "A touching incident has been related to me in connection with the unveiling of the colossal statue of Dante on the Piazza Santa Croce. The sculptor, Pazzi, a native of the city in which Dante died, had his aged father living in Ravenna. Just four days before that fixed for the festival, news came that the old man was sick unto death. The son, with a natural craving to see him once more in life and close his eyes, would have hurried away at once. But the moment was critical, and his presence in Florence all important. There was still much to be done which he alone could properly direct; the pedestal and its ornaments were incomplete, and had to be temporarily finished so as to pass muster at the ceremony; the committee for the erection of the monument declared it impossible to spare the artist, and put a resolute veto on his departure. Natural affection had to yield to the voice of public duty. Had the sculptor absented himself, a postponement of the celebration, or at least some great deficiency, must have been the result. So poor Pazzi had to remain, and his triumph as an artist, the king's flattering words, and the mark of distinction bestowed upon him were embittered by the news of his father's death."

Uncertain Property.

A certain house in New South Wales must have been an exciting one to live in. It was the cottage of Evan Jenkins, near Tredegar. A boy passing by one morning thought that he observed a movement of part of the masonry. On watching it more narrowly, he was satisfied that the frame-work of the window was sinking. He ran to the door and alarmed the inmates, who were seated round the table at breakfast. They immediately ran into the road, and had scarcely done so when the house began to sink through the ground, and in a very short time was entirely out of sight, leaving the site upon which it had stood an open chasm, filled to within some yards of the road with earth and stones which had fallen in from the sides. It would seem that the ground on which the cottage was raised stood over a disused colliery, and the earth must have first given way at a depth of fully a hundred feet below the surface.

Long Sleep.

At the last sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, a paper was received from Dr. Blanchet, on three curious cases of constitutional lethargic slumber. One of them was that of a lady twenty-four years of age, who having slept for forty days at the age of eighteen, and fifty days at the age of twenty, during her honeymoon, at length had a fit of sleep which lasted nearly a whole year, from Easter Sunday, 1862, to March, 1863.

Ancient Relics.

Traces of that ancient civilised race who formerly occupied Central America, Mexico and the valley of the Mississippi have lately been found in Arizona, existing in greater perfection than anywhere else on the continent. Ancient forts have been found on the highest peaks of the mountains, and towns of great size are seen in almost all the valleys, while broken pottery and household utensils of all kinds are strewn over the entire territory. As the country is full of extinct volcanos, it is conjectured that the inhabitants were driven away by their former eruptions.

Glass Turning.

Glass may even be turned in a lathe. Strange as it seems, this is literally true. No special tools even are needed; any amateur turner who has operated on either of the metals may chuck a piece of glass in his lathe, and turn it with the same tools, and in the same way, as he would a piece of steel, only taking care to keep the chips from his eyes. This strange discovery was made, almost accidentally, in the early part of 1860, by one of our most celebrated mechanical engineers, and might have been patented, but the inventor contented himself with simply putting it on record, and generously presented it to the nation. The consequence was, that no one cared or thought about it, and the idea has been suffered to lie nearly barren, though capable of being turned to great account.

A very big Spider!

We find the following gravely stated in several exchanges: "A sudden panic fell upon the worshipers on Easter Day in a large church at Lisbon. An enormous spider was suddenly seen to descend to an ancient web that is said to have existed for many years. The creature was so formidable that the women began to scream, and a scene of general terror and excitement followed. When captured, it was found to be, with legs extended, nearly five feet long, and weighing six pounds." Where is Agassiz?

Remarkable Wounds.

The editor of the Portland Courier says he has seen a returned soldier alive and apparently well, who had been shot directly through the head, the hole where the ball entered and passed out being distinctly visible. There is a similar well known case on record in the medical books, of a man who, while engaged in blasting rocks, had an iron drill two feet long and an inch in diameter blown through his brains without any serious result.

A Nation of Ale-Drinkers.

Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer of England, in his late financial report, calculates that the regular yearly allowance of malt liquor to each adult male in that country is six hundred quarts—nearly two quarts a day. Two hundred millions of dollars a year are expended for what Mr. Gladstone terms the "national drink;" and he adds, with a sort of glowing satisfaction, that there are no signs of the taste for it dying out.

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Facts and Fancies.

DRIVING OFF THE FOG.

On a late trip of the steamer Express, round from Nashville, she was detained several hours by fog. Captain McComas, anxious to get along, did not stop his boat, but kept her cautiously moving forward, having both eyes wide open for any obstacle. Passing to the stern of the boat to take an observation, he was met by a passenger, who said to him:

"Captain, why don't you drive off the fog?"

"Just the thing I should like to have you tell me how to do."

"Come down into the cabin, and I'll tell you how an old German friend of mine once did it."

In a few minutes afterwards they were comfortably seated in the cabin, when the passenger commenced by saying:

"I shall expect you will believe it, and of course try the experiment. In the rich valley of the Mohawk, there is a quiet little village called Spraker's Basin. Not many years ago, and before there was such a thing as a railroad in the State of New York, the veritable Mr. Spranker, the patriarch and founder of Spraker's Basin, was keeping a tavern a mile or so from the village, upon the thoroughfare known as Johnstown road. Spraker's, as it is generally called, was in early times the great rendezvous for the Mohawk farmers, while journeying to Albany with their wheat, and of the Jefferson and Lewis county drovers. Now and then a New York merchant, on his trip to the Northern settlements, was to be seen before the great wood fire in Spraker's tavern. This class of travellers were held in much respect by old Spraker and the honest Dutch farmers on the river. One of this class accosted the old man on the porch, one foggy morning, with—

"'Mr. Spraker, do you have much of this sort of weather down here in this valley?'

"'O, yah, put we tont mind it, Mr Stewart; I has a way of triving it off. 'Ish no matter at all, tish fog.'

"'How's that, Mr. Spraker? I should like to know the process of driving off a fog.'

"'Well, I will tell you. I takes a tram and goes out and feeds te pigs, ant if te fog tont go off putty soon, I takes anoder tram, and den I goes out and fodders te cattle, and if te fog aint gone py tis time, I takes anoder tram, and den I goes out and chops wood like dunder, and if te fog tont go py tis time, I takes anoder tram, and so on, Mr. Stewart, I keeps a doin' till de fog all goes away.'

"'Well, upon my word, Mr. Spraker, this is a novel mode of getting clear of a fog. How many drams did you ever take of a morning, before you succeeded in driving off the fog?'

"'Let me see. About two years ago I tink I had to take about twenty drams, *but it was a ver foggy morning.*'"

NATIONAL WIT.

Italian wit is highly dramatic, spontaneous, genial. Among its proverbs are, "The dog earns his living by wagging his tail." "Make yourselves all honey, and the flies will devour it." "The smiles of a pretty woman are the tears of the purse." "He who takes an eel by the tail, or a woman by the tongue, is sure to come off empty-handed."

The characteristic of Spanish wit is excessive stateliness. Of their proverbs, "He who has nothing to do, let him buy a ship or marry a wife." "From many children and little bread, good Lord deliver us." "A fool is never a fool unless he knows Latin."

French wit is characterised by *finesse*, brilliancy, dexterity, point, brevity. In repartee the French are unrivalled. Their conversation is not only an art, but a fine art. In punning they are unequalled. In no literature are there so many proverbs which speak disparagingly of the fair sex. "Man is fire, woman is tow—the devil comes and blows." "A woman conceals only what she doesn't know." "To get chickens, one must coax the hen." "Scratch people where they itch."

A YOUNG CRITIC.

A correspondent, in speaking of Macready, the actor, mentions a little incident connected with his New Orleans engagement. He says:

In the same hotel where Macready resided during his first engagement in New Orleans, lived a gentleman who enjoyed the tragedian's friendship and intimacy. Mr. Drake had with him a son, about four years of age, a bright, intelligent boy, who became an especial favorite of Macready. The great actor, frequently after delighting a large audience with his conceptions of Shakspeare or Byron, would, with a simple pleasure that did him honor, take the little Thaddy on his knee, and in friendly prattle pass a half hour away. Thaddy, in one of those confidential moments, expressed a longing desire to go to the theatre and see his elderly friend act.

"Very well," said the tragedian, "I'll ask your father to let you go to-morrow night."

Accordingly the request was made and granted, and on the night appointed, father and son made a portion of one of the most brilliant assemblages that ever gathered within the walls of the St. Charles. The play was "King Lear." Macready never acted more beautifully. The frenzy and pathos of the choleric king were faithfully delineated; and in the great storm-scene, where Lear is exposed to the fury of the tempest, with the lightning playing around his aged head, the frenzied gestures and sublime pathos of the great actor drew down thunders from the front of the house, which drowned the noise of the mimic tempest on the stage most effectually. Macready left the theatre, with the applause still ringing in his ears.

We all have our weaknesses, and the great actor could not feel entirely satisfied even with the ovation bestowed on him by refined ladies and gray-headed critics. He wanted a titbit of admiration, *bonne bouche*, from little Thaddy. So, on the following day, he took the first opportunity in his conversation with his young friend, to elicit his childish opinions of his acting.

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"O, it is beautiful, Mr. Cready!" said the boy.

"You were pleased with the play, then, Thaddy?" said the gratified tragedian.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Cready," answered Thaddy.

"Now, what did you think I was doing, when I was in the rain, and when it was thundering and lightning so much?"

"O, I felt so sorry for you," said Thaddy. "You did that very well, though, Mr. Cready."

"Ah, when I was throwing my arms about; you know what I did that for?"

"O yes, indeed! and I wanted to help you so much!"

Macready was very much affected and gratified with his childish sympathy.

"Well, come now, give me your opinion. What was I about? What did you want to assist me in doing? What was I doing in that storm?"

"O, I knew very well," replied Thaddy, warming up at the remembrance of the previous night's performance; "*you were catching lightning-bugs!*"

A WONDERFUL DREAM.

Everybody has heard wonderful stories of dreams that came true, resulting in marvellous discoveries of wealth, revelations of crime, and mysterious information of various sorts. Skeptical people are at liberty to believe, of course, what they please, but the following story comes to us well authenticated, and the finale is, we think, quite original. The dreamer was a gentleman residing in one of a row of houses in a street in South Brooklyn; to mention names might be unpleasant. He dreamed one night that he had discovered at his house a hidden closet, which was stored with silver and other valuable articles, sufficient to set him up in the world as a man of wealth. In the morning he told his wife, who, like a sensible woman, asked him what he had eaten before he went to bed, and warned him of the ill effects of late suppers.

The next night he went to bed as usual, when lo, the same dream was repeated. To doubt any longer would be to fly in the face of fortune that was opening the portals of wealth to the happy dreamer. He resolved upon an exploration. Modern-built houses, put up in rows for speculation, to sell or rent, do not present any architectural intricacies where a closet might be stowed away unperceived; the lines are rectangular, and every inch of space saved. The hidden closet with the treasure must be somewhere in the walls. With a hammer the dreamer went about the house, sounding the walls, for indications of the concealed receptacle. At last his search was rewarded. A blow struck on the wall brought forth a metallic jingle in response. He struck again, and the same musical echo came forth. Bewildering visions of wealth arose before the delighted ——; he called his wife to behold the realization of his dream. Two or three vigorous blows brought down the plaster from the wall, broke through the lath, and revealed an aperture, through which Mr. —— thrust his hand, and brought forth a handful of spoons and forks! Mrs. —— now suggested that they had better proceed cautiously, and keep their good fortune quiet. The hole in the wall was covered up, and the happy couple retired to discuss their fortune. In a few minutes they were startled by a violent ring at the front door-bell. Mr. —— responded to the summons, and found on the stoop his next door neighbor, in a state of intense excitement.

"Are you the proprietor of this house?" said the visitor.

"I am," said Mr. ——.

"Then, sir, allow me to tell you that there is a robber in your house, who has been committing burglary on my premises, by breaking through your wall into a closet, and stealing my silver-ware."

Mr. ——'s countenance underwent an extraordinary change of expression as the truth flashed upon him. He rushed up stairs to take a closer inspection of his secret closet, when the true state of the case was soon disclosed. The houses were separated by a partition wall, and Mr. —— had realised his dream *by breaking into his neighbor's premises, and had "struck silver" in the storeroom next door.* A full explanation had to be made to satisfy the injured neighbor. The spoons were restored, the wall repaired, and the strictest secrecy enjoined and promised, but the joke was too good to keep, and we publish it as a caution to people addicted to dreaming.

A WIFE THAT DIDN'T SUIT.

Many years ago, there resided in a town in one of the Western States, twelve jovial old citizens, who met on the first of every January, for social and convivial intercourse. Wine, wit, good-will towards themselves and "the rest of mankind," reigned around their ample board. At one of these re-unions, a proposition was offered and unanimously concurred in, that each member should state the character and qualities of his wife, without concealment, be the same good or otherwise. The disclosure commenced, and each one pictured in glowing terms the admirable belongings of his better half. One, however, member S——, remained silent and absorbed, apparently in deep reflection. He was urged to respond to the common pledge, but still remained obstinately reticent. At last, on being assured and re-assured that what he disclosed would never be mentioned outside of the precincts of the club, he said, "Gentlemen, you have given flattering, even angelic descriptions of your wives, and I have no doubt each one of you has told the truth. Mrs. —— and myself have lived together harmoniously for forty years. She is an exemplary wife, a kind mother, a good Christian, and charitable to the poor; her hand and heart is ever open to the afflicted; her neighbors, and all who know her, say she possesses every lovely attribute that should adorn female character; but confound my eyes if she suits me!"

CANADIAN YANKEEISM.

Over the line, in Canada, they are quite as inquisitive as their Yankee neighbors—probably the south wind carries the infection over—and they are certainly more in danger than the Jersey farmers would be of yellow fever with the quarantine at Sandy Hook. Some years since, the receiver general was travelling on steamboat with considerable funds for the government, and for the sake of safety and privacy he engaged the whole of the ladies' cabin. The passengers were all alive to ascertain the reason of this arrangement, and especially to know what business the great man could have on hand to require so much room and money. At length one of them, more bold than the rest, ventured to introduce the subject as the re-

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ceiver was walking the deck, and approaching him, asked if he was engaged on a government contract.

"Yes," was the gruff reply.

"A very large one?"

"Yes, very large."

"May I ask what it is?"

"Yes."

"Well, pray, sir, what is it?"

"Why, you see," said the receiver-general, with great seriousness, "the queen of England has made a present to the king of Siam of his half of Lake Ontario, and I am engaged to bottle it off!"

No more questions asked.

A POLICE COURT SCENE.

During one of the hottest nights of last week, a fellow was picked up from a gutter, and taken before the Police Court, where he was recognized as an old acquaintance.

"David," said his honor, as soon as he had laid his eyes on him, "are you here again? Did you not promise me last week that you would not get drunk again, if I'd let you off?"

"Keep cool, your honor," replied the prisoner, with brazen impudence, "keep cool—that's what I have been trying to do."

"But you are charged with being beastly drunk, and were found lying in the gutter."

"Drunk—not guilty. Lying in the gutter—guilty."

"What were you lying in the gutter for, if you were not drunk?"

"You see, your honor," replied David, with the air of a lawyer, "it was monstrous hot last night—hot as Tophet—couldn't sleep; drank three glasses of lemonade, and a gallon and a half of pump-water; hot yet; jumped into the Frog Pond; felt nice, but couldn't sleep; then, your honor, I come out again, and drank another gallon of pump-water; pumped gutter full, laid down in it, felt comfortable, went to sleep, dreamed I was rich, riding in my own coach and four round the north pole—woke up, found myself in the station-house, trying to keep cool—that's all."

"The usual fine," said the court. "Call the next case."

A CHRONIC TOPER.

Uncle John Morris was a chronic toper. One day while returning from the tavern, he found locomotion impossible, and brought up in the corner of a worm fence, where he remained standing. He had been there only a few minutes, when the minister came along.

"Uncle John," said he, "where do you suppose you will go when you come to die?"

"If I can't go any better than I can now, I shan't go anywhere," replied Uncle John.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

A Norwegian fable satisfactorily accounts for the short tail of the bear. The bear, it seems, was once met by a fox who carried a load of fish, and who, in answer to the question how he had obtained them, replied that he had caught them by angling. The bear expressed a desire to know an art so useful, when the fox informed him that he had only to make a hole in the ice, and insert his tail. "You must stop long enough, and not mind if it hurts you a little," said his friendly adviser, "for a sensation of pain is a sure sign that you have a *bite*. The longer the time, the more the fish. Nevertheless, when you have a good strong bite, be sure you pull out." The credulous bear followed the instructions, and kept his tail in the hole till it was frozen fast. When he pulled, the end of the tail came off; and hence the shortness of the appendage at the present day.

CURRAN'S CASE.

Curran, on one occasion, was employed on behalf of the plaintiff in a case of assault. The plaintiff had called the defendant some ugly names, and threatened him, and the defendant had taken the law into his own hands, and thrashed his opponent. Curran, however, would not hear of any palliating circumstances. The plaintiff had been struck by the defendant; no matter what offence had been given, the defendant had no right to strike and abuse his ill-used client, etc.

"Mr. Curran," said the judge, "if a man met you in the street, called you a scoundrel, and spat in your face, what would you do?"

"What would I do?" said Curran. "Bedad, I'd knock him down as flat as a pancake!"

It is almost unnecessary to say that the plaintiff lost his case.

AN IMPUDENT ACTOR.

Reeve was in the habit of taking great liberties with his audience—he would interpolate dreadfully; nay, when he forgot his own part, he would coolly improvisatrise his share of the dialogue, without the slightest reference to his brother performers. On one occasion he was acting the lover to Mrs. Fitzwilliams, who was a plump little actress, in a scene where she holds out her hand to Reeve with this speech:

"Can you refuse anything to your *Pauline?*"

Reeve, looking at her plump hand, cried out:

"*Paw lean! Paw fat*, I call it!"

"IT'S MIGHTY HARD."

A minister who had lost his wife and had become wearied of his second edition of the single state, was once instructing a congregation from the passage, "Use this world as not abusing it, etc." In the course of his remarks to took occasion to mention some things which a Christian could dispense with in this world. In the category he placed a wife. He had, however, scarcely said, "A man may do without a wife," when his own experience stoutly protested, and he finished this branch of the subject by saying in the simplicity of his heart, "but, my brethren, it's mighty hard!"

A MISTAKE.

A French gentleman, having been rescued from a ducking in a river, and taken to a neighboring tavern, was advised to drink a glass of very warm brandy and water.

"Sir, I shall thank you not to make it a fortnight."

"A fortnight?" said he. "Hadn't you better take it directly?"

"O yes," said monsieur, "directly, to be sure, but not a fortnight, *not too weak!*"

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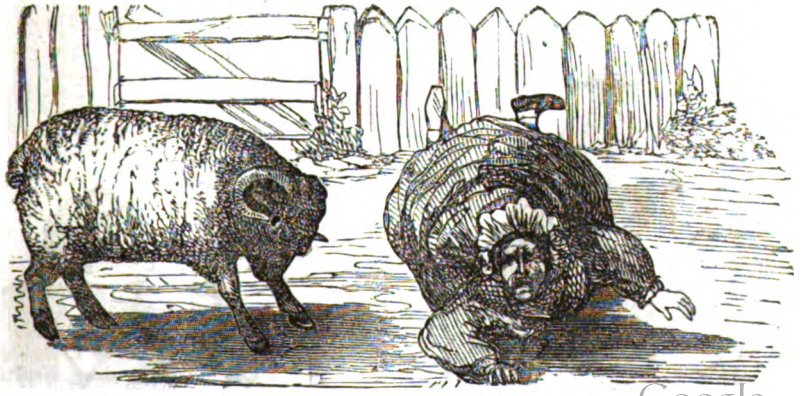
OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

AN ETHIOPIAN CAT CONCERT, as represented in backyards, on calm summer nights.



ROLL AND BUTTER.

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Blind Man's Buff—"seeing's believing."

The victim of a social Sabbath School festival, where ice-cream and cake were abundant.

The dull boy of the School.

"Marbles are out."

A regular Tale-bearer.

The Riddle—"Do you give it up?"

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THE

DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII.—No. 4.....OCTOBER, 1865.....WHOLE No. 130.

KITTY AT THE BROOK.

BY MISS LOUISA AMELIA DUTTON.

Wilful Kitty will go out a playing
On this pretty October morning,
And the brook will go humming to meet her:
Wilful Kitty forgets mother's warning.

Kitty stands on a stone and looks down,
And keeps saying "I wont" and "I will,"
The brook looks up quietly at her:
Silly robin, why sing you so shrill?

Kitty throws down her clothes on the stone,
And stands in her little white frock,
The brook looks more quiet than ever
In the wavering shade of the rock.

Now the brook has grown tired of playing,
It has hid Kitty under the stone,
And away it goes panting and humming:
Silly robin, how silent you've grown!

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THE FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE.

What literary pilgrim who has wandered through the south of Europe, has ever failed to visit Vaucluse—the lovely spot hallowed by the genius and residence of Petrarch—a name the world will never forget to syllable? The scenes that genius has glorified sometimes owe their beauty only to the imagination—not so with Vaucluse, as the unexaggerated picture before us shows. The lofty and stern mountain peaks, the rushing river with its fringes of trees, the houses grouped at the base of the precipitous rocks, form a rare combination of romantic and impressive features. About six leagues from Avignon, in the south of France, a semicircle of rough and pointed rocks, suddenly closing the winding valley of Vaucluse, compels the most indifferent to halt and admire the calmness and freshness of the landscape which surrounds him. In the lower and central part of this wall of rocks, a natural grotto, about a hundred feet broad at the surface, opens in the obscurity. It is no doubt deep, for it is sixty feet high immediately below the irregular arch which forms the entrance. Under this arch, impenetrable to the eye, but where freshness, silence and capricious structure charm the senses, extends a magnificent sheet of water, apparently motionless, here and there black or green like the interior of the grotto and the sombre foliage which adorns it, but everywhere transparent, and at your feet dazzling and pure as the light which plays upon it. This is the famous fountain of Vaucluse. This fountain, or beautiful miniature lake, is fed by invisible sources, and flows noiselessly through subterranean canals into a lower ravine, where it becomes the Sorgue, a watercourse considerable enough to assume the name of a river, and allow boat navigation not far off, where it is increased by the affluence of other sources. It is only at a certain period of the year that the swollen fountain overflows the walls of the rocky basin, boils up in the open air, and falls in cascades into the bed of the Sorgue. The peasants of the environs tell how incomparably pure the water is, and how it flows so softly that it has no time to form rust or moss on the rock through which it rushes. It is soon divided into a thousand different channels, and fertilizes the distant plain with its waves, watering the thirsty earth and imparting life to the fields of one of the most charming regions in the world.

But the souvenir linked forever to this lovely spot is the sojourn that Petrarch made here; it is in the life of this great poet and his genius that we must seek the secret of the celebrity and fascination of Vaucluse; in those inspired stanzas which were the joy and pride of Europe in the fourteenth century, when, awaking from the long night of the Middle Ages, dazzled by the first rays of the revival of letters, she felt happy and proud in her ability to respond in song to the songs of antiquity, and to oppose Dante to Homer, and Petrarch to Virgil. The prestige was great within and beyond the mountains, for it was not dissipated in the eighteenth century; not only Rousseau, the other child of the Alps, repeated incessantly and throughout his writings the verses of Petrarch, but Voltaire surprised himself one day by translating the *Canzone* "Chiare, freschel e dolci acqui (sweet, fresh and limpid waves,") into verses which all the world remembers. In the lower part of the valley, far from the smoke and noise of the different manufactories recently established on the Sorgue, and at only a hundred paces from the fountain, you are still shown, on a point of rock, the site of Petrarch's house, the ruins of which the last century beheld. Laura, the angelic and celebrated woman, the mysterious object of a pure and constant affection, who was to the poet what Beatrice had been to Dante, a celestial apparition, whom we might almost believe to have been purely ideal—Laura, according to those who think she was an inhabitant of earth, lived at no great distance, on another eminence, separated by a smiling valley from Petrarch's villa. It is said that it was at Avignon to which he had come when a youth, with his father, an old fellow-exile of Dante, that Petrarch met Laura for the first time. But to understand thoroughly the influence of this meeting on the life of Petrarch, the mystic attachment of the poet to Laura and Vaucluse, the excessive praises he lavished on them, his solemn triumph and the unequalled glory he long enjoyed throughout Europe, it would be necessary to recall what the lover of Beatrice then was for all Italy, the lofty rank which the city and the pontifical court of Avignon then occupied in Europe; and particularly what the Provencal manners and the poetry of the troubadors had been in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

Begging from a generous soul that has not to bestow, is more tormenting than robbery to a miser in his plenty.

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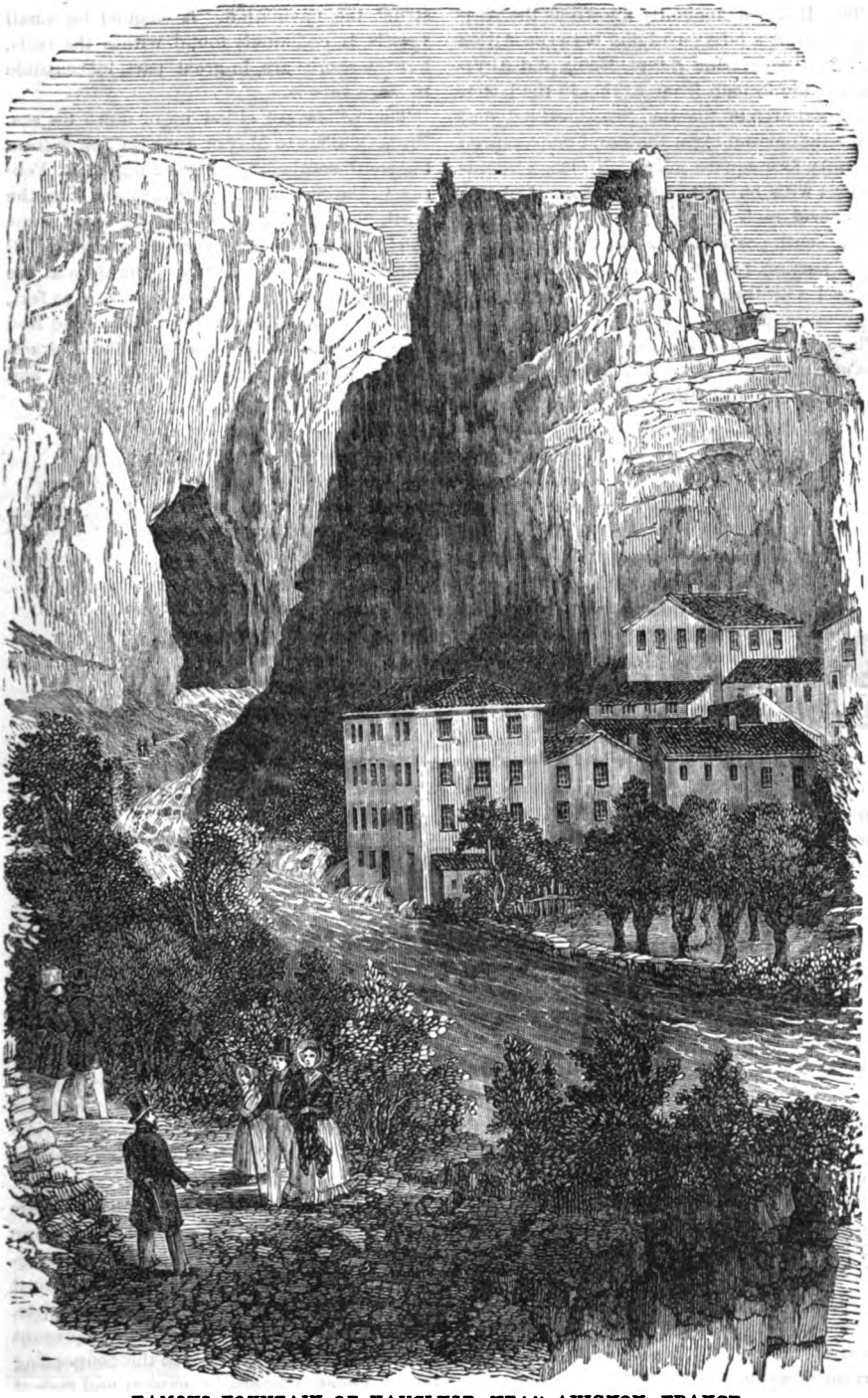

FAMOUS FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE, NEAR AVIGNON, FRANCE.

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THE RED SEA.

The Red Sea, anciently known as the Arabian Gulf, is a large sea lying between Africa and Asia, separating Egypt, Nubia and Abyssinia in the former, from Arabia in the latter. The total area of the Red Sea is estimated at one hundred and eight thousand one hundred and fifty-four square miles. No large islands are met with, but many groups of small islands and coral reefs lie near the shore, especially in the south portion. On both coasts of the south portion, ranges of volcanic hills extend parallel with the shore in Africa, about fourteen miles distant from it. North, isolated hills form a considerable part of the coast, and the mountain ranges rise further in the interior. All around the sea, mountains are everywhere in sight, and the region lying between the two gulfs at the north, known as the Peninsula of Mount Sinai, is a district of mountains and deserts.

As no rivers run into the Red Sea, and the region has but little rain, while the evaporation from the surface of the sea is estimated to amount to a depth of eight feet annually, it has been supposed that the water must be exceedingly salt. It is found, however, to contain only 29.2 to 41 grains of saline matter in 1000, which is even less than that of sea water in some places, and it is therefore probable that the waters most charged with salt form an under current, which flows out through the straits as the lighter and less saline upper current flows in.

Coral reefs are very numerous about a quarter of a mile off the shore, and seriously obstruct the navigation. A channel for small vessels is commonly found within the reefs, but the shores are, in great part, inaccessible to large vessels.

The winds are either up or down the sea. From October to May or June they blow from the south-southeast, being strongest in February; the rest of the year they are from the north-northeast, and are strongest in June and July. Light showers occasionally fall from November to March. The tides at the head of the sea rise to the height of five feet, and the spring tides to seven feet. The Red Sea is supposed to have overwhelmed Pharaoh and his hosts while in pursuit of Moses and the children of Israel.

THE RED SEA.

THE AYE-AYE.

The engraving on page 261 is a representation of a remarkable animal, and we are pleased to think that the DOLLAR MONTHLY is the first to call attention to the singular form and peculiarities of the brute. For this favor we are indebted to a friend, who is visiting London. In writing of the habits of the animal, our correspondent states:

The aye-aye is one of those abnormal forms that can with difficulty be referred to any one class of animals, as it partakes of the distinctive characters of several, and on that account proves so puzzling to systematic zoologists. By several eminent naturalists of the present day, the aye-aye is considered the connecting link between the quadrumanous and rodent types; while by others it is thought to belong

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THE AYE-AYE.

to the former tribe, being placed in their arrangement of species immediately after the galagos. This creature is a native of Madagascar, where it was discovered several years ago by Sonnerat. It appeared to be unknown to the natives, as they expressed much surprise at the sight of his specimen, and seemed to have no previous knowledge of it. In size the aye-aye measures about three feet from nose to end of tail, thus about equalling a moderate-sized cat in dimensions. The tail is covered with long coarse hair, and possesses no prehensile power; the ears are large, upright, and ovate in form, the head compressed towards the nose, the eyes being directed forwards in a peculiar manner, and not placed laterally as in rodents. In color they are of a light brownish yellow, and extremely susceptible of light, as might be expected from the habits of the animal, which are exclusively nocturnal, more so indeed than those of the lemurs. The upper part of the body is covered with long blackish fur, white hairs being here and there scattered over the surface, which gives it a grizzled look; the chest and abdomen are gray, as are the cheeks and sides of the head. Its chief point of resemblance to the monkey is in the form of the fore hands, which possess all the grasping power found in that class; the middle finger, however, instead of being but slightly longer than the rest, is considerably lengthened; and being very thin, acts as a sort of probe, by which wood-boring larvæ can be drawn from their hiding-places. This fact has been observed

THE CLAW OF THE AYE-AYE.

from watching the habits of an aye-aye in confinement. Several branches had been placed in the cage to serve as a kind of gymnastic apparatus. These branches had been

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tunnelled by insects, and soon after their introduction, the animal, as if catching some slight sound, was observed to turn its large and mobile ears towards them, then mounting on the boughs, it probed with its middle finger a hole evidently excavated by a grub; finding, however, that it was beyond its reach, the powerful incisive teeth came into play, and, with their help, the hiding-place of a large larva was soon laid open, the insect being devoured with great relish. The teeth resemble greatly those of a rat, or other gnawing animal, but with this difference, being very narrow towards the points in proportion to their great depth and solidity, though they possess that external layer of enamel that, like the plate of steel on an axe, always preserves them sharp and ready for use. The molars, instead of being composed of alternate ridges of bone and enamel, are covered with a smooth coating of the latter substance, their number being four in the upper and three in the lower jaw. After its first discovery by Sonnerat, no specimen had reached Europe for some time, and it was thought by some to have almost become extinct in its native country. But several specimens have since been procured. At the present time, a fine female is living in the collection of the Zoological Society. When first brought to the Garden, several varieties of insects, such as meal-worms, &c., for which it was expected to show a partiality, were offered it, and were rejected by the animal; it fed freely, however, on honey, rice, or milk and eggs mixed together, and has thriven for some time on this kind of diet. It sleeps during the whole of the day, never leaving its sleeping-box unless turned out. Towards dusk, the aye-aye wakes from its torpor, and traverses with some agility the branches placed in its cage, gnawing both them and the woodwork from time to time with its powerful teeth. It has never been known to utter any sound, and on that account the derivation of its native name, aye-aye, is doubtful. Some suppose the word originated from the exclamations of surprise uttered by those natives to whom Sonnerat showed his first specimen. When feeding on rice, it takes it grain by grain with the long, attenuated middle finger, eating very slowly, and pausing from time to time, the tongue and lips being moved rapidly during the process of feeding. Sometimes the aye-aye will hang suspended by the hind claws, using the middle finger for the purpose of cleaning the fur, especially that on the tail, the finger being passed through the long hairs with great quickness, removing every extraneous substance that may happen to adhere to them. When the animal is asleep the tail is wrapped round the body, which it almost completely covers.

AN AMERICAN SUNSET.

We present on page 263 a beautiful pastoral landscape, combining all the elements of tranquil beauty, winding stream, wooded hill, broad valley, undulating shore, with the westering sun illuminating the whole wide expanse with his level beams, and projecting long, fantastic shadows over the unequal ground. Upon a near elevation a loving couple are gazing together on the beautiful perspective. All the charms of form, light and shade, are exquisitely blended in the picture, and, if it want the single element of color, memory and imagination can easily supply the gorgeous dyes of the cloudy drapery with which the god of day invests himself as he sinks to his repose. Every one is familiar with the daily pageant of sunset, though we are constrained to say that comparatively few are familiar with the glories of sunrise, except in poetry and pictures. But we have all watched the various phases of the decline of day, nowhere attended by more splendid phenomena than in our own country. Sometimes the day-star sinks from sight in a liquid sea of amber and pearl; sometimes it leaps downward into a fiery gulf, all blazing with pyrotechnic flames; at other times the threshold of light is hung with "purple and pall;" sometimes the sunset hues blaze in reflected glory on the gloomy array of retiring storm clouds, kindling up the prismatic tints of the broad-spanned rainbow. At such times a spell is thrown over all nature, and we realize how surpassingly beautiful is the world appointed for our earthly dwelling-place. Some travellers have always contended that Italian sunsets were the finest in the world, but cosmopolitan travellers, who are acquainted with all climates and atmospherical effects, admit that in varied splendors the sunsets of America are altogether peerless. Many of our artists have successfully represented some of these phases, both in oil and water-colors, but all successful attempts to delineate them must be based on the memory of the painter, it being impossible to depict them on the spot, on account of the rapid change in the color of the clouds.

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GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

This beautiful cemetery, in the south part of Brooklyn, about three miles from Fulton Ferry, is an extensive and pleasant ground, provided by the cities of New York and Brooklyn for the burial of their dead. It may be approached either by this ferry, from which hourly carriages run to the entrance for a trifling charge, or by another at the battery, which passes round and lands its passengers on the south side, in the near vicinity. Greenwood contains 250 acres of ground, one half or more of which is covered with wood of the natural forest. The grounds have a varied surface of hill, and valley, and plain. From some of the open elevations extensive views are obtained of the ocean, and of the cities of Brooklyn and New York. The whole cemetery is traversed by about fifteen miles of winding avenues and paths, leading through each shaded recess, and to every spot at once hallowed and adorned by the memorials of the dead. Great improvements are continually going on, and every year adds new beauty to this interesting place. The funeral entrance to the cemetery is very impressive. Lofty trees form around it a noble grove. Rich verdure carpets the margin of the carriage road, and the sides of the sloping hills, which seem to wall it in. Approaching the gate, one is struck simultaneously with the grand and solemn beauty of nature, and the appropriate simplicity of human art, which for once seems to have toned into the most becoming humility by the influences of the place. The engraving represents one of the most striking views in the cemetery. Our Mount Auburn is the only cemetery in the country that will compare with Greenwood. This place has ever been an object of interest, and is laid out with much taste, and befitting appropriateness of design.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

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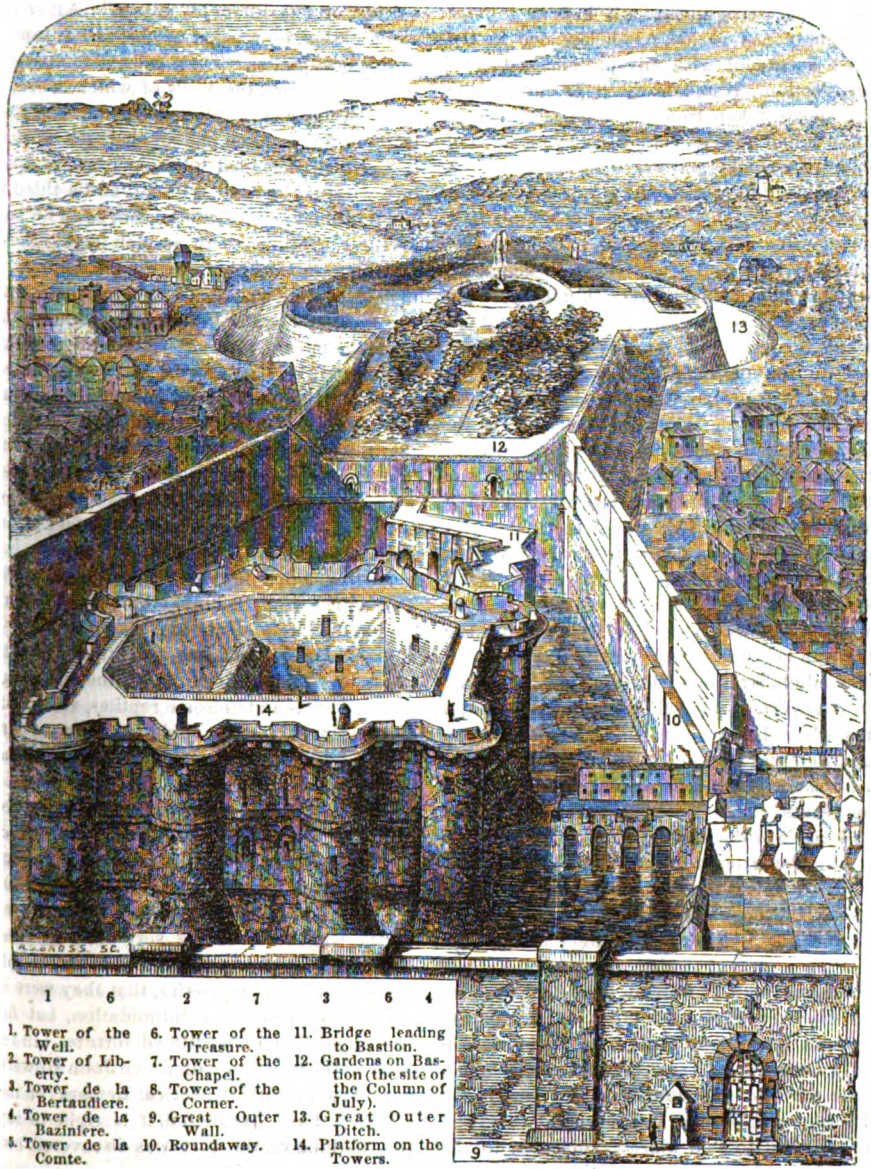
BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE BASTILE, PARIS.

FROM THE WEST.



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1. Tower of the Well.
2. Tower of Liberty.
3. Tower de la Bertaudiere.
4. Tower de la Baziniere.
5. Tower de la Comte.
6. Tower of the Treasure.
7. Tower of the Chapel.
8. Tower of the Corner.
9. Great Outer Wall.
10. Roundaway.
11. Bridge leading to Bastion.
12. Gardens on Bastion (the site of the Column of July).
13. Great Outer Ditch.
14. Platform on the Towers.

THE remarkable engraving on this page is something to study over and wonder at. The crimes that were committed within the walls of the Bastile of Paris, the key of which hangs at Mount Vernon, a gift to Washington from Lafayette, was more than the people could endure, and at last they rose in their might and destroyed the infamous prison, where so many had suffered and so many had died.

The Bastile of Paris was built in 1369, in order to protect the palace of Charles V. against the incursions of the Burgundians, and destroyed by the mob in the beginning of the revolution, in 1789, after an existence of

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twenty years above four centuries. The architectural plan of the Bastile is not now easy to be ascertained, nor, if it were, would it be of any avail; since, having received additions by every successive monarch, it had no regular design, of any period, much less one in the least accordant with any present system of fortification. It had, however, as our engraving shows, taken from French designs, eight huge round towers, connected by curtains of massive masonry, and was encircled by a ditch of 125 feet in width, which was dry, except after great overflows of the Seine or unusually heavy rains. This ditch was, exteriorly, surrounded by a wall of sixty feet in height, to which was attached a wooden gallery, rising in successive stages, and running around the whole inner circumference of the ditch, opposite to the castle. This was called "the rounds." Two staircases gave access to these rounds, from the right and left, directly in front of the main guard, and sentinels were regularly posted in them, whose duty it was to be perpetually in motion watching the windows, in order to discover the first movement of the prisoners toward escape. Within the body of the castle a sentry struck a bell every hour, day and night, to show that he was on the watch; besides this, during the night, a bell was struck hourly in the rounds. The administration of the Bastile was vested in a governor, a royal intendant, a major, a major's aid, a surgeon, and a matron. The garrison was composed of one hundred men, commanded by two captains, a lieutenant, and sergeants. The lieutenant-general of police in Paris was the sub-delegate of the minister for the department of the Bastile, and he had, under his orders, an official commissioner, called the commissioner for the Bastile. So soon as the prisoner was brought to the Bastile he was inventoried, his trunks, clothes, linen, and pockets were all examined, in order to discover whether there were any papers bearing relation to the causes of his arrest. "The new-comer," says the advocate Linguet, who was himself detained three years in the Bastile by Maurepas, "is as much surprised as alarmed to find himself subjected to the search and personal examination of four men, whose appearance seems to belie their functions; men clad in a uniform which leads one to look for a regard to decencies, and wearing decorations which presuppose a service which endures no stain. These men take from him his money, that he may have no means of corrupting any one of their number; his jewelry on the same consideration; his papers, for fear he should find any resource against the tedium to which he is henceforth devoted; and his knives and scissors, for fear he should commit suicide, or assassinate his jailors." After this examination, he was led to the cell intended for his occupation. These cells were situated in all the towers, the walls of which were, at least, twelve feet in thickness, and at the base thirty or forty. Each had an aperture worked in the wall, defended by three iron gratings, one within, a second without, and a third in the mid thickness of the masonry. The bars of these gratings were an inch in thickness, and, by a refinement of cruelty, the solid parts of each grating were made to correspond with the apertures of another, so that although the openings in each grating were really of four inches, only two inches were left unobstructed. In winter these cells were ice-houses; in summer, damp stoves, for the walls were so thick that the heat was never sufficient to dry them. The dungeons, which must not be confounded with the *oubliettes*, were nineteen feet below the level of the courtyard, and five feet below that of the ditch. They had no opening, but a narrow loophole communicating with the ditch. The wretched inhabitant of these dungeons, deprived of air and daylight, buried alive in a damp and infected atmosphere, in the midst of loathsome mud, the breeding-place of toads and noisome reptiles, surrounded by spiders and rats, could not long support his miserable existence amid such an accumulation of horrors. It has been asserted that these hideous places of torture were used only for the temporary punishment of refractory prisoners, and that no one was ever confined in them for more than a few days. But it is in proof, taken from the written archives of the Bastile, under the very eyes of those who had been either the witnesses or the sufferers of its cruel mysteries, that they were in use, not as places for intimidation, but for prolonged and premeditated torture. In regard to the iron cages, on which John Howard and the author of "Historical Remarks on the Bastile" have expatiated, it is right to say that nothing of the sort was discovered, nor any trace even of their previous existence found, whether by the curious crowds who flocked to examine and rummage every corner of this stronghold of despotic cruelty, after it had been captured and thrown open to the people, or by the masons and laborers employed in its destruction. The same must be said of the *oubliettes*, holes into which con-

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demned prisoners are said to have been lowered, there to perish unheard of and forgotten, and of the question-chamber, in which suspected persons were put to the torture, in order to force them to avow their own guilt, and condemned prisoners in order to compel them to disclose the names of their accomplices. The Bastile could contain fifty state prisoners in solitary cells; but, by doubling them, this number could be raised to 100 or upward. When a greater number yet were placed within its walls, the accommodation was yet more miserable, the wretches being confined in cells opening on the ditches which carried off the ordure and sewarage of the prison, amid odors insufferable. The prisoners were, of course, miserably fed, on wretched viands, wretchedly cooked and filthily served; but this was, perhaps, owing rather to the abuses of inferiors, of the governor, who made a profit of the wretches under his charge, and of prison management in general, than to the evil intentions of the government, which paid enormous sums, amounting, at times, to so much as 100,000 francs *per diem*, for the maintenance of the state prisoners. Bennéville asserts that, in his time, Bernaville, who was then governor, had a great number of prisoners at all prices, up to twenty-five francs a head *per diem*, and that their daily subsistence did not cost him, on an average, twenty sous. There was a regular tariff of expenses for the table, lights, and washing of all prisoners, according to their rank. A prince of the blood was allowed fifty francs a day; a marshal of France, thirty-six francs; a lieutenant-general, twenty-four francs; a councillor of parliament, fifteen francs; an ordinary judge, a priest, or a financier, ten francs; a considerable burgher, or an advocate, five francs; a small burgher, three francs; and the members of all the inferior classes two francs and ten sous; the same being the rate allowed for the guards, wardens, and servants of the prison. A prisoner might be examined at the instant of his arrest, or not until after weeks, days, months, or even years. He had no rights, no means of even offering a defence, nor of making it known to his friends where he was, or wherefore he was detained. Sometimes he was ignorant of both facts himself. He was allowed neither books nor papers. He could not communicate, in writing, even with the lieutenant of the police, except by especial permission obtained through the major of the Bastile; nor, even when permission was granted by the lieutenant, could he correspond with his friends or family, except through the police, who examined all the correspondence. Visits could be only made to prisoners on a written order from the lieutenant of the police, and that in the presence of some officer of the prison. All conversations on the cause of detention, treatment within the prison, and all topics of that nature, were strictly prohibited; and, in a word, sleeping or waking, living or dying, the prisoner was never, for a moment, free from the supervision of spies, who had become, from long habit, expert judges of many points of the human character, and who observed, with the closest scrutiny, every word, look, action, motion of the prisoner, and endeavored to read his every thought, in order that it might be reported, as casting some light, more or less, on his innocence or guilt of the suspicion—for charges there were none—under which he was detained. He, therefore, could trust no man. Beyond this, the distinction between different prisoners, as to their fare, treatment, degree of freedom, and the like, was as wide, almost, as that between being prisoners at all and being at liberty. Some, whom it was desired to put to a slow death of agony, without trial or publicity, were allowed to languish, for years of living death, on the most loathsome prison fare, in the horrible dens described above, until welcome death, at last, arrived to liberate them. Some, whom it was not designed even to punish, much less to destroy, but only to sequester from the opportunity of becoming dangerous to the state, enjoyed every comfort and even luxury which a freeman could enjoy, except that of freedom. They were served on china and silver, in fine apartments, on exquisite wines and delicate meats, furnished from without the prison. They were allowed books, papers, the attendance of their own servants, the society of their friends and families, the freedom of the whole interior of the fortress—all, in short, except to go beyond the gates. Yet amid all this comparative reason for content, there was, to the unhappy man, the ever-present knowledge, that he was there at the mercy of one supreme, irresponsible disposer, with whom no argument could be held, to whom no reason could be adduced, from whom no hearing could be obtained, and, lastly, from whom there was no appeal; that, on any caprice or change of policy, he might at any moment be subjected to the most horrible condition of the most wretched inmate of that house of woe; and that if it were desirable or determined to torture, or to kill, or

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to immure in oblivion and report him as being dead, no human being would ever be the wiser, until the end of time, as to what had been his real fate. It is this feature of the system, that rendered imprisonment in the Bastile, on a simple *lettre de cachet* under the royal seal, and with the minister's signature, both, perhaps, without the knowledge of the king, without cause assigned, charge preferred, term of detention named, or any hearing ever, of necessity, to be had—beyond all consideration of the nature of the place, or of the mode of treatment of the prisoners—so horribly appalling. Up to the date of the accession of Charles VII. the Bastile continued to be merely a royal fortress, when it became a state prison, under the government of Thomas Beaumont, who was in command when, in 1418, the populace broke into its precincts, massacred the Armagnac prisoners, and made as if they would have devoured their bleeding carcasses. During the reign of Louis XI., Philip l'Huflier, governor of the fortress, was doubtless an instigator of the most barbarous inflictions within its walls. Tristan l'Hermite, in his slavish subserviency to the caprices of his royal gossip, often made errors in sacrificing the wrong man, but what then? If the innocent were put to death in lieu of the guilty, the mistake was easily rectified—it was but a head more or less; and there were heads enough in France, that the justice of the king should not be defrauded. But it is Louis himself who was the author, the inventor, of the worst barbarities. It was he who, in the dungeons of the Bastile, as in those of the great Chatelet, caused pits to be excavated and lined with smooth and polished masonry, in which, owing to their form, the wretches who were lowered into them could obtain no respite from the agony of their forced and unnatural position, by any change of posture, since change of posture was not possible. In these hideous places were immured the princes of the house of Armagnac; and from these, twice in every week, they were drawn with cords, to be scourged in the presence of the governor; and, again, once in every three months, to have two of their teeth torn from their jaws. Within the walls of this prison died Charles de Gontaut, Sieur de Biron, for treason against the crown and life of Henry IV. Great warrior, duke, peer, marshal of France, as brave as his own sword, the most daring of men in the battle field, he was sentenced, as an act of grace, to be beheaded, privately, within the walls of the Bastile, instead of suffering the public ignominy of decapitation in the *Place de Greve*. At the time it was thought strange that so renowned a soldier as Biron should have wanted moral courage to meet inevitable death like a man; but such things are now better understood; and it is well known that they who have braved death a hundred times, and would brave it again, fearlessly and defiant, in the open air and before the faces of crowds of admiring and sympathizing spectators, often die, trembling and irresolute cowards, when they have no witnesses of their way of dying but God and the executioner. Within these walls, during the reign of Louis XIII, languished for twelve years the notorious Bassompierre, the friend of the king, but the enemy of Richelieu, whose enmity was, in those days, more to be dreaded than the judgment of the king. Within these walls, during the succeeding reign, was enacted the inexplicable mystery, which has continued a mystery to this day, of the Man in the Iron Mask. When first heard of, he was confined in the Marguerite islands, in the Mediterranean, whence he was removed by de Saint Mars, who was his private governor, and answerable, it is supposed, for his safety with his own life, to the Bastile, where he died on Nov. 19, 1703, and was buried on the 20th in the cemetery of St. Paul, under the name of Machiati. No man, except the governor, so far as is known, ever saw his face, or heard his voice; two persons, to whom he had conveyed written words, in one case marked upon a linen shirt, in the other engraved on a silver plate, died, without apparent cause, immediately afterward. During his conveyance from the Marguerite isles, De Saint Mars dined at the same table, and slept in the same chamber with him, with pistols ever at hand, ready to destroy him, in the case of an attempt on his part to reveal himself. In the Bastile he was waited on, at table and at his toilet, by the governor; who took charge of, and destroyed, all the linen he had once used. He was never seen but with a mask of black velvet, fastened behind his head with steel springs; and, when he went to hear mass, the invalids, who were in charge of him with muskets and lighted matches, were instructed to fire on him, instantly, in case of his speaking or showing his face. A hundred conjectures have been risked as to who this mysterious person could have been, who was treated with such respect, yet with such jealous rigor; whose life was held sacred against taking off, yet made one scene

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of incessant misery. The absence of any person of sufficient note from the stage of history, to account for such precautions, alone, baffles all inquiry. The general idea seems to be that he was an elder brother of Louis XIV., the fruit of an adulterous intrigue between Anne of Austria and the Duke of Buckingham, or some other unknown lover, who, being born in wedlock, could not have been dispossessed of his claim to the throne, had his existence been admitted. This solution is, however, by no means satisfactory; since there is little reason for believing that, in the reign of Louis XIII., or of his successors, so clumsy, so complicated, and withal so uncertain a system would have been attempted, in order to keep out of sight a person, whom it would have been much more in accordance with the spirit of the times to remove altogether from the stage, on which he was one too many. After this time, the Bastile degenerated, from being a place of incarceration, or, as it might be, a living burial for suspected princes, pretenders to the throne, subjects too powerful for the state, and the possessors of perilous state secrets, whom it was not thought good to kill, into a jail for common and vulgar malefactors; a place of detention for women who had inspired royal mistresses, or titled harlots, with jealousy or hatred; and a dungeon for the political antagonists of the minister. The imprisonment of Blaizot, the king's librarian, for obeying the king's own directions, by the minister De Breteuil, nominally at the king's order, brought to light the whole system of iniquity. Blaizot was delivered; but De Breteuil was not punished. Then on July 14, 1789, the people rose in their fury and their might; and, after a brief and unavailing defence, the stronghold of mediæval and modern despotism was captured, ransacked, all its mysteries and secret horrors laid bare to the indignant daylight, its towers razed to their foundations, and its dungeons filled with the copings of its battlements. Much exaggeration took place, in relation to the discoveries said to be made in its demolition, especially those in relation to one Count de Lorges; but it is sufficiently established that there was no such person in existence, much less in the Bastile. No exaggeration, however, was needed. Seven persons, only, were found in its cells and dungeons; one, the Count de Solage, a prisoner since his 11th year; another, Tavernier, the son of Paris Duverney, who, after ten years at the Isles Marguerites, had passed thirty years in the Bastile, and who reappeared on his liberation, bewildered, with a broken intellect, like a man awaked from a sleep of forty years, to a new world compared with that on which he had closed his eyes. Records of horrors even worse than this were found inscribed on the registers of the prison. Two will suffice. They are the names of Father Theodore Fleurand, of Brandenburg, a Capuchin, retained many years on suspicion of being a spy; and of one Lebar, arrested at seventy-six and dead at ninety years. Nearly fifty years before, Cagliostro scrawled on the walls of his cell: "The Bastile shall be demolished, and the people shall dance on the area where it stood." This prophecy, at least, of the empiric and impostor, was realized to the letter. It was the Carmagnole which they danced about the blood-stained trees of liberty, and the tune to which they danced was Ca Ira. The Bastile has many crimes for which to answer, against humanity and God.

THE PLEASURE YACHT.

A good garden or parlor game, to which forfeits may be added. The party, boys and girls, sit in a circle, each one choosing as a name some part of a yacht—Sail, Anchor, Rope, Wheel, Mast, Jib-boom, Shrouds, etc. Then one of the party undertakes to relate a story, and every time he mentions one of the things connected with a yacht, the player owning that name rises from his seat, and turns round before sitting down under penalty of a forfeit. For instance, say you begin, "When I was a lad I went with my father and mother to Ramsgate, where, at least once a week, we took a sail in a *pleasure yacht* (all the players rise and turn round). This was very pleasant, and I soon became familiar with the various parts of the little vessel. I used to go fearlessly up the *shrouds* (Shrouds rises), and pull about the *ropes* (Rope rises), that governed the *sails* (Sail rises); when I would talk to the man at the *wheel* (Wheel rises), or climb the *mast* (Mast rises), till my father would call me to help him set the *jib-boom* (Jib-boom rises), or to let go the *anchor* (Anchor rises)," and so on as long as you please, till the majority have paid forfeits. If you are good at telling a story, you can make this very interesting. *My Lady's Toilet* is conducted in the same manner, each player being named by some article of the toilet: as Comb, Brush, Hairpins, Soap, Jewel-case, etc., and paying a forfeit if he fail to rise when the leader, who is called "My Lady," mentions the thing he has chosen to represent.

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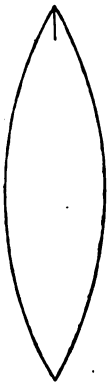
AMUSEMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

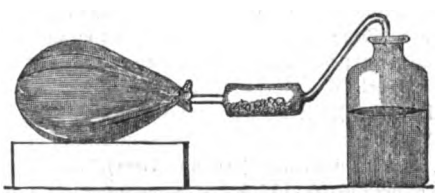


SHAPE OF GORE.

The annual flight of balloons from the Common and neighboring cities, has awakened an interest in the art of ballooning that threatens to lead to results of some consequence. Our young readers, and they are numbered by thousands, can, by perusing this article and studying the engravings, manage to manufacture small balloons, and thus amuse their leisure hours in a profitable manner. It is made of either gold-beaters' skin or oiled paper. The latter material is the cheaper; for you may make a paper balloon, ten feet high and five feet wide, for a few dollars; whereas, one of that size of goldbeaters' skin would cost quite a sum.

Having determined on the size of your balloon, you begin by preparing the skin or paper of which it is to be made. Suppose we say we will make a balloon four feet in circumference. We cut from the material, gores the shape of a quarter of an orange, their number depending on their width. The gores are each two feet in length by six inches in width, allowing a little for overlapping; thus, we should have eight gores. These must be attached by good strong gum, and when the whole of them are put together, they will assume very nearly a pear shape.

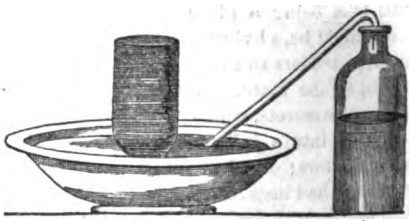
At the upper junction of the gores there must be a circular piece laid on, and the neck either lengthened or shortened according to whether you intend to inflate your balloon with heated air or with gas. You may then attach a paper car, or float it upwards as it is.



FILLING BALLOON.

This is for the balloon of goldbeaters' skin. A paper balloon will need to be strengthened with narrow tape, neatly pasted on the *inside* at the junction of each pair of gores; the greatest nicety being observed in the joining of the edges, and the last tape only being laid on the *outside*. The whole is then to be varnished with India rubber. This you may make for yourself by cutting shreds of India rubber and dissolving them cautiously in boiled linseed oil in a tin saucepan over a slow fire, and afterwards thinning with oil of turpentine. Or you may make a good varnish of shell-lac, dissolved in methylated spirits of wine.

If you intend to make a fire balloon, you must cut off the neck, and paste or fasten round it a thin wire. This circular wire must be crossed with two other wires, a little bent in the centre, so as to form a sort of cup. In this cup place a piece of sponge or cotton wool, well saturated in spirits of wine. When you have all ready, let the balloon be held up so that it is not creased, and set light to the sponge. As the air within gets heated, the balloon will show a disposition to rise; but don't let it free till it pulls hard; when up it



COLLECTING THE HYDROGEN.

will go with a whirr, steadying as it ascends, till it looks like a shining star in the sky. Of course, night is the best time to show a fire balloon to the best advantage. We must here caution our readers that fire balloons are not devoid of danger to hay-stacks, &c.

If you fill your balloon with gas, you may make the gas to fill it without much trouble. Get a pound of iron filings from the blacksmith's, and put them into a stone bottle that will hold a gallon. Pour on to the iron filings about two quarts of water, and gradually add a pint of sulphuric acid; then shake the mixture well together, and it will boil violently. By this mixture hydrogen gas is generated. The way to collect the gas is this:

Fit a bent tube into the cork of the stone bottle, and pass the other end of it into a basin of water, over which, on a shelf, put your receiver, as in the engraving. But this gas is too heavy, therefore it must be dried. This is done during the process of filling your balloon. First you allow some of the gas to escape, so that the atmospheric air may be expelled from the bottle. Then attach one end of a tube to the mouth of the receiving

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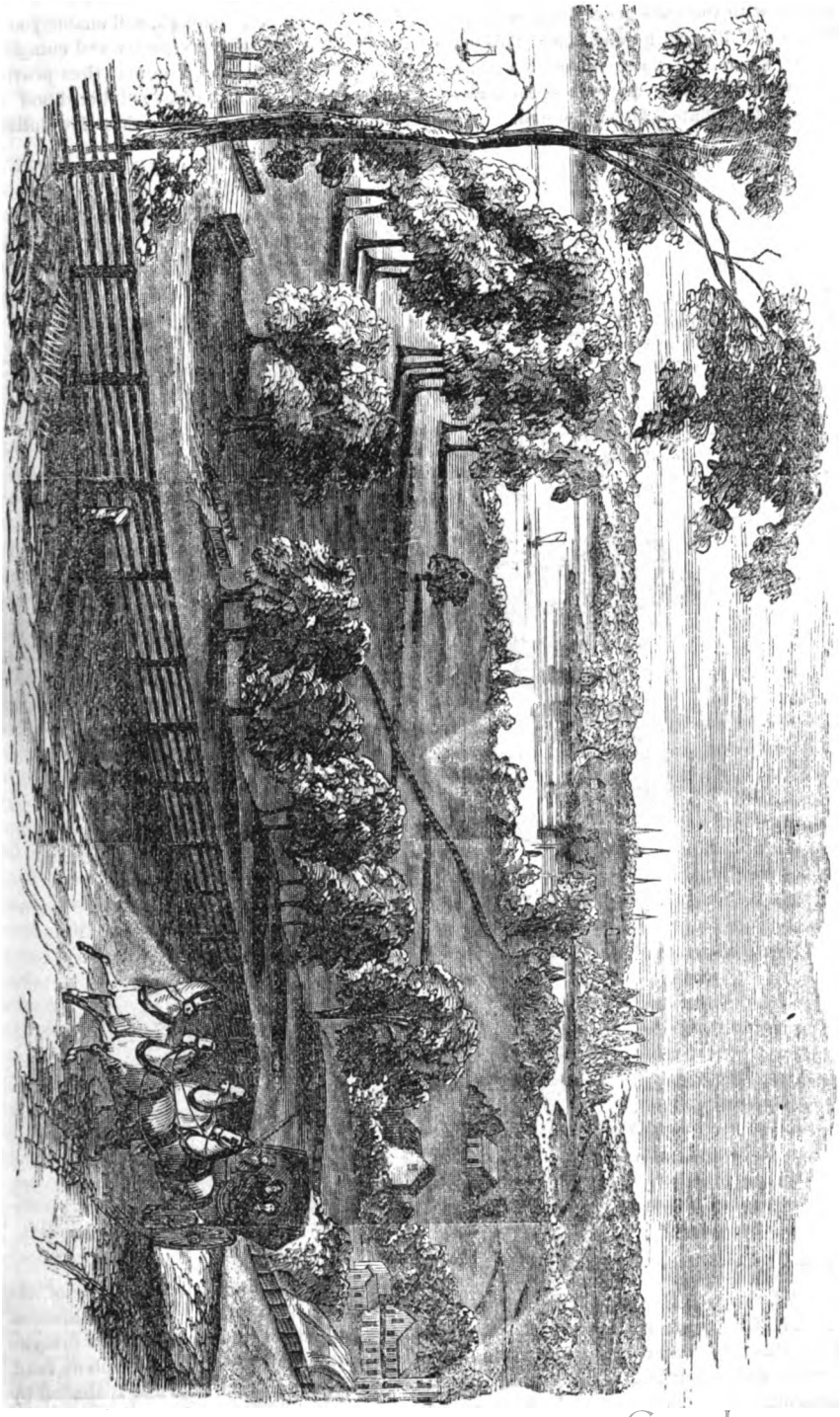

OWASCO LAKE, NEW YORK.

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bottle, and pass the other end into a wider tube —a phial with the ends ground off will do— which is half filled with quicklime. This dries the gas, which then passes through a shorter tube into the balloon. As soon as the balloon is sufficiently inflated, fasten the end.

A net of strong cotton or silk passed over the balloon, if large enough, will enable you to attach a car, when a very pretty and complete toy will be the result. You may thus provide amusement for a whole neighborhood or school, at a cost of not more than five dollars.

PROVIDENTIAL INTERFERENCE.

OWASCO LAKE, NEW YORK.

Owasco Lake, which is so well represented on page 271, is in southern New York. It is a lovely sheet of water, from one to three miles wide and about twelve miles long. It is a romantic spot, and much visited during the summer months. On the banks of the lake can be seen many elegant residences. On the left side of the Owasco is the favorite drive of the Auburn residents, on a plank road, that winds around the lake and is shaded by trees.

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THE PROVIDENTIAL INTERFERENCE.

BY SIDNEY HERBERT.

THE following adventure of Mr. Francis Downing presents a remarkable instance of the narrow escapes from impending death, which were of almost daily occurrence, in the experience of the hardy and fearless pioneers of the West.

Near the banks of Slate Creek, in Bath county, Kentucky, there stood at the period of our story, one of those stations or forts, which were erected by the earlier settlers of that section of country, to protect themselves from the savages, who, with a patriotism which would have been lauded to the skies, had their skins been white instead of red, endeavored to beat back the tide of emigration which was pouring in from the older States, and threatened the integrity of their hunting grounds and the sanctity of their burial places. It consisted, as was usual with such erections, of a series of cabins, connected by palisades, and protected by block-houses at the corners, which effectually guarded the fort from assault by an enemy without artillery, and the instance was seldom known of such a station being captured, except by stratagem, treachery or famine. The busy hand of improvement has swept over that beautiful country, and although it has not destroyed its natural beauties, or changed those charming features which made it the garden of America, it has swept away almost every vestige of those primitive erections, around which centre so much of romance and thrilling interest. The humble "log cabin" and the rude "station" have given place to the modern farm house and the thriving city; and where the crack of the hunter's rifle, the yell of the Indian, and the howl of the wild beast alone disturbed the Sabbath-like stillness of the primeval forest, the hum of industry, the shrill whistle of the locomotive, and the sound of the loom and shuttle, mark the gigantic and rapid strokes of civilization which has with relentless force driven back the red man from his native haunts, towards the setting sun, and which, like some gigantic colossus, with one foot on the shores of the Atlantic and the other upon the Pacific, exclaimed, "*Veni, vidi, vici.*"

The inmates of the little fort on Slate Creek, although they felt comparatively safe from invasion, did not cease altogether their vigilance; for bitter experience had taught them, as it had others, that at no time was the implacable hostility of the Indians more to be dreaded than when their presence was least expected. Four years had passed away since that fearful massacre at the Blue Licks, where so many of the brave fighting men of Kentucky had lost their lives, and the expedition of Colonel Clarke into the Miaui country had chastised the Indians so severely, and during that period no considerable force of the enemy had been seen within the borders of the State. An occasional foray would be made, however, by small bands of three or four warriors, who, after killing some exposed or venturesome settler, and running off his animals, would retreat hastily to the other side of the Ohio, where they would be safe from the pursuit of the white man. This had continued during all the period embraced between the years 1782 and '86; but as these incursions became less frequent, and the tide of immigration flowing in a steady stream into the State, gave an increased confidence and boldness to the settlers, they threw off the restraint in which they had so long been held, and resumed, to some extent, their agricultural avocations. The settlement of Ohio on the north had served in a measure to throw a bulwark between them and the northern tribes, while the settlements on Holston and Watauga, in the present State of Tennessee, protected them from the Creeks and Cherokees on the south; and, being thus sheltered from invasion, it is not surprising that many of those brave spirits who had showed such contempt for danger, when surrounded by clouds of enemies on every side, should lay aside their usual caution and watchfulness, and roam the woods with a freedom little short of temerity.

Among other inmates of the station on Slate Creek, was a man by the name of Yates, who was a fair specimen of the fighting men of the borders. Of a wild, reckless disposition, brave even unto rashness, with keen perceptive faculties, and undaunted under all circumstances, he was a universal favorite with all who knew him, for, true as the tempered steel, he was never known to desert a

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friend in distress, or to reap an advantage at the expense of another. Although not yet arrived at middle age, his experience in woodcraft made him an oracle to the younger men of the garrison, while his qualities of head and heart made him respected by those older than himself.

One morning in August, Yates missed his horse from the range where he had left him grazing the night previous. The idea that he had been stolen never once entered his mind, but thinking he had strayed into the forest, which stretched to an interminable distance in every direction about the fort, he made preparations as soon as the morning meal was over, to go in search of him. For the sake of company, he solicited a young man by the name of Downing to accompany him. Ready at all times for a tramp or a hunt, young Downing consented with alacrity; and, taking their rifles on their arms, the two sauntered forth into the woods. Over hills and through valleys, now threading their way along a water course, anon climbing the rocky sides of some rugged hill-side, to gain a more extensive view, they sought and sought in vain for the lost animal, until hope of finding him failed, and reluctantly they turned their steps homeward.

When they had come to the conclusion to give up the search, at least for the present, they found themselves in a quiet and secluded valley, some six miles or more from the station. As this was but an hour's walk, however, they commenced their return with light and cheerful hearts, little dreaming of danger or of the scenes they had yet to pass through before they reached their home. Yates, thoughtless and reckless, amused himself by humming the bars of some patriotic ditty in vogue at the period, occasionally breaking out into boisterous song, and making the woods ring with his rude music, while his younger companion listened or commented, as the spirit moved him. His attention was attracted, however, before they had proceeded far, by certain sounds which alarmed him; but, fearing the ridicule of his comrade, and thinking that *his* ear should have been the first to recognize the vicinity of a foe, he abstained from mentioning his fears, for he had an overweening confidence in the talent of the other as a scout, and cowardice at that time was a crime, little short, in point of obloquy, to that of murder. He endeavored to account for the sounds, therefore, by ascribing them to natural causes; but still they haunted him, and he could not rid his mind of the impression that danger hung around their path. When he found that the noises seemed to follow them, and that his companion was too much absorbed in his performance to notice them, he called his attention to them. As he had anticipated, his feeling of alarm was made sport of by Yates, who laughed at his idle fears, and told him to rest quiet—that "the worst thing there was in these yere woods was a bar or painter," and "he'd just like to meet one, to take home in place of the horse," which he had so confidently anticipated taking home with him. For a time Downing seemed content; but he could not but notice that whichever way they turned, and how farsoever they proceeded, the ominous sounds still followed them; and he again called the attention of Yates, and endeavored to make him realise that their footsteps were dogged by some unseen enemy. His only answer was:

"Pshaw, boy, you're timid; you aint afraid that the redskins are after your hair, are ye? What valey do you set on your scalp, that you're so afraid of it? I'll agree to insure it for ye for sixpence. Wagh! I'll wager a buckskin against a coonskin there aint an Injen this side the 'Hio. If there is, I'd jest like to look at him along this straight-edge," slapping his rifle; "I haint had a scrimmage so long, I'm gittin most frose for hair."

Downing was not satisfied, however, by the bantering of his companion; and as the rustling of leaves, and the occasional cracking of a twig was heard in their rear, he determined, if his companion did not evince more watchfulness, he would shirk for himself. They were entering a canebrake as he had formed this resolution, and before they had reached the other side of it he had become fully satisfied in his own mind, that some wild animal or Indian was following their trail. As they emerged from the shelter of the brake, therefore, and entered a wood which was thickly undergrown by luxuriant clumps of whortleberry bushes, he seized a favorable opportunity, and darting into the bushes, he concealed himself, while his comrade, who was still so much taken up with the music of his own voice as not to heed his absence, continued on down the slope of a hill, and was soon lost to his view. Downing had not remained long in this bushy retreat before, to his unspeakable horror, he saw two painted warriors put aside the canes and look out earnestly and intently in the direction Yates had gone. Fearful least they might have seen him dart into

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the bushes, he made up his mind to fire upon them and trust to his heels for safety. As they emerged into the open space, therefore, he raised his rifle to his shoulder, but before he had time to take aim it accidentally went off. He was not slow in following the example of the piece, and met Yates returning. The latter had been called to a recognition of his absence by the report of the gun, and was running back to ascertain the cause of his firing. It was unnecessary to ask the question, however, for the enemy were in full view, and coming up with them at full speed. As Downing's rifle was empty—and Yates's too, for aught we know—it was decided to run for it; but as Downing was by no means as rapid in his movements as his companion, the latter ran by his side, graduating his speed to that of the young man, refusing to save his own life by outstripping him. The enemy were rapidly overtaking them, and, as if fortune was against them, the white men took a path which curved like a bow, while the Indians, well acquainted with the country, took another, much nearer, which bore the same relation to the first that the string does to the bow.

The two paths, at the greatest distance, were no more than a hundred yards apart, so that Yates and Downing could see that the Indians were rapidly decreasing the distance which separated them, and it required the utmost stretch of their powers to reach the point of convergence in advance. They were successful in doing so, however, although the enemy were so close upon their heels that they momentarily expected to feel the edge of their tomahawks. Before them lay a deep and wide gully, which extended to some hundred yards or more on either side of the path and at right angles therewith. It was necessary to cross this or retrace their steps, and as the last was impracticable, the two fugitives gathered all their energies for the effort necessary to spring across it. The Indians, perfectly well aware of this obstacle also, made for a spot higher up, where it was more shallow, for the purpose of gaining ground and heading them off. In this they would most assuredly have succeeded but for an accident which occurred to Downing, which proved to be a most fortunate one, although he viewed it in a far different light for the moment. Yates being possessed of greater strength, agility and endurance than his younger companion, sprang over the gully with ease, but Downing, exhausted by the great efforts he had already made, came short, and striking his breast with considerable force upon the opposite side, fell back and rolled to the bottom, with the breath almost completely beaten out of his body by the force of the blow. For a moment the generous Yates hesitated at leaving his comrade in his emergency, but the sight of the Indians, now fast approaching to cut him off, and the thought that his remaining would only sacrifice the life of both, decided him, and bounding off at his utmost speed, he was soon again in advance of his pursuers, who, either not discovering the condition of Downing, or being intent only on the capture of his more stalwart companion, followed in his trail. Downing had given himself up as lost when he fell, and doggedly remained lying at the bottom of the gully; but hearing the fast retreating sounds of the pursuit, he recovered his energies and resolved to make another effort for life. Fearing lest the enemy should see him if he left the gully at once, he walked along the bottom at a rapid pace, in the hope of finding some hiding-place where he could be secure from discovery until the enemy had departed.

The gully became more shallow, however, as he proceeded, soon quite disappeared in the level ground, and ceased to afford him shelter or protection. Knowing that the Indians would return under any circumstances to look for him, and hoping to make a detour so as to avoid them, he went on; but before emerging from the shelter of the ditch he made a *reconnoissance*. To his surprise and horror, he beheld one of the warriors apparently in quest of his whereabouts, approaching him, and not more than a hundred and fifty yards from his retreat. With the utmost consternation, too, he discovered his egregious folly in not having reloaded his rifle while he had the opportunity to do so. No expert woodsman would have been caught in this dilemma, it being their first care to reload after firing, where there is a possibility of doing so. Indeed, the Wetzels, and many others, acquired skill sufficient to reload while running at the utmost speed, and this efficiency in the use of their pieces was the means of saving their lives on several occasions. Young Downing had but little time afforded him in which to make up his mind as to the course he should pursue. The Indian—whether he had discovered him or not, he did not know—was making directly for the spot where he was, and as to retrace his steps down the gully might bring him upon the other one, he resolved to try his chance in flight. Throwing down his gun, which was now a useless burden, he started out upon the level ground

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and ran in a direction directly opposite to that in which his enemy was coming. A shrill yell announced that he was discovered, and urged him to put forth his utmost powers in the race. Plying his legs manfully, therefore, he for some little time held his own, but coming to a ridge which it was necessary to ascend, his speed proved not equal to that of his pursuer, who to his horror, he found was rapidly gaining upon him.

As he found that the contest of speed was fast drawing to a close, and that a few moments would end it in his death, his heart sank within him, and he was on the point of giving over and yielding himself to the tomahawk, when he discovered an immense poplar tree, which had been blown up by the roots and lay at an angle with the course he was pursuing. Darting around the head of it, he ran along one side towards the roots, which, with the interstices betwee nthem filled with soil that had adhered to them, rose high in the air, leaving a pit or hole of considerable dimensions, where they had formerly reposed. The Indian followed the other side of the tree, doubtless in the confident anticipation of intercepting Downing at the roots, but he was destined to meet with a reception which he little dreamed of, and one which seemed to show a direct interposition of Providence in aid of the young hunter, who now had nothing but some such interposition to depend upon for his life. It seems that a large she bear in her peregrinations through the forest, had made a temporary bed at the foot of the fallen poplar, in which to suckle her little litter of cubs, and while engaged in this interesting maternal office, the Indian, being first at the spot, and darting around the roots without due attention to the maxim, "look before you leap," sprang directly upon and stumbled over the hirsute group. Quick as thought both the bear and Indian were upon their feet, and a terrific battle commenced between them. The brute seemed determined to embrace her antagonist in one of the most affectionate hugs, while he, declining the honor, plied his knife with the utmost activity in the effort to stab her to the heart. It may readily be supposed that Downing did not wait to see the end of the contest; but thankful for this providential interference in his behalf, hurried off in the direction of the fort, where he soon arrived in safety, and found his older companion resting himself from the fatigue of the race he had had.

RIVER POPULATION IN CHINA.

Vast multitudes of people in China, says, Sir John Bowring, begin and end their existence on the water. In the city of Canton alone it is estimated that three hundred thousand persons dwell upon the surface of the river. The boats, sometimes twenty or thirty deep, cover some miles, and have their wants supplied by ambulatory salesmen, who wend their way through every accessible passage. Of this vast population some dwell in decorated river boats used for every purpose of license and festivity, for theatres, for concerts, feasts, for gambling, for lust, for solitary for and social recreations. Some craft are employed in conveying goods and passengers, and are in a state of constant activity; others are moored, and their owners are engaged as servants or laborers on shore. Some are of enormous size, and are used as magazines for salt or rice; others have all domestic accommodations, and are employed for the transfer of whole families, with all their domestic attendants and accommodations, from one place to another; some, called centipedes, carry the more valuable cargoes from the inner warehouses to the foreign shipping.

LOVE'S ENTHUSIAST.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

With splendid hues the summer skies
  At dawn old Sol may fill;
But there 's a glow in your blue eyes
  More captivating still!

Though lovely is the twilight hour,
  Whose spell surrounds me now,
Your beauty thrills with greater power:
  Before its shrine I bow.

Captive, submissively I greet
  Sweet mistress of my heart;
Lay this pure rose-wreath at thy feet—
  Dare tell how dear thou art!

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FAITHFUL AND TRUE.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

I think of thee still, though the years have been many
Since last we have met in the festival throng,
The brightest, the gladdest, the gayest of any,
When life wore the beauty of sunshine and song:

While yet the sun toyed with the mists of the morning,
And touched our young lives with a tremulous ray,
Ere yet in our ears had resounded a warning
Of what should befall ere the close of the day:

When brightly the eastern horizon was glowing,
And hope like a beacon was luring us on;
When softly the midsummer breezes were blowing
O'er rows of pale hyacinth, scented and wan.

I see thee as then, and thy soul-thrilling glances
Fall bright on the desolate soil of my heart;
Poor heart! whence the wound of pain's bitterest lances,
Deep-hidden and deadly, shall never depart.

Where'er I may wander, thought lingers around thee,
And sadly I sigh to behold thee again.
My love with a thousand attractions has crowned thee—
O, stern was the fate that dissevered us twain!

In vain do I struggle and try to forget thee,
Still brightly thy image appears to my view;
Through life my fond heart shall not cease to regret thee,
And, dying, I still shall be faithful and true.

HETTY.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

Avonside lay sleeping in the glow of a June afternoon. It was a still, quiet place at all times, cradled by great hills, and lying miles away from the hum and roar of the city. Rip Van Winkle might have taken his famous nap there undisturbed—the wide green fields, the winding roads, and the streets where the village houses clustered together under the shade of great elms, were so steeped in the spirit of repose. The very sounds that came to break the silence from time to time—the farmers shouting to their oxen as they went afield, the clamor of children at play, the leap of the Avon over the dam, and the loud rumble of the mill upon its banks, only seemed to make the quietude sweeter, and the after silence full of dear, remembered melodies, like an interlude in music.

Hetty Ferguson stood in the vine-covered portico of her uncle's house; she had been standing there a long time quite idle, not even thinking, scarcely even dreaming, which passes for thinking with a great many people. The slope of the mowing field down to the river, the shining, rippling waters, the low walls of the old red mill, the emerald meadow and rising hills beyond, were all before her eyes, yet she hardly saw them. There was a dark cloud lying low in the west, and now and then the mutterings of the distant thunder broke into the stillness of the sweet summer afternoon, yet Hetty did not mind it.

But soon a blaze of blue light flashed over the sky, glittered on the vane of the old mill, and shone luridly upon the river; a sharp peal followed, and Hetty, roused from her abstraction, started and looked eagerly around. Overhead there was yet a space of blue sky, but masses of white cumuli were drifting across it, and the cloud in the west rolled up in torn, irregular fragments, dun violet at the centre and fringed with tawny gold.

Presently a few quick, large drops pattered upon the leaves, foretokens of the tempest; then a pause, a strange hush when even the birds were still; then slowly swept up the wind, cool and fresh, rustling in the trees, bending the tall grain, and growing in volume and power, till the bearded heads of the rye lay prone before it; and now came the rain in white sheets, filling all the valley, and veiling the old mill, and sweeping down the road in a resistless river.

"Hetty, Hetty!" It was a sharp voice, not unkind, but peremptory and positive.

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Then a quick step along the entry.

"My goodness, child! What are you thinking about, to stand out there in the rain? O, dear me! There, do run up stairs, and see if the windows are shut, and then change your dress. O dear!"

Mrs. Ferguson sank into the nearest rocking-chair and began to fan herself, while Hetty ran up stairs, looking at her pretty pink frock in dismay and compunction.

"If she had not been wondering what had become of Harry Aylmer," she thought—Ah! there he was now! And peeping from the lattice Hetty saw him crossing the little green slope before the door. In a moment he stopped and whistled to the dog; a low, melodious whistle it was that would have been full of music to a less partial ear than Hetty's. Rover came bounding up the yard, leaping around his master.

"A wet time we have had, old fellow;" and Aylmer took off his wet cap and shook out the water. Standing there a moment he was still watched by Hetty—a fine, handsome man, grace and gentlemanliness rivalling themselves in every movement and attitude, though his garments were drenched.

Somebody else was coming up the road, a square heavy man with round, stooping shoulders and shuffling gait.

"Hallo, Tom!" cried Aylmer, in his ringing voice. The voice that answered was rough and harsh. "Hallo!"

"Is the shower over?" asked Aylmer.

"Guess so;" and Tom went on his way to the barn. When he reached it, he sat down in the doorway, and surveyed his muddy boots with a sort of stolid composure.

But this Hetty did not know. She had turned away rather disgusted when Tom appeared; the contrast between him and Aylmer forced itself upon her now every time that she saw them together. "Is Hetty in the house?" she heard Aylmer ask. The simple question sent a thrill of proud pleasure to Hetty's heart, and a rosy blush to her cheek. She began to re-arrange her hair, for she must go down soon and set the table for tea; so she went to the small mirror that stood upon the bureau close under the eaves of the low attic chamber.

It was not a beautiful face that looked out at her, scarcely a pretty one—rather pale, with no braids of splendid hair to redeem its irregular outline, and no magnificent eyes to illuminate it and compensate for its want of bloom.

Hetty's hair was a pale brown, and her eyes a soft, thoughtful gray. It was only when some emotion or momentary inspiration lighted up her face, and made her eyes darken and flash, and stained her cheek with a transient rose, that Hetty would have been thought lovely. No, it was not a pretty face, though the neck, around which Hetty clasped a little gold chain, was fair and white, and the hands that did it were daintily shaped.

But Hetty had been taught as most good girls have that beauty is of no consequence—a very great mistake by the way—and in the freshness of her youth she did not miss it. Years afterwards she missed and mourned over the want, for she knew then, that if she had been beautiful, Harry Aylmer would have loved her.

She went down stairs presently, and Harry had some sketches to show her, and a lively story to tell of having been surprised by the shower, the loss and detriment to his drawing materials that resulted from it. Then her uncle and Tom came in, and Hetty wondered as she had a hundred times at Aylmer's versatility, and at the ready interest with which he entered into a conversation about the weather, and the crops, and the probable yield of hay, and its price in the market, things about which Hetty was sure he did not care a jot; but Harry Aylmer had that rare and dangerous power of being all things to all men; his affability was exhaustless, and his popularity consequently unlimited.

Whether he paid court to highbred ladies, or sat on the doorstep talking with Tom Ferguson, he was always the same delightful companion, had always that keen insight, and ready tact, and charming good nature, which made him adapt himself to his company without ever thinking about it, and please without trying to do so.

For these and other reasons that I have not yet named, you will see that Aylmer was a dangerous person for an imaginative girl like Hetty to know. And this was the third summer that he had spent in Avondale—exploring the hills, and lounging away the long, warm days in the woods of the valley, laying up breath and developing muscle, making friends with everybody in the village from the grave minister down to Pat Murphy's youngest, winning Hetty's heart unknowingly, and, as a side diversion, attending to his real business, which was to make studies for future elaboration.

Tea was over by-and-by, the family was dis-

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persed, and Hetty stood again in the vine-covered portico. The dark clouds still overhung the sky, but a wave of yellow light was bearing up from the west, which presently touched them with rose and gold. Somebody came through the entry. Hetty did not need to look up into the plain, brown face to know who it was.

"Well, Hetty!" said Tom.

Hetty started. A look of pain and annoyance crossed her face, but she conquered her trouble. Young as her life was she had found need in it for self-control—and looked up pleasantly.

"Well, Tom!" half-smiling.

Tom looked down at her. It was a pretty face to Tom, but then he was not an artist, only a coarse country fellow, uncultivated and rude, with no heroic or splendid possibilities in him, and with only two objects in life; one of them was to get rich, and the other to marry his cousin Hetty. If this love for Hetty which had stolen into his heart had planted any flowers in its arid soil, or touched with any suggestions of breadth, or tender delicacy, or aspiration, the elements of his hard, worldly character, Tom was hardly aware of it. In after years the love was sure to be overgrown by sordid cares, and left to lie like a dead fact in his soul, instead of being, as it would be in a finer nature, a vitalizing influence to refine, and purify, and uplift the whole man.

Hetty had some dim perception of this, and so when Tom said, "That isn't giving a man an answer, though, Hetty," she grew rosy with indignation, and said with some petulance:

"Why will you persecute me, Tom? You know I can give you only one answer; you know I don't love you; and you don't love me with anything that I should call love, and why should we marry? It is much better as it is, Tom."

"What makes you say I don't love you, Hetty? There isn't a girl in town I care half so much for," said Tom, in a positive tone.

"But, Tom—" Hetty stopped short. Why try to explain things to Tom?

"There's no use in talking, Tom. I don't love you, and I can't marry you."

"What's the reason you don't love me?" insisted Tom. "It aint fair to turn a man off without giving him any reason."

That was true, and Hetty tried to find some reason that should be intelligible to Tom.

"Because, Tom," she said at length, speaking slowly, "we are not at all suited to each other. We don't think the same thoughts, or have the same feelings; we don't care for the same things. You find your happiness in a kind of life that would make me miserable. O Tom!" she grew earnest and almost passionate—"this life we lead here seems to me so sordid and mean. It is work, work, and save, save from one year to another—nothing grand or noble about it, nothing to inspire one, nothing to make one grow. I get so tired of it. I am sick of the very sound of farm-work. It might be so different—it is so beautiful here; but I am afraid it is this hard, constant labor that makes the men grow stupid. Their minds travel around one little circle. They go to the store in the evenings, and talk about the crops, and the market, and when the women go out to tea, they take the dairy and kitchen with them, or else they gossip—O, such frivolous, empty gossip. I tell you, Tom, I would rather die than go on living so; and if I married you that would be my life."

Tom had not understood much of this, but through the fogs and walls that shut in his mind, one perception had struggled, rather dim and vague, yet plain enough to make his homely face grow a dull red. This girl thought herself above him; this girl, the daughter of his father's shiftless brother, kept for charity's sake all these years, thought herself too good for him. Tom's wits groped about trying to find a reason for this remarkable fact. His jealous instinct blundered upon it at last. "You needn't set yourself up so, Hetty," he said, his face growing redder. "I see what it is that's put such notions into your head. You're trying to set your cap for Harry Aylmer."

"O Tom, how can you?" cried Hetty, in a sob.

Tom pulled angrily at the long runners of the vine that hung around the eaves of the porch, snapping them off one by one. He was very angry indeed, and his was the nature to brood over a wrong long and sullenly.

"Aint it true, though?" he said.

"No, it is not true that I have been what you so coarsely call setting my cap for Harry Aylmer. If Harry has been kind to me, he has been so of his own accord," said Hetty, vehemently.

"But you like him," said Tom, with a short laugh.

"Everybody likes him," returned Hetty, which was quite true.

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"Everybody aint in love with him," said Tom, with singular acuteness. "Now, Hetty, you'll think better of this; Harry 'll never take a fancy to you. You aint handsome enough, and then you aint rich, and you aint a lady. You'd better a great deal take up with my offer. You'll have a good home as long as you live and there aint a better farm in the country. You'll steady down by-me-by and like it. So I shan't call it settled yet."

Tom went away, and Hetty ran up to her little room under the eaves, that homely little room where she had been wont to hide away her sorrows, and they had not been few nor small. Tom had accused her of loving Harry Aylmer, and the sting of the accusation was its truth.

Hetty came down stairs the next morning very grave and pale, and about her eyes that wan look that betrays suffering.

"What is the matter with my little friend?" said Harry Aylmer, coming to her as she sat sewing in the pleasant, old-fashioned sitting-room.

Hetty's eyes filled instantly. Harry was much moved. His was a very kind heart.

"It is this weary, monotonous life that is killing you," he said, warmly. "Hetty, why not forsake it? It is not fit for you. It will wear you out."

"But what can I do?" said Hetty, scarcely knowing what to say.

"You shall go to my sister—Mrs. Weston. Don't shake your head in that way, Hetty. Your over-sensitive pride shall be respected. Not a single pecuniary favor shall be forced upon you. Mrs. Weston has always some young lady with her, and I assure you that she gets an equivalent for what she does for them, in the sunshine and life they bring to the house. There you can study, cultivate all those fine tastes that must lie dormant here. You can write too, and some day I shall be proud of having introduced a genius to the world—for you have genius, Hetty, I am sure of it. And some one else is sure of it too. Look here;" and before Hetty's astonished eyes Harry held an open letter, and shaking it playfully out fell a bank note.

"What does it mean?" said Hetty, quite overcome with surprise.

"Just this, little woman," said Harry, gleefully. "I took the liberty—a great liberty it was, I know, but the end justifies the means in this case—to send two or three of those charming little poems you gave me to the editor of the Literary Review, and you see that he has sent you a substantial testimony to their merit. Read the letter too, and see how kindly he speaks of them."

Hetty read words of commendation that made her cheeks burn and her heart leap with delight, for the editor was a personal friend of Harry's, and had taken the trouble to interest himself in his *protege*. Hetty read to the end, then crushing the letter in her trembling fingers she cried, half beside herself:

"O, what shall I do? I am too happy. This is more than I ever hoped for;" and she laughed and cried in a perfect abandon of emotion.

Harry Aylmer stood by sympathizing to the utmost, for one of the chief charms of Hetty's character was her *naive* simplicity, and her transparent, childlike honesty. After they were both a little calmer, Harry said:

"Now, Hetty, this is only a beginning, a very good one too, but you will do greater things some day. And now more than ever I am satisfied that it is wicked for you to be buried here. I shall write to my sister at once about you."

"You are very good to me," said Hetty, with emotion.

"Not at all. I would do a great deal for my little friend—the dearest little friend I have in the world," said Harry, with a tender friendliness that went down into Hetty's poor, little empty heart.

Mrs. Weston was a widow with a fortune, an amateur of art and literature, and with a vein of philanthropy in her character. She came the next week in answer to the letter, and was won at once, partly by Hetty's sweet ways, partly by the traces of what she believed to be genius in the miscellaneous sketches and poems that Hetty was persuaded to put into her hands. Then there was a long conference with the Fergusons. They gave her up at last, for they had no right to mar her welfare, but it was with a bad grace. Tom sulked for a week, and would not appear when she went away; but Mrs. Ferguson relented, gave Hetty a sharp, short kiss that was like an explosion, rubbed her eyes till they looked very red, and finally told her that if she ever wanted a home to come back to them.

And so Hetty went away to make a place, and win fame in that great world of which she had dreamed so much.

It was a strange new life into which she went, so different from the narrow, circum-

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scribed existence at Avonside, that Hetty sometimes felt as if she had lost her identity, and wondered if this girl in tasteful dress, with abundant leisure and a thousand opportunities for culture, was the same little maiden who went barefooted after the cows, and washed dishes, and scoured tin pans all the morning, only so little while ago. Her friends wondered too—so rapid and beautiful was her development. They were happy years. Afterwards Hetty looked back to them from out the arid desert that her life became, with a vague sense of having once been in paradise.

All the time Harry Aylmer was her guide, critic and friend—watching her progress with delight, jealous of any other influence, and strengthening every day in many ways his power over her. By-and-by Hetty wove her bitter experiences into a story. It drew its life from her own heart, and was so vivid and true that it took the public as by storm.

Harry Aylmer was in California sketching among the passes of the Yo Semite. He came back when her fame was at its height. He was very proud of her, for was she not of his own making?

They were staying in the country then, and a few delicious weeks followed his return. If Harry was ever to blame it was in that short time. Yet I am sure he did not design any harm.

"Henrietta!"

"Well, Harry."

They were in Mrs. Weston's morning room. Hetty was up stairs preparing to go out, and Harry was waiting for her.

"This is a great book of Hetty's," said Harry, turning over its leaves.

"Yes, it is a great book," said Mrs. Weston, quietly.

"There's a *but* in your voice though," said Harry, with a little jealous impatience. "What is it?"

"I don't think she will ever write another as good."

"Why not?"

"Because she is a woman."

"Nonsense. Do women never write but one good book?"

"Not often, and women like Hetty never."

"Pray explain."

"I am afraid I cannot—at least you will think my meaning vague and visionary."

"Try me!"

"Well—there is none of that calm consciousness of future power which is itself promise. There is intellect enough in the book, but it is vitalized by feeling. The story seems as if struck out in one grand impulse of emotion. It is on fire. And that is its power. Hetty's nature was repressed and trodden down. It blossomed in that book. It will never flower so grandly again. Yet if she has a happy life she will write again, but not in that way."

"Why should she not have a happy life?" asked Harry.

"O, I don't know!" Harry scarcely noticed Mrs. Weston's vague answer.

"What a pity it is that she isn't prettier!" he said, after a pause of a few minutes.

"Hetty?"

"Yes. Beauty ought to go along with genius. It is a downright shame for Hetty to have been defrauded of it."

"I think it is," said Mrs. Weston, with energy.

Harry looked up surprised. She answered the look.

"Because then you would have loved her."

Harry looked still more confounded.

"I do love her," he said at length. "She is the dearest, most companionable little woman in the world."

"Yes, but not the chosen queen of your heart. O Harry, I do wish you—but what is the use? You will marry somebody with a pretty face who hasn't two ideas in her head."

Harry laughed, but colored, and seemed to be annoyed.

"Forgive me, Harry. I don't like to meddle, but lately I have thought perhaps I ought to have done it long ago. You ask why Hetty's life should not be a happy one. Sometimes I think *you* will hinder it from being so."

Harry grew a shade paler.

"What do you know? You have no right to speak in that way unless you know something. What proof have you of what you are hinting to me?"

"Not much proof—nothing tangible, but within three years Hetty has refused a half dozen offers. That may not mean anything, but, Harry, I was sure I ought to warn you."

Harry was silent. Presently he said, flushing up as he spoke, for he was not vain or egotistical.

"I hope you are very wrong, Henrietta—I can't think that Hetty has any sentiment for me different from the warm friendship that I feel for her. If I thought there was anything else I would ask her to be my wife to-morrow."

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They said no more. Neither of them ever knew that, slipping softly down stairs into the hall, Hetty had heard every word of this speech.

Half an hour afterwards she came down with a feverish glow on her face, and a wild light in her eyes that made her almost beautiful.

"I'll put it to the test this very afternoon," thought Harry, as he lifted her into the saddle.

It was not easy to find an opportunity, for Hetty was in high spirits, and strangely loquacious for her. It jarred a little upon Harry's feelings, subdued and touched as they had been by the talk with his sister. It was not until they were returning and riding up the avenue that he said, laying his hand upon her bridle rein—his keen eyes fixed upon her as he spoke. "Hetty, I want to ask you something before I go to Europe—to-day is as good a time as any."

She met his eye—he could not be sure that she grew pale—it might have been only the gloom of the great drooping branches under which she rode.

"What is it?" she said, in her usual tone of quiet interest.

"Will you be my wife, Hetty?"

"No, Harry Aylmer."

He drew a quick breath. Had he hoped for a different answer?

"Why not? Don't you love me, Hetty?"

"No."

Not another word was said till they stopped. Then as he set her upon the ground Hetty asked, looking in his face:

"You are not angry at me because I don't love you?"

"No, Hetty."

But the pang was almost as sharp as if he had loved her, and he was quite sure he did not. That night at tea Harry announced his intention of going to Europe in a week.

He left his sister's room after all the rest that night. "Henrietta," opening the door, and putting in his head again, "you were mistaken in what you said this afternoon."

"How do you know?"

"I asked her," and he went quickly away.

Mrs. Weston smiled sadly. "O, what a wise man!"

Harry Aylmer had been in Europe three years. For two of them Mrs. Weston had been an invalid.

One day a packet of letters came with the familiar foreign post-mark. Out from the packet, hid in this voluminous correspondence, there dropped a little miniature. They looked at it in silence—a lovely infantile face, with rosebud cheeks and lips, and smiling eyes. Mrs. Weston ran over the first letter—then glanced up at Hetty. Her face was grave and still.

"Is it Harry's wife?" asked Hetty.

"Yes!"

Then looking at the picture, Mrs. Weston said pettishly:

"She is very lovely, but there is no character in the face, and she doesn't know a thing."

The months slipped by. Mrs. Weston failed daily, and at last one gray autumn she slipped out of the present into the larger life beyond. Hetty was alone now. Harry wrote kindly, urging her to make his sister's house still her home. He wanted to find her there when he returned, which would be in a year.

Then Hetty was beset with a wild longing to go—to hide herself from his sight. She thought of Avonside. So she wrote that she was coming, and presently she arrived at the old farm.

It had not changed in the least. Life went on in the old monotonous way. But it did not matter now. Her very soul was dead within her. She could never use her pen again to any purpose. What she wrote was very inert matter. The vitalizing force was gone. She helped Mrs. Ferguson, half blind and paralytic, finding some relief in her hands being busy. And so the time slipped away till the months grew to years. Harry never sought her out. Not till years afterward did she guess why.

At last Tom asked her the old question. It did not matter now, Hetty thought, and she said yes. So Hetty Ferguson and Tom were married, and the village people said it was quite a good match after all, for Hetty wasn't so "shiftless" as she used to be.

No children came to her. If it had been so, that icy apathy might have been broken up, and she might have known how to enjoy again and how to suffer.

But life wore on, and at last it was almost over for Hetty. It was summer again, and Avonside was lovely. Hetty had been ill a long time, and in this illness old feelings so strange that they seemed almost new ones, returned to her. It was noticed that her eyes often sought the door with wistful longing, that she started at every strange step.

The step for which she listened, the face she longed for, came at last. One June evening

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Harry Aylmer was led into the room. He came up to her, all his old friendliness shining in his eyes, and something beside that in the old time had not been there. Then with his hot tears falling on her face and his voice calling her, Hetty's heart came to life.

He had been there a night and a day. He told her a great deal of the years in which they had been separated, and Hetty listened with a strange, sweet pleasure. By-and-by he told her that his wife was dead—a short life they had lived together—he trusted that she had not suffered from his great mistake.

Hetty's eyes sought his face wonderingly. She was beautiful now. Middle life had brought to her a loveliness sweet enough to compensate for her plain youth. Too beautiful to give up to the grave—yet had not this world been a living grave?

"A great mistake?" said Hetty.

"Yes, Hetty. I made a great mistake once in my life. I thought I did not love you."

She lay quiet, a beautiful peace in her face. And so she died. The grave was made on a little green knoll within sound of the rippling Avon.

The night before Harry was to go, he took Tom Ferguson aside.

"Tom," he said, "we are old friends—if you don't like what I am going to say, you wont be angry, will you?"

"I guess not."

"Then I want to say that, if you are willing, I should like to place a stone at Hetty's grave, and take care of the little enclosure."

"Well! I used to think you liked her, and that she liked you, but somehow you didn't come together. I always thought 'twas curious. So if you are a mind to fix up the lot I don't care."

Harry went to the grave in the early morning before he left, lingering there a long time. All the hills were green, the Avon sang sweetly, and the sky was blue and soft. Peace and beauty everywhere—the sun smiles even upon new-made graves. But in Harry Aylmer's heart was neither peace nor resignation.

"God meant us for each other, but my blindness thwarted his will," he said, bitterly. "I might have made her life happy, but all there is left for me to do now is to throw a few flowers upon her grave. It is a miserable atonement! O Hetty, Hetty!"

Favor exalts a man above his equals, but his dismissal from that favor places him below them.—*La Bruyere.*

MIND WHAT YOU SAY.

A gentleman was in the habit of calling at a neighbor's house, and the lady had always expressed to him great pleasure from his calls. One day, just after she had remarked to him as usual, her happiness from his visit, her little boy entered the room. The gentleman took him on his knee and asked:

"Are you glad to see me, George?"

"No, sir," replied the boy.

"Why not, my little man?" he continued.

"Because mother don't want you to come."

"Indeed, how do you know that, George?"

Here the mother became crimson, and looked daggers at her little son. But he saw nothing, and therefore replied:

"Because she said yesterday that she wished that old bore would not call here again."

That was enough. The gentleman's hat was soon in requisition, and he left with the impression that "great is the truth and it will prevail."

Another little child looked sharply in the face of a visitor, and being asked what she meant by it, replied:

"I wanted to see if you had a drop in your eye. I heard mother say you had frequently."

A boy once asked one of his father's guests, who lives next door to you? and when he heard his name asked if he was not a fool.

"No, my little friend," replied the guest, "he is not a fool, but a very sensible man. But why did you ask that question?"

"Because," replied the boy, "mother said the other day that you were next door to a fool, and I wanted to know who lived next door to you."

RESOLUTION.

Resolution is almost omnipotent. Sheridan was at first timid, and obliged to sit down in the middle of a speech. Convinced of, and mortified at the cause of his failure, he said one day to a friend—"It is in me, and it shall come out." From that moment he rose, and shone, and triumphed in a consummate eloquence. Here was true and moral courage. It is not because things are difficult that we dare not undertake them. Be, then, bold in spirit. Indulge no doubts; they are traitors. In the practical pursuit of our high aims, let us never lose sight of it; it is more by disregard of small things men come short of excellence. There is always a right and a wrong; and if you ever doubt be sure you take not the wrong. Observe this, and every experience will be to you a means of advancement.

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A WOMAN'S TRUST.

BY NELL CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDISH ACQUAINTANCES.

"BURR, Burr, what does make you behave so? You are forever in some kind of mischief—you and Shag. Now you have gone and picked my calla in pieces, you hateful boy. You will certainly be the death of me," and poor little Mrs. Winthrop sat down and cried hopelessly.

Burr had heard similar words a hundred times before, and was not alarmed. He regarded her with those bright, peculiar eyes of his. His face wore that expression of curiosity, amusement and half pity, blended with contempt, that the masculine species in the formative period evince toward women folks in tears.

"Chirr-eedle-inctum! I can't help it, and there is no use in crying like a great baby over me and my failings."

"I wish you *would* be a good boy, Burr."

"Whew!"

"Folks make a great deal of talk about you."

"Who cares what they say? *I* don't," doggedly.

Some boys and some men take up this kind of bluster, when, away down in their hearts, they *do* care a great deal what is said about them.

"Burr, you make me ashamed, you are so careless and rough."

"Humph! It is a free country, isn't it?"

"We are going to have some company for a few weeks, and I *do* wish you would try to please me better."

"Who are coming?"

"Two little girls, the daughters of friends; and you ought to be gentlemanly and try to make their visit a pleasant one."

"I hate girls."

"You obstinate boy!"

"Shag and I will keep out of the way—wont we, Shag?" and he patted the ugly lumbering brute of the Newfoundland species.

"O dear, I never can do anything with you, Burr."

"Chirr-irr-eedle-inctum!" and he gave a nondescript twirl of the body and disappeared around the corner of the house.

Burr Winthrop was one of those children that come up without training, that is, without any proper training. Until within a year he had been motherless, his own mother having died when he was an infant. His father had paid no attention to him except to pet and play with him occasionally; and he had been left to the care of a capricious nurse, who had treated him with extremes of kindness and severity, and the kindness and severity had been exercised in the wrong place, and at the wrong time. It was not strange that his step-mother found him erratic and headstrong. She knew absolutely nothing about boys, and regarded them as young savages to be trained into civilization. How could she? She had never had any brothers, and the mother's love that leads to a right understanding of them, was as yet a sealed fountain, over which the angel of life kept mysterious guard. Least of all could she understand and sympathize with a child like Burr. The name Burr fitted him exactly. He had a tantalizing tenacity of prickly purposes; and few ever approached him during his boyhood without coming in contact with the prickles. The pungency of his actions made him many enemies; and he had gained for himself a town-ship notoriety. Many a piece of mischief that he had no hand in was placed to his account; and he professed to feel a rough pleasure in these things. His individuality was very marked. He never denied any charge that was laid to him; but gave it a kind of tacit sanction, unless it was a charge of lying, when he raved like a tornado. He had one inseparable friend, his dog Shag. There was something touching and almost human in the affection of the animal for his young master. By day he was at his heels, by night, he lay on a mat close to his bed, and even nearer; for many times had Burr been found asleep with his arms around Shag's neck. He talked with him by the hour sometimes.

"Shag, you and I will have gay sport with those doll-faced girls—wont we, Shag?"

"Girls are always afraid and we'll scare them, that we will."

Shag said "yes," as plainly as dog could say it.

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"We'll plague them till we drive them away."

In the pursuance of this object he dextrously concealed pins in the cushions of their chairs, and many like contrivances in which mischievous boys delight to indulge. For some days, however, he contrived to be invisible to them.

Nelly Wynne and Kate Berry were charmed with the stretch of meadow, and the freedom of movement that was now theirs. Children have an innate love of the country, and despise the artificial restraints that are necessarily thrown around them in the populous town or city. They rambled through the fields plucking butter-cups and sweet-scented clover blossoms. They found the trout-brook, Burr's favorite retreat. Wild honeysuckles brightened the opposite bank, and the children looked at them with longing eyes.

"O Katie if we could only get across."

"I have a mind to wade."

"Girls can't do it," and Burr and Shag suddenly made their appearance.

"Why can't we?"

"Because girls are weak, and the water runs so fast you could not stand up. If you are not afraid I'll take you across."

"I am not afraid," said Nelly.

"Don't go with that rough boy," whispered Kate.

Burr overheard her and scowled darkly.

"I'll go. Boys can do anything."

Nelly had touched the right chord.

"You are a sensible little girl," quoth Burr, patronizingly. "Cling tight hold of me."

She did as directed. Burr had wickedly intended to give her an innocent wetting in the stream, but her confidence in him he could not abuse. Her arms clasped so trustingly around his neck, disarmed and softened him. He could not define the new sensation that had come over him. It is one common to true manhood as is this dependent trust to true womanhood.

"What is your name?" she asked, when safely on terra-firma.

"Burr."

"Burr Winthrop?"

"Yes."

The brown eyes with their heavy silken lashes, opened wide.

"Why, *I* don't think you are bad at all."

"I am, I suppose."

"And this is Shag?"

"Yes."

"Dear old fellow!"

Another chord vibrated music.

"Do you know my name?"

"Nelly."

"How did you find it out?" in surprise.

"I overheard her call you."

Their acquaintance had progressed so far when it was interrupted by a scream from Kate, who had taken off her shoes and stockings and attempted to ford the brook. Burr went for her.

"Didn't I tell you that girls couldn't do it?"

"Girls can do as much as boys," replied the embryo advocate of woman's rights.

"They can play with dolls," he said, contemptuously; "but they can't swim or climb or fight."

"You are a great, horrid boy."

"When I am a man, I am going to have a ship and sail around the world—Shag and I."

"Humph!" interrupted Kate. "Boys are great brags."

"Kate oughtn't to talk so," put in Nelly. "Big boys like you can do anything."

It was a novel and pleasant thing to be trusted so implicitly. Boys are as susceptible to it as men; and it carries a weight of power with it which is not sufficiently recognized. It goes a long way towards making one trustworthy. Of course the rule is subject to limitations and exceptions, but in the main it will be found true.

Burr *was* to Nelly as she thought him, and with Shag she had got a fast hold of his boyish heart. Henceforth she was exempt from his teasing pranks. Kate was not allowed to go quite "scot-free," yet for Nelly's sake she escaped much. Shag took the cue from his master, and also manifested a growing partiality. He often left him to lie by her.

"Shag knows you are not like other girls; and I'd trust his instinct before I would a man's reason."

"Do you hear what Burr says, Shag?" and she made the shaggy head fantastic with a wreath of evergreens she had wove.

"Do you?"

"Shag says yes."

"Nelly, I don't care for girls much," said Burr, confidentially, "but if ever I should when I am a man, I'll marry you."

"Will you?"

"That I will, for you'd just suit me for a wife. Don't you ever love any body else until you know whether I have changed my mind. You wont, will you?"

"No."

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This was the informal courtship of a boy of twelve and a girl of ten. Has it counterparts among grown-up people?

Kate had overheard Burr, and her short, rich laugh came in to disturb him. He blushed hotly.

One day a new character was introduced among the scenes. It happened in this wise. Burr, Nelly and Kate were on the shore tossing pebbles into the lake, when their attention was attracted by Shag's howls of distress. Burr, followed by the girls, ran around a small point, and came upon another boy about his own age who was abusing his dumb companion. It maddened him.

"Tom Bryant, let Shag alone," he thundered.

"Mind your business, Winthrop."

Burr's muscular fist came down upon Tom's face in a well-directed blow that knocked him over.

"You are a coward, Tom, to ill-treat a helpless animal."

"I am not. Sooner or later, I'll have my revenge for this, Burr," and the handsome, evil face glowered darkly.

"You are welcome to take it when you can, Tom."

"I am afraid of that wicked boy," said Nelly and Kate. "He said he'd hurt you sometime."

"He will not dare."

On the approach of cooler weather, Nelly and Kate returned to their city homes, rosy and healthy, with their memories stored with bright pictures, more enduring than the works of the old masters. These treasures of our childish hours exert over us a subtle and powerful influence that works through all the years of our pilgrimage. In the general summing up, we are apt to underrate them, but it will be known that we are greatly made or marred by them, when the period shall come for the clearing up of mysteries.

CHAPTER II.

THE TRIALS AND EXPERIENCES OF MANHOOD.

TIME passed onward, and down its resistless way, Kate, in the budding beauty and promise of womanhood, had been swept to the grave. Eternity opened up before her, and in its greatness and glory she was lost to her kindred and friends for a brief season. God and angels had and held her.

Nelly was at boarding-school. Burr had entered college in the same city. They had renewed their acquaintance, privately, since it was against the rules of the seminary in which Nelly was placed to have any intercourse with other gentlemen than those nearly akin. Burr's early name and fame clung to him in college. He stood at the head of his class, and yet found leisure and opportunity for the exercise of his teasing proclivities. He was the torment of professors and received many reprimands for his behaviour, sometimes merited and sometimes not. Finally, he was charged with something more serious, of committing a petty theft in the garden of a citizen. His tracks were plainly to be seen in the soft earth, and some of the soil of a peculiar kind adhered to a pair of boots found in his room. He was called up in the presence of the senior class of which he was a member.

"I am forced to expel you from this institution, unless you can prove to me that you are not the thief," said the president, severely.

Burr bit his lips, but replied not a word.

"Are you guilty or not, Mr. Winthrop?"

"Not guilty."

"How do you account for the tracks in the garden?"

"I cannot account for them."

"Where were you last evening?"

"With a friend."

"How late was it when you returned?"

"Ten o'clock."

"Can you prove it? if so, you are clear, for the depredation was committed and discovered before that hour."

"Yes sir, I can; but as it might bring my friend into unpleasant relations, I will not do it even to clear myself."

"You refuse to give the name of this friend?"

"I must, sir."

"Well, Mr. Winthrop, since you will not give satisfactory explanations, it is my painful duty to dismiss you."

"Very well, sir, I cannot blame you."

A week afterward the president received a lady-like note from Nelly, stating that he had spent the evening in question with her, until within a few minutes of ten, and asking that Burr might be recalled. The request delicately worded, was heeded; but for reasons of his own, Burr did not choose to finish his course, but became a clerk in a wholesale store in the same city. He was aided in obtaining the situation by a former assistant and townsman, Tom Bryant. Burr met his friend-

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ly advances more than half way. It were a chance if he remembered the old cause of anger. Certain it is, he had treasured no ill-will; and not being of a suspicious nature, he was soon on the best of terms with Bryant. He even went so far as to introduce him to Nelly. Meanwhile, in what relations did he stand with her? Had the natural affinities of manhood for womanhood become fully developed, and did they render her dearer to him? Listen, and we shall know.

"Can you love such a scape-grace as I am, Nell?"

"Do you want me to?"

"More than I want any other earthly good."

"You said you didn't care much for girls once."

"I don't now, only for one."

"You were very exacting in those days, and bound me by a promise never to love any man until I knew whether you had changed your mind."

"Have you kept it?"

"Yes, Burr."

"I am something of a rascal, Nell."

"You always abuse yourself. I am glad I know better."

"You love me?"

"You and Shag won my heart a long time ago, I think."

"Bless you, Nell."

The "old, old story," told by the first man to the first woman was repeated again, and was as original and charming to her as if it had not reached its ninety-ninth billionth issue from loving human lips.

Though much against their inclinations, Mr. and Mrs. Wynne finally sanctioned Burr Winthrop's suit; and Nelly was his promised bride. For a few months there was a smiling sky and a smooth sea, and then came clouds and breakers. False entries had been made in the books of Whitney & Co., and it was done in Burr's hand-writing as entry clerk.

Circumstantial evidence was against him and he was thrown into jail, brought to trial and condemned. Tom Bryant with apparent reluctance was main witness against him. These matters were kept from Nelly until sentence was passed, and then Mrs. Wynne, a fair and stately woman, broke the news to her as gently as she could.

"Why did you hide it from me? It is a false charge, mother, as false as the black heart that plotted his ruin."

"But the evidence, Nelly, is overwhelming, and Burr cannot refute it."

"I don't care for it," and the latent fire of her soul flashed into face and eyes. "Poor boy! how he must suffer. I cannot forgive you for keeping it from me. I must go to him."

"You shall not—he is a criminal, and it will bring disgrace upon you and us."

"He is innocent, and nothing shall hinder me from doing my duty."

"Your father and I have decided that your engagement must be broken off."

"My promise is sacred, and though given in sunny weather, it binds me in the storm."

"Daughter, do not be obstinate. You owe us obedience and duty."

"Granted, but my first duty is to Burr. It is my pleasure that it is so. Though his parents and mine, and every other friend, fall from him yet will not I. I will prove to him that my love is strong and true."

"Do not be so hasty. Your father will be highly displeased with you."

"Mother, would not *you* cling to *your* husband through evil as well as good report?"

"Certainly, the marriage contract is binding. Your case is different."

"Because the legal ceremony is lacking? Before God I am his wife. His joys and his sorrows are mine, and come what may, I shall abide by my plighted troth."

Later, a light female figure entered the cell where Burr was confined and throwing back the heavy veil that concealed her features, stood revealed to the bowed and sorrowing man.

"I have come at last, Burr."

"God bless you. I was sure *you* would not forsake me; yet why did you come to see me in this wretched place?"

"You are not guilty, Burr?"

"No. Thank God."

"I knew you were not."

"But the evidence is positive, and according to it, I am a deep-dyed villain."

"I would take your word, Burr, against the whole world."

He strained her to his heart.

"This is comfort, Nelly. It makes me almost glad that it happened, since it proves to me how entirely you trust me."

"Have you no suspicion, Burr, of the enemy who has brought upon you all this trouble?"

"It is only suspicion, and I will not breathe it to sully any man's good name."

"What is your sentence?"

"I am condemned for five years to hard labor in Auburn prison."

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"It is cruel."

"The law must punish. The authorities could not do less under the circumstances."

"How will you endure imprisonment?"

A spasm of mental pain corrugated his forehead.

"Perhaps your God will help me."

"Claim him as *yours*, and he will."

She mused awhile, and the softest blush burnt on cheek and brow, as she found courage to whisper:

"Do you want me to marry you to-day, Burr?"

His face brightened.

"Are you willing to?"

"Yes."

"And your parents?"

"They oppose me."

"And you are strong enough to resist them?"

"Yes, Burr."

"Little tempter," fondly, "your parents do right. I shouldn't be worthy of you if I consented to link your name with mine. I wouldn't bring any stigma upon you, darling. A wife sinks to a level with her husband."

"No stain is on your *soul*, Burr. God pays no heed to mere reputation, why should we?"

"I know he looks upon the heart, but so does not man. I want your *name* as stainless as your character. I know not that mine will ever be clear—I do not think it will; and I therefore release you from your promise to me."

"O Burr!"

"It is better so."

"I will not take it. You are unkind to me. If I were your legal wife, you could not shake me off so."

"I should not wish to, then."

"Do you *now*?"

"To be frank—no."

"What makes you then?"

"It is my duty. I never will marry till my name stands clear before the world."

"That day will come—I know it will, and I am bound to you."

"How you have cheered me! God forever bless you, my darling."

Burr went to his hard, dreary prison life. Tom Bryant retained his position at Whitney's. He visited Nelly frequently, and after a few months ventured to propose for her hand. He met with a decided refusal, and to get out of her neighborhood, he started for another city. The cars on which he took passage came in collision with another train, were thrown from the track, and many of the passengers were either killed or seriously bruised. Tom Bryant was mortally injured. He survived a few hours, and during that time was a prey to the keenest remorse as well as physical suffering. Mr. Wynne, Nelly, and a justice of the peace were summoned to his bedside. He made his confession, which was taken down in writing and witnessed.

"I have harbored revenge in my heart since Burr struck me down in my boyhood. I was the cause of his expulsion from college. I hired an unprincipled fisherman to enter his room during his absence, put on his clothing and commit the theft Burr was accused of. I deliberately planned to ruin him, and I was incited thereto by the hope of winning Nelly for myself. For this purpose, I helped him to the position he occupied at Whitney's. I imitated his chirography until it could not be told from Burr's. When a propitious moment presented itself, I made the false entries, and used the money for my own selfish ends. My punishment is great—is just. I would like to die forgiven. Can you, Miss Wynne, forgive me the wrong I have done you and Burr?"

"As I hope to be forgiven. May God for Christ's sake show mercy to you who showed no mercy."

"Amen!" murmured the expiring sinner.

We gladly drop the veil of silence over his uncomeliness of life and late repentance, and leave him with his God.

The proper steps were taken, and Burr came forth from Auburn, a free man with a clear reputation. Whitney took him as head clerk and afterward as a partner.

Nelly was a proud and happy woman. All could sympathize with her in her little triumph as she said:

"I told you so—I knew Burr better than you all did."

Holy power of woman's faith in those they love! It is the one flower saved us from the wreck in Eden. Let us thank God that it is left to us.

An odd genius undertook to build himself a tomb, on his own farm. Before it was finished his wife was taken sick, and expressing her conviction to a neighbor that she could not recover, her husband hastily approached the bed and said—"*I wouldn't die just yet; the tomb will not be finished for several days!*" His wife took him at his word, and recovered.

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BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

BY C. T. ARNOLD.

The royal feast was spread,
The nobles seated round;
Belshazzar at the head,
With gleaming jewels crowned;
His haughty heart beat high,
And, drunk with praise and wine,
"Bring forth the cups," he said,
"In Judah deemed divine!"

Mid mirth and festal songs
The burning goblets flowed,
And sacrilegious tongues
Profaned the name of God;
But gloom-like terror fell
On king and nobles all,
When a shadowy hand appeared
Upon the palace wall.

Terror-struck, amazed,
Did king and nobles stand;
Each straining eyeball gazed
Upon that lonely hand.
The lamplight glimmered pale
Above the festive hall,
While the mystic fingers wrote
Upon the palace wall.

The Chaldee's lore was taxed
In vain to read the scroll,
And peaceless terror waxed
Upon Belshazzar's soul.

The gray-haired seers came,
In mystic knowledge bred;
Their mystic skill was vain—
The writing was unread.

A man of God was sought,
Of Judah's captive band,
By Syrian warriors brought
From Jewry's conquered land.
He saw that writing's truth,
Which, lured by fame and gold,
Chaldee and seer in vain
Had striven to unfold.

"*Mene:* God has numbered
Thy kingdom—set its bound;
Tekel: thou art weighed,
O king! and wanting found;
Peres: thy land 's divided,
Thus hath thy God decreed;
And over it shall rule
The Persian and the Mede."

The sun went down, the night
The silent world hung o'er,
Belshazzar, cold and white,
Lay stiffening in his gore.
The morn awoke, the sun's
Refulgent glory shone,
The Median monarch sat
Upon Belshazzar's throne.

CHARLIE APPLETON'S REFORMATION.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"We must go next week," said the schoolmaster.

"Not next week, surely!" echoed his wife, a sweet, motherly-looking woman, as indeed she should have been, if we consider the numerous flock of which she was the mother. Her words were repeated by many younger voices, in various tones of doubt and unwillingness. And, indeed, no one could wonder that the schoolmaster's family should regret leaving their dear, native New England and all its beloved associations, to find a new home in the Great West, uncertain of the future, and dwelling with keen appreciation on what might be the probabilities if they remained at home.

But Mr. Ward the schoolmaster, had decided upon leaving Massachusetts, to settle as a farmer, on the banks of the Ohio. He believed that his sons could become wealthier and healthier, and his daughters more happy and contented in such a sphere as he imagined they would find there; and, as his will had ever been a law to them all, they had not made any formidable objections to the new plan.

But to go so suddenly—it was that which aroused their murmurs now; and Mr. Ward, to his surprise, heard the rebellious words echo through the room. One voice was alone silent. His daughter Elizabeth, a girl of sixteen, the pet of her brothers, the com-

panion of her mother, the well-beloved nurse and teacher of the younger children, was quietly sitting in a shaded part of the room, her head bent over the little red and white sack she was knitting for baby Margaret.

"Why don't you speak, Lizzie?" said her brother Henry, coming over to where she sat. "Father would stay at home altogether, if you would but ask him to give up this wild scheme. But I believe you like to go, for I have not heard you utter a word against it, since he began to talk of it."

The boy stopped suddenly; for he saw that the heavy eyes she had lifted to his face were full of unshed tears.

"By George, Lizzie! you do care, after all. You don't want to go, and I know why, little sis. If Charlie Appleton were to go with us, you would not object—"

Lizzie was out of the room and in her own chamber, before Henry could finish his speech, but not before he could see that his words had waked a wild storm of weeping, of which, however, he was the only witness. The rest were too full of their individual grief, to notice little patient Lizzie.

Henry's words were too true. Charlie Appleton had spoken words to her that she could never forget, even if oceans should roll forever between the two. They had loved each other from their earliest childhood; and Charlie had so often called her his little wife, and of late had been so desirous that she should renew the promise made years ago at school, that the thought of leaving him was breaking her heart.

He was absent now, at the very time when she most needed him to console her for her father's unwelcome project; and she feared that he would not be back until the family, herself included, should have departed for that fearful West which now had such terrors for her.

She dried her tears as well as she was able, and slipped out, unseen and unheard, to confide all her griefs to the bosom of Charlie's sister, Mary Appleton. Mary was a year older than Lizzie; and therefore was she thought sufficiently mature to advise as well as to console her.

But, as she passed out of the little gate, she came almost plump into the arms of Charlie, who had just returned from the tour of business for his employer, which he had been making. He had heard the news from Mary, and was now coming to put his veto upon the whole matter, as far as Lizzie was concerned.

And so, after an hour's walk Lizzie slipped back to her chamber, and Charlie boldly went in to talk with her father. Not for worlds would she have been present, could she have helped it; but, while she was shivering with terror, lest Charlie should not succeed with her father, one of the children came up for her and she went down into the parlor. Her trembling limbs almost forsook her, as she tottered to her mother's side and sat down on a low stool at her feet.

Soon, the mother's hand found its way among her thick curls, and the touch reassured her. But her father's sharp probing of her little heart was terrible to bear. It was only when she raised the heavy eyes to his face, that he saw how much she had suffered for the last week or two; and he relented, a little, at the sight.

"Young man," he said, turning to Charlie, "what guarantee can you give me that this child, for she is only a child, shall find an equivalent for our watchful care of her?"

"I can give you the guarantee of the true love I have borne her from childhood, and the assurance of my father and mother that their home shall be hers, if you will consent to give her to us. Mr. Ward, my parents love her as they do me. My sister is prepared to be her sister. My brothers are impatient for her coming to our home. If I waited years, I could offer nothing more. Will you not be satisfied with this?"

Mr. Ward's eyes met his wife's. She was weeping, but very quietly. She looked up to him and said "Arthur, *I* was but sixteen, when I left my parents for you. Have we ever repented it? Has our married life been too long, or could we afford to blot out the first years of it?"

"No, Annie, we could not," he said, softly. "I see we must give up our child. Charles Appleton, as you value the blessing of God, or fear his curse, make her happiness your first care! You can never know how dear a gift you receive, until you are called on to render up a child of your own to another's keeping. Lizzie, tell me, do you love this silly fellow well enough to make up the loss of your whole family?"

He spoke playfully, and Lizzie, reassured by his altered tone, sprang to his arms. He kissed her and then placed her hand in that of her lover's. She heard, as in a dream, the announcement that she was to be married the next day.

It was not, indeed, until the wedding was

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over, and she was welcomed cordially home by the Appletons, as a daughter and sister, that she could realize the change that a single day had made in her life.

The next week, her tearful eyes lingered long upon the road whence she could discern the carriage that bore away parents, brothers and sisters. Charlie was beside her, or her heart might have yearned after them too sadly; but his tender words consoled and comforted her.

The Appletons were all kind to the little woman who had made her home among them. They cheerfully devoted the best room in the house to her, and the choicest of everything was placed at her disposal. Birds, books and plants were daily gifts, until she had no room for more. Charlie had bought a fine cabinet piano for her use and Mary gave her lessons. Her happy face and cheerful voice, and the affectionate manner she wore to them all, repaid their cordial welcome to their home.

A year went by, brightly and happily; and then a little cloud seemed to gather, "no larger than a man's hand," at first, but growing slowly and surely, and darkening gradually over the household.

None knew, except Mr. Appleton, what the cloud portended. His wife has heard indistinct mutterings in his sleep, which she tried to attribute to his late business hours. She was worried and uneasy; but, as yet, her misgivings had attained no distinct form. She had not long to wait. The firm of Appleton and Chase, hitherto one of the stanchest and most stable in the town, tottered for a while on the brink of ruin, and then fell with a crash. They were honest men, and they gave up everything without reserve. There was no keeping back or hiding. Houses, furniture, even the little gifts the children had received from time to time, were thrown into the general sale. Nothing in the house of the Appletons except Charlie's own furnishings was saved from the hammer.

Struck with admiration at the voluntary sacrifices made by Mr. Appleton, one of the creditors offered him a clerkship, which, though small, was gratefully accepted; and a house barely large enough for necessity, became the abode of the family.

Lizzie had insisted on giving up her piano, and declared she could not find the heart to play, while the family was in distress. But they begged her so earnestly to retain it, as the best means of preserving the cheerfulness of their new household, that she, at last, consented, on condition that she might take some pupils.

The trouble wore upon Mr. Appleton more than any one had suspected. He had never known poverty before; and his anxiety, added to the fatigue of his new position as a clerk, operating unfavorably upon his health, soon wore him down. He made every effort to conceal his illness; but in a few months, he was brought home from the counting-house and laid upon his bed, from which he never arose. He died in a week afterwards, his last hours being disturbed by the thoughts of the desolate family he was about to leave in poverty.

Upon Charles fell the task of providing for his young brothers. His own salary was not large, and he felt little able to do for them as he wished; but, at all events, he must keep them at school for the present. In all his cares, Lizzie was his comforter. She went out cheerfully to her music lessons every day, although the amount she realized from them was scanty enough.

Mary Appleton was too proud to work. She had been tenderly reared, and there was a disposition to revolt at any species of labor. She was displeased with Lizzie's attempts to gain money in the way she did; although many of her own luxuries were of Lizzie's earning.

Charles came home one evening, in a great rage. It was the first time that his wife had ever seen him thus, and she knew that nothing of a trifling nature could have so moved him. Her gentle voice calmed him, and he then told her that Mary was about to marry one of the most profligate men in the town. He had heard it from good authority, although Mary had concealed it from every one of the family.

A scene ensued. Mrs. Appleton was wild with grief and amazement. Mary was obstinate, and denied that Charles had any authority over her. In vain he tried to reason with her, and represented that the man she wanted to marry was wholly unfit for her. He was evil to the core—corrupt, indolent, dissipated—had spent his inheritance and had no resource but the gaming-table. She denied it all, bitterly. That very evening she went out, when they thought her retired for the night, and became the wife of Henry Dexter.

Words cannot paint the distress of the Appletons at this voluntary sacrifice of the daughter and sister. The mother drooped and faded; and the autumnal leaves were scattered upon her grave. Lizzie, the true, brave-

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hearted woman, assumed her place, and became a mother to the poor boys who had so idolized their mother. She ruled them by a loving spirit, though she was firm enough when firmness was needed. To Charles, she was the consoler and comforter; managing the household with such true and patient economy that his small gains did twice the work that his richer fellow-clerk's salary could do, lavished as it was by his unthrifty, extravagant and showy wife.

Lizzie's house was the perfection of neatness, and her table, though plain, was furnished with such excellence and abundance, so skilfully cooked and so tastefully served, that no one noticed or regretted the absence of richer food, while they revelled in her nice light bread, her clear and fragrant coffee and tea, and the nicely made soups, made by some mysterious process from the remains of former dinners. How well she contrived, too, that every evening should present some new attraction to Albert and Harry—something that would leave them no desire to forsake the bright fireside where such delightful music, pleasant reading, or interesting conversation relieved the tedium of study.

"If I am ever a good man," said Albert, "it will be by sister Lizzie's influence."

Kind sister Lizzie! When the deep shadows lay upon her path, years afterwards, it was sweet to remember these words, and to feel that she had truly moulded these young minds to goodness. In them, she reaped the reward which was denied her elsewhere.

Into the fairest bowers the serpent drags his trail. The sound of a footstep hitherto watched for and welcomed, was now listened to with feelings of dread, which deepened at last into positive horror. Under the influence of his fellow-clerk, Anthony Emerson, and of the vain, showy wife of the latter, Charles had become weary of the quiet, innocent home which should have been so dear. Cards and wine, always to be found at Emerson's, were too fascinating to be resisted by one of his weak and erring judgment; and Lizzie's suspicions that all was not right received dire confirmation, when, one evening, he staggered into the pleasant little parlor where the boys were studying, and shocked them by oaths and expressions which, before, were strangers to his lips. Astonished and grieved, Lizzie sent off the reluctant lads to their own room, while she sought to calm the storm that threatened her future so fearfully. She forbore a single word of blame, although her look was very sad. Hastily she prepared some strong coffee and made him swallow a large quantity. It quieted him and partially restored him to himself.

"Lizzie, you are an angel!" were his first rational words. "I don't believe another woman in the world would have failed to reproach me for what I have done this night. It is not the first time I have drank too much; but I mean it shall be the last."

"O Charlie! keep that promise, and I will never reproach you. It is dreadful to see you thus, but if you do not repeat it, believe me, you will find me a merciful judge."

He wrung her hand, silently; and undoubtedly he believed in his own strength to keep him from sinning again.

Sweet is the ministry of the good to erring souls! For a time, Charles Appleton, yielding to the gentle influence of his wife, abstained from the companions who had been slackening the bonds that held him to Lizzie. She, tender soul, imagined that the mischievous effect had passed away forever.

One morning, a "child angel" came to the household, bringing new joy and new hope to heal the sorrow that had entered there. As the nurse laid the little helpless creature in its father's arms, its purity and innocence appealed to his heart as nothing else had ever done; and he resolved henceforth to be such a husband and father as Lizzie and her child need never to blush for. The week following was a happy one to Lizzie. Every evening, her husband was in her room, and never had he been kinder or more tender.

But he soon began to weary of the dull monotony, and longed for the brightly-lighted parlor of the Emersons, the sparkling eyes of Mrs. Emerson, and the "red wine" that circled so freely there.

"I am going out, Lizzie—will be in early. Go to bed and sleep. Good night!"

"Yes, Charlie, dear, it *is* dull for you here, I know. I must not confine you to this sick room all the time, or you will grow terribly weary of both baby and me."

"No, indeed. But I long to see you in the parlor. We will have gay times when you can go down stairs."

Lizzie sighed. She remembered the evenings she had passed in that room the last year. They were anything but gay.

"Nurse! nurse! wake up and see what is the matter with my baby," cried out Lizzie, at the very dead of that night which had been

so long to her. Charles had not returned, for she had kept awake, so that she might hear him when he came. The nurse started from the couch where she lay sleeping. She snatched the child from the pale, trembling mother, and saw that it was in a spasm. It had hardly been in her arms a moment, before it was gone. She tried all her skill, but the baby never breathed again. Lizzie's face was white with terror. Her baby dead, and her husband away at this midnight hour!

Her senses seemed departing from her. She sprang from her bed, opened the window and shrieked, "Charles! Charles! My God! will he not come?" The nurse laid down the dead baby and drew her forcibly from the window. A man's step was at the door, but Lizzie was past hearing it. With a face as white as her own, Charlie Appleton gazed at that group. His dead child—and, as he really thought, his dead wife!

But Lizzie woke from that long trance to see the repentance in that face—to be clasped in his arms and wept over by tears of penitent sorrow. Her cry had come to him in the street, and he had rushed to the door, in a perfect agony of terror. His first thought had been that Lizzie was insane, watching so long for his coming.

The little babe had performed its mission, in dying. Never again was the wine cup lifted to its father's lips. The moment that Lizzie was restored, he left the scenes and associations of his temptation, and removed to the West. Lizzie would not consent to go, unless the dear young brothers accompanied them.

The old schoolmaster welcomed the new comers with sincere delight. To the day of his death, he never knew how nearly his daughter's husband came to ruin. Lizzie kept the painful secret in her own soul. She was rewarded for all the past by seeing him rise to a position where he is honored and beloved—the friend and associate of the best and highest in the Western world, and the tender counsellor of the young whom he sees walking in the path he once trod. That last fearful night of temptation and agony—the terrible cry that came to his ears while going intoxicated, to his home, and the dead forms that awaited him there, were never effaced from his mind. He has nobly atoned for it by years of unsullied goodness.

He who changes color in seeing gold, would change the action if he is not seen.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Newton had no enjoyments which were not purely intellectual. Even as a boy, he never joined in the games and amusements of his companions. We find him making dials, and waterclocks, and windmills; and on the day of the great storm of 1658, when Cromwell was drawing his last breath in Whitehall, and Goodwin stood by his bedside, assuring him that his soul was safe, and Bates went soft and sad from room to room, and the trees in St. James's Park were uprooted by the tempest, Newton, in his sixteenth year, was jumping about in the gale to measure the force of the wind. In more advanced years, his amusements were still more severe. When weary of his other studies, the differential calculus and the irregularities of the moon, he "refreshed himself" with chronology and all the dry details of lustrums, Olympiads, and the expedition of the Argonauts. He had a perfect horror of poetry, and would have echoed the sentiment of his friend Barrow, that it is "an ingenious kind of nonsense." He showed his regard for sculpture when he said of his friend, the Earl of Pembroke, that he was a "lover of stone dolls." And his opinion of painting is expressed in an anecdote which we do not profess to comprehend, but which implies that he considered pictures nothing but "dirt." Master of the Mint, gold had no charms for him. Speculum metal for his reflecting telescope was to him the most precious of the metals. Sir Isaac thought more of a lens and a prism than of all the ingots at the mint and all the diamonds in Amsterdam. The bursting of a soap bubble, when pursuing his experiments on color, gave him more concern than the loss of £20,000 on the bursting of the South Sea Bubble. He parted with his money freely—so freely, indeed, that his biographers have regarded it as a proof of singular generosity. It was nothing of the kind; it was no more generosity than is the act of the poor savage who gives away inestimable treasures for a glass bead or a little bit of mirror. What cared he for wealth? He had no interest in human life; he had no sublunary pleasures which money could purchase, except pippins and red streaks. He gave it away to anybody who asked for it. In one of his absent fits he had his pocket picked of over £3000, and suspected a nephew of the celebrated William Whiston; he made no efforts to recover his bank bills, and when asked how much he had lost, only replied "too much."

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THE DEAD LAMB.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

Once, when the spring was young and fair,
And o'er the pastures broad and cool
The flocks were browsing in the sedge,
Or loitering by the marshy pool;
While yet the uplands lay in gloom,
The buds just swelling in the hedge,
And just a fringe of golden green
Ran round the meadow's southern edge,
A lamb, the fairest of the flock,
In the spring twilight soft and dim,
Cropped lightly from an emerald bough
Beside the brooklet's curving rim;
So sweet it was, that through his brain
Delicious fancies doubtless ran
Of fragrant fields as softly green
Beneath the genial summer sun.

But when across the pasture slope
The morning broke with golden glow,
Our wee pet lamb, with closed eyes,
Lay like a rift of April snow:
As soft, and O, as purely white,
The heaving breast that pulsed with pain;
And sadly drooped the soft brown eyes,
As asters in the autumn rain.
All day we nursed him in our home,
And strove by every art we knew,
To check the poison in his veins,
But still the faint breath fainter grew;
And as the twilight lapsed to even,
With one long quivering sob of pain,
One shiver of the stiffening limbs,
And all our nursing was in vain!

His mother moaned beside the gate,
He answered not her anguished call;
Our tears, beneath the April moon,
Fell fast—he heeded not their fall!
With loving hands we bore him forth,
And laid him softly in the fold;
We could not in the dark and damp,
Leave our pet nursling in the cold!
But when along the eastern sky
Flushed the faint gold of coming dawn,
A startled cry from lip to lip
Told that our dear dead lamb was gone!
We searched the farmyard o'er and o'er,
And in the lone, deserted fold
We walked, and wondered in amaze,
When lo! across the dewy wold

A low, faint bleating met the ear,
We turned to find with sweet surprise
Our darling woke to life again,
The soft light in his meek brown eyes.
We talked the marvel o'er and o'er
That morn beside our happy hearth,
And one, more wise, who always saw
Some type of heaven in things of earth,
Said softly, "Many a riven fold
Weeps, as we wept, its dear ones dead,
Unmindful that the dead awake
To new and nobler life instead.
Beyond the night which we call death
Another fairer sun shall rise,
And o'er the damps of death shall break
The morning light of paradise!"

PAUL ALLEN'S WIFE.

BY G. GAGEL.

DURING the winter of 18—, the class of Dr. W—— was larger than it had ever been before. His reputation as a surgeon, as well as a general practitioner, attracted to his office a crowd of young men who were anxious to put themselves under his tuition, as well for the name of having studied with him, as for the actual advantages of the position. But vain as the doctor was of his well-deserved reputation, he did not allow his vanity to induce him to retain under his instruction a single student, who, after suitable proper trial, he did not believe would in his after-life do credit to him as teacher. It became a matter of course, therefore, that his young men stood high as students. He was indefatigable in his efforts to instruct them, and they in their turn were ambitious to improve.

But the advantages to be found in such an office as Doctor W——'s did not consist alone in his private instructions. The multitude of cases of disease which were daily brought there for advice, and which were always carefully examined and explained in the presence of his class, made them familiar with the practice as well as the theory of their profession. Most of the operations which he performed were done in the presence of some of his stu-

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dents, and with their assistance, and every opportunity was afforded them to learn all that could be learned in every case.

It was near midnight one evening of the winter of which I am writing, that three of the students were sitting in the office in front of the grate, in which was still burning a glowing fire. The wind was howling without, and driving the snow which was rapidly falling, against the windows, and piling it up in the area. Everything, even to the footsteps of the occasional passer-by, seemed cold and dreary in the extreme.

"Confound it!" said John Foshay, going to the window and looking out upon the pelting storm, "I do not feel like going out in such a night as this. Ugh! it makes one shudder, even in this warm room, only to look out at it."

"And yet you would go in a moment on one of our midnight excursions, John, if the professor only said the word," said Paul Allen, a tall, raw-boned man, whose face was full of intelligence and energy.

"Gad, and who would not!" said Foshay. "The satisfaction which it gives the old doctor would put the mettle into the dullest of us. Do you remember our expedition into Jersey last winter, and on just about such a night as this, and what a time we had getting the body up into the city?"

"I was not with you then," said Allen; "but I remember how you thought all the lady passengers on the ferry-boat were watching you, as if they suspected your business."

"Thought!" exclaimed Foshay; "no thinking about it, let me tell you, Paul Allen; it was next thing to certain. Hudson and I are too old hands at the business to be frightened at any slight suspicions. Why, the fellows watched us as if they thought we might have some of their own families boxed up in the old trunk for dissection. But George is a perfect trump at such times, and he managed the thing most capitally. I say, George Hudson, what are you dreaming about?"

The person thus addressed raised himself up from the sofa, where he had been sleeping for more than an hour, and rubbing his eyes, made no reply till the question was repeated.

"Dreaming, do you say? was I dreaming?" he said. "Well, I believe I was. I thought we had gone out into the country on a pleasant moonlight evening—you and I and Paul—and had taken up the body of that young lady who died the day before yesterday, that the old doctor was anxious to examine."

"I would sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius," said Paul Allen, "if that dream of yours would come to pass."

"And I another," said Foshay.

"It could hardly be on such a night as this," said Hudson. "By some incongruity I thought it was midsummer."

"Do they not say dreams go by contraries?" asked Foshay.

"Then the girl would be taking us up," said Allen; "or her lordly old father, which is the most probable, under all circumstances."

"The professor said he refused him with the air of a king, when he requested the examination," said George.

"The very reason the thing ought to be done, anyway," said Foshay. "What do you say, George—can't it be done?"

"To-night?" asked Allen, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"No, it is too late to start now," said Foshay; "but it can be done to-morrow night. We will say nothing to the doctor about it until we show him the report. What do you say, George?"

At this moment the door communicating with the professor's house opened, and the doctor's voice called in its usual mild tone, "George!"

Hudson was out with the doctor about a quarter of an hour. He was a confidential student in the office. He had been there from his boyhood, was acquainted with all the ways of his preceptor, and was entrusted with all his wishes. When he returned, there was a smile on his face, and he said:

"Dreams do sometimes come true, boys."

"What is it, George?" exclaimed the others, in a breath.

"Just what you were proposing before I went out," said George.

"And he wants it done?" inquired Allen.

"Certainly: that is what he called me out for. He had gone to bed but could not sleep. The curious case of the young girl, he said, was running in his mind, and after exhausting his speculations upon it, and hearing our voices below, he came down to propose the very thing you were talking about."

"One of the remarkable coincidences in great minds, Paul. Put that down to my credit, and if anybody asks you in future days if you think there is any similarity in Doctor W—— and Doctor Foshay, remember this," said Foshay, jocularly, as he patted Allen on the back.

"Pshaw, John, none of your nonsense,"

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said Allen. "Let us make our arrangements to-night, and be off in time to-morrow."

The case that had excited such interest in the little world of Doctor W——'s office was this. Maud Mansfield, the only child of Henry Mansfield, a gentleman of large wealth, about twenty miles from the city, in Westchester county, had been ill for many months before she came with her father to consult Doctor W——. She was a young lady of rare beauty and intelligence, and having lost her mother at an early age the necessity of acting the part of lady of the mansion to her father's friends had developed all the qualities of the mature woman at the age of seventeen, the period at which her illness commenced. At first there was little to be observed, but that she was more sedate and thoughtful. Gradually she began to avoid company and seek solitude, and it was with difficulty her father could persuade her to see his friends when they called. She was often found in tears, for which she could not or would not give any reason. The hue of health began to fade from her cheek—her eye lost its lustre. Medical advice was sought, but no symptoms of disease were manifest, and the father was advised to travel with her. Shortly after their return from a journey of several weeks, symptoms began to appear to the servants in the house, which led them to hint among themselves suspicions that all was not as it should be with her. Soon these suspicions found their way into the neighborhood, and at length reached the ears of her father. But he did not and would not for a moment admit into his mind one doubt of his child's honor, though even to himself the cause of the disgraceful rumor was becoming daily more manifest. Doctors were called in from the neighborhood. Some with coarse and unhesitating readiness declared the cause of the rumor true, and he indignantly expelled them from the house; others withheld their opinion, and could say nothing. And thus months passed—months of agony to Mr. Mansfield, though Maud seemed unaffected.

She had been told all that was said of her, but it might sometime be told her by those who love to torture even the innocent with such cruel accusations, and she heard it without a tear, while she gave only a calm denial of its truth. It was wonderful with what indifference and apathy she sat down to her fate.

At length Mr. Mansfield brought her to town, and placed her under the care of Doctor W——. After a full investigation of her case, he declared his unhesitating conviction that there was no foundation for the rumors against her honor, while at the same time he could not determine the nature of the disease. Could he cure her? That was the question he could not answer; he could try. And with all the acuteness of his great mind, and with all the resources of his wonderful skill, he applied himself to the task. For a time the disease seemed to be checked. Indeed, her father persuaded himself that she was better, and was elated with hopes of her restoration to health. But these hopes were doomed to disappointment, and in a few weeks she took to her bed, from which she never rose. Of course the whole history of the case and its progress was known at the office. It was a matter of careful study and discussion; and when the doctor announced to his class that there was no further hope, they began at once to look forward to a post-mortem examination to solve the mystery of the disease. But when all was over, and it was proposed to the father, he proudly and resolutely refused, and she was removed to his residence in the country, to be buried by the side of her mother. It was a disappointment to the doctor, in which the whole class participated, and led to the determination I have mentioned to exhume the body. It was arranged that Paul Allen should go out in the morning and survey the country, and ascertain the spot where she was buried, and Hudson and Foshay should follow in the evening with all things necessary to accomplish their purpose.

When he arrived on the following day, Allen found the funeral just entering the churchyard, and mingling with the crowd, saw the coffin lowered into the grave, and the earth heaped up, as they supposed, forever. Nothing, of course, remained for him to do but to wear away the day till his companions should arrive. In the mean time he listened to the story of the rich man's daughter's shame, and strolled up to see the lordly mansion on the hill where he lived. Night came and brought Hudson and Foshay. They were old hands at the work, and had no idle fears to harass them, so they staid till a late hour at a *public* house in the village, and then calling for their horses and inquiring of the landlord the distance to the next village in the opposite from which they had come, they drove off. One hour from that time they were raising the body of the dead girl from its new-made grave, and the moon just risen was shining cold and clear on her hueless face.

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"Easy," said Allen. "Handle her gently. I could never bear to lift out a young and beautiful girl as roughly as I can a stalwart man."

"Well—gently as you please, Allen," said Foshay, "and you may sentimentalize over it while we fill in the dirt."

But they were all impressed with the calm and beautiful face of the corpse, and laid it down by the side of the grave as gently and carefully as if they were preparing her for her burial.

"I cannot think of putting her in that sack," said Allen, as they were ready to go. "Sentiment or no sentiment, I do not like it. Let me see—it is half past twelve now, and good sleighing. By four o'clock we shall be at the office, and all snug. Now put her on the seat in my sleigh—wrap her up in the blankets from head to foot—and I'll follow you."

The others laughed at the conceit, but readily consented.

"A merry ride to you," said Hudson. "I hope she will keep you warm, Paul;" and they drove off.

In a few moments he was driving rapidly down Broadway, and before the moonlight had faded away in the now fast increasing light of morning he drew up his panting horse at the office door, and in another minute the body was safely deposited in the private dissecting-room.

Asking Hudson and Foshay to drive his horse over to the stable while he thawed himself out, he sat down by the grate, and in a moment was lost in his reveries again. At length, rising and laying aside his overcoat, he mounted once more to the room where they had left the body. It was lying extended on the table, still enveloped in the blankets they had forgotten to remove. Allen often has said, in speaking of the events of this night, that he could never account for the strange feelings which had brought him to the room, and which drew him almost unconsciously or involuntarily to the side of the dead girl. With a sensation of almost tenderness he removed the covering from the face, and again met the same calm, sweet look that by moonlight had stolen out from the half-open lips, only now made calmer and sweeter and lovelier far, by the mellow light of early morning shining in from the skylight. The eyeball did not seem shrunken, shrivelled, and sunk in, as is generally the case with the dead, but the deep blue orb was full and round, and glistening as if a tear had just risen in it, and was ready to pour over upon the long fringes of the lid. A lock of glossy hair had escaped from the knot in which it had been bound, and he smoothed it back into its place with his hand, but started back from the touch of the marble coldness of the face. Drawing a stool to the side of the table, he sat down, and, as if bound by a spell, gazed for an hour upon the still and statue-like features and form before him. The grave-clothes were the same dress she had worn in life, and through its folds were displayed the graceful limbs and the round, full bust, almost, save for some slight emaciation, the same as if she had been alive.

For the first time in years Paul Allen shrunk from the idea of mutilating a human body. It was not the mere beauty of the one before him, for beauty and deformity had heretofore been all one to him. But there was a strange infatuation upon him, and he wished her back in her grave again, rather than the rude hand of even his favorite professor should apply the knife to her, dead though she might be. He had almost made up his mind to beg that it might not be done; but he knew they would laugh at his foolish feelings; and with a sigh and the heaviest heart he ever felt in his bosom, he rose to leave the room. He stood a moment to look once again upon the face that had made such an impression upon him, and took one of the small hands, that lay crossed upon the bosom, in his own.

The rigidity had left it; it seemed to sink under the pressure of his; and he fancied it felt warmer than when, an hour before, he had felt of it. He looked at the face—there seemed to him to be a slight but yet perceptible glow upon the forehead and about the lips. He touched them, and they yielded to the touch. He thought all at once, he could see a gentle quivering of the eyelids. Was he dreaming again? was it all the work of overwrought fancy? He approached his face close to her's and thought he felt her breath upon his cheek. He felt of her wrist to ascertain if there was any pulse, and could fancy there was a slight thrill beneath his finger. He was now thoroughly roused and excited, and tearing aside the covering from her chest, he placed his hand over her heart, and found it distinctly beating, but with a slow, struggling effort.

It was the work of an instant to wrap her again in the blankets, and rush to the door communicating with the house, and shout for the doctor, again and again, till he heard his

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bedroom door open. Then hastily returning, he raised the body as carefully and gently as if it had been a new-born infant, and bore it toward the house.

The surprise and consternation of the doctor cannot be imagined. But all other considerations yielded at once to the efforts to foster the spark of returning animation. She was placed in bed, and slowly and gradually the heart gathered strength, and the breathing became fully established, and she woke to consciousness.

During that whole day Allen never left her side. He could not be induced even to eat, but all day long he held in his the hand of the reviving girl, while with the other he felt the slowly increasing pulse, or fanned the air to her feeble breath, or administered the cordials to her lips. The infatuation of the night before had increased rather than diminished by this singular resuscitation. He seemed to feel and claim a sort of property in Maud, and repelled every attempt even of the doctor's wife to take his place.

Toward evening life seemed to have become perfectly re-established. Then only did Allen leave his post, when he had breathed a hearty thanksgiving to Heaven for the life he had been the instrument in sparing. But every day thereafter he passed every moment by her side, never tiring of talking to her of her singular escape. And Maud repaid him with many a languid smile. She was deeply sensible of her escape from a death in the most horrid form, though at first she could hardly feel glad at being restored to life.

But the state in which she had laid for three days seemed to have produced a favorable effect upon her former disease, which now rapidly gave way, so that in a few weeks she was restored to perfect health. In the mean time, her father had been informed of the facts; but the knowledge of them was carefully concealed from all except those who, as we have already seen, were acquainted with them. They might say the death and burial of Maud were all fictitious, and add new malice to their cruel scorn.

From that day Paul Allen was changed. Diligent and faithful as ever in his studies and duties, and assiduous as ever in preparing himself for the pursuit of his profession, he yet lived a dreary, absent life. Every night till a late hour he would sit, silent and thoughtful, with Hudson and Foshay in the office, taking no part in the cheerful or jocular conversation, and rarely aroused to say a word unless they spoke of Maud Mansfield and their singular night's excursion. Then he would tell of the calm, sweet look that stole out from her eyes in the dim moonlight into his very soul, and witched him with its glamour. His companions respected his mood, and never spoke lightly of it, or mentioned the subject, unless they wished to rouse him to converse, and then it was always the same almost unvaried dream of those watching eyes. The memory of Maud had become an idol in the innermost shrine of his heart, that he seemed to be worshiping day and night.

The next spring he took his degree. In his examination he stood—if I may use the expression—head and shoulders above all the class. He was a man of noble intellect and profound study and thought, so that it was often matter of controversy with Hudson and Foshay whether the memory of Maud Mansfield had not produced a general rather a particular effect upon his mind, and whether, as they imagined him thinking of her, he was not in reality studying out some of the problems of medicine.

The only thing worthy of remark at his graduation was the subject of his thesis—"Death." When it was announced, all anticipated a fanciful or metaphysical essay. But they were disappointed. It was a profound and masterly inquiry into its causes—the changes in the system which produce it, and the changes it produces—and the probable and certain signs of its having actually taken place.

The last evening the three companions spent together in Doctor W——'s office was occupied by Hudson and Foshay in discussing their plans for the future. Allen, as usual, took no part in the conversation. Midnight drew on and had passed. It was near three o'clock before they rose to depart.

"Well, Paul," said Foshay, "tell us before you go, where we shall next hear of Doctor Paul Allen?"

"I shall fill my place somewhere," he replied, "as indifferently well as here. It matters little where."

"But tell us, at least," said Hudson, taking his hand and pressing it in a warm and friendly grasp, "will you never cease dreaming of those eyes, Paul?"

"Men are not always what they seem, George," he answered, extending his other hand to Foshay. "The time will come when we will know each other better than we do even now. The events of that night were not

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without their design, and are working it out in my history. I shall never forget her—and more than that, I am firmly persuaded I shall see her again. If it had not been for that belief, your friend, Paul Allen, would have been before this in a madhouse."

The scene changes. Old things have passed away. Seven years have gone by and left their mark upon all persons of our story. All these years has Paul Allen been waiting for business in a large city in the West. He might as well have been still in Doctor W——'s office in New York. He made no effort to introduce himself to the people. He found no acquaintances, and no one sought him. His reserved and taciturn disposition repelled any approach from strangers, and with the exception of an occasional case to a poor family, or an accidental summons to one of a better class, in which he made no effort to instal himself, he was living on the same dreary life in which we left him years ago. The only change was in his personal appearance. Instead of careless indifference in dress, he was almost a model of style in everything he wore, and this alone made him an entirely different man. His office was near the outskirts of the city, which were rapidly building up with large and elegant houses, but this made no difference in his success.

He was standing in his office-door one afternoon, just dismissing a poor patient upon whom he had performed some trifling operation. Just at this moment a travelling carriage, drawn by a pair of powerful horses, came dashing furiously by down the street. The driver had been thrown off some distance back, and the animals, mad with fright, and with the reins tangling about their heels, were running rapidly and kicking fearfully at every leap. The inmates of the carriage—a gentleman of mature age and a very beautiful young lady, evidently his junior by very many years—seemed palsied with terror.

As they came in front of the office a wheel gave way, and the carriage was thrown over and over and dashed in pieces, while, with a wild snort and one mad plunge, the horses disengaged themselves and disappeared down the street. The gentleman and lady were borne into the office, and the lady was laid upon the sofa. It soon appeared that the former was but slightly injured, and he soon revived. But the lady seemed dead. There was no pulse at her wrist, and her heart had ceased to beat. She did not breathe. Her hair fell loosely and unconfined over a neck of marble whiteness. Her eyes were open—her large, lustrous blue eyes—and they alone looked likelife. Paul took from his pocket a small phial, and gently parting the lips with his finger, carefully let fall a single drop upon her tongue. A moment he stood and watched its effect in silence. A slight and scarcely perceptible shudder seemed to pass over her, and was gone."

"Another!" said he, as if speaking to himself, and with equal care as at first, he let another drop fall upon her tongue. There was another shudder—more powerful than the first—almost a convulsion—a flash of light seemed to shoot from her eyes—her brow contracted—and she turned her eyes full upon the doctor.

He started, while a thrill of almost pain shot to his heart, and in an instant he had travelled back the seven past years of his life, and was standing in Doctor W——'s dissecting-room, drinking into his soul the dim but strange light that flowed out from the eyes of Maud Mansfield. It would be a mistake that for all these years he had been thinking of nothing else but her. It was no such thing. The truth is he had almost forgotten her, although the events of that night left a sobering and serious influence upon his mind which he had never made an effort to rid himself of, though there were times when, as if to keep her image from fading utterly away, the same old glamour would gather about him, and he would sit till after midnight thinking of her and her strange witchery upon him. But that one glance from the eyes of this stranger had in an instant revived the very feelings he had at that time. He looked again, and the expression was gone. It could not be the same, he told himself. Could he have forgotten her very face?

"She lives!" said he again, musingly, as he laid her finger on her lips.

"You are badly injured," he then said to her. "The gentleman is well. You must be very quiet. You will be cared for. Now, lie very still."

There was a long and apparently deep cut in her temple, which he dressed, and applied lotions to her injuries. She looked ten thousand thanks, and again that peculiar expression. Paul turned away to her companion.

"She is safe," he said.

"It was a terrible accident," answered the stranger.

"It is wonderful how much it takes to kill sometimes," said Allen.

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"And sometimes a very little does the work," replied the stranger.

"True," said Paul; "but then that very little becomes a powerful cause, as when the point of a foil enters by the eye, and pierces through the thin, wafer-like bone into the brain."

"And I," said the other, "have seen an account of a man who had the whole breech of a musket driven through the roof of his mouth into his brain and he recovered."

"Life is a strange phenomenon," said Paul. "We live our days out in spite of all accidents, and when the time comes we go out with a breath. Till that time comes we can bear mutilation—injuries of the most fearful kind. The pestilence passes us unharming. We may seek death in vain, like the Wandering Jew. The poison we may drink is rejected, and we are uninjured; all things are harmless. But when the time arrives, the mote in the air chokes us—our food becomes the poison that generates disease. A single drop of the bane we drank before and found innocuous, is laden with death. We must yield, in spite of remedy or resistance."

"You are a fatalist!" said the stranger, inquiringly.

"Who is not," he replied, "that believes in an infinite God? one whose knowledge is boundless, and who has the supreme and sole control of the universe he has made? It would be charging him with finite weakness to suppose that he left his creation to follow mere chance. He either impressed upon the universe some determinate law that governs life and fixes the period of its duration, or else—what is incontrovertibly true—he watches over us with all-seeing eye, and measures out our days with a span and when that span is passed, says, 'Return to the earth!' and we die."

"Why, then," asked the stranger, "must we employ means to prolong life?"

"Why eat to sustain it?" inquired Paul, in return. "Because, if life is to be lengthened, the decree is that the means must be used. You saw me apply a single drop to the lady's lips. It produced an effect. But had I stopped there she would never have awaked. It was necessary that so much should be used. One drop more would have probably extinguished the spark. Now she lives."

He took her hand in his, and laid his finger on her pulse.

"Reaction is coming on," he said.

Then taking from his pocket another phial, and letting a drop fall into a glass, and adding a little water, he gave it to her, saying:

"Drink this, and go to sleep."

A quiet seemed almost immediately to steal over her. Objects faded gradually yet rapidly from her sight, became dim, and disappeared. Her eyelids closed gently over those lustrous orbs, and she was asleep.

"That is not death, though so very like," said Paul, as he stood for a moment gazing with a smile upon that face, the most beautiful he had ever beheld. He was thinking of Maud. Now, as the lady lay wrapped in slumber, there came back to him the memory of her features and form as she looked that night on the table in the dissecting-room; and though he could see much of the same look now—enough to call back such memories—yet, after all, it was not entirely the same. Could a few years of added age cause the change? He was bewildered. The old gentleman, her companion, was certainly not Henry Mansfield, her father. He asked him his name and he said it was Anderson.

"And this is your daughter?" asked Allen.

"No, she is my sister's child. Her mother has been dead many years, and her father died about a month since."

"And may I ask her name?" asked Allen, with some hesitation.

"It is Mansfield," replied the other.

"Maud!" exclaimed Allen, turning to look again at her. Her eyes were half open, and there streamed out from them the same calm, sweet look that had so long ago bound him with a spell he could not break. He could doubt no longer; and again he was lost in dreams far wider than before.

It was sunset when she woke. She was then carefully removed to the nearest hotel, and it was several days before she was able to resume her journey. On one of these days Paul was sitting by her, watching every look and motion, to catch one of those glances whose memory was now lingering about his heart with tenfold more fondness than ever before, when she noticed his gaze, and suddenly exclaimed:

"I have seen you before, doctor! Where can it have been? It seems as if it was in just such circumstances as the present."

Paul made no reply, while she was looking with a half-bewildered stare in his face.

"Can it be possible?" she at length said, with a slight shudder, as if the light were breaking in upon her recollection—"can it be Mr. Allen?"

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"It is," said Paul; "the same who took you from the grave, and watched your recovery so many years ago."

"And now I owe you my life the second time," said Maud.

Six months from that time Hudson and Foshay received each a letter from Paul Allen, which, upon being compared, were discovered to be precise copies of each other. Part of them ran thus:

"Three weeks from this date I shall be in New York to be married, and then I will answer your last question when we separated, for I shall then cease to dream of Maud Mansfield's eyes, and not till then. A vision of beauty and love has entered my heart, and I have no place for aught else there. I have lived here six years waiting for business in vain. I am not discouraged, for that I never was. But I shall 'throw physic to the dogs,' convinced that I have found a panacea for all diseases that will not get well without medicine. Let me assure you there is no remedy for incurable diseases so efficacious as twelve hours' burial."

The two friends were sorely puzzled with the contents of their letters; but all was explained when, three weeks afterwards, in the queenly beauty of Paul Allen's wife they recognized the features of the girl they had stolen from the grave on that winter's night seven years before.

A SPORTING PRINCESS.

The court of Bavaria, at the beginning of the last century, set a bad example to the people on whose love and allegiance it made a claim that was but scurvily reverenced. The little and delicate Electress Maria Amelia had the propensities of a gigantic *roue*. She was delicate only in person, but mind and body were similarly "little" in other respects. She was an excellent shot, followed the chase with the zest of the keenest sportsman, and would toil half the day across ridge and furrow, or up to her knees in mud, in pursuit of game, among which she made such deadly havoc. At these times, and often when the occasion was not warrant for the fashion, she appeared in public in male attire, generally of green cloth, her brilliant complexion heightened by a brilliantly powdered white peruke. She loved dogs as well as she did men—rather better, perhaps on the whole—and was never more pleased than when she dined in no better company than a dozen of these canine favorites, whose unceremonious clearing of the dishes, before the hostess could help herself, only excited her hearty laughter. There were occasions, however, on which she was given to anything rather than laughter, and chiefly when she encountered the favorites of her husband. On these she had no mercy; and her dog-whip was more than once applied to the shoulders of shameless rivals.

HORRIBLE!

BY MAUDE VERNON.

It was a lovely moonlight eve
I with my love was walking;
Unmindful of fair nature's charms,
We in low tones were talking.

I gazed into her lovely eyes,
Her curls were almost hiding,
And she returned my ardent gaze
With one pure and confiding.

But suddenly upon her brow
Care seemed to lay his finger;
And dark frowns gathered o'er her face,
Where smiles were wont to linger.

The muscles round her faultless mouth
Contracted, and she, gasping,
With sudden force withdrew the hand
Which I'd been gently clasping.

"What web hath fate's dark votaries
Around thy path been weaving?
What sorrow," I was just to ask,
"Hath been thy young heart grieving?"

But suddenly she turned away,
Which set my warm love freezing,
And ere my horror found a tongue,
Explained it all by—*sneezing!*

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MARION HOLMES.

BY HEATHER HAUN.

The sun beamed goldenly on the feathery grass in the meadows, and flashed its warmth on strawberries just ripening into lusciousness among the green vines. Bright-tinted roses nodded to the breeze, and the limbs of the willows waved and drooped, casting quaint shadows on the green sward. A delicate haze drifted across the blue of the sky, and banks of amber cloudiness glowed against the amethyst west.

Afar, the wood rose in dark green sombreness, and the crystal depths of the brook dimpled and sparkled with the zephyr and sunbeams. It was a perfect day; but somehow the loveliness was not appreciated by beautiful Marion Holmes. For she was beautiful—nut-brown hair, and hazel eyes, and a peachlike bloom on her cheeks. Just now there was a misty look in the depths of her eyes, and her lips were drawn and white. Two hours previous, there had not been a lighter heart than hers—now where was there a sadder one?

Sitting there with the golden warmth around her, her thoughts wandered off to one evening in the last winter, of peace—when her father and brother Emmet talked long and late about the possibility of war. War! She had a confused idea of brilliantly clothed troops with a general resplendent with tinsel and bright buttons, riding forward to meet a no less formidable host. Of battles—a great tumult, prancing chargers, reeking swords, and dead heroes wrapped in flags. She had not believed them, though; had laughed at their prophecy—did not deem it possible that there would ever be war here. But her father shook his venerable head; and after a time came low mutterings of the gathering storm.

Then came that other day—just as beautiful, only not so sad. So sunny that her brother and his comrades gaily said they would take the sunshine as an omen of good. It was too fair a day to sever hearts, and look last on loved ones. And so thought, at least, a part of the group on the lawn in front of the white cottage whose windows were abloom with eglantine. The sun lay in radiant splendor around them, and touched the chestnut curls of the tallest with shimmerings of gold among the shadow. The perfection of the summer day had no power to thrill the aching hearts with the rapture of aforetime. And the tall father and delicate hazel-eyed mother, and the young sister, felt the sorrow like so many thousands of others. Not that they did not want Emmet to be one of his country's defenders—no, no, but farewell is a hard word to say, and there are few so strong as to bear up with firmness while saying it.

And when Emmet Holmes and Frank Hastings left home that morning, it was with the memory of pale faces and tender words, fancying they knew, and yet not knowing, the depth of the grief in the hearts behind them.

Long ago, before the reign of peace was broken by the clangor of arms—years before, they had dreamed of almost such a departure as this. Wild dreams of soldiering, of hearing the beat of the war-drum, and the din of fierce strife; of marching rank and file; of low dark swamps, and green levels, with tiny pools of water tinted with gore—battle smoke—the bivouac and camp-fire on the plain.

But these dreams were sadly out of place in the deep peace of America. And as they grew to manhood, they gave up the dreams of glory, and warriors, and laurel wreaths—and now that they were to be realized, their hearts beat high with enthusiasm. In their dreams fair faces flitted strangely. Sweethearts girding swords on their lovers; but that part failed miserably in the reality, and they found that privates had no swords to gird! All these fancies had been folded up in the past. True love of country called them now. And Marion Holmes watched their retreating forms until the shadows of the wood hid them from view, discovering in the rushing tide of grief that which she had not before guessed, that she loved Frank Hastings—loved the one who would one day be her brother. Looking at her sister's fair face, bedewed with tears, she wondered if Ordelia's grief was as great as her own. She had his love; ought not that to console her in his absence? while she only had the assurance that she loved in vain. Not that she knew to a certainty that Frank Hastings was to be her brother; but she had

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guessed first—afterwards allowed herself to look upon it as a certainty.

She had been Emmet's favorite, and her grief was all attributed to his absence, and the first letter he received from home informed him that Marion was perfectly inconsolable; and his usually bright face clouded in serious thought, as a vision of his pretty, young sister appeared before him, and he remembered that only a few weeks previous he had teased her so unmercifully—even opened her canary's cage and gave the bird its liberty, only for the pleasure of seeing Marion's light feet bound across the lawn in seemingly vain pursuit. And how he stood in the door and laughed, until at length she returned, flushed and triumphant, with all her wealth of chestnut braids falling around her shoulders, and the beautiful pet on her finger, chirping and panting.

Then drawing a camp stool into a deeper shade, he wrote her a long letter, telling her all about the camp-life, and added a teasing remark about Walter Claire. Letters came from Frank Hastings—but they were all for Ordelia, of course, but once in a while that good-natured sister let her read them, and little May thought they were very different from her ideal of a lover's letters; they were much like Emmet's, but she supposed it was Frank's way. But she thought his way was a queer one, when once he began with "Sister Ordie."

Walter Claire wrote, though, and May was always glad to hear from him, for he was a noble fellow; not so handsome as Frank Hastings, but well-looking, with a soul in his eye, and a model of goodness.

At last bad tidings reached the homestead. Emmet was ill, in the hospital. Then followed weeks of anxiety, lengthening into months, and one day in the early springtime, when the warm breezes were just beginning to return, looking forth from a window Marion saw a soldier coming up the walk—a soldier, who, in spite of pale cheeks and halting step, she knew was Emmet. There was great joy in the homestead that night, and the beloved son and brother told them a long story of the two years past.

It was about this time that Mr. Benton got to calling so frequently. May thought at first that he must like Emmet very much; but gradually the light dawned, when she discovered that with various pretexts, he always managed to draw Ordie away from the others. After awhile came the wonder if Ordie was not forgetting Frank—and her young heart throbbed with indignation. And the next time Mr. Benton called he was astonished to receive a very curt answer to his pleasant greeting. And when Ordie, in the privacy of their own room, reproached her for her want of politeness, the little maiden burst forth with:

"It's no wonder! If you cannot keep him at a proper distance, I can! And now you are going to jilt Frank, because Mr. Benton happens to be in no danger of being made a cripple, and has more greenbacks than Frank."

"Ha, ha, ha! Why, you dear little innocent! Do you imagine that because Frank and I are good friends, we must be something more? My dear, your imagination is much at fault. Frank cares for me as he would for a sister; he calls me his sister, and he is like a brother to me."

This declaration affected Marion strangely. But the belief that Frank loved Ordie had been too strong to be uprooted so easily; and pretty little May imagined Frank pining away, and his olive cheeks growing paler and yet paler because of disappointed affection!

One May morning, when the early birds were flitting from bough to bough, and the meadows were abloom with flowers, and the forest glowed in the young beauty of spring, Frank Hastings came home, looking anything but pale or pining, with a brighter smile and gayer laugh than ever, and was not in the least disconcerted when he learned of Mr. Benton's visits. On the contrary he teased Ordie most unmercifully. He did not tease Marion about Walter Claire, though. Marion never could forget this; once during his stay Emmet mentioned his name, and Frank, looking up quickly, cast such a glance of mingled astonishment and inquiry upon little brown-eyed May, that the blushes glowed from the brown folds of her hair to the white lace around her throat. And when dear, provoking brother Emmet must needs continue:

"Even our little Marion here fancies rose-colored eyes, inasmuch as she follows the fashions of the others by crying because her hero is absent,"—and Emmet, meaning it only as a jest, laughed heartily; but May, in the utmost confusion, ran from the room. After that, Frank rarely talked to Marion—noticed her very little, she thought. The morning of his departure, when he was bidding them adieu, he begged for the rose in Marion's hair.

"There are roses down South," he said,

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"but it would be pleasant to carry a Northern rose with me. I am foolish enough to think it might be a sort of talisman."

How far off this all seemed now! Seven weeks! only seven weeks since! But it seemed so long. And now—now he was killed. Killed—and his dead, stark body laying somewhere on *that field*, his comrades had not found it when they wrote. Henceforth one battle would live in her memory, above all battles, and Gettysburg would have power to send a bitter thrill of anguish to her heart. She fancied she saw him; his face pale and beautiful in death; his pulse still, and his beautiful eyes closed. And a wound, a cruel, horrible wound, somewhere on that loved form, where the life-blood ebbed forth—but the comrade did not say, and she could not imagine a ball in that noble young heart, or Parian-like brow. If he had only loved her! Sitting there rocking back and forth, she could only murmur:

"If he had only loved me! I was only Ordie's sister—only the little sister of the girl he loved in vain. And if we ever meet in heaven, he will only know me because I have eyes like Ordie—if angels remember earthly loves. O, Frank! Frank! If I could have died instead."

How long those days seemed! So long, so lonesome, that the summer seemed not summer, though the sun shone brightly, and the bees buzzed around the roses, and the birds sang on the trees. She wondered if Frank had kept the bud she had worn in her braids? It would be a pleasure to know that it had been buried with him.

One bright evening she walked down to the arbor. The stillness of the country evening cast a peacefulness over her heart, and a quiet happiness stole over her. A footstep rustled the long grass. Ordelie was coming, and she sighed that her pleasant reverie must be broken. A firm step—not Ordie's surely—and glancing from under the vines she saw—Frank Hastings.

Yes, Frank Hastings—paler and thinner than when she saw him last, but with the same glad light in his eyes, and pleasant smile on his lips. A white horror gathered on her face, but it vanished with his voice, and the flush returned to her cheeks, and a new light shone in her hazel eyes. Sitting there in the shadow of the roses, he told her that many were reported killed who were missing—that his comrades thought him dead, but he had been taken prisoner only.

"And," he continued, "you have not told me you were glad to see me. Are you?"

A flush deepened on the fair face as she replied:

"I could not be otherwise than glad to see any friend who had been reported killed and yet lived."

"Any friend—then you do not care any more for me than for any other friend! O, Marion, I had hoped differently. I had hoped you loved me, and if you only knew how I have dreamed of the time when you would be my wife. I have loved you ever since I first met you, and now, must my dreams prove so many illusions? May, will you not love me? will you not be mine?"

Her blushes must have answered him; certainly the cherry lips were sealed with the kisses he showered on them.

Another battle was raging. Down in Tennessee the whir of shot and shell, and thunder of great guns rent the air, and swept scores of valiant men before it. Among the brave none was more brave than Walter Claire. But a bullet, whizzing through the air, found a resting place in his devoted form, and with others he was carried from the field to the hospital beyond. And in the list was read, "Walter Claire, wounded mortally." And Walter Claire reclining on the narrow cot in the hospital was daily expected to die; but hours swept by, and days passed—full of suffering to him, but he still lived on, and the good physicians, astonished at his tenacity to life, tried to save him now he had lived so long. The case was very dubious though, and they shook their heads gravely.

One day, a new nurse came. One who had known Walter Claire, years gone, in his Northern home. A beautiful girl, who like Florence Nightingale left the peace and comforts of home, to minister to the heroes maimed in their country's cause. After her arrival, Walter Claire grew better rapidly. And one morning he turned his face northward, his heart beating high with hope and joy that he would once again see home and friends. He had been very near death's door, and but for judicious nursing he would never have survived. He was not well—would never entirely recover.

Warm welcomes awaited him in his home. Loving hearts beat high with joy, that the vacant place by the fireside was once more filled. He called on Marion in a day or two, and after that, every day found Walter Claire at Rose Cottage. One morning, when all

Nature smiled, and May Holmes looked bewitchingly beautiful in pink muslin, Walter Claire came up as usual. He entered with a bright face, smiling gladly when he saw Marion alone. Half an hour later he departed with a faltering step and an added paleness around his lips, and a deep anguish in his dark eyes. Noble sufferer! what was all his hospital nursing to this? And going home, he heeded neither the birds nor their songs, for the words, "I am engaged," seemed written as with a wand of fire in his brain. Walter Claire left home a few days later to wander in distant lands, and seek forgetfulness. Among the heroes returning was Captain Frank Hastings. One day there was a wedding at Rose Cottage, and Marion Holmes, blushing under the white veil, became Marion Hastings. And should you ever chance to pass a rose-embowered cottage, in the far West, your heart will be made glad by the sight of the radiantly beautiful face of Marion Hastings, whose hazel eyes are brighter and her cheeks more beautifully flushed than when the country hereabouts knew her as Marion Holmes.

SECOND LOVE.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAM.

Have you seen upon the crystal darkness
Of a star-enamelled evening sky,
Tremulous with softest light the new moon,
Curved and slowly sailing westerly?

And 'twixt slender horns of golden lustre,
Faintly outlined, all the circle's charms—
And you sigh when some one murmurs, smiling,
"See the old moon in the new moon's arms!"

Thus, dear friend, behold me overflowing
With a new and trembling tenderness;
Cherish still that love that, brightly glowing,
Once seemed destined all thy life to bless.

Let the new love from the old draw sweetness,
And their mingled rays illumine thee;
Ask not which brighter, but remember
That true love is of eternity.

THE COLORS OF THE REGIMENT.

BY JAMES D. M'CABE, JR.

EVERYBODY has heard those lines of Bayard Taylor's:

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

The poem from which they are taken was always a favorite with me, and after I saw its author, I could hardly realize that he could produce a poem so full of exquisite feeling. I remember when a child, to have heard an old song by poor Dick Lovelace, bidding his sweetheart "good-by," and telling her

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

I used to sing it all day, until at last I sang it merely from force of habit. It was my great favorite, and continued so until Bayard Taylor wrote his "Song of the Camp." Then I forgot all about Lovelace and his Lucasta, in the lay of those nobler heroes "who sang of Annie Laurie." I thought it one of the truest poems I had ever heard; but I confess I had no conception of the real force and beauty of the lines, until I had an opportunity of seeing for myself that the bravest are indeed the tenderest, and the loving the most truly daring. Since then I have never sung those lines without a softer, tenderer feeling, and a heart made sadder by the thoughts that come with them.

Before the war began I became a resident of L——, in the State of New York. I was a young limb of the law; but, unlike most limbs, was not dependent upon my profession for a support—thanks to a thrifty father. I settled in L—— because I liked the place and its society, and because I happened to win the friendship of old Judge Granger, who took me under his protection, and promised to push me up the ladder of fame, if worthy.

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I had not been long in L—— before I had many acquaintances, and one true friend. He was a young man, a little older than myself, and, like me, a lawyer. He was kind, generous, frank and honorable. I admired him from the first, and soon conceived for him a firm attachment that lasted till his death. Alas! that unhappy event was not far distant. George Jerrold was a lively, merry-hearted fellow, with scarcely a care that would not fly away with the clouds that arose from his pipe; yet still with a nature as tender and affectionate as a woman's.

L—— was celebrated for its pretty girls and its ugly men. (The reader will please remember that I am not a native of L——.) It contained within its narrow limits more beauty than I have ever seen gathered in any town, little or big, and the girls were as mischievous as they were pretty. There was more flirting done in that little town, I believe, than in all the rest of New York. The belle of the town, and the queen of the flirts, was Evelyn Jessup. I never saw a lovelier woman. She was tall and queenly, dark as midnight, and beautiful as an houri! Every motion was dignified and full of grace; every glance made somebody's heart tremble. She was a perfect mistress of the art of flirting. She knew how far to lead one, and just the precise moment to rouse him from his dream. She did it so gracefully, and with such dignity, that in spite of your vexation, you could not help liking her all the more after it. I ought to know "her tricks and her manners," for she caught me once. Bah! She saw I was not very deeply smitten, and she jerked me up all of a sudden.

Well, George fell in love with her. I did all in my power to prevent it, but I honestly believe my efforts only made the matter worse. I never saw a man so completely fascinated. It seemed that he had lost all will and power of his own, and accepted hers in their stead. I was sorry for him, for I knew he was too fine a fellow to be made the sport of a coquette. However, I could do nothing but watch the affair. I did watch it closely, and at last I thought I detected in Miss Jessup's manner more earnestness than I had ever seen before. Since George was so deeply smitten, I hoped she might love him, unworthy of him as she was.

About this time came the news that Fort Sumter had fallen, and immediately afterwards we were summoned to take up arms in defence of the Union. I immediately set about raising a volunteer company, and among the first to enter it was George Jerrold. I had set my heart on having him for my first lieutenant, and as his popularity in the place was so great, I felt sure of his election, which on the organization of the company was unanimous.

A circumstance now occurred that greatly marred my plans. Just outside of L—— was one of the loveliest spots I have ever seen. It was a natural bower, situated on the edge of a pretty little stream. It was a favorite resort with me, and I used to spend many an hour in it, with a book for my companion. A few evenings after the formation of my company, I picked up a copy of "Hardee," and strolled out to the bower for the purpose of studying Tactics, where I would not be disturbed. I chose a private nook in among the trees, which was secured from observation by the thick shrubbery, so that even when stripped of its leafy covering, it was almost entirely hidden from view. Now, it was entirely concealed. The afternoon was disagreeably warm, the Tactics were dull and perplexing, and after a while the two succeeded in putting me to sleep. How long I slept I do not know—I was awakened by the sound of voices in the bower, and upon rising, saw that the sun had gone down, and the twilight was coming on. The voices were those of a man and a woman, and after listening awhile I found that the parties in the bower were George Jerrold and Evelyn Jessup. They were speaking very earnestly, and I knew at once that the crisis of their affairs had arrived. I wanted to go away, for I had not the least desire to remain and overhear the conversation, but I could not help myself. There was no means of getting out of my hiding-place, except by passing the spot where the two were seated, and that I did not wish to do. After all, I thought it best not to disturb them, for in doing so, I might damage my friend's cause fatally. Consoled by this reflection, I remained quiet, overhearing every word that was spoken.

"You know, Evelyn," I heard George say, eagerly, "that I have always loved you; I have never loved any woman before, and I shall never love one again. I am going away soon, and I want to know before I go, if you will be my wife."

The eager voice paused, and in the silence that ensued, I could hear Miss Jessup plucking the leaves off the trees. I could not see her, I knew she was agitated. This was not

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like her, for she was usually calm and self-possessed.

"Will you tell me, Evelyn?" George went on, and his voice was wondrously soft and tender. "I know I am asking for a great deal when I ask for your love; but I love you very dearly, and I will try to make you happy. I have waited a long time for your answer. Will you tell me now?"

Again he was silent. Then I heard another and a softer voice, but one without the tenderness of the first.

"I am sorry for this, Mr. Jerrold," I heard Miss Jessup say, calmly. "I did not mean that you should love me."

"Not mean that I should love you?" cried George, excitedly. "You cannot mean that. You surely did not mean to deceive me."

"I did not deceive you," said the lady, calmly. "You deceived yourself."

"Were you flirting with me?"

"As you please," she answered, coldly.

Again there was silence, so long that it began to be oppressive. My heart ached for George; I knew he was suffering, but he was very quiet. I could hear nothing but the interminable plucking of leaves, and George's heavy breathing. At last I heard him rise to his feet.

"God forgive you for the great wrong you have done me!" he said to his companion. "I thought you too good, too noble, to stoop to the poor amusement of trifling with a man's heart. I see you now in a different light. I am not angry with you; I pity you—I do not love you now. My great love for you is gone, I know not where, destroyed by your own hands. I only pity you."

"We will go home, if you please," said Miss Jessup, hastily.

Nothing more was said; they left the bower in silence. It was a singular love scene, unlike any I ever saw in books. To me it was a terrible scene, for I knew it had wrecked the hopes and withered the freshness of one of the noblest hearts God ever made. I couldn't help it, I cursed Evelyn Jessup far more bitterly than I could have done had I been her victim. She had wronged one I loved more than I did myself, and I hated her.

When I went back to my room that night, I found George Jerrold waiting for me. He was paler than I had ever seen him, and I thought him sterner and more reserved. He was a different man from the one that had left me a few hours before, to hear from the lips of that beautiful fiend, the words that had changed his whole being. He urged me to hasten the day of our departure from L——. He thought we ought to be in the field as soon as possible. We could accomplish nothing by remaining at L——, and might be of great service by going at once.

Poor fellow! I understood his reasons better than he thought. He was as anxious to get away from Evelyn Jessup as he was to meet the enemy. I promised him to hurry our departure, and I at once set about making preparations in earnest.

Before we left L——, we received from the ladies a flag. It was very handsome, but simple—the old stars and stripes, and in the centre of the Union was worked the name of the beautiful woman who made it—Evelyn Jessup.

The day before we left L—— we marched to the court house to receive the flag. George being the best speaker among us, was selected to receive the flag, and to return the thanks of the company for the honor done them. We found quite a crowd assembled in front of the court house, and I was not a little surprised when I saw that Miss Jessup was to present the flag. She seemed startled when George advanced to receive it, but quickly regaining her composure, went through the presentation ceremony with perfect calmness. She spoke feelingly, and when she gave the flag into George's hands, she bade him keep it, and never part with it, and told him that whenever he saw its folds flying in the breeze of heaven, to remember she was praying for the flag and its brave defender. She did not say *defenders*. I saw a gleam of joy flash across George's countenance, as he broke out impetuously:

"Living or dying, I will never part with it."

This was all he said. Indeed, nothing more was necessary, for Miss Jessup stepped back suddenly into the throng, and George was left alone with his flag.

When we reached our quarters, George Jerrold offered his resignation as first lieutenant. He wanted to carry the colors, he said, and keep the promise he had made. I tried to prevail on him to change his mind, but in vain. Carry the colors he would, and we were forced to let him have his way.

The next day we left L——. George did not see Miss Jessup again, and her name never passed his lips. He was calm, but I could see it was only the calmness that comes to the heart when its last hope is dead. Although

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he had given up all hope of winning Evelyn Jessup, he had not ceased to love her.

The regiment to which we were assigned was ordered to Virginia, and finally became a part of the —— brigade attached to Porter's corps. The flag that had been given us became the regimental flag, and George Jerrold continued to bear it. He was frequently offered higher positions, but he steadfastly refused them, saying he preferred to carry the colors. The men thought him a strange fellow; but I knew the reason of his conduct. The flag was *her* gift, and he could not bear to part with it. He could not endure to see it pass into hands that would not value it as he did. It seemed that he had transferred to the gift the love he had borne the giver.

All the men loved that flag. It had waved proudly over too many hard fought fields to be an object of indifference to any of us. At Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, and a score of minor engagements, it had guided our regiment to victory. It was tattered by the winds, and almost torn to pieces by rebel bullets, but it was glorious in its history. A couple of balls had passed through the name on the Union, and a stranger could not have made it out. Some of the men had forgotten it. One man cherished it with a love that I could hardly understand. He told me one day, as he pointed to the rents, that he felt like the balls were going through his heart when they struck the flag.

At last the campaign before Richmond closed. Then came the days that were so dark for the army, and so full of grief to me. The rebels crossed the Chickahominy, and attacked our right flank, thus commencing the terrible seven days' battles.

On the first day of the fight—and it was a hard fight, George behaved with great gallantry. His flag was always in front, always nearest the enemy. When night came we had not lost an inch of ground. It took much to accomplish this, for the enemy largely outnumbered us, and fought well

During the day I noticed that George was livelier and more buoyant in his manner than I had seen him since we left L——. He seemed to have gone back to himself again. This change surprised me very greatly. I could not understand it.

The next day we fought the enemy again. From early dawn until dark they bore steadily down upon us. We contested the ground inch by inch. Late in the afternoon Jackson struck our rear at Cold Harbor. Beaten in this fight, we collected all our strength on the south bank of the river. We were almost worn out—I felt sure we could not much longer maintain such an unequal conflict. The men were only men, and I knew we would be called upon to meet fresh forces of the enemy every day; so, for the first time in my life, I wished for the order to retreat.

At last it came. Emerging from the frightful carnage of Savage Station, and leaving thousands of our brave fellows behind us, dead, dying and wounded, we plunged into the terrible swamps. No one who was with the army there, will ever forget the march to James River. For days we struggled through mire and water, pausing occasionally to fight the rebels who pressed too close upon us, and then plunging into the swamp again, hopeless of finding anything but death in that terrible land. There was one thing more appalling than all else. On the way we had to abandon many poor fellows, wounded or broken down by the march, for want of means to carry them with us. Their cries and groans were heart-rending, and I saw many stout-hearted soldiers who had borne unflinchingly all the perils of the fight, burst into tears as they listened to them. During this fearful time, George Jerrold came to me.

"I want to speak to you, captain," he said.

We were holding a small crossing in the swamp, until the army could pass out of danger. The rebels were on the opposite shore.

"Come, sit down by me," I said, "and speak lower, or you will draw upon us the fire of the rebel sharpshooters over yonder."

He sat down by me, and for a moment was silent. "I have come to ask a favor of you," he began at last. "I feel sure that I shall not survive to-morrow's fight, and I wish to make a request of you."

"Nonsense, man," I exclaimed. "What has put such thoughts into your head?"

"Never mind," he said, quietly. "I feel sure that I shall be killed to-morrow—I am not afraid to die; but I wish to live. Life is just becoming bright to me once more, and it is hard to lay it down."

"My dear friend, you must be more cheerful."

"I am satisfied that I shall die to-morrow," he went on, not heeding me, "and I want to tell you something which will explain the request I am about to make."

He told me in a few simple words, the story of his love for Evelyn Jessup. I knew most

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of it already, but did not betray my knowledge of it. He had never ceased to love her. He had from the moment of his last interview with her, abandoned all hope of winning her. At first he thought he did not love her; but he soon found how great was his error—that he loved her more than ever. This love had grown stronger and firmer every day. When he heard her say as she gave him the flag, that she would always pray for its "brave defender," a new hope had sprung up in his heart, but had faded almost as soon as it was born.

"Now you know," he continued, "why I gave up my rank to carry the colors. I felt that she had given them to my especial care. I could not bear the thought of their being borne by any other hands. It would have been worse than death to me to have seen that flag disgraced or captured. It has been a long time since I received it, but I have felt all the time that while I carried her flag there was still a hope that she might one day be mine. If I live through to-morrow's fight, this hope will be realized, for I have now the happy satisfaction of knowing that Evelyn loves me. The day before these fights began, I received a letter from her. If I fall to-morrow, you will find it in the pocket of my jacket. Read it—it will explain everything. I want you to see her and tell her how I have loved her, and how I died defending her flag. Will you promise me this?"

I pressed his hand in silence, for the thought of losing him affected me deeply.

"Thank you," he said, quietly. "I want you to watch me to-morrow, and if I fall don't let the rebels get the flag. Let it lead the regiment as it has always done."

I promised him that all of his wishes should be carried out, and begged him to shake off his gloomy anticipations. He only smiled very quietly, and said that could not be. Shortly afterwards he left me.

The next afternoon we halted to meet the enemy at Glendale. The battle was long and desperate. For awhile we drove the enemy like sheep before us, and advanced our lines considerably. The colors of the regiment were always in front, and it seemed that wherever they went victory followed. I watched them anxiously, for I dreaded every moment to see their heroic bearer fall, but to my great joy they continued to wave triumphantly over us.

Late in the evening, the rebels having received strong reinforcements made a murderous assault upon our centre and broke it. The order was passed along the lines to fall back. I looked at George. He was standing immovable, waving the colors in the face of the enemy, who, seeing us give way, pressed heavily upon us; the colonel shouted to him to fall back. Just at this moment a whole volley was fired at him, and I saw the colors fall from his hands as he staggered back. Involuntarily I closed my eyes. A shout from the regiment startled me, and I looked toward the place where I had seen the flag fall. George had regained it, and was coming back with it. He was only wounded. We gave way sullenly, and the enemy followed closely. It was dark when we reached our original position, and I could no longer see the flag or its bearer.

The battle had been over for half an hour, when I heard a voice just beyond our lines, calling out in great agony for water. The enemy were immediately in front of us, and it was a dangerous undertaking to go to the poor fellow's assistance. I listened again. This time I heard some one call my name, and ask for water. In a moment I recognized the voice. I hesitated no longer, but stealing quickly and lightly across the intervening space, hurried to the place where I had heard the voice. When I reached it, I found George Jerrold lying on the ground, with his body frightfully mangled by rape shot. It was plain that he would die in a few minutes. I gave him some water, and spoke to him. He recognized me.

"I am glad you have come," he said faintly. "I am almost gone. Look in my pocket and get the letter. Now put your hand in my bosom and take out the flag. When they shot me the last time, I took it from the staff, and concealed it in my breast, so they would not be able to find it. The rebels have whipped us this time; but it will not always be so. You'll take the flag with you, for you will see home again. Give it to her, and tell her all I have told you. Tell her I died for her flag."

His voice grew fainter every moment. In a little while he could not speak, and then the hand I held grew very cold—cold in death.

I took the letter and the flag, and leaving the poor fellow where he had fallen, made my way back to my regiment. I was sobbing like a child as I went; I loved George Jerrold, as though he had been my brother.

When I reached our lines, I found the army retiring from them. I learned that Gen-

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eral McClellan was drawing off his troops to occupy a stronger position at Malvern Hill. I was wounded the next day at Malvern Hill, and after the army reached Harrison's Landing obtained a furlough until I was fit for duty. On my way home I read Evelyn Jessup's letter.

It was blotted with tears, and written in a trembling hand. She implored his pardon for the wrong she had done him. She loved him —had always loved him, and had only told him she was flirting with him to try him. His answer had roused her pride, and she would not undeceive him. She had suffered greatly. Her pride had fallen before her love, and now she could not live without his forgiveness. Poor girl, I pitied her. She had paid dearly for her folly, and her penance was not yet ended.

The day after my arrival in L—— I called on Miss Jessup. When I had been with her a short time, I broke to her as gently as possible, the news of George's death. She grew very pale, but listened to me with perfect calmness. Still I could see that she was suffering. I told her all that had been confided to me by my dead friend, and then I placed the flag in her hands and left her.

I have seen her frequently since then. She is very sad, but is, I think, more beautiful than before, only the happy light that once shone in her eyes is gone forever. She bears her trials silently and patiently.

I often think of poor George Jerrold, of his noble and heroic nature, and his unhappy love. Sometimes when I hear men boasting of their courage and exploits, and see how cold and void of all gentler feelings are their natures, my thoughts go back to one who was as brave as a lion, and as gentle as a girl, and I find myself murmuring, with eyes full of tears:

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

LA BELLE ARTISTE.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

I.

A DREAD ADVENTURE.

"HER pictures are the Marsellaise in colors. This before us affects the eye precisely as our national hymn affects the ear, and both possess the heart."

"You know the artiste then? She must be inspired."

"I know little more concerning her than ran wild throughout all Paris within a twelvemonth—namely, that she is Clotilde, daughter of his high reverence, the Cardinal de Villieu. She is scarce fifteen—a mere child. Yet, except this one exquisite landscape, all her paintings were produced over a year since. It has been intimated that her gift was short-lived, and disappeared as it came; the gem before us, however, puts that slander to flight. Others assert she only finds her inspiration in one particular chamber of her father's ancient chateau overhanging the Seine, close by the prison; and that the cardinal who is very proud and very fond of her, fearing for her health, removed her to a more salubrious locality, when of necessity her genius was left behind."

"This is no meteoric genius. It cannot die, though well might it stand awhile mute in awe of itself. Or it may feel discouragement in the limitation of its own powers; for this production, winning the praises of thousands, one feels did by no means satisfy the artiste herself. Therein is the seal of real genius. It is as if a caged bird, at last broken free, should cleave the upper air, yet not at once be able to comprehend its glorious freedom."

"Hush!—what is the sensation with the throng? Ah, it is her name whispered from lip to lip. '*Clotilde, she is coming!*' They part to give her space. I shall be delighted to look on her—it is said she is beautiful as an angel."

Beautiful angel indeed, as we conceive of angelic beauty,

"—— yet not too good
For human nature's daily food,"

was the rare young creature, attended by a single footman, who passed slowly between the living walls, occasionally smiling and bowing as she recognized a friend in the crowd, but otherwise all unconscious of the admira-

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tion she excited throughout the grand exhibition hall.

Not half enough had the throng feasted their eyes, when she was gone. Then all pressed to have one more look at the picture. It had been sold within the first hour of being brought hither, they said—for the young artiste sold all her pictures and gave the money to the poor, making the distribution with her own hands; which proved that the beauty of her face did not belie the goodness of her heart.

Clotilde returned to her carriage, and was driven to a humble and somewhat remote portion of the city. There alighting at the head of one of the narrowest and dingiest streets, she bade the coachman await her return; entered its dark precincts unattended, and passed on with rapid feet that were evidently accustomed to their way.

Half an hour had elapsed when a female shriek rang through the purlieus of the neighborhood. Instantly the very paving stones, imbedded in mire, seemed to assume human shape, so thickly thronged the wretched inhabitants; and men, women and children echoed inquiries which for a time none could answer, of who and what and where.

At length one reported that a young lady had been carried off by a couple of ruffians, who had snatched her up and disappeared with her among the many devious lanes of the place, and instantly the excited crowd took up the refrain. The unfortunate victim seemed known and yet unknown. Voices cried out that it was the young lady who sometimes came to 25—more than this, no one could say.

While the coachman with difficulty restrained his horses, rearing amid the surging throng of human beings, not knowing whether indeed he had best delay where he was or drive home with all speed and give information of what had befallen, an old woman pressed her way up to the carriage with wringing of hands but no other demonstration of woe. Her whole appearance marked her as being above the *canaille* by whom she was surrounded. Her gown, though of common material, was clean and neat; the pure gray hair was laid smoothly beneath the border of her snowy cap; in evidently been fair.

Hardly had she appeared when a young man, habited in a *robe de chambre*, and wearing neither hat nor shoes, bearing in his arms a scarce animate female form, made his way likewise to the carriage, drew open the door and deposited his fair burthen on its cushions. One moment he bent over her reclining there, pressed a kiss on the white forehead, and reluctantly left her, with difficulty shutting her in from the eager gaze of the multitude who were loudly applauding the rescue. The heart may beat right, though rags cover it.

Right and left swayed the crowd at the behest of the pale handsome young stranger, who shouted to the coachman to "drive on"—that "all was well;" and having watched the carriage till it turned a corner from sight, with the tenderly-uttered epithet—"mother," drew the arm of the gray-haired woman within his own and disappeared.

II.

THE REAL ARTIST.

GREAT was the consternation of the cardinal on learning what peril his daughter had encountered; but his chief thought was of bringing to punishment her abductors, rather than of rewarding her preserver. But days passed and the placards at the corners of the streets began to grow weather-stained, while to the cardinal's disappointment no one appeared to claim the liberal reward they offered for the apprehension of the criminals.

Meanwhile Clotilde was gently forbidden to go out any more alone on her errands of mercy, and trusty servants appointed to see that for the present she did not leave the house. To soften his mandate as much as possible, her father himself provided her with a new supply of artists' materials in her favorite chamber, where he told her she should be free to lock herself in for many hours together, as she used to do when engaged on the pictures which had won for her the public admiration.

"I care nothing for these," returned the daughter, half grieved half petulant, "I cannot paint—I have never painted anything worthy of notice, and never shall. Boutine was right when he told you I had no capacity. Neither do I like the chateau at all."

"Sweetly perverse!" said the cardinal to himself, "my dear child is more a woman every day."

The same afternoon as Clotilde sat in somewhat gloomy reverie, a secret influence she knew not what drew her to a small window overlooking the prison yard, whence she beheld a prisoner, heavily ironed, let out of a cart at the gate and dragged like a dead dog

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in the direction of the lowest and most loathsome of the prison dungeons. She uttered a groan, and clasped her hands tightly over her heart, that stood still, then bounded like a wounded deer.

Vainly she rallied and strove to believe the person some guilty wretch, whose face and name were all unknown to her. There had been no sufficient opportunity of recognizing him; yet a sweet sad greeting, mingling love and despair, had seemed to come up to her through the murky atmosphere.

"Vivian! Vivian!" she murmured, tears sparkling in her eyes like crystals while she paced her room to and fro.

Pausing suddenly she seemed to reflect or to listen intently. Then turning she secured her door, closed the window shutters with what haste she could, and lighted a lamp, although it wanted hours of sunset.

At the opposite side of the chamber she lifted the arras and touched a point in the wall, when a secret door flew open, disclosing beneath the rays of the lamp she held, a flight of winding stairs descending till they were lost in impenetrable darkness. She bent low, again listening; but no sound ascended out of the abyss. But the slight whisper of her lips called as it were a spirit echo out of the depths.

"I will go down." (*Echo*—low down!) "What should I fear?" (Fear!) "Vivian came by this way," (Hist! Away!) "My artist chained!" (My heart is flame!) "In a cell he shall be mine host," (demon ghost!) "Clotilde, will come to thee through the universe," (Clotilde—come be—one of us!)

She started back. At that moment there came a knock to the door of her chamber. The secret door shut of itself noiselessly, the curtain was let fall before it; she flew to reopen the shutters, extinguished her lamp and obeyed the summons. It proved to be a messenger from her father, who desired her to be informed that one of the two ruffians had been taken and was now in prison. "The cardinal would come to his daughter," the messenger added, "so soon as an important matter should be despatched."

Clotilde again alone, shook her head.

"I must still believe it is Vivian," she sighed. "And O! I will tell my father everything. My artist has a noble soul, and the genius my father worships—genius better than riches. He can deny me nothing."

Her thoughts went back to the day fifteen months before, whose strange events had been to her the beginning of the blissful misery of love. She was weeping childishly on the floor before her easel, where she had flung herself in vexation and thorough dislike of her task. The master had just left her, having done nothing but chide; and indeed she made no progress whatsoever.

Clotilde had believed herself alone, but on looking up beheld sitting opposite a youth with deep clear eyes under a broad white forehead, and a smile which was to her what sunshine would have been to him in his lone dark cell. "Are you Adonis?" she inquired. "No, mademoiselle, except I. am already dead, and you the flower sprung from my decay. But I can paint—will you let me paint for you?"

Here then was the secret of her fame. A prisoner accused of treason, laboring to trace on his dungeon wall what he deemed might be hieroglyphics written there, had accidentally touched a spring which opened a door admitting him into a passage, rayless like his dungeon. At the further end of the passage a long flight of stairs, at the head of the flight another secret door. He viewed the chamber through the arras, then ventured into the presence of the weeping child.

She loved the artist—was beloved by him, and both were happy. He scarcely thought any longer of what might be his doom, till one day he was set at liberty. From that time he lived with his aged mother in obscure lodgings; for besides being poor, he knew too well the fickleness of what was called justice to feel good assurance of his freedom being continued to him.

Here he seemed to prosper less than in confinement; for he fell ill—too ill to pursue his favorite employment—and was only pronounced convalescent, when on the occasion of Clotilde's last visit, he rushed forth in time to save his beloved from the grasp of violence.

III.

DUNGEON AND BLOCK.

It was indeed Vivian St. Orme whom Clotilde had seen returned to his cold damp dungeon. From the fetters that bound his limbs, and the cruelty heaped upon him, the prisoner knew that this time there was little to hope for, and that he might prepare speedily to meet death. His mother and Clotilde were commended to God as his own soul.

His apprehensions were too true. An hour

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only elapsed when the huge key of his dungeon again turned in its lock, the ponderous door grated harshly on its hinges, and three men entered. The first who was carelessly swinging a lantern in his hand, halted to guard the door. The second passed by, and the third, the former bearing the enginery of death—an axe and a block; the latter was the Cardinal Villieu, come to see his work well executed.

"You have but five minutes to live," he said to St. Orme.

"Grant me ten, sire, and strike off my shackles, that I may offer my last supplications to Heaven as a man and not as a felon."

"Which of our abundant clemency we grant," returned the cardinal. "*Attendez vos prieres.*"

"Be pleased, also, most excellent cardinal, to order me leave to withdraw for the brief space allotted me, to the little inner cell where I have a crucifix of clay plastered on the wall. Let the bolts be drawn, for I would be alone before the Almighty Sovereign; when the moment comes I shall be found ready."

This request being likewise obtained, Vivian touched the secret spring and darted along the well-remembered passage, pausing not till within his lady's chamber, he knelt at her feet. Clotilde embracing him burst into tears.

"Bless thee!" he cried pressing with his lips her wet eyelids, "it is joy enough for me that I find myself once more in your presence."

"How happy you look, my artist, my hero, my own Vivian. I am glad at least that you are not manacled."

"Ay loveliest, I shall wear fetters no more. Your father himself has promised as much."

"My father? Then all will be well."

"All will be well, and shortly. But now I must return."

"So soon!"

"But we shall meet again, Clotilde—we shall meet again. Adieu, my love—adieu."

He waved her back, but she followed to the secret door and held it open. Her flying lover even thought he heard her descend a stair or so, but of course she would come no further. Just as the rusty bolt was being thrust back by the waiting executioner, Vivian entered the inner cell.

"Come," growled the other, impatiently—"it is too cold here for his high reverence. Be speedy."

"Excuse me, my lord," bowing low, and St. Orme promptly advancing knelt before the block.

For what crime he was to suffer—whether on the renewal of the former baseless allegation, or some other equally so, he knew not, nor did it matter. Not improbably however his love for the fair Clotilde had been discovered; and the active part her father took in the case would seem to confirm this opinion.

"*Miserere Domine*," and the doomed man bent his head to the block.

At that instant Clotilde with a piercing shriek fell upon his neck.

"O my father, it was he who saved me!"

* * * * * *

Vivian St. Orme was speedily released. He had been mistakenly arrested as one of the two ruffians, and thus, without even the semblance of a trial, was to have been executed.

Cardinal Villieu rewarded him with the hand of his lovely daughter, gaining to himself an artist son, thus satisfying a lifelong ambition, in default of which he had striven to make an artiste of Clotilde.

In one of the finest chateaus in the environs of Paris, the pair, with the gray-haired mother of the bridegroom, lived long and happily; Vivian pursuing his art, Clotilde glorying in his fame. In time the walls of the elegant home which had been part of the bride's dower, came to be hung with portraits of children and children's children.

SUBTERRANEAN FISH.

Fish, notwithstanding they have the ocean all to themselves, are frequently found making subterranean explorations. In the low lands of the Mississippi valley, near the coast, there are "quaking prairies," where cattle are pastured, and where you may fancy yourself far inland, yet if you pierce anywhere through the turf to the depth of two feet, you will find sea-fish swimming about, which, through subterranean watery channels have made their way from the Gulf in search of food. We hear of eyeless fish in the dark recesses of the Mammoth Cave, which proves that they accommodate themselves to their circumstances—where eyes are useless they dispense with them! Fish have also been brought up from great depths through Artesian wells. At San Jose, Cal., fish were taken from an Artesian well, resembling bass, though very small. They probably come from subterranean lakes.

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GUS WALKER'S TRIP.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

"AND so, my boy, you have seen all there is worth seeing in the old countries; all places that we have read and talked about, and sometimes dreamed of?"

"Yes, uncle, everything that travellers can see I have gazed upon; and, after all, I like America the best, and wouldn't exchange it for the whole batch of kingdoms, from the North Cape to the Golden Horn."

"I am glad you like your own land the best. I was afraid you would come home with your head full of sights abroad, and think there was nothing good enough for you in this republican land. I am glad I was mistaken, and that you have brought home a whole heart, to bestow on some good Yankee girl, one of which is worth a dozen picked out of the old world."

"I believe you are right there, uncle; I think I should rather have *one* than a *dozen*, any time, Yankee or not."

"I know I am right; and now I expect you to settle down at once."

"Have you been planning to marry me as soon as I got home, uncle?"

"Yes, Gus; and I have got just as nice a girl picked out for you as there is in the world. You can't help liking her; and I have talked it all over with her aunt, and she has spoken to the girl, so it is all right, and all you have to do is to go in and win."

"Surely, uncle, I am greatly obliged to you for the pains you have taken to help along my matrimonial affairs. Who is this remarkable young lady that you have picked out for me? for I take it, of course, that she is beautiful, and possesses all the lovely female traits woman is heir to, or else she would not have attracted the attention of my bachelor uncle, who has lived to the age of sixty, and is still free, as far as I know, from the noose matrimonial."

Peter Walker was slightly affronted at the words of his nephew; so he answered rather crustily:

"The young lady is an old playmate of yours, Fanny Miller."

"Horrors, uncle! She and I used to quarrel every half hour when we were together. It aint possible you have forgotten that, and picked her out for my wife! Why, you could not live in the same house with us; and we should drive everybody away that lived near us, or else be complained of as a nuisance. You must be beside yourself to think of such a thing!"

"She is as fine a young lady as there is in the city, and if you will behave yourself there will be no trouble," said the uncle, somewhat hotly.

"But think how ugly she used to be! She was a perfect fright, and the girls and boys used to call her a sunflower."

"You have not seen her for five years."

"And don't want to for five to come."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because she is so ugly."

"And I tell you she is beautiful."

"She has got red hair."

"People call it auburn."

"And a freckled face."

"What else, sir?"

"And a temper; why, I shudder when I think of it; and the battles we used to have. Though I am the oldest she almost always came off victorious. Why, uncle, how could you think of such a thing, as mating us together?"

"She is a splendid girl, and you are a fool."

"You are complimentary, very."

"It's the truth. There aint a finer looking girl in the city; nor a bigger fool than you are."

"Well, I can't help it."

"You don't want to."

"I know I don't."

"Will you go and see Miss Miller with me to-day?"

"No, I've got an engagement elsewhere."

"You ungrateful dog; is this the way you are going to treat me after all I have done for you?" And Peter Walker looked very red in the face. It was plain to see that he was getting angry.

"I can't help it. You must allow me to choose a wife to suit myself."

"If you don't marry Fanny Miller, you never shall have a dollar of my money."

"Very well, I wont marry her, and if you think proper to turn me out of the house I will apply for a clerkship down town. Good morning, uncle, I am going out." And he

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left the room closing the door behind him, leaving the uncle in anything but an enviable state of mind.

A young man with a broad Panama hat upon his head, a light knapsack strapped upon his shoulders, and clad in a strong, serviceable suit, was, at the close of a summer afternoon, passing up the narrow valley that led to the Glen.

The sun was resting on the rim of the mountains to the westward, and its golden rays came in through the clearing around the trees, and lay in fantastic figures along the dusty road, that elsewhere was hid in shadows. The valley was narrow, only wide enough for the road and river, and on either side rose the lofty mountains, clad in the golden light of the sunset. Up from the bed of the river came the sound of falling waters, filling the woods with music as it mingled with the notes of the birds amid the branches of the trees, who were singing in harmony with the voice of the river.

The afternoon had been sultry and the traveller was tired and foot-sore, yet it did not prevent his drinking in the beauties of the scenery that lay about him, and at last reaching a large rock covered with moss, lying close to the road, he clambered to the top and seated himself for a short rest.

"Well," said he to himself, as he fanned his heated face vigorously with his broad-brimmed hat, "here you are, Gus Walker, afoot and alone among the grand old mountains of New Hampshire, that equal anything I saw in Europe, and your old uncle is fretting and fuming at what he considers your obstinacy; while without doubt Miss Fanny and her managing aunt think by this time there is not much hope of ensnaring me in the same meshes with which they have caught my uncle. Well, I hope that interesting trio will have come to their senses by the time I make the tour of the mountain and turn my feet city-ward. I wonder how far it is to the Glen? They told me back at the last farm-house, that it was six miles, but I know I have walked ten since then, and I don't see as I am any nearer out of the woods than I was an hour ago. I must hurry up, or it will be dark before I get out of this valley." And having arrived at this conclusion, the young man descended from his perch, and walked briskly along the road from which the moonlight was fast being gathered up, leaving only shadows behind.

The young man had taken but a few steps, when a sudden turn in the road revealed to him a sight that brought him at once to a standstill, and riveted his attention, while at the same time it awakened all his admiration, and he stood still, not daring to move for fear it would spoil the picture before him.

The river at this point came close to the road; its bed formed of cliffs through which the water had worn narrow channels, that turned into deep emerald pools at the foot of the rocks, covered mostly with white foaming spray. Over this spot were shed the last golden rays of the setting sun, and in its midst, upon a projecting cliff, was seated a lady, as fair as any he had seen in the old world. Her hat was lying on the rocks beside her, and the sun turned her hair into what seemed to be waves of gold, lying upon her white neck and brow, coupled with features that were faultless as the creation of an artist. She held a slight fishing-rod in her hand, and at a little distance was a tow-headed youth, who carried a basket, in which the captive fish were imprisoned, when taken from their native element by their beautiful captor.

For a few moments Gus Walker stood spell-bound, then he remembered the rudeness of his gaze, and feared it might be observed by the lady whose attention had been called to him by the urchin, though he had not noticed that she had turned her head in his direction.

Here was an opportunity to make a chance acquaintance, that could not prove otherwise than agreeable. She unquestionably could tell him the distance to the Glen, which he knew could not be far off, as without doubt she had come from the hotel. He came down the road and stepped out upon the cliffs and removed his hat from his head. Would the lady tell him the distance to the Glen House?

The lady gave a quick start at the sound of his voice, and for a moment she seemed to be so confused that she could give no answer; but she quickly recovered herself and stole a glance at him with her beautiful eyes that quickly captivated him.

"Half a mile I believe they call it; don't they, Sammy?" appealing to the urchin.

"Yes, marm, just that, and the gentleman can't help finding the way, for there aint no other road that goes anywhere else."

Gus Walker thought the boy wanted to get rid of him, that he might have the lady to himself; but he meant to linger as long as he could with propriety, and could find questions to ask.

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"Is the trout-fishing good here?" to the lady.

"Very, I have caught a dozen in less than half an hour. Now, Sammy, here is another."

She threw the rod back towards the shore and a noble mountain trout was dangling upon the hook; but it was not well secured, and before the boy could reach it, it had freed itself and was flapping down over the cliffs towards the deep pool whence it had been drawn.

"Don't lose him, Sammy. It is the best one I have caught," exclaimed the lady, fearful that the trout would reach the water in spite of the boy's efforts.

Gus Walker sprang down over the cliffs and caught at the trout. He thought he had him secure, and was holding him triumphantly aloft, when it slipped from his fingers and again renewed its attempts to reach the water. The young man sprang for it again; it eluded his grasp, and he made another effort. This time he was successful, for he held it firmly in his hand; but his triumph was of short duration, for his feet slipped on the smooth surface of the rock, and in spite of all his efforts to the contrary he was precipitated into the deep basin at the foot of the cliffs.

The lady uttered a cry of alarm, but it was needless; for, although the water was deep there was no danger, as Gus was a good swimmer; and when she saw him emerge from the water unharmed, she could not repress a light silvery laugh, at his mishap, which was echoed by the young man, although he felt far from comfortable after his involuntary cold bath.

He had held on to the trout while in the pool, and now he came up and presented it to her, saying:

"The water nymphs sent that by me as an offering to you."

"Thank both you and them!" she returned, with a smile and a sparkle in her eyes that went straight to the heart of the young man. "You are very kind, but I fear that you have exposed yourself for me."

"The immersion I have had will do me no harm; you can rest assured of that. I esteem it a fortunate accident, as it has enabled me to make your acquaintance."

"Golly, marm, he looked just like a frog when he went over the rocks," put in Sammy, at this moment.

The lady could not restrain her merriment at this comparison, and another burst of merry laughter rang through the forest and was caught up by the echoes on the side of the mountains, and repeated over and over again. Gus joined in as well as he was able, for he was beginning to shiver, and one doesn't feel much like laughing while in this condition. Besides, he was beginning to feel a little hurt at her manner, but it all vanished when she said:

"Pardon me, sir, this rudeness; but indeed you must hasten home, and don a change of clothing. The water and the night air combined will affect you unpleasantly."

"I believe you are right, and will do your bidding at once; but may I not know the name of her to whom I am indebted for this advice? Mine is Walker, and I am from New York."

"And mine is Willis, from the same city."

"Thank you; good evening, Miss Willis." He pronounced the Miss at hazard, and he hoped that he was right. She did not correct him if he was not.

"Good evening, Mr. Walker."

He turned into the road, and then looked back for a parting glimpse. She was standing where he had left her, looking that way; and the vain young man congratulated himself, that she was interested in him, a mutual interest excited at once.

That night they chanced to sit opposite at the supper-table. A few words were exchanged there, and a quiet talk on the verandah in the evening in company with an invalid cousin, who had grown weary over his books and had come to the mountains in hopes to imbibe some of their life-giving principle. The air was doing him good, yet he dared not take the excursions that his cousin wished to.

That night when Gus Walker fell asleep, he was very well pleased with himself, and his dreams were of his new acquaintance. He was ready to thank his uncle for driving him away by his importuning to visit Miss Miller. He had found his destiny, he thought.

A week went by, and Gus Walker lived and revelled in his new-found happiness. They climbed the mountains, roamed through the forests, and took fishing excursions together. Sammy was ignored; his services were no longer needed. Gus Walker was in love, past all cure, and one afternoon he told her of the affection he bore her, and asked her to be his wife. They were sitting on the cliffs in the very spot where they had first met three weeks before. He told her of his past life, of his future prospects; that he should be poor unless his uncle relented; all except the mention of the name of the lady his uncle had set his mind on for his wife. It could be readily

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perceived that the lady was pleased with this avowal, but when he pressed her for an answer, she said:

"Let me ask you a question or two, Mr. Walker, before I give you my answer. They had better be asked now than at any other time. Would it not be better for you to marry this lady your uncle wishes to, than to lose the wealth that he can give you? Are you sure it would not be the best for you?"

"Quite sure, Fanny, that I am doing as I ought now. Nothing can induce me to wed the lady my uncle wishes me to."

"Is she disagreeable?"

"Positively she has frightful red hair, a freckled face, and such a temper, it makes me shudder at the bare recollections of the battles we used to have when we were children."

"Have you seen her lately?"

"Not this five years."

"Perhaps she has improved."

"I hope so. There was need enough of it."

"I have a confession to make now, Augustus, and then if you wish me to be your wife I will say yes to your question. I came from home to avoid a similar engagement to yours."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, my aunt, with whom I reside, was determined that I should marry a man who had a temper fully equal to the one you described in the lady you just spoke of, and to avoid him, I went to visit my cousin, and as he was coming to the Mountains I came with him. If I disobey this aunt of mine, I may be as poor as you will be."

"Never mind that; you will be my wife?"

"If you wish it."

"I do," and a kiss sealed the compact.

An hour later they entered the office of the Glen House and looked over the list of arrivals by the stages that had come in since they had been absent. The first names they read were, "Mr. and Mrs. Peter Walker, New York."

"Uncle is here, and married!" exclaimed Gus, in astonishment.

"Why, aunt, is it possible?" exclaimed his companion. He turned, and there stood his uncle and Mrs. Miller. The uncle had married the aunt.

"This is a fine way of doing business!" began Peter Walker.

"I should think it was. I see the whole plot now," said Gus.

"He is to be my husband," said Fanny; "and all I regret is, that he has such a temper!"

THE FIRST LOVE AND THE LAST.

BY LOUISA AMELIA DUTTON.

It is the old story I am about to tell; that story which, thank Heaven! people never tire of listening to, any more than we do of seeing the buds swell, and the leaves unfolding, and the world made young again by the coming of spring—the story to which, as we listen, our own youth comes back, and once more the flowers bloom, and the skies are blue, and our hearts are beating joyously, and it is May. I am not young now, neither is the day on which I am soberly writing this little record of a long past period a balmy one of spring, or anything like it; and yet May comes freshly back to me as I recall that day of which I am going to speak.

A lark was singing far up in the blue sky, a few sheep were pasturing in the green distance, and a tall figure dressed in gray, with a gun on its arm, and one or two dogs frisking round it, was coming leisurely along the sea-wall. I had been fully intent, but the minute before, upon the sketch of the old boat I was making; but now I felt nothing but the beating of my heart, and saw nothing but Mark Sutherland coming leisurely along the sea-wall, with his dogs playing round him.

The little picture was never finished, for at the instant that I became conscious of the advancing figure, I dropped my brush and hopelessly ruined my distance by a great smear of vandyke brown. It was never finished, no—but I have it now, and I mean that it shall be laid beside me in my coffin.

He was a long way off, when I first saw him, and yet it seemed almost the next instant that he was standing beside me speaking. My heart had not left off beating, and I could feel the color hot in my face as I looked up, but my fiery little terrier took exception to his dogs, and flew at them with tumultuous disapproval, taking his attention off me for the moment. When this little fracas was quieted,

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he put down his gun on the bank, made his retrievers lie beside it, and sat down himself by me.

"Have you had good sport?" I asked, by way of saying something—anything.

"No," he answered; "but I don't complain. I didn't expect any. I came out here because I thought I should see you, and I wanted to tell you a piece of news, and ask you a question."

"News is a precious commodity indeed, in these wilds; but please remember my Scotch blood, in expecting an answer to the question."

He did not seem to be attending to what I said; he had taken up one of my sable brushes and was absently playing with it, but he threw it down the next minute, and said, softly:

"Hester, I have got an appointment that I have been trying for, and I shall leave for India next month—there's my news."

My heart that had been beating so wildly, seemed to stand suddenly still, and drop down—down. The water and the green marsh rocked, blended hazily into each other and the sky; and then a voice that sounded dim and far off, but was my own, too, said, "It is good news, I suppose."

"Good news! Well, yes, I hope so."

He stopped a minute here. His voice was a very deep one, for he was a large, full-chested man; but when he spoke again it had a soft undertone in it, that used to ring in my ears afterwards—it does now.

"I thought it good news this morning, for without it I could not think of a wife. That troubled me little enough till lately—till, ah! till I knew you, Hester. My dear, I think you have guessed my question."

Guessed it! Ah! yes. But my face was down upon my hands; he could not hear the cry that I was stifling in my heart, and he went on gently, pitilessly:

"But I shall not get an answer to it so. Well, then, Hester, will you marry me? Will you go with me to India?"

I did not answer—I could not. Ah! those who have had deliberately to kill their own happiness, to raise up themselves the barrier that shuts them out from hope, and love, and life, will know how hard it is—will pity me.

"Will you be my wife, and go with me to India?"

"I cannot." And no wonder that he made a sudden movement of surprise, for I myself wondered to hear the hoarse passion of my own voice.

"You cannot! What a fool I have been, then. I thought—I hoped—Hester, is it possible that you have not known what I have been thinking of all this time?"

Known what he had been thinking about? Ah! the life, and light, and joy of those moments when I had dared to hope that I did. Ah! the anguish of feeling now that they had all been in vain!

"Look at me, Hester. I don't think I understand you, my dear," he said, patiently and gently. "You say you cannot be my wife, and yet—Tell me you cannot love me, and I am answered at once."

He put his arm over my shoulder as I leaned forward, with my face buried in my lap, and whispered:

"I think you do love me, Hester."

"O, I do, Mark, I do!" I cried, lifting my head; "but I cannot marry you—I shall have to give you up."

"Give me up, my dear love!" and he held me closer.

"I cannot go to India."

"Why not?" And he looked half-amazed, half-amused.

I could not bear the glance of his kind, dark eyes. I shrank away from his arm and said:

"I cannot leave Milly."

To my own thinking, I had pronounced our doom now; but Mark Sutherland only laughed, and said:

"Well, then you shall not; Miss Milly shall go, too."

"Ah! if that could only be; but Milly would die in India. We came home because the climate was killing her."

"And you will not leave her?"

"I promised mama, before she died, that I never would; that if I married it should not separate us; that my home should be Milly's till she did not need it," I answered, faltering under something in the look of his face that was new to me. Up to this time I had been thinking of myself; now I was reminded that I was giving pain to him.

He was silent two or three minutes, looking away into the distance. He had taken his hand from my shoulder.

"Well, Hester," said he, presently, gravely, not unkindly—but, ah! as it seemed to me, very coldly—"you have simply to choose between your sister and myself. You are best able to judge of your sister's claims upon you; of my own, I will only say that I love you. I never thought or cared much about women till I saw you, so I am not likely to change my liking, or to forget it; and if you had

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married me—But I will not try and plead my cause against your sister's. It is for you to decide, and for me to abide by your decision."

I looked desperately up to the smiling blue heavens, at the calm stream flowing on its tranquil path to the sea, at all the sun-basking peace around me, and prayed, with a prayer so passionate that it seemed like a loud demand, that I might not be forced into slaying with my own hands the young happiness of my life. "I cannot and will not do it," I said in my heart; yet, knowing the while that I must, and could. Then Mark spoke again.

"Would you like a little time to consider the matter? I need not leave the Hollies till to-morrow evening, or, perhaps, the next day."

"No," I answered—with or without my own will, I never knew. "I know what I must do. I cannot leave Milly."

"And Milly cannot go. That decides it, then. Well, I have nothing to say; I am the last man in the world to try and persuade any one against their judgment."

He rose deliberately, but did not go, for I sat still.

"Are you going home?" he asked, after a minute. "Hester, don't look so sad; you are feeling for me—don't do that. I should like to think of you when I am over the seas, as happy as I would have tried to have made you. Think of me sometimes as a friend. I don't expect to forget you, Hester. Good-by."

His hand, as he held it out, shook ever so slightly; but it held mine in a firm pressure for an instant. Then he let it drop, stooped and picked up his gun, whistled his dogs round him, and strode away again along the sea-wall without once turning to look back.

Milly and I were orphans. Our father and mother had both died in India, and we were sent home to the care of our sole relation, my father's only sister, an elderly maiden lady, living in a kind of ladylike poverty at a dull little village in Kent. Aunt Dolly died when I was seventeen and Milly twelve, leaving to us the little cottage that had been her home and ours, with everything it contained; no very valuable bequest, but all the poor soul had to leave; and here Milly and I—not heiresses, no, but not destitute, either—continued to live with the dear old servant, who had been our aunt's faithful friend and companion, and our own kind and affectionate nurse ever since, fatherless and motherless, we had been sent to England.

There were not many people to visit at Hillstead; the rector, the doctor, and the family at the Hollies comprised them. I think we were most intimate at the Hollies; for the children there were Milly's contemporaries, and her sworn admirers and friends. I first saw Mark Sutherland at the Hollies; he was Mr. Sutherland's cousin, and I had heard of him often before I saw him. He had led a wild, adventurous kind of life, wandering all over the world for his simple pleasure, I suppose, since I never heard that he had any other in doing so. I had formed my idea of him, be sure; the reality was not in the least like it. No, quite otherwise; and yet, after the first five minutes, I would not have changed the real man for the ideal, for worlds. Do not suppose that I speculated much upon Mark's character in those days; such as he was I loved him, dearly loved him; ah! he would never know how dearly, for had I not given him up?

As one in a dream I went home; as in a dream I crawled slowly up the steep winding lawn to our cottage; saw Milly hanging on the garden gate watching for me, come flying out into the lawn to meet me, all her golden hair streaming straight out behind her, heard her call me, scold me for being late; my own voice answering her; saw and heard all the familiar sights and sounds of everyday life, as we do sometimes in dreams, all made strange and perplexing by some dreadful sense of pain and trouble.

"Het," said Milly, as we sat at tea, "you're not eating anything; you look pale and glum; you've sat out in those horrid marshes till the sun has made you sick. I shall not allow you to go there again, mind that."

I did not see Mark Sutherland again; but the next time Milly went up to the Hollies, she told me, on her return, "that he had left the Hollies, gone away to that dreadful India, and was never coming back again." My heart echoed the words, but I drew Milly to me and kissed her, and tried to be patient and to forget.

I could not forget; my nature was tenacious of what had once taken hold upon it, and the course of our lives was too uniform and monotonous to permit change and variety their usual influence. I scarcely knew, after Mark went away, how the days and years glided away, their course was so unmarked, and everything seemed so unchanged. At first I used to shrink and shiver at the chance mention of Mark Sutherland's name at the Hollies;

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that passed, and I pined to hear of him with a weary, anxious longing seldom satisfied. They ceased to speak of him after a while, as people do of a long-absent friend, and by degrees it seemed as if he was only remembered in one poor woman's heart, who almost came to think of him, too, as if he had been removed by death. So that, when one day Milly came back from the Hollies, and said, as she untied her hat and threw it down, "Hester, guess; who in the world do you think came to the Hollies last night?" not even my thoughts suggested the right person.

"No, no," said Milly, as I named one or two; "no; who but that Cousin Mark who went away to India years ago! I was a mere child at the time, but I remembered him instantly—a compliment he did not return, by-the-by; though, when he heard who I was, he asked after you."

Years ago, was it, since Mark went away? Ah! as Milly spoke it seemed only yesterday; the joy, the sorrow, the old pain, so freshly new, were throbbing so wildly once more at my heart. He had not quite forgotten me, then; but did he remember me as I remembered him?

"I do not believe you have forgotten all about him," Milly went on; "and, let me tell you, I wonder at that, for I remember he used to seem fond of talking to you, Hetty, and he is the kind of man that women may be proud of attracting, none the less because he cares very little, I should say, for women in general."

"Really, Milly, dear, you seem to have studied Mr. Sutherland very closely, considering this may be called your first acquaintance with him."

She laughed, blushed, and threw back her beautiful golden hair.

"No, I don't know that I have; he devoted himself to me a good deal this evening, and I couldn't help forming my opinion, you know. There is to be a croquet party to-morrow at the Hollies, and Mr. Sutherland made me promise to come up, and to bring you, if you would come; but I told him beforehand that I knew you would not, knowing your dislike to that delectable means for the promotion of flirting."

And after this it happened that Milly either went, or was sent for, nearly everyday up to the Hollies—where, indeed, she was very much in the habit of going; while I, who had long ago ceased to care for any companionship beside my sister's sat at home, longing with a feverish longing to see Mark Sutherland once more, and yet dreading, with a sickening dread, to meet the careless, estranged glance of the dark eyes that had looked into mine once, full of love.

It seemed that Mark not unfrequently accompanied Milly part of the way home, but he never came near enough to our cottage for me to catch even the most distant glimpse of him, and my little sister had somehow ceased to talk of him after the first. So though I knew he still stayed at the Hollies, he might almost as well have been across the wide ocean, as far as I was concerned. And—yet—O, no!—the sense of his presence seemed borne to me upon every breath of the sweet summer air that floated into my room. I could not sleep at night, nor rest calmly by day; and often, while Milly was with her friends, I used to wander out, scarce heeding where I went, impatient only of rest.

One day, when this terrible yearning was strong upon me, I took my sketching materials, from force of habit, and set out to walk to a pretty wood at some distance. The cool, green fragrance of the leafy shadows was grateful after the glaring sunshine, and I sat down to rest where they felt coolest. But a sudden sound of laughter and merry voices close at hand startled me, and not waiting to see who the speakers were, I got up and fled swiftly down the darkest and most tangled of the paths that branched away into the heart of the wood. I soon left the merry voices far behind me, and slackening my walk, I wandered on, dreamy and absorbed as ever; till, suddenly turning into another path, I saw what caused me to stand still and forget everything but what my eyes looked upon. Mark Sutherland! yes, Mark, older, darker, thinner, but Mark himself. Ah, how the green marshes, and the winding sea-wall, and the lark singing far up in the sky, all floated before me as I saw the downward bend of his stately head to look into the face beside him—the face that looked up again into his with those candid blue eyes, and a smile on the soft parted lips. The smile seemed to reflect itself upon Mark's grave face for an instant, and then he took up a little hand lying on his arm, and kissed it tenderly. I looked no longer. Stricken with a dumb anguish, a dreadful sullen despair, I crept away and went home. For I knew the candid blue eyes, and the sweet smile, and the floating golden hair; and they were my sister Milly's. Had I not done enough? had I not sacrificed enough? was my cup not yet so full but this bitter drop must be added to it?

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So I cried out in my anguish, and it was long before better thoughts came to me, or that coming, I could hold them firmly and take comfort. But by-and-by I rose up from where I had flung myself down, and sat by the window to watch for Milly. She came along presently in the quiet evening light, and I looked at her with eyes freshly opened. I had never yet ceased to think of her as a child; I realized in one minute now that the child was a woman. I looked at the beautiful fresh young face, and involuntarily glanced at the reflection of my own in the mirror opposite. I never could have been in my best days what Milly was; and now—I turned away with a sigh from the image of that faded woman, with pale lips, and weary dark eyes.

Milly came in the next instant, threw off her hat, and, coming up beside me took my face between her two soft hands, looked into it tenderly for a minute, then kissed me and sat down with her arms round me.

"Het, my dear, I have something to tell you," she began, with a strange tremble in her voice, though she was smiling, too; "a wonderful thing, I don't think you would ever guess it, or I should say, 'Guess!'"

"And what if I am cleverer than you give me credit for, and do guess it, Milly dear?" I asked, pressing the little one close to my throbbing heart.

"You never could; and yet—how your heart is beating!" she said, looking up at me timidly—"I believe you really do." Then, sinking her face down to my shoulder once more, she added, almost in a whisper, "Hester, he told me to ask you whether you would see him to-morrow."

"*He* means Mr. Sutherland, of course!"

"Of course. Hester, do you mean to say yes?" asked Milly, stealing another of those timid glances at me.

"My 'yes' will go with yours, Milly dear."

"God bless you, Hester!—my darling, my dear, dear sister!" cried Milly, fervently; and for a long while we were both silent. Nor, indeed, did she mention Mr. Sutherland's name again, nor recur in any way to the subject, till about the middle of the next day, she suddenly sprang up from her place by the window, and glancing at me with a vivid blush and smile, ran out of the room, and I heard her fly up-stairs.

Then I knew who was coming, and I sat still, because to move would have been out of my power. So, when he entered the room, I sat, and though I held out my hand and tried to utter a greeting, I knew that my lips only murmured inarticulately. He looked at me as he held my hand in a momentary grasp, and I thought there was both pain and a shocked surprise in his face. Then he began:

"I have not come unexpectedly, I hope? Milly promised to ask you—to tell you—"

"She did tell me; I expected you," I strove to say, and I hope said it, quietly.

"Did you guess why I wanted to see you?" he asked, with that directness of speech I remembered so well.

"Yes, I even went so far as that," I answered, and smiled—O! what a wintry smile, if it did not belie my heart.

"Of course, I could only have one purpose in asking to see you again," he went on, quickly; "but, ah! Hester what will you say to me this time?"

"What does Milly say?"

"Milly! always Milly still! But, Hester, it is for you to answer me first," he said: and abruptly walking from his position on the hearth, he came and sat down beside me.

"Hester—I must call you so—did your sister tell you what I said to her yesterday?"

"She let me infer it."

"Infer!—fiddledee. Nothing like plain speaking to express a plain meaning," he broke out, rather impetuously. "But you are so cold and unlike your old self, Hester, that I could almost take it for an answer to what I came to ask. Did Milly tell you that yesterday—for I have grown to love the little girl dearly— Hester! Hester! what have I said? What is the matter?"

I hated, despised myself for the weakness, but the mortal struggle of yesterday was not done yet. I could not hear this man, whom I had loved so long, so deeply, avow to my face his transferred affection to my sister and be unmoved. Involuntarily I grasped the arm of my chair for support, for my very life seemed fading from me in the struggle. He bent over me, he lifted my faint head on to his broad breast, but I shrank from him feebly.

"It is nothing. I am often faint. I am quite well again. You were saying—yes, go on, Mr. Sutherland."

"I was saying—ah! Hester—I think I need not go on—you are so changed, my dear," he said, looking down at me with sorrowful perplexity. "Well, well, Milly led me on to hope; but I ought to have known better. You never cared for me in the beginning, as I did for you."

"Surely, surely, that bygone ought to be a

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bygone now," I cried out, bitterly in answer.

"If you say that, it ought, indeed," he answered, turning from me; "but I told you then, Hester, that I should never forget you; and, from something Milly said, and your remaining unmarried, I was wild enough to dream—to hope—"

Something—a light that dazzled my poor eyes—was breaking in upon me as he spoke.

"Mark!" said I, "what did you come here to-day to ask me?"

"The same question that I asked eight years ago by the stream in the marshes, Hester. I have done with India; I am no longer a poor man, and I want the one woman I have always loved. Hester, is this really true? Is she to be mine at last?"

For a long, long time, I think, after this, we forgot the existence of any one beside ourselves. Then I told Mark the little game of cross purposes we had been playing. His incredulous wonder that I could imagine he had ever thought of any one but me, touched me to the heart.

"Poor Milly," he said; "so you would have put her off with the reversion of a heart. No, when she marries, may she be what you are, Hester—her husband's 'first love and his last.'"

THE DEERSKIN BELT.

BY MRS. P. H. PHELPS.

EVERYBODY knew that old John Mason wore a deerskin belt around his waist, and everybody wondered why. Marvellous stories were told of the wealth of gold sewed into it; some said that it held a second Koh-i-noor, for old John had been in the land of diamonds; others, that it was a girdle of strength, a brace to his vigorous muscle; still others, that it was a charm. The old man never spoke of the matter till one evening when his little grand-daughter, growing roguish and putting her hand into his bosom, felt the buckle.

"Ah, I've found something!" she shouted, smiling so archly into the old man's face that he smiled back again, and hugging her to his breast, let fall a tear on her flaxen curls.

The older children had noticed that he had been sad and silent all day. The cloud that had hung over him was now breaking up, and one of them, encouraged by the indulgence shown the little one, ventured to say, "Do tell us, grandfather, about that belt you wear. Have you always worn it?"

"Not always."

"Please tell us about it; *do*, grandfather."

Thus urged, the old man yielded.

"But I don't know how to begin," he said, "so much comes before the belt, that seems to belong to it."

"Tell it, please; tell it all," was the unanimous demand of the young people assembled.

"Well, I'll tell all, and if you find out something about me that you'd rather not have known, remember it aint all my fault that you know it—but maybe you'll learn what will do you good. I've lived a hard life, and it ought to teach something.

"I wasn't any older than this little mischief in my arms, not more'n three or four years old, when my mother died. I never knew anything about my father, and suppose he must have died before. I remember that my mother looked uncommonly sweet, and spoke uncommonly soft to me, and always when I see these pictures of angels, they put me in mind of her.

"She'd been lying on her bed almost all day. It was growing dark—the fire was almost out, and it was getting cold. I was tired of playing all alone, and looked out of the window where there wasn't much to see, and felt very unhappy. Just then, my mother called me, 'Johnny, son.' It was so sweet that I used to hear it years after when there was nobody short of heaven to call me so again. I went to the side of her bed; she told me to get a chair and climb up on the bed. I did as she said, and lay down as close to her as I could get. She put her arm over me and kissed me and cried. Her lips were stone cold. 'Johnny,' she said, 'you're a good boy!' How I used to hear *that*, too, when I got where they never had a word of praise any more than if 'twas forbidden! It seemed to be whispered in my ears as I closed my eyes in sleep, or perhaps when I was dreaming. 'Johnny, you're a good boy,' she said, 'now promise mother that you'll keep good. Kiss me and promise.' I promised, and kissed the cold cheek, and kissed it again. Then, at her bid-

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ding, I covered myself up warm and slept. The next day, I missed my mother and cried for her. Some women in the house told me that she was dead and I had no mother. I cried bitterly till they showed me her corpse; then her white still face and her cold frozen hand hushed me.

"I don't remember much about the funeral, but remember being carried afterwards to a large, dreary-looking stone house, where I was left. It was the poor-house. It was my home for the rest of my childhood, and a dreadful home too! The young things there hadn't anything fit for a child to have, and were treated as if they were pests. The whole time I was there, I don't believe anybody ever once kissed me, or put a kind arm round me, or appeared to care for me, unless it was to get me out of the way, except a little orphan like myself. His name was Jemmy Sprague, and if it hadn't been for him, I don't know what would have become of me. When we thought nobody saw us, we used to hold and hug each other, and try to feel a little comfortable and happy. But poor Jemmy was soon through his troubles. He didn't stay to see life outside of that miserable place. I don't wonder, and I don't know what kept me alive unless it was predestination. My time hadn't come. The way we used to be starved, and kept out of our warm clothes in the cold fall weather, never a shoe nor stocking to our feet till after Thanksgiving, was enough to have killed us all off if there'd been any such thing as doing it.

"When I was about twelve, I was picking up stone in a field right in front of the poor-house. A tall, brawny, rough-looking man drove up to the poor-house in an open buggy. I saw him look at me as he rode by, and then stand and watch me at the door before he went in. Not long before he and the master of the house came out to where I was. He questioned me—how old was I? did I like to work? was I good to mind? I didn't like him—I didn't like his looks nor his voice; I didn't answer him pleasantly. I was afraid he would take me to live with him. I told him I didn't like to work. 'Have to get over that,' he said, with an ugly laugh. I told him I was good to mind some people, but not everybody. I knew it would be hard for me to mind him—I seemed to look right through him, I could see that he wasn't the one for me. But my blunt answers didn't do much good; they only made him the more bent on having me. It sounded as if he thought there was game ahead, when he said, with a nod and a chuckle, 'Aint none frightened by such fellows! Never see one yit I couldn't break in.' Something started up in me then that was never down again till I buried it in a grave. I looked the man right in the eye, and felt very firm and stiff all through me, though I didn't say another word—no use, I saw.

"'Smart boy!' he said, and chuckled again. 'I'll take him and see what I can make out of him.'

"'Take him now, Squire Brown?' asked the poor-house master.

"'Yes, right along. I'll be over in a fortnight or so, and if all's right, bind him then.'

"A fortnight, and I was Squire Brown's bound boy. They made less of bargaining me off than they would have done if I'd been a colt; they thought I was nothing but a pauper, a town-tax, and a trouble, and no matter for me. But I was a *boy*, for all that, and I felt it. The world was made for me to live in, as well as for others, and I felt that I had some right in it, and some right to its good things, too, even if I was poor.

"When I got into the buggy beside Squire Brown, I knew just as well as I know now, that it wasn't fit for me to go and live with him; still I had to go. I found him a worse master than I had expected. It was impossible for me to please him. I could never do enough.

"Mrs. Brown was as soft and kind as her husband was rough and cruel. She must have seen that I had a hard time, and would speak to me in a way to make me think of my own mother; many a time when no one saw her, she would slip something nice into my hand or pocket. I don't know but old Brown's impudence might have made me strike him sometimes, or at least say something desperate, if I hadn't seen her mild face watching at the window, or she hadn't come among us on some little errand that she was sure to make, when she heard the words getting too loud.

"There was a little girl in the family, all the child there was, and a prettier girl I never saw. She was as good as she was pretty. Her name was Emily. I took to her from the time I first saw her, just as I had turned from her father. It did me so much good to look up from my hard work and sulkiness and catch her smile, that I got to watching for it, and this kept me from noticing the things I had to bear as much as I otherwise should.

"I had got to be a man in size, when one day I overtook Emily on her way home from

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a neighbor's and walked beside her. I knew well enough that her father wouldn't like it, but she seemed to. It was pretty bold in me, but I walked straight to the house with her, and looked the old man right in the eye as he was watching us come up. He didn't say anything then, but he looked something, and I thought that if there wasn't a storm before long there'd be an earthquake, and I'm not apt to be far out of the way about such matters.

"Sure enough, Emily's tears were raining fast before bed time; and the next day the orders and complaints I heard were too much for any one. Brown knew it, he meant they should be too much. I raised my head, and standing bolt upright before him, told him to do his own work.

"'I can't please you,' I said; 'let's see if you can please yourself.'

"Blow after blow fell on my ears, and I was soon rolling on the ground.

"'Villain of a bound boy!" he growled, grating his teeth.

"I soon sprang to my feet. Emily was looking on. She had seen my disgrace. I rushed at the tyrant, and would have clenched with him, if a hand had not been laid on my shoulder. A man that was working with me kept his hold on me till my temper was a little cooled. But I promised myself that this was the last day that old Brown would have me for a bound boy to cuff and roll on the ground. I kept my promise.

"The next morning I was up before any one else. I tied up a few clothes in a bundle, and then crept softly into the parlor. A likeness of Emily in a locket lay on the table there. I put it in my bosom and left the house. I looked back only once at Emily's window. Nothing to be seen there, and with a heavy heart, I took my way into the wide world. I had gone several miles, and was beginning to think of resting, when a voice I'd heard too often before, struck on my ears.

"'Bring up, youngster! you're caught. Not quite free yet—made a mistake this time.'

"I was overtaken, and caught. How I felt then no one can tell! I shan't feel so bad when I come to die. A man sprang out of Brown's wagon and laid hold of me. Then Brown got out and searched my bundle. Nothing there; so he searched me. He took the locket from my bosom with that old horrible chuckle.

"'Good! very good!' he said; 'very sentimental for a bound boy!" and chuckled again.

"He ordered me into the wagon, and as there was no use in resisting when the odds were so much against me, I got in. He didn't take the road home, but I soon knew where we were going. He went to the sheriff's, where he made a complaint and took out a warrant against me. Before night, I was lodged in jail on a charge of stealing.

"This was an end to my freedom I hadn't calculated on; but there was nothing for me to do but rouse up and brace myself to bear anything and everything. I was fined for petit larceny, convicted and sentenced to lie two months in jail. The evidence against me was that the locket with Emily's likeness had been found in my bosom. The poor girl was brought on to the witness stand to swear against me. She looked at me only once as I stood in the dock, and then burst into tears.

"I thought my lot was too hard. I grew very mad as I lay through the long summer days in that dirty jail—mad with everything. It didn't do much good to put me in that jail, and I came out of it at length, a mad and ugly fellow. Old Brown himself thought he had gone a little too far, and if my time wasn't out I might as well have my freedom for any good I would do him. He didn't take me to work for him again, but I hung around the place bent on revenge.

"Brown saw me in his woods one day and ordered me off. It only made me uglier, and settled a plan for me at once. I determined to take his horses, and hide the matter by firing his stable. I meant to sell the horses, pocket the money, and leave the country; go where I wasn't known, and start fair with a little chance of doing something. I ought to have known that I couldn't do anything with a load of crime on me to be carried everywhere, and that would be likely to keep growing heavier all the time, but I was too mad to be sensible. And the crime I planned didn't seem to me then such a very bad thing. I argued that Brown owed me the worth of the horses, as he'd had a great deal of work out of me for very little, just for my board and the meanest clothes. And firing his barn wouldn't be anything to him in comparison with what putting me in jail was to me.

"Still I hung back from the job. I staid about the place two or three nights trying to see if I could hear anybody stirring. I went under my old window; it gave me pluck and fight to stand there. I went under Emily's; then I softened down. The window was open. I kept looking up, and after a while, Emily

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came to the window. I made a little rustle to draw her eye. She knew me and whispered, 'John.' I answered back.

"'What are you doing, John?'

"What could I say then?

"'Don't provoke father any more, John! I'm afraid he'll do you some hurt.'

"'He's provoked *me*;' I answered, the spirit of a man rising in me.

"'I know it, John; I know it as well as anybody, and I am sorry for you, but, John, you'd better go away from here.'

"'From you?"

"'Yes, John.'

"'And do you tell me ever to come back again?"

"'Come, when everything is forgotten.'

"'And will you be the same to me then?"

"'If you come back honest and honorable, as I believe you will.'

"How she trusted me! more than I deserved. I felt so ashamed of what I had been planning, that I wanted to fall on my knees and tell her all; but, God be thanked! I had only planned. I had not another thought of revenge. Her angel had driven it out of me, and I was in my right mind.

"'I'll go, Emily,' I said, 'and if I ever come back, it will be as an honest and honorable man. But first, I want to ask you, do you know why I lay in that wretched jail?'

"'Yes, I know,' she said.

"'Just for your likeness.'

"'Yes, John, and it is yours.'

"She left the window, but soon came back, and let down a little package.

"'The locket is in the box,' she said.

"I caught it and put it in my bosom. I wanted to tell Emily how I loved her, but 'twas no time, disgraced as I was, just out of jail. So I looked at her till I heard her whisper:

"'Now go, John! You'd better. God bless you!' and I thought I heard a sigh.

"I stood a minute longer. She didn't come back, and I went. I travelled all night, making my course to the south. As soon as 'twas light I opened the box to look at the likeness it held. Nothing ever looked so beautiful as that. There was something under it wrapped in a piece of silk paper. I opened the paper, and there were two gold pieces. I knew them at once. Emily's grandmother had given them to her for keepsakes, and she'd given 'em to me to help me along. The tears ran down my face, for it was Emily all through, to give 'em to me and say nothing about it. I didn't seem to want any breakfast after that, and went right on fast and strong for a while. I made my way straight to New York.

"I'd made up my mind to go to India or South America, for I'd heard of fortunes being made in those parts, so I looked round on the wharves there. I found a ship going to Brazil. After a few weeks I was in Rio Janeiro. I had made good friends with the captain on the passage, and he got something for me to do in a house that he traded with, where I staid till I had pretty well learnt the language of the country. I had heard so much about the diamond-hunters that I made up my mind to try my luck among them. I knew that they were generally a desperate set, so I prepared for them. The first thing I did, was to get me a strip of deerskin and make me a belt, not so much to hold my diamonds as the likeness of Emily, which I wouldn't have parted with, for all Brazil. I took a good long look at it before I stitched it into the deerskin, for I knew I couldn't be looking at it often among such as I was going among, but I made the belt fasten so as to bring it right here," the old man laid his hand on his left side, "and many's the time that it's made my heart beat reg'lar and true. That locket has been my salvation, no mistake. It has kept the life in me when I was clear discouraged, just as her look used to before. It has put strength and hope into me when I don't know as anything else could. It has saved me from doing wrong too. I couldn't get far out of the way with that on my heart. It has been worth more to me than all the gold and diamonds I ever got; and better to keep off hurt, than any medicine or charm they tell of.

"How I did sweat in that boiling Brazil sun, and wash flint and sand in those Brazil rivers, to find a fortune that I wouldn't be ashamed to carry back to the girl whose likeness was so much to me! But fortunes aint so easy made as talked of. I've found that out for sure. I almost wore myself out fishing for diamonds among all kinds of dangers, but my luck was too poor, so I started off across the mountains for Peru. I'd try my hand in the silver mines. There were two or three who crossed the mountains with me, but it was an ugly time that we had in getting there. I've frightened you often enough with my stories about the wild beasts, wild men, and dangerous woods we found on the way, so I needn't go over with 'em again. And I believe I've finished my story about the deerskin belt. You've got the secret now."

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"But tell us more about Emily. What became of her? And what do you wear the belt for now?" demanded his auditors.

"Well," resumed the old man, "I went to the silver mines as I told you, in hopes to make my fortune, but I learned it over again there, that fortunes aint easy made. I worked hard, and was careful of what I got for a good many years, till at last I thought I had enough so that 'twould do to go back to Emily, and if she was free, as I was pretty sure she would be, and ask her to be my wife.

"I took ship at the nearest point for home, or, I should say, for the place where I was born, for I'd never had anything that was much like a *home* since my mother died, and now there wasn't the shadow of one for me under the heavens. No one who saw me on my out voyage, would have known me on the return, I was so different. I was a trim-built, smooth-faced, handsome boy, when I started from New York, and now I was a broad-shouldered, swarthy, heavy-bearded man. Still I thought Emily would know me, and it was just as well that no one else should.

"As soon as I had landed, I took stage for the place where I had left her. I stopped at a tavern a couple of miles from there, and asked the bar-keeper if Squire Brown was still living at the old place.

"'He was.'

"'He had a daughter Emily, was she married?' I asked.

"'Married? no; she was dead.'

"I was stunned. I'd never thought of Emily's dying. I'd thought enough of finding her married to another, and had braced myself up to bear it. But now she was dead, and all seemed over with me—the thread broke, and the ends snapped back.

"I sat a few minutes, put my hand inside my bosom, and held the locket tight to my heart, as I could. Then I got up and asked in a kind of careless way, how long she had been dead, and where she was buried.

"They told me, and then in the same careless tone, I said, 'I suppose she died of consumption; she was delicate, and so was her mother.' They said 'yes.'

"I put on a swaggering air, the better to hide what I felt, and asked 'why she never got married? Squire Brown was rich,' I said, 'and Emily was an amazin' pretty girl.'

"'Yes,' the bar-keeper said, 'she was pretty, and plenty of young men seemed to think so too, but she never seemed to care for any of them. There was a talk that she'd always kept up a fancy for a bound boy of her father's, that grew up with her, and that some folks said Squire Brown abused pretty bad, all the more because his daughter liked him.'

"Poor Emily! My heart was too full. I went to the window to hide my face, and roughly asked the hours for the stages. Then I went out for a walk.

"I wasn't long in finding Emily's grave. I sat down by it and laid my hand on it as tenderly as if she could feel the tenderness. O, I did so strain to look down through the earth into the coffin, to get nearer to her! I took off my belt, looked at the likeness there, and kissed it as I would have kissed Emily herself. The eyes smiled on me, but the lips were cold, and seemed like the dead, still and cold, in the grave below. I put the locket back into the belt, laid it on my heart, and left the place. A lonelier man than I was then, never lived. There was not one upon earth I loved, or that loved me. There was but one spot that I cared for, and that was a grave."

"Is the picture still in your belt, grandfather? We want to see it so much," said they.

The old man unbuttoned his waistcoat, unbuckled the belt, and took it off. Hid away in a pocket within it was a locket opening with a spring and showing the picture of a beautiful girl of sixteen. The expression was pure enough for the angel he saw in it.

"How beautiful! I don't wonder you loved Emily!" the young people exclaimed.

"Did grandmother ever see this picture? And don't it look something like her?" asked some of them.

"Yes, grandmother saw it before I ever asked her to be my wife, and her look is in it as well as Emily's, for they were alike. It was the smile of Emily on her face that first made me love her."

"And did grandmother like to have you always wear that picture on your heart?"

"Why shouldn't she? If she loved me, she couldn't help loving Emily, too, for there was no worth in me that I didn't owe to her. She was my salvation, as I have told you, and your grandmother knew it. She might as well have been jealous of the good angels, as of that likeness."

"Please give me that locket in your will, grandfather," said the eldest girl. "I *should* prize it so much."

"No, child, it must be buried with me. I don't know as I could lie still in my grave, without my deerskin belt around me, and Emily's likeness close to my heart."

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Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TOO MUCH LEARNING.

"A little of everything," is the educational motto of the present age. No course of education is deemed complete, which does not embrace a smattering—for it can do no more—of Greek and Latin, French, Spanish, German and Italian, the various branches of higher mathematics, physics and metaphysics, drawing, painting and music. Our daughters learn, before they have arrived at the mature age of eighteen, at which time their education is finished—

> "Words to the witches of Macbeth unknown—
> Dioptrics, optics, carbon and pneumatics,
> Chlorine, and iodine, and aerostatics—
> Also how frogs for want of air expire,
> And how to set the Zappar sea on fire."

If they learned all these thoroughly, they would be marvels and prodigies, "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue;" but they are only slightly tinted—blueish, and not blues. The fact is, that so many studies are forced upon the attention of the young, that it is utterly impossible that any of them can be thoroughly learned. And the fundamental basis of a good education is not made sure before the superstructure is raised. The showy edifice rests upon an insecure foundation. A boy dashes into algebra, before he has mastered arithmetic; studies ancient geography, before he is familiar with modern, and construes Virgil and the Anabasis, before he can parse a sentence of Milton. He is instructed by a Parisian in the difficult pronunciation of the French, while he is allowed to call "put" *poot* in his English reading lesson. He learns to roll off the Spanish r's glibly, while he ignores their existence in his own tongue, and calls "morning" *mawning*, and "horn" *hawn*. Perhaps before he can spell correctly in that style of orthography, which he must master because the whole literature of his tongue is printed in it, some quackish pedagogue sets him to work on the "siunz of fonografe," and he learns to spell "rose" and "rows" *roz*, and to write a stenographic hand more bewildering to the eye than the Greek or Hebrew alphabet. Before being thoroughly grounded in mathematics, the best logical training the mind can be subjected to, he is set to work on metaphysics, and becomes a philosopher, before he knows the meaning of a syllogism. He gets out of school and college, to pursue the same diffuse and desultory system of study and reading. His mind is like a store, full, not of goods, but of patterns—a snip of this, a shred of that, a patch of some other stuff. His mind is decked with a patchwork garb, like Joseph's coat of many colors. He can talk smartly for five minutes on a given subject, but if you pump him, you find that his learning is no deeper than that of Moses's friend in the Vicar of Wakefield, which was confined to a single sentence about the "cosmogony." A man of this calibre is well fitted to shine in society, where anything like a lecture or serious discussion is out of place, and where a few phrases on any topic is all he can hazard without being set down as a bore, but his practical value may be represented by the algebraical sign of *minus*.

The system is all wrong. It is far better that a man should know one science thoroughly, than that he should be a smatterer in half a dozen. We are always shy of mounting a horse that the groom tells us can trot, pace, canter and gallop. Let it not be supposed that we are inimical to various learning. By no means. But we require that one branch should be mastered thoroughly, before the succeeding one is undertaken. We would have a boy learn to read and write his own mother tongue correctly, before he proceeds to the study of a foreign language. In building a house, we first dig the cellar, and lay the foundation wall deep and well. Next we raise and strongly knit together the frame which is to support the structure. Afterwards we fence it from the storm; the addition of florid ornaments comes last of all. The trouble with our educational system is, that we begin at the wrong end—as Paddy thought he could build a chimney by first holding up a brick, and then putting another under. Dr. Blimber's school, described by Dickens, was no doubt an excellent institution. The boys were taught everything, and studied hard; but unluckily he turned them into the world unhealthy little blockheads in spectacles. They had been worked very hard, and taught nothing.

THE THREE RICHEST MEN IN NEW YORK.—William B. Astor, who is worth fifty millions of dollars, is little over sixty years old, in good health and promising long life. He is very industrious, and a good business man. Among his possessions are two thousand stores and buildings. A. T. Stewart, the dry goods man, who is reported to be worth thirty millions, is about sixty years old. Commodore Vanderbilt, who has seen his threescore and ten years, is a handsome, healthy man, and variously estimated in his estate from twenty to forty millions.

ORIGINAL VIEW.—A young gentleman was once desired by a serious correspondent to "state at length his views of the causes which led to the decay and downfall of the Roman empire." In reply to this formidable request, he wrote, that after mature reflection and extensive reading, he concluded that the cause of the ruin of that gigantic empire was, that "*its bottom fell out.*" Rather a new view of the subject.

STAMMERING CONSCRIPTS.—In France, from 1858 to 1862, six thousand seven hundred and seventy-three conscripts were exempted from military service on account of stammering. The decennial average of such cases is three in one thousand for all France.

BUSHRANGERS.

A YANKEE'S ADVENTURES IN AUSTRALIA.

We have had the pleasure of looking over the advance sheets of a book of travel and adventure, published by the enterprising firm of Lee & Shepard, of Boston, entitled "BUSHRANGERS—A YANKEE'S ADVENTURES IN AUSTRALIA," by the author of "THE GOLD HUNTERS: or, ADVENTURES IN AUSTRALIA." It is a volume of five hundred or more pages, handsomely illustrated by Champney, printed on white paper, with new type, and is bound in an attractive and neat form.

Those who have read the last-named work will be eager to peruse the one just about to be issued from the press. Although "Bushrangers" is not intended as a sequel to "The Gold Hunters"—indeed the works are not connected—yet some of the characters can be found in both volumes, turning up most unexpectedly in the broad dry plains of Australia, in the region of the mines, in the populous cities, and in the hearts of the dreary forests, inhabited only by desperate men, escaped convicts, who live by making raids on cattle stations and on unprotected travellers. These wretches, more cruel than wild beasts, more vindictive than North American Indians, the author meets, in company with the mounted police, and some startling scenes are related, although the book is not wholly devoted to such strife; and we find in the pages some peculiar love-passages between the hero and a lady, who can be called the heroine, at first a pretty bar-maid, sharp, proud, scornful toward all men, living in one of the dens of Melbourne, and afterwards, by the aid of explanations and a little light, the only daughter of a rich baronet, and then a happy, refined and intelligent wife.

We have not space to notice all the characters that are introduced, but we must speak of Hezekiah Hopeful, a genuine New Hampshire Yankee, ardent, generous, a little mean at times, and always ambitious. The struggle which Hopeful endures while debating as to which lady he loves best—the one in New Hampshire, who is expecting his return to make her his wife, or the wild, blooming Australian girl, who suffers so much at the hands of one of her rude admirers—is admirably and most graphically told, and the result will probably satisfy the reader.

Take the work as a whole, we must pronounce it equal, if not superior, to the "Gold Hunters." More characters are introduced, and more of them are better drawn. Both books are good, however, and intensely interesting. The work will be published on the 15th of September, and will be sold for $2.00, or the "Gold Hunters" and "Bushrangers" will be sent by mail, post-paid, for $3.50. Parties who order the books can send to the office of the DOLLAR MONTHLY, and receive them by return mail. All letters must be accompanied by the cash to receive attention. See advertisement on cover.

WANTED—a pair of scissors to cut a caper. The pot in which a patriot's blood boiled. The address of the confectioner who makes "trifles light as air." And a short club broken off the square root.

LAUGHTER.—It is a good thing to laugh, at any rate, Dryden says; but the rate of taxation never provokes a smile.

PHILOSOPHY AND FASHION.

To the philosophic mind it is ever an amusement to contemplate the fanciful and fickle freaks of fashion. When hoops went out of vogue nigh a century ago, the ladies vowed that scanty petticoats were infinitely prettier; and they vied with one another in reducing their dimensions, until their skirts became so shrunken they could hardly move their feet within the limited circumference. So, doubtless, will it be again, now crinoline is doomed. The milliners of Paris have determined on reviving the "costumes of the empire," of some fifty seasons since, and who will dare dispute the mandates of the milliners? Already we see signs of the change which is approaching. Ladies fresh from Paris startle our eyes nowadays by appearing in what, at first sight, we might fancy are their night-dresses. Of course, when once the tide sets in, all the female world will swim with it. Casting overboard their crinoline, the ladies will all look as though they had been put under a rigid course of Banting. Our wives will be so altered that we shall hardly know them; and when they walk out in their limp and scanty dresses, we shall at first be scarcely able to realise our happiness in missing the accustomed chafing of our shins. To the philosophic mind, it will be curious to note what excuses will be made for the wearing of scant petticoats, to which the ladies have all vowed that they never could revert. The comfort there was, they said, in wearing iron cages nobody could tell; and they protested that they wore them solely for that reason, and not for fashion's sake. The philosopher might shrug his shoulders at their vows, and rightly estimate their worth; but philosophy abated naught in its efforts to reduce the circumference of petticoats, which fashion had expanded, and fashion only could contract. In its influence on lovely woman, philosophy will bear no comparison with fashion; and the philosopher who fancies that his words will be listened to when fashion claims a hearing is no better than a fool.

AN ANGLER'S PATIENCE.—A person, late on a Saturday afternoon, halted an Englishman, as he was skillfully essaying the wily fisherman's art for trout, with "Hallo, there! Got anything?"—"Got anything? Of course not; I only came here last Wednesday!" was the reply, as the patient angler once more cast his patent fly.

FUNNY.—A nice old lady up town declares that she thinks it very strange that a little quicksilver in a glass tube can make such awful hot weather by just rising it an inch or so.

ALL GONE!—Poretsky, a Russian village built on the side of a mountain, was recently swallowed up in the earth, great crevices appearing in the mountain side after a heavy shower.

PRETTY TRUE.—A clergyman said, in a recent sermon, that the path of rectitude had been travelled so little of late years, it had completely run to grass.

HEAVY BLOW.—Nesmyth & Co., the well-known English machinists, have made a trip-hammer that will strike a blow equal to seventy-five tons.

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The Florist.

Atragene.

This genus is nearly allied to clematis. The species are half shrubby climbers, much admired for the beauty of their flowers, and very suitable for training against wall, or trellis-work, or for covering bowers. They all grow freely in any common garden soil, and they are readily increased by layers, or by cuttings of the growing wood planted in sand under a hand-glass. They also frequently ripen seeds which ought to be sown immediately, in which case they will come up the following spring; otherwise, if kept some months before sowing, they will probably lie in the ground a year. All the species are beautiful, but *A. austriaca*, with blue flowers, and *A. sibirica*, with white flowers, are the most ornamental.

Azalea.

Beautiful flowering plants, natives of North America, Turkey and China. The American kinds are quite hardy, but the Chinese kinds require the protection of a greenhouse. All the species should be grown in peat earth, heath mould, or very sandy loam; and provided the ground they grow in is well drained, and they are never allowed to become too dry, they will thrive in almost any situation, though they prefer the shade. They may be transplanted at almost any age, or season, even when in flower, provided a ball of earth be kept round their roots; and as they hybridize freely, and ripen seed abundantly, innumerable varieties may be raised.

Arundo.

A. Donax is a splendid bamboo-looking reed, rather tender in severe winters; but which, if the season be favorable, will grow in rich soil, kept moist, to the height of ten or twelve feet in one year; producing a fine oriental appearance when standing singly on a lawn, or near water.

The Hollyhook.

Strong herbaceous plants, natives of the middle and south of Europe, and also of India and China. The common hollyhock is one of our most splendid ornamental biennials. It grows to the height of from five to eight feet; and there are varieties of almost every color, including white, and purple so deep as to be almost black. The flowers being large, and the stems erect, the plants have the best effect when grown in rows at the back of a border; or when one or two are planted along with round-headed plants—for example, with the French honeysuckle, or the annual chrysanthemums.

Adenophora.

Perennial plants with blue bell-shaped flowers, resembling the campanulas. They require to be planted in rich but light soil, and are easily killed by much moisture. They are propagated by division of the root.

Mountain Ebony.

Stove shrubs, mostly with white flowers, and remarkable for their leaves always being produced in twins.

Enkianthus.

Greenhouse shrubs, with very handsome arbutus-like pink and white flowers, which are produced from September to February. The plants are very difficult to manage. They should be grown in very sandy loam, mixed with a little peat; and they should be allowed plenty of air and light, with only enough of heat to exclude the frost. They will not, however, bear planting out, as their roots appear to require to be confined in a small space, and the plants rarely do well if they are transplanted, unless before the roots have pushed through the ball of earth in the pot, as the roots seem to dislike fresh soil. The pots should be well drained with crocks, and care should be taken neither to over-water the plants, nor to let them become very dry. They are propagated by cuttings of the ripe-wood, which are struck in sand, under a bell-glass, but without bottom-heat; and which, when transplanted, should have balls of earth attached.

Helianthemum.

The sun-rose. Low shrubs, generally used for planting on rockwork, and strongly resembling the Cistus or Rock-rose. As most of the species are rather tender, they require protection during winter. For this reason, they are either grown in pots, which are placed on the rockwork among the stones, or taken up and re-potted in winter, to be planted out again in spring. The soil should be a compost of loam and peat. They are generally increased by seeds, which they ripen in abundance.

Calliopsis.

Every one knows the beautiful plants which compose this genus under the old name of coreopsis; from which genus they have been separated on account of a slight difference in the internal structure of the flower. The new and old names have some resemblance in point of sound, but they are very different in origin, for coreopsis is derived from the Greek word *koris*, a bug, from the resemblance of the seeds to that insect; while calliopsis is from *kallistos*, signifying most beautiful. The species are hardy annuals and perennials; the former of which may be sown in autumn, as they will stand the winter without any protection, and will thus come into flower early in summer. All the species will grow in any common soil; and the perennial kinds are propagated by division of the root.

Diervilla.

A little North American shrub, with yellow flowers, something like those of the honeysuckle in shape. It was formerly considered to belong to Lonicera. It is very hardy, and will grow in almost any soil or situation, sending up abundance of suckers, by which it is easily increased.

Doronicum (Leopard's Bane).

Showy perennial plants, with large dark yellow flowers, which look very well in a border, and which will grow with scarcely any care in any common garden soil. One species, a native of Siberia, has white flowers.

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The Housewife.

Rump Steak Pie.

Procure two pounds of rump steaks, which cut into thinnish slices, and season well with pepper and salt, dip each piece into flour, and lay them in a small pie-dish, finishing the top in the form of a dome; add a wineglassful of water, then have ready half a pound of half-puff paste, cut off a small piece, which roll into a band, and lay round the edge of the dish, having previously wetted it with a paste-brush, dipped in water, then roll out the remainder of the paste to about the size of the dish, damp the band of paste upon the dish, and lay the other piece over, make a hole with a knife at the top, press the edges evenly down with your thumbs, trim the pie round with a knife, egg over the top with a paste-brush, and ornament with the trimmings of the paste, according to fancy; bake it rather better than an hour in a moderate oven, and serve either hot or cold.

Veal and Ham Pie.

Cut about a pound and a half of veal into thin slices, as also a quarter of a pound of cooked ham; season the veal rather highly with white pepper and salt, with which cover the bottom of the dish, then lay over a few slices of ham, then the remainder of the veal, finishing with the remainder of the ham, add a wineglassful of water, and cover and bake as directed for beefsteak pie; a bay will be an improvement.

Loin of Mutton.

Take off the skin, separate the joints with a chopper; if a large size, cut the chine-bone with a saw, so as to allow it to be carved in smaller pieces, run a lark-spit from one extremity to the other, and affix t to a larger spit, and roast it like the haunch. A loin weighing six pounds will take one hour to roast.

Baked Indian Pudding.

Boil a quart of milk; stir into it gradually three gills of Indian meal and half a pint of molasses, and let it cool. Butter a high brown earthern pan; put into it half a pound of beef suet chopped, and a spoonful of salt; then turn in the pudding and a quart of cold milk; stir it up well, mixing the suet with the pudding; add a pint of cold milk; do not stir it again. Bake it five hours. If baked in a brick oven, let it stand eight hours, or over night.

Rhubarb preserved.

Rhubarb preserve, if made according to the following directions, is almost equal to the celebrated Scotch marmalade. Procure six oranges, peel, and take away the white rind and the seeds; slice the pulp into the stewpan, along with the peel; cut very small; add a quart of rhubarb cut fine, and from one pound to one pound and a half of loaf sugar; boil the whole down, as for other preserves.

Quinces for the Table.

The best method of preparing quinces for the table is this:—Bake them, remove the skin, slice, and serve with cream and sugar. Prepared in this manner, many prefer them to the peach.

Raspberries preserved.

Take five or six pounds of red, but not too ripe, raspberries; pick, and put them into a preserving pan, with an equal weight of clarified sugar; when they have boiled up about a dozen times, skim and pour the whole into a pan, till the next day; then drain the fruit, and put it into jars; put to the syrup about two glasses of cherry juice, previously strained; boil the sugar again, and pour it over the raspberries; add afterward about a spoonful of currant juice to each pot, and when cold, lay on brandy paper, and tie them down.

Apple Snow.

Put twelve good tart apples in cold water, and set them over a slow fire; when soft, drain the water, strip the skins of the apples, core them, and lay them in a deep dish. Beat the whites of twelve eggs to a stiff froth; put half a pound of powdered white sugar to the apples; beat them to a stiff froth, and add the beaten eggs. Beat the whole to a stiff snow; then turn it into a dessert dish, and ornament it with myrtle or box.

Pine Apples.

Take those that are ripe and fresh; pare off the rind, and cut in slices half an inch thick. Sprinkle between them powdered loaf sugar, and let them remain till the next day. Then with the usual syrup boil until tender, putting them in when it is cold. Keep it in a cool place.

Raspberry Jam.

To every pound of fruit use a pound of sugar, but always boil the fruit well before you add the sugar to it—it will be a better color; put your fruit in your preserving-pan, mashing them with a long wooden spoon; after boiling them a few minutes, add the same quantity of sugar as fruit, boiling it for half an hour, keeping it well stirred. When sufficiently reduced, fill your jars.

Tea Cream.

Boil two drachms or more of good green tea in a quart of milk; in a few minutes strain it; add three yolks of eggs, well beaten, a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar; set it on the fire, and reduce it to half, then strain it again; when cold, serve it.

To preserve Flower-Seeds.

Those who are curious about saving flower-seeds must attend to them in the month of August. Many kinds will begin to ripen apace, and should be carefully sticked and supported, to prevent them from being shaken by high winds, and so partly lost. Others should be defended from much wet; such as asters, marigolds, and generally those of the class syngenesia; as from the construction of their flowers they are apt to rot, and the seeds to mould, in bad seasons.

To make the Teeth white.

A mixture of honey with the purest charcoal w prove an admirable cleanser.

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Curious Matters.

Hindoo Fanatics.

I have seen some who had stood on one leg for years, while others engage the sympathy and extort the charity of many by holding one arm erect overhead, until in time the flesh withers and the bones set in that position. A few I have met who, firmly clenching one hand, have kept it closed until the nails have grown right through the palm on the other side; and it is well known that many have travelled the whole extent of land from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, measuring their bodies as they went. Also, there is Chamh Puja, or hook worship, in which the devotee allows a steel hook to be passed through the muscles of his back, and in this manner is suspended from a machine like a wind-mill, to one of the arms to which the victim is attached. On their great feast days they can be seen thus, whirling round and round, and looking all the time as pleased as if they really enjoyed their ride. All this is done with a devotion worthy of a better cause.

Effects of Fear.

The extraordinary power exerted by fear over the human mind was once strongly exhibited in Vienna, in a remarkable manner. Doctor F——, an eminent physician, obtained leave from the local authorities to try his experiments upon the person of a prisoner who had been condemned to death. Accordingly, an offer was made to the individual in question, holding out the promise of the remission of his punishment, if he would consent to pass the night in the bed of a patient who four hours previously had been carried off by cholera. The prisoner consented, and was put to bed, and, after the expiration of some three hours, or less, he was seized with all the symptoms of cholera. He was attended immediately by several physicians, and ultimately, being a man of strong and vigorous constitution, was completely re-established. His astonishment was great, when he was informed that the bed was perfectly clean and pure, and that no cholera patient had ever lain there.

Freaks of a Tornado.

A late tornado in Minnesota kicked up some queer pranks. It blew eight oxen over a river 800 yards wide. It took all the water out of a pond, carried it a mile, and then set it down on Major Doran's farm in the shape of a small lake. It blew a man's boots off. Another man's coat was not only blown short, but actually buttoned from top to bottom. One old lady went up like a balloon, was carried two and a half miles, and was finally landed astride a telegraph wire, where she was found by her grandson and relieved by a ladder. Judge Morgan said the wind not only carried off his dwelling-house, but his sub cellar and two wells.

Strange Case of Hydrophobia.

M. Lafond, surgeon, of Agde, South of France, has recently published a fearful case of madness in a young man, which proved fatal in twenty-four hours. The symptoms were of an appalling description, and the case looked as if it were of spontaneous origin. By careful investigation, it was, however, found that the patient had been desired by his master (a pastry-cook) to drown a dog whose peculiarities had raised suspicion. The patient was very fond of the dog, and fondled him before committing him to the water. The animal had reciprocated the caresses of the young man, and licked his face, hands, and even mouth. Thus it would appear that a contact of this kind is sufficient to generate this distressing complaint, without the infliction of a wound by the dog's teeth.

A morbid Appetite.

The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal contains a curious case of a child about three years of age, who had a morbid appetite for everything made of wool. The little fellow would pick up from the floor bits of yarn and swallow them; gnaw his blankets, so that it became necessary to encase them in cotton; rush at woolen garments, ladies' plush overcoats especially, like a little fury. Diarrhœa ensued, accompanied by vomiting, and at the end of ten days he threw up a very hard, egg-shaped mass of woolen, three inches in length, and an inch and a quarter in its longest transverse diameter.

Curious Relic.

A rare and interesting relic and memento of the old French and Indian wars in this country has been on exhibition in the department of arms and trophies of the Sanitary Fair at Chicago. It is the muster-roll of a militia company raised by Captain Noah Grant, great-grandfather of Lieutenant General U. S. Grant, and bears date of March 26, 1755. Captain Grant and his brother, Lieutenant Solomon Grant, were afterwards killed at the battle of White Plains, N. Y., in the Revolutionary War.

An old Coat.

The Providence Press says: "There is a man of our acquaintance living in this city, who has been married thirty-four years, and has still his wedding suit, which he has worn every Sunday since, and it is still in good condition for Sunday wear. He has worn it in all seventeen hundred and sixty-eight days." It strikes us that this is what may be called "old close."

A Centenarian.

The census-takers have found living in the west part of the village of Plattsburgh a French Canadian, who is in the *one hundred and sixth* year of his age, and his wife is *ninety-five* years old. They are both of them in the enjoyment of quite good health; have lived together seventy-eight years, and had fourteen children.

Military Monuments.

Middlesex county, Massachusetts, has six monuments in commemoration of historical events. These memorials are at Lexington, Concord, West Cambridge and Acton, to commemorate the 19th of April, 1775; at Bunker Hill, to commemorate June 17, 1775; and at Lowell, over the remains of two of the earliest martyrs of the great rebellion, who fell at Baltimore, April 19, 1861.

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Facts and Fancies.

MAKING AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

Not many years ago a young man at a seminary in one of the New England States was found guilty of disobeying the rules of the school, as he had actually walked with a young lady, contrary to orders previously given and perfectly well understood! Mr. Edwards (as we will call him) was accordingly called upon to make acknowledgements before the school, or be expelled; whereupon, the said Mr. Edwards rose and said:

"I prefer by all means making an acknowledgement to being expelled from school; and I acknowledge that I walked with the lady mentioned, and with my umbrella protected her from the storm. I also acknowledge that had I not done so, she might have taken cold, and a serious illness, or perhaps consumption, might have been the result, in which case I should have blamed myself, and my teachers, knowing the circumstances, might also have blamed me."

The student resumed his seat with about as strong evidence of contrition in his countenance as was in the confession; and when a proper opportunity occurred, he inquired of one of the teachers how near a young lady and gentleman could walk, and not break the rules of the school.

"Well," said the teacher, "walking a distance of six feet from a lady would not be considered an infringement of our regulations."

Soon after, Mr. Edwards was seen walking leisurely on the common, with a lady, he having hold of one end of a light pole, measuring six feet in length, while his lady had hold of the other end! As they carried about the stick (which in fact was no impediment to their enjoyment), they chatted and walked and laughed, and walked and laughed and chatted, to their hearts' content, but Mr. Edwards was never called upon to make but one acknowledgement.

AN OLD LADY'S MISTAKE.

Previous to the rebellion, at a certain cross-roads, in the State of Alabama, stood a small grocery, or "whiskey-shop," where "bust-head," and "chain-lightning" were dealt out to the thirsty unwashed at the small sum of five cents a drink, or twenty cents a quart. The presiding genius of this delectable institution was one Bill Sikes, who among various other pets, had a domesticated crow, black as the ace of spades. This crow had learned, among other things, to repeat quite plainly the words "damn you," which he of course heard frequently used in the grocery. During the prevalence of a knock-down and drag-out fight one day, however, the crow was frightened from his home and flew off into the woods, never to return.

About three miles from the grocery was a settlement meeting-house—an old, tumble-down dilapidated affair, only used on certain occasions, when a "circuit rider" happened to pass that way. Into this building went the crow, taking peaceable possession; and two days thereafter the church was thrown open for preaching, and a large audience assembled, among whom was a very old lady, who was compelled to use crutches in walking, who took her seat in the "front pew," and was soon deeply absorbed in the eloquence of the preacher. The reverend gentleman had scarcely got under full headway, and commenced thundering his anathemas at all grades of sinners, when a hoarse, croaking voice from above uttered the ominous words, "Damn you!"

The preacher and congregation looked aghast at such profanity, and each peered in his neighbor's face in vain to detect some sign of guilt. Quiet was at length restored, however, and the sermon proceeded, but 'ere ten minutes had elapsed the ominous "damn you" again electrified the audience, and just as the preacher cast his eyes upward to search for the delinquent, the crow flew down from his perch, and, lighting on the Bible, calmly surveyed the terrified crowd, as he gave another doleful croak, "Damn you!"

The effect was electrical. Giving one startled and terrified glance at the intruder, the preacher sprang through a window, carrying sash, glass and all with him, and set off at a breakneck pace through the woods, closely followed by his horror-stricken congregation, who had piled out of the building pell-mell after him. In the general scramble the old lady with the crutches had been knocked down in the church, where she lay, unable to rise, and on observing her, the crow (who was after something to eat) flew down beside her, and cocking up his eye at her very knowingly again croaked, "Damn you!"

The old lady eyed him savagely for a few moments, and then burst forth, in a tone of reckless defiance:

"Yes—and damn you too! I had nothing to do with getting up this meeting—and you know it, too!"

The poor old soul had mistaken the crow for the devil, and concluded to propitiate if possible, the wrath of his Satanic majesty by denying all complicity in the affair.

A SELLER SOLD.

It requires very Jew-dish-us management to outgeneral one of our ready-made clothing Israelites; but the way a half-seas over nautical "ex-navy" sold one of the fraternity the other day, is worth remembering. Jack came cruising down South street, about three fathoms ahead of three jolly shipmates, and about four times in going a square he would get laid hold of and brought to with a round turn by some lier-in-walt, who would hang to him like a barnacle, and insist upon his coming in and "puying something sheep." At last Jack came to the conclusion to buy something cheap.

"Come ins—come right ins, Shack, and puys something sheep," persisted Aaron Ahashueras, who had fastened to Jack's starboard flipper, and was tugging him into his den. "Come right ins, mine goot fellers. I sells you sheep."

Jack permitted himself to be towed into port, and his three shipmates drifted in after him.

"Now, what you salls puys, Shack? I sells bery sheep."

"Got any fine black pantaloons, shipmate?"

"O yaas; here is fine black pants, more fine as any

means in Philadelphia has cot, and more sheep, too."

"How much for these, shipmate?" Jack held up before him a really fine, genteel pair of black cassimeres.

"O, I sells you that pants for eleven tollar, Shack. Too sheep, but then you comes here in again other days."

"Wont fit, shipmate." And Jack made a motion to lay the pants aside.

"O yaas, they fits. You dries 'em on, Shack. I shall nothing charge for dat."

"Charge nothing for the trying, eh?"

"O no; I nothing sharge. You dries so moosh as you please; I shall sharge you nix."

So Jack shipped the pantaloons, and found them pretty nearly the chalk.

"All right, shipmate; might fit a trifle better, but they'll do. I'll *try* 'em a voyage or two, anyhow. Good-by, Obadiah. Heave ahead, shipmates!" And Jack rolled away down stream again in his new "togs," on trial.

Ahashueras watched Jack until he sailed out of sight around a corner, and then muttered:

"Py tam! I specs I sells mineselfs sheep that times."

A DEFIANT MAN.

Alexander Gossamer was one of those self-satisfied, foolish persons, who are continually admiring their own wisdom and speaking of it to others, that they may admire it, too. He would come to you with a face "beaming all o'er with its smiles," and if you had ever known him before, you would be sure he was going to tell you some anecdote about himself.

"Ha! ha!" he would exclaim, at first greeting, "a capital joke I've got to tell you. I'll show you how I worked a man!" or "They can't get ahead of *me;* there's no two ways about that. They *try* to, but they *can't*." And then "I" would "tell you," punching you in the ribs, at every time when "the laugh came in," some instance of his extraordinary wit or discernment, at which, of course, you would be expected to be thrilled with admiration, and be as gratified with his shrewdness as he was himself.

Alexander was also ambitious of a reputation for valor. He affected the society of "men of spirit," and aped their manners as far as he dared.

One day Alexander had a quarrel with his neighbor, a farmer whose pigs were in the habit of getting through a fence which separated their lands, and rooting up his vegetables and flowers.

"What's the matter, Aleck?" asked an acquaintance, whom he approached, pale with wrath, to tell the story. "You don't seem so well pleased as usual."

"No. I'm vexed to-day. I've had a row with Hi Higgins about his pigs."

"You don't say!"

"Yes. Higgins thinks himself pretty smart, but *I* worked him, at his own game. O, we had it, hot and heavy!"

"Did Higgins insult you?"

"Yes. He said, says he, says Hi Higgins, Gossamer, if you ever kill any of my pigs for breaking into your garden, I'll take you and throw you into the sty!"

"What did you say to that?"

"'Ha!' *says I to myself,* 'just wait a little, Mr. Higgins; I wont stand much more from you, you villain. You'd better keep a close mouth, if you don't want your bloody bones broken!'"

"And did Higgins defend his pigs?"

"No. But says he—Hi Higgins—says he to me, 'I don't want to have any trouble with you, Gossamer, so beware!' and he shook his fist in my face. 'Ha! you ruffian!' *says I to myself,* 'take your fist out of my face—take it out!—quick!—or I'll *slather* you in a minute.'"

"And did he take it out?"

"Yes, he took it out, after awhile, and after giving me a big look, he backed out of the scrape he had got into, and went home.

"'Go home, you cowardly brute!' *says I to myself.* 'You are a disgrace to society!' And he never answered a word. I tell you, it don't do for people to run afoul of *me.* *I've* worked him—*I've been and nailed up the fence!*"

CONVERSATION FOR FIVE MINUTES.

(BEFORE DINNER.)

Bold Somebody (during an awkward silence.) Have you—(to Young Lady.) Have you ever read Hiawatha?

Young Lady (timidly feeling that something or other depends upon her reply.) Yes. (Fearing she may be called upon for a quotation, adds.) But 'twas a long time ago.

Bold Somebody (leading up to his joke, gently.) The name of the heroine was, as you remember, Minnie-haha, the laughing water.

Young Lady (not liking to commit herself.) Well—

Bold Somebody (observing that his conversation is attracting general attention.) I dare say she was called by her savage intimates Minnie.

A few People (tittering.) Ha! Ha! Ha!

Bold Somebody. Well, if a cannibal had eaten this heroine (every one listening) why would he be like a small portrait?

Young Lady (repeating.) If a cannibal had—what?

Bold Somebody (says it again.)

Young Lady. Ah, yes! Is it a riddle?

Bold Somebody (pleasantly.) Yes.

Various People (pretending to have thought over it, and wondering when dinner will be ready.) I don't know.

Lady of the House (politely.) What is the answer, Mr. Somebody?

Bold Somebody (repeating the point.) He would be like a small portrait because he'd be a Minnie-chewer.

Curious sensation felt by everybody. Bold Somebody smiles at his boots.

Enter Servant.

Servant (very distinctly.) Dinnermum.

Relief of Guests. Exeunt omnes.

SHOULDN'T WONDER.

The best joke we have heard in a long time was cracked by a village preacher. He was preaching on a very sultry day, in a small room, and was annoyed by those who casually dropped in, after the services had commenced, invariably closing the door after them. His patience at length exhausted by the extreme oppressiveness of the heat, he vociferated to an offender, "Friend, I believe if I was preaching in a bottle, you would put the cork in!"

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POMPEY ON MILITARY NECESSITY.

"Why, Pompey is dat you dressed up in sojer close so smart?"

"Yes, Pete; I'se enlisted."

"Well, den, Pomp, I wants to ax you jes one ting afo you go. Wut's dis I heah 'bout military necessity? Wut's it mean?"

"I'll splain it to you rite off. Gim'e yer knife fust."

"Dar it is."

"Berry well. Now, am you a loyal man, Pete?"

"I speck I is."

"Lucky for you. Now, law am one ting, and military necessity is anoder. I'se a sojer. War times now wid me. I got yer knife kase 'twas a military necessity. I want it. De law can't touch me fur taking it. You touch me, and you are opposed to military necessity, and go to Fort Laughyet."

"Why, dat's my knife!"

"No, it am confisticated by military necessity. In time ob war, de army and de gubberment takes all dey want—property, slabes, and all tings, bekase dey want it to help to carry on de war. In peace dere is no such military necessity, and dey couldn't do it; but now, if dey am opposed, dose who oppose am rebels, bekase dey oppose de interest ob de whole kentry. I am in dat interest, being a sojer. I keep your knife for a military necessity; you object, and you're a seceshunist at once. So be keerful. Wut say?"

"I say, take de knife—and be dam! I don't want to go to Fort Laughyet."

"Den you sufficiently understand 'bout military necessity?"

"I does now, dat's a fac."

"Well, dar! ollus tought you was loyal! So good-by, Pete; de gineral wants to see me."

"Good-by, Pomp; but when de war is ober, bring back my knife!"

A CHANCE FOR PROFESSIONALS.

Mr. Dump has, in order to encourage ingenuity, resolved on offering a very handsome reward to any one who will pick his pockets so effectually as to get anything out of them. The learned gentleman states, fairly enough, that he has tried the experiment frequently on his own pocket, and has never yet succeeded; but, that if any one else should prove more fortunate, he will be most happy to share the produce with the lucky individual. The professional pick-pockets have, it is understood, long ago abandoned the task, so that amateurs have now a fair opportunity.

IN A FOG.

A few years ago, there lived in the town of ——, a son of Judge B., whom we will call Joe, who frequently imbibed more than he could comfortably carry. There also resided in the neighborhood a painter named W., who kept a saloon. Now W. was a great practical joker. On one occasion, Joe came into W.'s saloon, and rather early in the morning got very much intoxicated, and finally fell asleep in his chair. Joe was very near-sighted, and always wore specs. After he had slept some time, W. took off his specs, blacked the glasses, put them back again, lighted the lamps, and then awoke Joe, telling him that it was about twelve o'clock at night, and he wanted to shut up. Joe stared, and remarked that he had slept some time.

W. then said:

"Joe, it is very dark, and if you will bring it back again, I will lend you a lantern."

W. lighted a lantern, gave it to Joe, and helped him up stairs. Joe went off towards home (up the main business street), in the middle of the day, with his lantern, everybody looking at him, and wondering what was the matter.

THEY TOOK HIM.

A gentleman from the rural districts recently accompanied his son—a delicate youth of about two hundred pounds—to the Portsmouth Navy Yard, to solicit for him a job of work, the boy having served three years or more in the army, and therefore was entitled to preference over those who have been doing their fighting "at home." The father accordingly presented himself to the proper authorities, when the following dialogue ensued:

"What claim do you present, sir?"

"What?"

"Has the young man been in the army, or elsewhere served his country?"

"Yes *sir*, and he's a big fighter, tew. He killed every rebel he came across, licked any quantity of copperheads, and when he got home he licked me, the old woman, and all the young ones. If he don't deserve a job, nobody never did!"

It is needless to add that the "fitin man" was taken on.

HARD ON CRINOLINE.

A country "chap," who recently visited San Francisco for the first time, gives his views of the ladies in this way:—"Somewhars in every circumference of silk and velvet that wriggles along Montgomery street there's allers a wuman, I s'pose; but how much of the holler is filled in with meat, and how much is gammon, the mere spectator dun no. A feller marrys a site, and finds, when it cums to the pint, that he has nuthin in his arms but a reg'lar anatomy. Ef men is gay deseevers, wot's to be said of the female that dresses for a hundred and forty weight, but hasn't reely as much fat on her as would grease a griddle—all the aparient plumpness consisting of cotton and whalebone."

A TIGHT SQUEEZE.

A young man recently having succeeded, after much persuasion, in getting a kiss out of a girl, went and told of it. One of her acquaintances met her, and said:

"So, Sally, John says that you let him kiss you."

"Well, yes," said Sally, "I did let him after he had teased me an hour, but it was a tight squeeze, even then."

"So ho!" exclaimed the other, "he did not mention that. He only spoke of the kiss, but did not say anything about the squeeze."

"So I understand, Mr. Tooke, you have all the blackguards of London with you," said O'Brien to him on the hustings at Westminster. "I am happy to hear it, sir, on the authority of one of the greatest of them," said Tooke.

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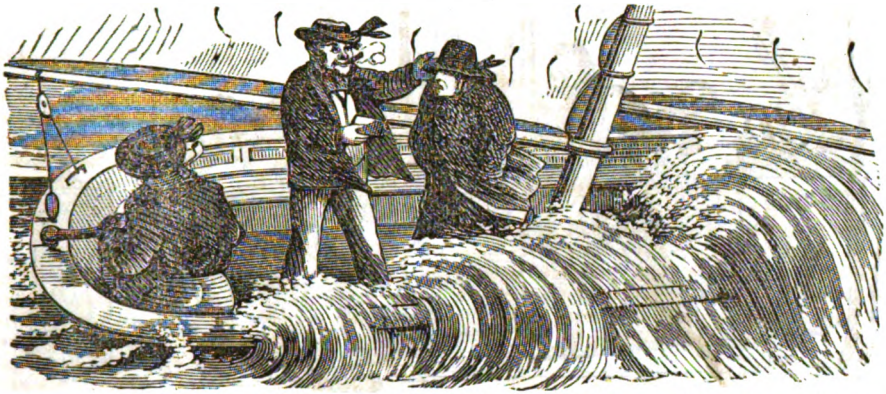
HUMORS OF DOG-DAYS.



UNFEELING YACHTMAN.—I tell you what it is, Byles, this is glorious, aint it? Have a cigar, and then sing something lively.

PARTICULAR GENTLEMAN TO WAITER.—Do you know what that is?
WAITER.—That, sir? Looks like a mouse, sir. We often find 'em in the soup, sir. No charge for it, sir.

HIBERNIAN TO SUSPICIOUS CUR.—Doggy! doggy! To the divil wid the pup! I'm half a dollar out.

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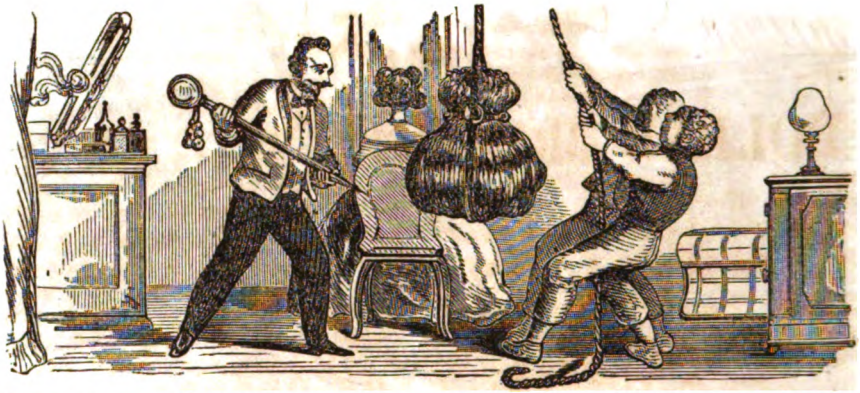
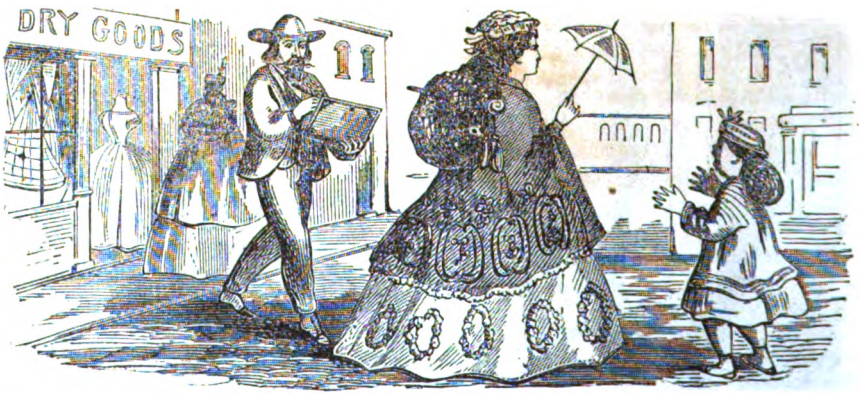
HUMORS OF THE WATERFALL.



FRENCH HAIRDRESSER FROM DUBLIN —Ah, now, h'ist away, byes, and land it on her neck! Shure, it's the biggest one iver made for womankind.

VISITOR TO AMBITIOUS YOUNG LADY —O Julia, where did you get that splendid waterfall?
AMBITIOUS YOUNG LADY.—Well, dear, I will tell you. I took one of our mattresses, and worked over the hair. Pretty, isn't it?



IGNORANT AND RUDE MAN.—O, my eyes, what a bunch of inyuns that woman has on her back!

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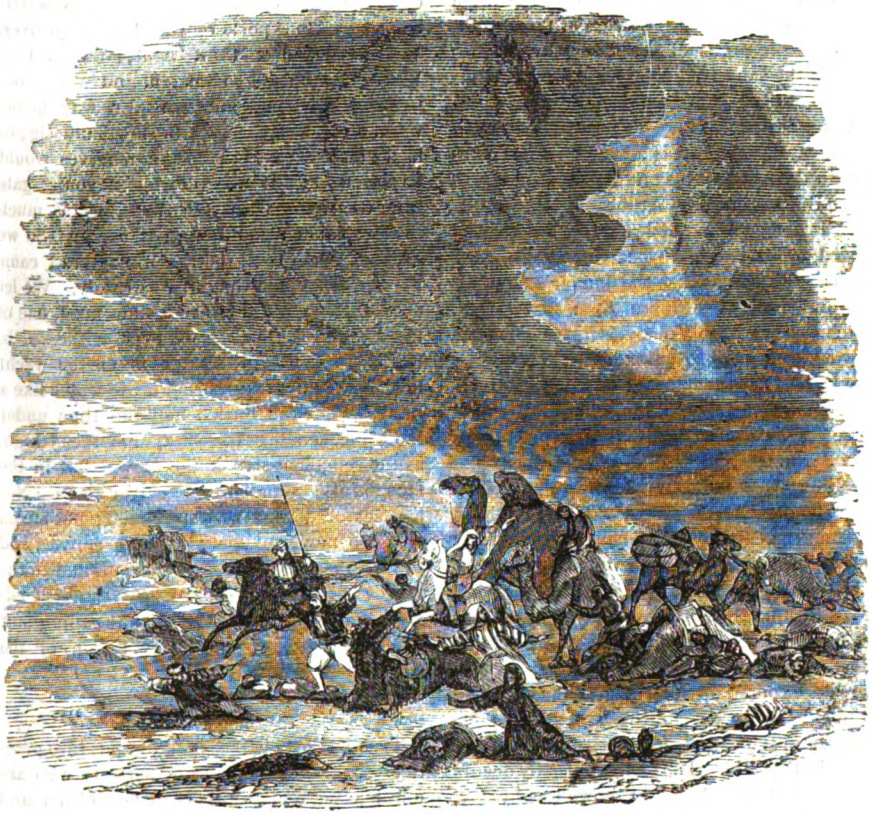
THE

DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII.—No. 5.....NOVEMBER, 1865.....WHOLE No. 131.

A SIMOON IN THE DESERT.



The elaborate engraving on this page is one that will command attention. It is an excellent picture, and represents scenes quite common on the African deserts, when, by a breath of the hot simoon, whole caravans are destroyed and buried under the burning sands. The path to Mecca is strewed with the bones of pilgrims, horses and camels. Skulls lie bleaching on every side, revealed or covered by the shifting wind, whose breath is like that of a furnace, sometimes killing all that it touches. Camels have an intuitive knowledge when a simoon is near and about to strike a caravan. The brutes which have travelled hundreds of miles over the burning deserts, bearing their burdens with patience and docility,

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without water and without food, with the exception of thistles and prickly pears, manifest symptoms of uneasiness when a simoon is threatened. They make many attempts to escape it by rapid travelling, and failing in that, sink upon their knees, utter mournful cries, urge their owners to remove the heavy loads from their backs, and when this is done stick their nostrils deep into the sand, and thus await their deaths, or manage to exist until the sirocco has passed and all danger is over.

If the pilgrims escape, they issue from their tents, or from under the lee of their animals, where they flee for shelter and protection, and on bended knees return thanks to Allah for his protection and kindness in saving them from a horrible death. It is often that the poor deluded followers of the Prophet escape the perils of the desert by digging holes in the sand, and remaining in them until the hot blast is passed.

A standard authority in speaking of the simoon, says; "Simoon is a hot, dry wind common in the hot months and about the time of the equinoxes in Syria, Arabia, Nubia and India. It comes from the deserts, and is characterized by its excessive heat and suffocating effects. These increase the longer it continues, and if this be more than three days, which, according to Volney, is its usual period, they are very fatal to animal life. During its prevalence the inhabitants of towns and villages shut themselves up in their houses, and those in the deserts in their tents or in pits they dig in the earth. The extraordinary and parching heat, like that of an oven, is derived from the over-heated sands, which are whirled up from the earth by the advancing wind, and the whole air is filled with an extremely subtle and penetrating dust. When the wind blows in squalls, death is often very suddenly produced by actual suffocation, and is followed by hemorrhage at the nose and mouth. Persons exposed to it protect themselves by stopping the mouth and nose with handkerchiefs, and the camels instinctively bury their noses in the sand. The simoon usually occurs in June and July, by night as well as by day, sometimes preceded by a cold current of air. Its course is straight and well defined on a narrow path. Its heat is intense, like the blast of a furnace."

But all the terrors of the simoon are not sufficient to deter pilgrims from attempts to reach Mecca, for it is supposed that those who succeed in accomplishing the journey will find eternal life in the world to come.

SUMMER WATER EXCURSIONS.

The past summer has been prolific with water excursions. Not only our own citizens, but people from the country have sought pleasure on board steamers that carried passengers down the harbor, among the islands and round the forts. It was a profitable business to steamboat proprietors, and just as profitable to their patrons, for while the former filled their pockets with postal currency, the latter filled their lungs with fresh air that promised a renewed lease of life.

One afternoon during the month of August, we went down the harbor with a party of friends, on board of a new tug boat that had been launched but a few days, and was intended to operate in towing ships from New Orleans to various ports on the Mississippi river. We had looked at Minot Light, landed at Fort Warren, eaten a good lunch, and were close to Fort Independence, on our way home, when a crack yacht hove in sight and signalized that a race towards the wharves would be agreeable. It was blowing a young gale from the southeast at the time, just as much as the schooner could stagger under. So we shut off steam until the ambitious craft came up, and intimated that all was ready. We let on the steam and the race commenced, one of the most exciting that we ever witnessed in the harbor. For a mile or more the yacht held its own, cutting through the water like a knife, its lee-rail buried half the time under the brine, sending the spray masthead high, as the schooner struck the waves full in the face, or else bounded lightly over them. Not a sheet or a rope was slackened; but steam was too powerful for wind and canvas, and the steamer gradually drew ahead, and to the regret of most all on board beat the little adventurer a quarter of a mile while sailing four miles. An excellent representation of the contest can be found on page 343.

MODESTY.

True modesty is true humility put into practice. It is not the virtue of persons who are unreflecting and are easily driven hither and thither by the untutored instincts and hasty impulses of their nature. On the contrary, the man of solid merit and ripe thought is more likely to be modest and retiring than the man of trifling pursuits, of imperfect education, and unmistakable mediocrity. This does not happen because the great man is ignorant of his great powers, or the good man of his good qualities.

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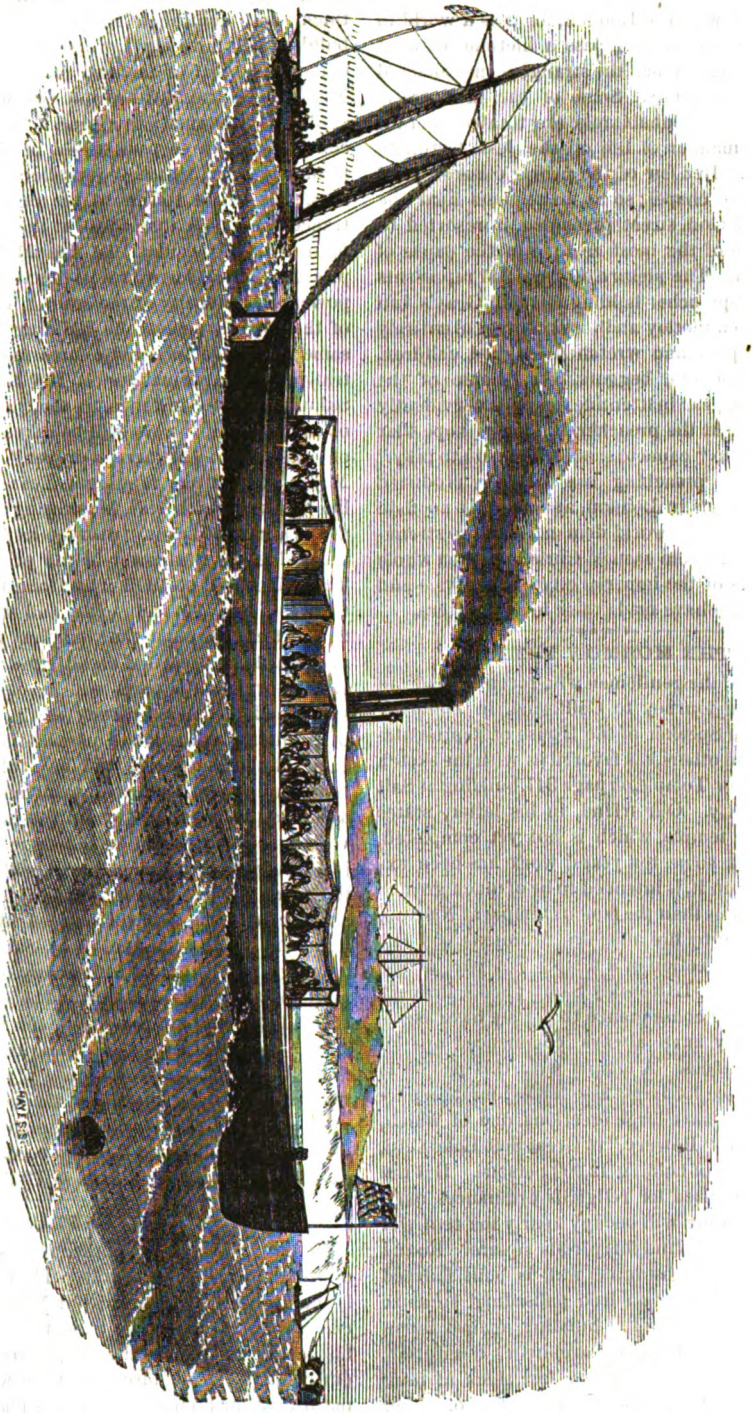

SUMMER WATER EXCURSIONS.

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STREET PREACHING IN LONDON.

In the world of London, for it is a world in itself, a person may pass a lifetime without witnessing one half the strange scenes enacted within its limits. Some of the aristocratic portion of its inhabitants are totally ignorant of the manner of life of the less fortunate classes. But few of the poorer classes attend church or chapel; so to make them hear the word of God, street preaching is resorted to by some of the most zealous in the cause of religion. The picture on page 345 represents a street-preacher holding forth in Gray's Inn Lane to a motley auditory, composed entirely of the poor and wretched—ragged children, costermongers, beggars, etc. Some of the group appear inattentive, many are evidently sneering at the preacher, but let us hope that those who "came to scoff will remain to pray." Out-door preaching has latterly produced great effects in London, and there is no field of labor in the world demanding more strenuous efforts from earnest Christians than whole districts of the imperial city—where vice and ignorance have made their head-quarters.

THE MORMON TEMPLE.

One of the gentlemen who recently made an overland journey to California, in company with the Speaker of the House of Representatives and others, has favored us with the sketch of the new Temple, on page 347, building at Salt Lake City. Our friend, in his letter, states that the temple, which is not yet completed, although some ten years' work has been expended on it, is intended to be of much greater dimensions than the famous temple at Nauvoo, destroyed by fire after the Mormons had left it. The erection of a temple is a part of the creed of the Latter-day Saints; hence in every location of consequence that they have occupied, they have always commenced one of these edifices. A temple with this people is not a place for large assemblies; for this purpose they have large erections, one of which, called the "Bowery," in Great Salt Lake City, is capable of holding 12,000 persons. But the temple is used for religious ordinances only. This building will occupy nearly the centre of a block of ground forty rods square. Round this block a substantial wall is built, finished on the top with an iron palisading, so as to effectually secure the building against intrusion. According to the architect's description, the walls will be sixteen feet thick at their base, standing on footings extending on either side three feet wider still. At eight feet above the ground line they will be about eight feet thick, and continued in proportion. The building will have six towers—three at each end—symbolical of the two priesthoods (the Melchizedec and the Aaronic) by which the church is governed; the presidency of each consisting of three persons—a president, or head, supported by two counsellors or assistants. The three towers at the principal entrance are higher than those at the other end, figurative of the idea that the Melchizedec priesthood includes within its functions all the power and authority of the other. The whole of the architecture of the building is in the same way made to convey some motto illustrative of the principles of the Latter-day Saints' faith; for instance, on the front of two of the principal towers will be carved in bold or alto-relievo the "great dipper," or Ursa Major, the pointers ranging as near as possible with the north star, illustrating the idea, as the architect has it, "that the lost may find themselves by the power of the priesthood." The edifice will be 186 1 2 feet long from east to west, and 99 feet wide, and will cover 21,850 feet. Around the building will be a promenade, approached on all sides by steps. All the ornamental parts will be of wrought stone, and the mass or body of the building of granite. On the lower part of the front of each of the buttresses will be sculptured a representation of the earth, so arranged that a person passing round would see her in her various seasons; whilst on the same face, and just below the next string-course, will be found the moon in her quarter, and at the third string-course the sun, surrounded by rays of light, the whole surmounted by Saturn with his rings. This temple will occupy one of the most commanding situations, and be seen on all sides in approaching the city of the Saints.

Our friend in his letter remarks that he found the Mormons prosperous and apparently happy. He saw but few of the women, for they were kept out of sight as much as possible. We should be gratified to receive more sketches of prominent scenes in Utah.

THE BALD EAGLE.

On page 351 we give another representation of prominent American birds. The bald eagle is the most distinguished of our North American species of the eagle tribe, not only from his beauty, but also as the adopted emblem of our country. This bird has been known to naturalists for a long time, and is common to both continents, chiefly frequenting the neigh-

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STREET PREACHING IN LONDON.

borhood of the sea, and the shores and cliffs of lakes and large rivers. He is found during the whole year in the countries he inhabits, preferring the spots we have mentioned from his partiality for fish. The following poetic description of one of his modes of obtaining his prey is given by Wilson: "Elevated upon a high, dead limb of some gigantic tree, that commands a wide view of the neighboring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below—the snow white gulls, slowly winnowing the air; the busy *tringæ*, coursing along the sands; trains of ducks, streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these, hovers one, whose action instantly arrests all his attention. He knows him to be the fish-hawk, settling over some devoted vic-

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tim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and, balancing himself with half-opened wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment, the eager looks of the eagle are all ardor, and, levelling his neck for a flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerging, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are a signal to our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase: soon gains on the fish-hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying, in the rencontre, the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the eagle, poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears it silently away to the woods." The bald eagle also destroys quadrupeds, as lambs, pigs, etc.; and there are well authenticated instances of its attempting to carry off children. When this bird has fasted for some time, its appetite is extremely voracious and indiscriminate, and it will eat almost any food.

CRIMINALS IN CHINA.

At Macao, on the ground-floor, a large table was spread for a late dinner. It was covered with many delicacies, and, as usual, there was an abundance of silver plate. The sun had gone down, the wax-candles were lighted, the windows left open for the benefit of the evening breeze. Suddenly a great number of bamboos were seen to enter on all sides from the verandahs, and at the same moment every bougie was extinguished by a puff from the bamboo hollow tubes. The apartment was involved in darkness, a band of thieves jumped in, and before the astounded guests knew where they were, or what was doing, the whole of the plate was conveyed away, and a boat having, no doubt, been provided for the transport of the spoil either to a neighboring island or to the mainland of China, no trace was ever found of the robbery or the robbers. The silver made its way very speedily to the melting-pot, and the successful invaders, who had their confederates around or about the house, would have no difficulty in finding participators and protectors among the *ladrones* who have given a name to the robber islands haunted from time immemorial by plunderers and pirates.

Near the governor's house at Hong Kong was that of his aide-de-camp. It was built, as many of the houses are, with a long stone passage, on each side of which are the apartments, and at the end, close to a wall, was a large gong, employed, as they generally are, to give notice either of the arrival of guests, of the hour of meals, or for any other purpose which requires the attention of the servants. One night the silence was broken by the unusual noise of the gong—everybody was awakened, and it was discovered that housebreakers had made a hole through the wall, and that the leader of the party pushing his head forward had his progress interrupted by the gong, whose echoes roused the whole community, and the whole party alarmed by the unexpected public announcement of their fraudulent arrival, fled—one of them was shot in the leg and was captured—the rest escaped covered by the darkness of the night.

Dexterous as are our pickpockets in filching pocket-handkerchiefs, stealing purses, and practising other larcenies, those of Canton are far more bold and ingenious, and, strange to say, there is seldom any interference from passers-by for the assistance of the robbed, or the capture of the robber. A shopkeeper will not leave his shop to denounce a thief who is committing depredations at his very door, but will probably laugh at the cleverness of the impudent and successful vagabond, who, unmolested, carries off his prey. A single thief has been known to arrest a sedan chair, and to rob the party conveyed within it, the bearers (they not being accomplices, but considering the matter as no concern of theirs) stopping and looking on while the nefarious deed was done. In one case, when a short-sighted man was being carried in his sedan, his spectacles were removed before his pockets were emptied, and the robbery took place in a long street where multitudes of persons were constantly passing. Murders were frequently committed in the boats at Hong Kong, in the presence of many spectators, who seldom or ever attempted to prevent the crimes, and who never denounced the criminals. It was necessary to publish a proclamation, declaring that the license to trade or to ply for hire would be taken away from the boat-owners who, when they witnessed any violent outrage, did not come to the aid of the injured.

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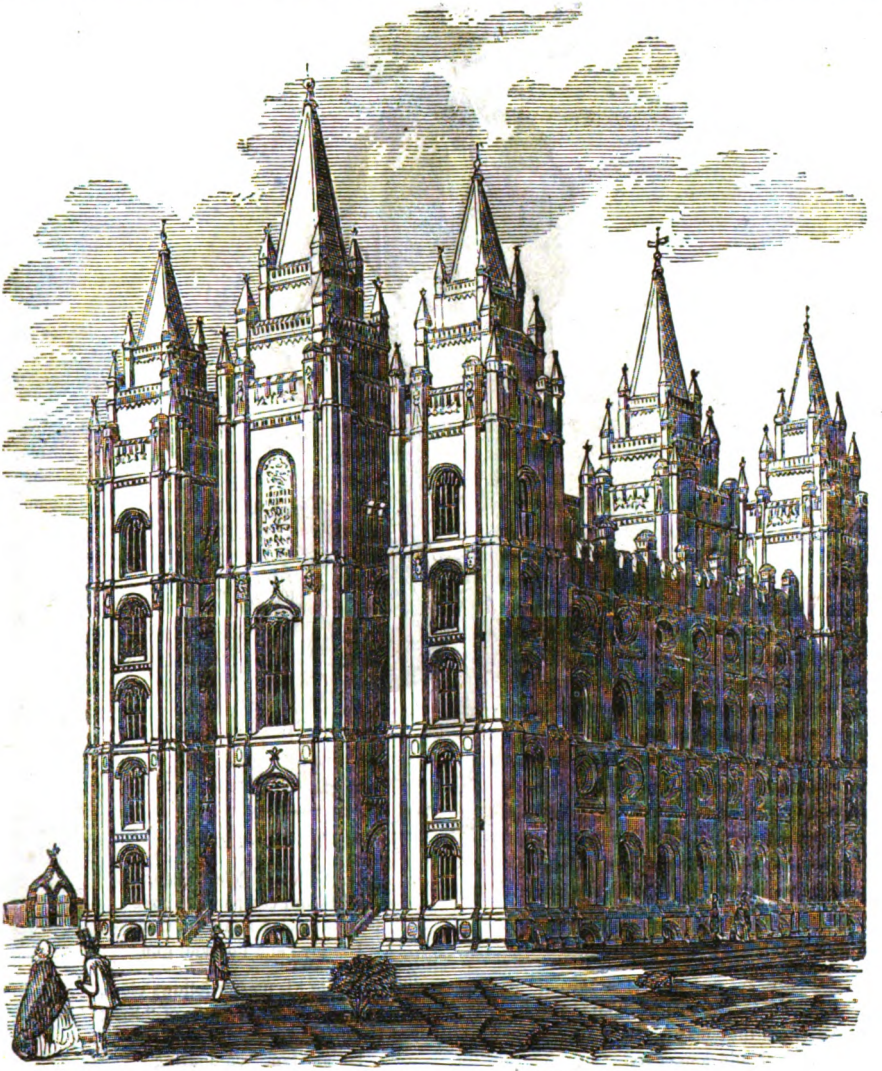
THE CITY OF JERICHO.

Jericho was a flourishing commercial city of ancient Palestine, in the vale of the Jordan, on the west side of that river, near its entrance into the Dead Sea. It was one of the oldest and richest cities of Canaan, surrounded by groves of palms and balsam trees. It was conquered and destroyed by Joshua on his entrance into the promised land, and a curse pronounced upon whomsoever should rebuild it, its territory being allotted to the tribe of Benjamin. It was, however, restored, became the centre of the trade between Arabia and Palestine, was fortified by King Ahab, and became the seat of a school of prophets. Mark Antony presented its plain of palm trees to Cleopatra. It was embellished by Herod the Great, who built there one of his residences; under Vespasian it was destroyed, and under Hadrian rebuilt; it was overthrown during the Mohammedan conquest, revived under the Saracens, and completely destroyed during the Crusades. The village of Richa, which occupies its site, consists only of a few huts, and a Saracenic tower. The picture on page 352 gives a pensive view of its ruins.



MORMON TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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THE JOLLY OLD HUNTER.

BY EARL MARBLE.

Though other huntsmen scour the wilds,
And scale the mountains' height,
None ever that had equalled yet
Old Uncle Peleg White.

His years are fifty odd, they say,
(As "odd" as Heaven could give,)
Although they may be more than that—
If he should longer live.

He rigs himself in cast-off clothes
The villagers throw by;
And idle youngsters "rig" him too
With many a hooting cry.

But never notes the rascals he
As they "make game" of him:
He makes his game of beast and bird,
And smiles serenely grim.

A jolly life old Peleg leads,
Although companions none
Has he except a faithful three,—
His pipe and dog and gun.

The dog his master follows close,
And boasts the name of "Ring;"
And, being Peleg's only love,
He has him "on a string."

The color of this animal
Is famous black and tan:
Of novelties he heads the list,
And ever leads the van.

A black and tan is Peleg's dog,
His neighbors do aver:
A black by nature, though a mixed
When Peleg "tans" the cur.

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This dog can boast a pedigree
Without a single flaw:
His master bought him, when a pup,
Of an old "Digger" squaw;

And now, true to his native tastes,
When rambling through the wood,
And hunting woodchuck, fox, or coon,
He "digs" in merry mood.

Half "hunter" and half "setter" he,
As can be plainly seen:
He "hunts" for bones the livelong day,
And "sets" and gnaws them clean.

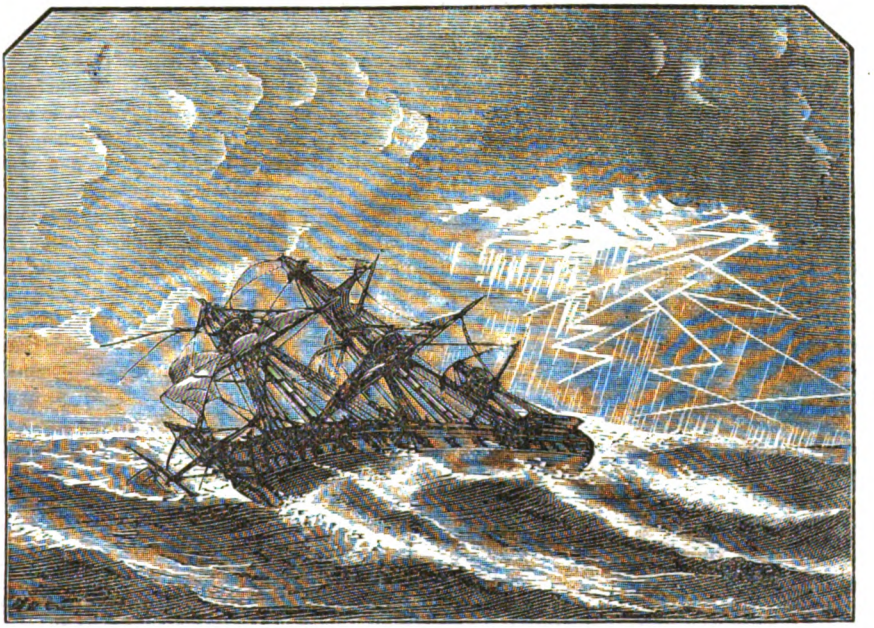
A wife had Peleg years ago,
In fairer, younger days,
Who something of a "Tartar" was,
As goes the hackneyed phrase.

She wished to "cut a swell," and at
Her poorer neighbors rant:
She wished to dress like Tartar khan,
But found 'twas "Tartar *can't*."

Old Peleg never shed a tear
When Betsy Jane did shed
The earthly chrysalis that kept
Her spirit from the dead;

But, like the good old saint he is,
His "treasure" willingly
Laid up in heaven for his need
When he should come to die.

But now, as we have drawn a sketch
Of Peleg's joys and woes,
We'll draw the veil o'er him and his
By drawing to a close.



A SHIP IN A TYPHOON.

AN EASTERN TYPHOON.

The summer of 1850 will long be remembered in the East Indies. It was a year of storms and typhoons, causing immense damage to shipping and terrible loss of life on the coast of China. "In the month of May, in the year mentioned," writes a correspondent, "we left Manilla in a ship bound for New York. We were loaded with sapan wood, sugar, hemp and coffee, and confidently expected to make the passage home in 130 days, or less. The monsoons had nearly ceased, but still we thought that we could cross the China Sea and reach the Indian Ocean before they were entirely interrupted. In this we were disappointed; on the third day from port we noticed indications of bad weather. The clouds looked of a dull lead color, and drooped towards the water, while the barometer gave indications of a change. At breakfast time we were running with a fair wind, studding-sails set, and making about nine knots per hour, but after breakfast was over the weather looked so threatening that sail was reduced rapidly, but

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not fast enough to correspond with the changes in the wind. All hands were called, and at it we went. We stowed our royals and topgallant-sails, furled the mainsail, hauled up the foresail, secured the jib and flying-jib, and put two reefs in each of our topsails, and had just left the yards when the wind came from the north, butt end foremost, as the sailors say. Heavens! how it did blow. Before we could clew up our topsails they were whipped from the bolt-ropes and went sailing through the thick air to leeward. Our foresail tore itself free of the buntlines and clew-garnets, and followed the topsails, and just as we were making the attempt to get the ship before the wind, so that we could run for it, a fresh blast struck us from the northwest, harder than the first gust, and over we went, nearly on our beam-ends, where we laid until some of our spars tumbled over the side and were cut adrift, and that eased the ship so that she righted and was got before the wind. We never saw it blow so hard before or since. In six hours' time the gale came from all points of the compass. It rained huge masses of water, and dashed them to the deck with a force that made the ship quiver from stem to stern. In fact so hard did it blow that it tore the men's clothes from their bodies, and some of them were nearly nude when the typhoon ceased its fury.

"All the time that the gale was in force the lightning was wonderfully vivid, and the thunder was deafening. When we had cleared away the wreck we sounded the pumps, and found that we had six feet of water in the hold. Perhaps we didn't have a hard time in pumping until we could crawl back to Manilla and refit. I send for BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY a sketch of the ship as she appeared during the typhoon. Of course I did not sketch the lightning and the sea while the gale lasted. I had other things to think of just then. But after we were in port I made the drawing, and I hope you will like it."

WATERSPOUTS.

"I liked your article and illustrations on waterspouts," writes a naval officer, who has served his country during the past two or three years in the East Indies, "but you did not exhaust the subject; so if you have a mind to accept the accompanying article and drawing of a waterspout that I encountered in the Indian Ocean, near Java Head, you are at liberty to do so. I have seen them of all sizes, but the most grand and magnificent one that I ever looked upon, and which I sketched at my leisure, I place in your hands. It was near us, in fact all round us, yet did not in reality threaten us. It burst half a mile distant from the frigate, and created an intense commotion; like a school of whales all breaching at once.

"A waterspout," the sketch states, "is a column apparently of cloud or water, appearing in certain cases between a dense cloud above and the surface of the sea or land below, and reaching through a part or the whole of the intervening distance. Its general form approaches more or less nearly to that of a cone, or of a double cone, the least diameter in the latter case being near the middle of its height, and parts or the whole extent of it can be seen, even at considerable distance, to have a rapid horizontal rotation. This whirling movement of the spout or column is universal; and the fact shows that the phenomenon is in all cases associated with or dependent upon some form of whirling wind. By many French writers the name *trombe* is given both to whirlwinds and waterspouts, the latter being distinguished as *trombes de mer*. When waterspouts occur at sea, they may begin to form at the surface of the water, rising gradually in height, and meeting an upper portion that nearly at the same time began to descend from the base of a cloud above. But more generally over the sea, and always over land, they first make their appearance at the under surface of a cloud, from which a pouch-like appendage may be observed to protrude, enlarging and lengthening into a conical or funnel form, the base always above. If this occur over the sea, it may or may not be attended with formation of the corresponding or lower portion; though when both parts appear, they almost always extend until they meet, and the column is complete from the cloud to the sea. The upper cone of the spout may appear at the under surface of the storm cloud accompanying a tornado on land; or even beneath any dense cloud, where the conditions favor its production. The duration of the phenomenon in any case may be very brief, not exceeding a few seconds: or it may continue during a quarter or half hour, or more; in such cases often advancing with the cloud or storm. In all cases, over the land, the upper cone can alone make its appearance, there being no ascending column of sufficiently dense vapor or water to complete it from below.

"A further sameness in the two classes of phenomena is found in the fact that in either,

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a single column may appear, or not uncommonly two or several such, partial or complete, may exist side by side at no great distances, showing the occurrence of so many

base, and over an area of perhaps a hundred and twenty yards diameter, is observed to be greatly agitated, the waves tending rapidly toward the centre of this area with a leaping

THE BALD-HEADED EAGLE.

separately produced whirls or vertical movements of near bodies of air. When the lower portion of a proper waterspout begins to form, whether before or after the commencement of the upper, the sea at the place of the lower

or boiling motion, and a large body of vapor and spray, with perhaps much water in larger drops, rising quickly in a sort of trumpet form, and usually, as already stated, to meet the descending portion from clouds above.

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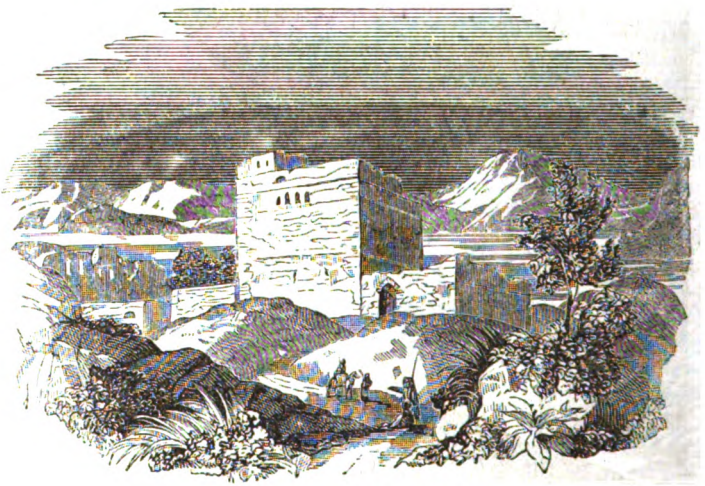
All the parts have a rapid revolving or spiral movement, in which the waves below may also participate. When the two portions have united, the diameter at and near their junction may not exceed a very few feet. Some observers report that the formation of waterspouts is accompanied with a rumbling noise; but at least in many instances this does not appear to be noticeable. As complete and observed under favorable circumstances, the column always appears darkest along its margins, which however are seldom perfectly defined, while it is lighter or faintly blue along its middle line; these appearances evidently indicate that it is in a degree hollow, or at least, as would be expected, that the larger portion of the spray or water is carried by centrifugal action toward the circumference of the whirl. The facts that on land or sea such columns are usually best observed against cloud, and that in parts where they would be viewed by transmitted light from clear sky beyond them, they often become quite invisible, as if such portions were cut out, certainly appear to favor the opinion of some, that, whether descending from cloud or rising from the sea, the waterspout is mainly composed of water in the ordinary or liquid condition. Abundant facts prove that very heavy objects can be elevated into the air, and sustained for a considerable time before they are allowed to fall; though we are as yet unable to understand exactly in what manner so great a lifting power is exerted on those objects. It is, however, in no way unreasonable to admit that, when the spout is formed at the surface of the sea, the same agency, whatever it be, can carry up to great heights in the air considerable quantities of water, in the form of large drops or of masses torn from the crests of the waves; and it is known that such waterspouts scatter or throw out about them much water, and from parts far up the column. The whirling motion of the column, and the tendency to a vacuum within, have quite naturally led to a supposition that the water in these cases is elevated by what is called suction, *i. e.*, by surrounding atmospheric pressure; but as this cause could in no case prove effective to more than thirty-three feet in height, it can do no more than aid or favor the ascent at the start, and is wholly inadequate to account for the entire elevation that unquestionably takes place.



THE CITY OF JERICHO.

"The column or columns, as the case may be, when formed, are usually observed to move with the wind; and when several exist at the same time, and, rising vertical, inclined, or tortuous to great heights, move slowly over the sea, they present a very grand spectacle. Even when no wind is felt by the observer, the spouts may shift their position, and sometimes successively in different directions; or, the upper and lower spouts moving different ways, or at different rates, the column becomes inclined or bent, and finally parts, sometimes, it is said, with a loud report. Usually, the column disappears at the last as if its substance were drawn up or absorbed into the clouds overhead; or else, quite as common-

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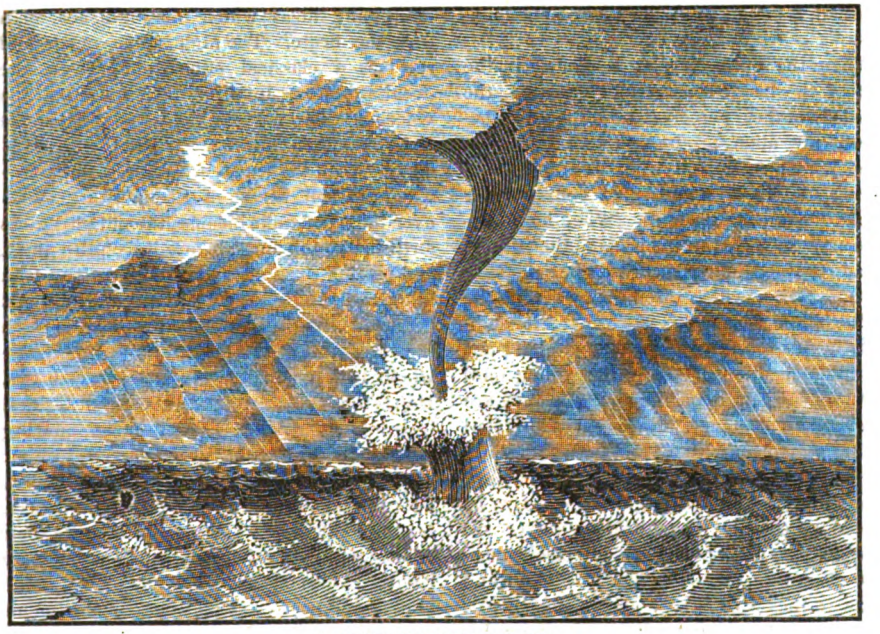
ly, it terminates in a heavy fall of rain, and sometimes in that descent of water in an almost continuous or solid mass, which on land at once deluges the narrow locality receiving it, and is popularly expressed by saying that 'the clouds burst' or 'break.'—Disappearing without rain, the spout may soon re-appear, and in some instances several times in succession. The notion prevailing among seamen, that the whirl may be broken and the column dispersed by firing a cannon shot through it, is not possibly known to be founded in fact."—We thank our naval friend for his favors. We should like to hear from him again.



A WATERSPOUT AT SEA.

NIGHTINGALES AND CUCKOOS.

One of the sweetest songsters of the grove, if not the very sweetest of the feathery tribe, is the nightingale, or the poetical bird of night. There are persons in England who earn their livelihood by catching nightingales. It is the same in most other countries. Near Cairo, there is, or used to be, a pretty grove of mingled mimosas, palms, and sycamores, where the netters of nightingales station themselves at night, in the proper season, to take the bird when in full song. According to their report, which there is no reason to discredit, the male bird becomes so intoxicated by the scented air, by love, and by his own music, that the cap-net, fixed at the summit of a long reed, may be raised and closed about him before he is sensible of his danger. From the free woods, he is then transferred to a cage, where, in nine cases out of ten, he dies of nostalgia.

Nor is this all. The female bird, which is accustomed not only to be cheered by his song, but likewise fed by his industry, pines and perishes with all her brood. The wren, the swallow, the titlark intermit the business of incubation, and leave their nests for a minute or a minute and a half to help themselves while sitting, or to assist the male in feeding the young after the eggs are hatched; but the female nightingale, used, like an eastern sultana, to be provided for entirely by her lord, feels her utter helplessness when she is deserted, and leaning her little head and neck over the edge of the nest, with her eyes fixed in the direction in which he used to come, dies in that attitude of expectancy. The reason is that the instinct of pairing, which is strong in many other birds, reaches its culminating point in the nightingale—the same males and females keeping together for years without ever seeking other mates.

The cuckoo offers the most striking contrast in the development of its instincts. It does not pair at all, and as there are more

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males than females, we may often see two or three of the former sex following one of the latter, and fighting for her favors. As the parents care not for one another, neither do they care for their young. It was long supposed that the cuckoo laid only one egg in the season; but this has been found to be an error, for though they leave no more than one egg in one nest—we mean generally—they have been observed to make deposits in various nests, and then fly away to a distant part of the country, or even to other lands. In the female cuckoo, therefore, the maternal instinct is entirely wanting, which, though it acts in obedience to an imperious law of nature, makes it a hateful bird. As soon as it quits the shell, it begins to exhibit its odious qualities.

When the cuckoo's egg is placed in the nest of the hedge-sparrow, for example, the deluded mother perceives no difference between the alien production and her own. She sits, therefore, on what she finds, and having no idea of numbers, of course never thinks of counting the eggs. When hatching-time arrives, however, she is made the witness of an extraordinary scene. The villanous young cuckoo, which often escapes from the shell a whole day before the others, immediately begins to clear the nest by pitching out the unhatched eggs; or, if the young ones have made their appearance, forth they are thrown in like manner. Nature has fabricated the little monster with a view to this ungrateful proceeding, for in its back there is a hollow depression, in which an egg or a chick may be placed while he is rising to shunt it over the battlements. The process is extremely curious; the young assassin, putting shoulder and elbow to the work, keeps continually thrusting against his victim till he gets it on his back; he then rises, and placing his back aslant, tumbles it out into empty space. This done, and finding that he has all the dwelling to himself, he subsides quietly into his place, and waits with ever-open bill for the dole which the foolish sparrow wears itself almost to death in providing for the faithless wretch. When the nest happens to be situated in a high hedge, you may often see the young sparrows spiked alive on the thorns, or the eggs still palpitating with living birds lying unbroken on the soft grass below. This inspires naturalists with no pity; they observe that neither the eggs nor the young birds are thrown away, since various reptiles that feed on such substances make a comfortable meal of what is thus placed within their reach. As the cuckoo does nothing in life but eat, scream, and lay eggs for other birds to hatch, it needs no education, and receives none. On the other hand, the nightingale, having to perform the highest functions allotted to the class *aves*, requires much training and discipline, study and preparation. The young nightingale does not sing by mere instinct. If taken from the nest soon after it is hatched, and brought up among inferior creatures, it is incapable of performing its lofty mission, and deals in vulgar twitterings like them; just as a baby, if removed from the society of speech-gifted mortals, and intrusted to the care of dumb persons, will lack that divine quality of expressing ideas which distinguishes man from the brute. The nightingale needs and receives a classical education. Even the Jesuits bestow infinitely less care on the voices of their novices than the nightingale bestows on her children. When the grass is dewy—when the leaves are green and fresh—when the soft breath of the morning steals over the woods like incense, the old bird takes forth the young ones, before it is quite light, and placing them on some bough, with strict injunctions to listen, goes a little way off, and begins his song. In this he commences with the easy notes, and is careful to keep the whole in a comparatively narrow compass. He then pauses to watch the result of his first instructions. After a brief delay, during which they are turning over the notes in their minds, the young ones take up the lay one by one, and go through it, as our neighbors say, *tant bien que mal*. The teacher watches their efforts with attention; applauds them when right; chides them when they have done amiss; and goes on day by day reiterating his lesson till he considers his pupils quite equal to the high duties they have to perform.

It is to win the love of Philomela that the male nightingale studies, watches, and pours forth his soul in song. He had much rather that men did not listen; he is a shy, solitary, and timid bird, and takes his love away into the forest, where, undisturbed by the sounds of vulgar life, he ravishes her ears with music.

We remember once, in Kent, going forth to spend a night in the fields to enjoy the strange delight imparted by the nightingale's notes. We placed ourselves on a little eminence overlooking a valley, covered at intervals by scattered woods. It was the dead watch and middle of the night; silence the most absolute brooded over the earth. We stood still in

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high expectation. Presently, one lordly nightingale flung forth at no great distance from the summit of a lofty tree his music on the night. The lay was not protracted, but a rich, short, defiant burst of melody; he then, like the Roman orator, paused for a reply. The reply came, not close at hand, but, as it seemed, from some copse or thicket far down in the valley. If one might presume to judge

He then stopped abruptly, confident that he had given his rival something to reflect upon. We now waited to hear that rival's answer, but he appeared to consider himself defeated, and remained silent. Another champion now stepped forward, and took up the challenge. He must surely have been the prince of his race. From a tree on the slope of a height, not far to the right of our position, he gave us

BATHS OF LAVEY, NEAR ST. MAURICE, SWITZERLAND.

on the spur of the moment, the second songster did really outdo the first. The notes came forth bubbling, gushing, quivering, palpitating, as it were, with soul, for nothing material ever resembled it. He went over a broad area of song, with a sort of wildness of melody; his notes followed each other so rapidly, high, low, linked, broken—now sweeping away like a torrent, now sinking till it sounded like the scarcely audible murmur of a distant bee.

a new specimen of the poetry of his race. The former two, evidently younger and more inexperienced, had been in a hurry. He took up his parable at leisure, beginning with a few light flourishes by way of preface, after which he plunged into his epic, seeming to carry on the subject from the epoch of Deucalion and Pyrrha, down to that moment, displaying all the resources of art, and presenting us with every form into which music

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could be moulded. What he might have achieved at last, or to what pitch he might have raised our ecstasy, must remain a mystery, for before he had concluded his song, a thundering railway train, belching forth fire and smoke as it advanced, seemed to be on the very point of annihilating the songsters; so they all took to flight, or at least remained obstinately silent. We waited hour after hour, now pacing in one direction, now in another; stopping short, pausing in our walk, listening till the streaky dawn, climbing slowly up the eastern hills, revealed to us the folly of further hope.

CAPTAIN HUBBELL DEFENDING HIS BOAT.—*See page 406.*

THE BATHS OF LAVEY.

The picturesque illustration on page 355 is a splendid view of the Baths of Lavey, near St. Maurice, Switzerland, a famous resort for invalids, who visit the place for the purpose of inhaling the pure mountain air and bathing in the clear waters. Thousands who have injured their health by dissipation in the capitals of Europe, flock to Lavey in the summer, and build up their constitutions by rest and strict attention to the regulations of the establishment. The company is always select and fashionable, and sometimes includes prominent Americans.

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THE POOR STROLLER'S LAMENT.

BY SHELDON SHADWICK.

Low, low, where the daisies blow,
My darling wife, they laid thee;
My heart was the shrine of love of thine,
Ere the burial shroud arrayed thee.
Chime, chime, gray Sexton Time,
My brow with wrinkles graving;
There's only a tear and a grassy bier
'Twixt me and my Ellen waving.

Bring, bring the fresh flowers of spring,
But love hath no second roses;
No more they bloom in the heart's cold tomb,
Where tender regret reposes.
Chill, chill, half round the hill,
The sun curved westward hieing,
And his parting beam, like an angel dream,
On thy dear white brow was lying.

Cold, cold, in the churchyard mould,
My Kathleen, too, is sleeping,
And the rosebud brief, and the withered leaf,
Will ne'er re-bloom with weeping.

Rest, rest, on the earth's green breast,
Dear wife and lovely daughter;
Good angels will keep watch over your sleep,
By Shannon's purling water.

Low, low, where the daisies blow,
'Tis well you slumber sweetly,
For what would feed one mouth in need,
Would famish three completely.
Wife, wife, the crown of my life,
No hearse thy body carried;
We had coaches four, and bells a score,
The day that we were married.

World, world, is thy lip still curled
At the woes of a strolling player,
Because on the stage he feigneth rage,
And laughs till none seem gayer?
Think, think of the terrible brink
He treadeth in joy and sorrow:
To-night he 's a king, while plaudits ring,
And a beggar in rags to-morrow.

MANTON THE MURDERER.

BY JAMES D. M'CABE, JR.

An eventful day had just closed. It was eventful to us, for such a day, thank Heaven, rarely came to our quiet city. A convict, named Manton, had that day expiated his crimes upon the gallows. A strong effort had been made to save him, but had failed, and our people had been inexpressibly shocked by the stern deed that had been performed in their midst that day. The execution had cast a deep and painful gloom over the city. No one doubted the justice of the deed, but all shuddered as they thought of it. Such an occurrence was so rare amongst us, that we could not resist the feeling it produced. It was terrible to think of a human creature in the full possession of all his powers, being deprived of life in our very midst, without a single hand being held out to save him. I hope we will always feel as we did that day, for I believe it will do much towards preventing the increase of crime amongst us.

The evening after the execution, I took tea with a friend, and there I met the Reverend Doctor C——, who had taken quite a prominent part in the effort made to secure Manton's pardon. Indeed, I cannot remember one single instance in which he failed to take the initiative in every enterprise which could benefit his fellow-men. His whole life was a mission of mercy and love.

When we had left the table, and were seated around the cheerful fire in the parlor, the conversation turned upon the execution. I remarked that there was one thing in the conduct of Manton, previous to the commission of the deed, which I could not understand.

"What is that?" asked Doctor C——.

"Why he should have tracked his victim for so many years with such an unwavering determination to take his life."

"If he had allowed that mystery to be cleared up during his trial," said our host, "I think, from what I have heard you say since, doctor, it might have induced the jury to recommend him to the clemency of the governor."

"I do not believe he desired it," said Doctor C——, gravely. "Until a short time

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before his execution, I think he was inclined to be glad that he was to die."

"How hardened!" exclaimed our host.

"He was hardened then, it is true," said Doctor C——, after a silence of a few minutes, "but I do not think we ought to judge him harshly. God forbid," he added, earnestly, "that I should attempt to lessen the fearful enormity of his crime; but I think if you knew the story of his life, your pity would exceed your condemnation. Shall I tell you about him?"

Our host said he would not do any man injustice, and would willingly listen to anything the doctor might say.

"You know I visit the prison quite regularly," the clergyman began. "I regard it as a solemn duty to do all in my power to better the spiritual condition of those unhappy beings whose crimes (which I am persuaded are too often the result of the ignorance and wretchedness in which we suffer them to grow up) have brought them to such a sad condition. A little more than three months ago the warden of the jail told me of a fearful tragedy that had been committed a short distance from the city, and that the murderer was then lodged in cell number four, awaiting his trial. He told me the murdered man was a gentleman of wealth and position, and that he had been found about a mile from the city, weltering in his blood, with the prisoner sitting by him, watching him. The only answers that could be gained from the prisoner were that his name was Joseph Manton; that the dead man was named Mark Hale; that he had followed him for six years, and that he had killed him because he hated him. Nothing more could be gained from him. I asked the warden if I could see the prisoner. He went with me to cell number four, and opened the door. The only occupant of the cell was a man of about twenty-four years of age. He was small, delicately framed, and had light hair. His features were naturally good, but there rested upon them that fearful shade which crime always throws over its victims. There was a sullen and fierce gleam in his dull eyes, and a stern, cold look upon his face. He was sitting on the low bed, with his face bent on his hands. As we entered, he looked up.

"'Well,' he said, coldly.

"'I have brought a gentleman to see you,' said the warden. 'He is a preacher, and has done a sight of good to the prisoners confined here. I hope he may benefit you.'

"'What do you want with me?' asked Manton, looking at me sternly. 'Do you want to know if I killed Mark Hale? Yes, I did. I would have killed him years ago, if I could have found him. Now, if you're satisfied, go away.'

"'My poor fellow,' I said, shudderingly, 'do you realize what a fearful fate is in store for you?'

"'I expect to be hung,' he said, coldly; 'but I don't care now. I've killed him, and I'm willing to die. You might as well leave me. I don't want to hear your preaching. I wont listen to you.'

"I turned away in silence and left the cell. I felt that it was useless to talk to him then. I would wait awhile, and when solitude and his conscience had brought him to a different state of mind, I would visit him again.

"'Rather a hard case, Doctor C——,' said the warden, as we walked away from the cell.

"I shuddered to hear him speak so lightly of such an awful thing. When I went home, I got down on my knees, and prayed God to give me power to turn that impenitent heart to a true sense of its condition. I did not go to see Manton again, until after his trial, which took place in about a month. It was very brief, you remember. His acknowledgment of his guilt, and of his pursuit of his victim for six years, made the trial a mere form. He was sentenced to be hung at the expiration of a month. I saw him for a moment during his trial. He had not changed much, and not a particle for the better. The stern, hard expression of his face had deepened, and the fierce gleam of his eyes had given place to a look of intense satisfaction. This change filled me with dismay. If, after a month of solitary confinement, he was satisfied with what he had done, how could I hope that he would ever repent it? For a moment I was tempted to leave him to his fate. But then came the thought of his awful condition. Could I leave him in it without striving to draw him from it? I felt my weakness, but I knew that I would be only an instrument in the hands of the Almighty, and that with him nothing is impossible. I remembered also the blessed promises to him who saves one single soul. I determined to make the effort to save this ruined soul, trusting in God for success. I induced the judge to fix the execution at the period named in the sentence, in order to give Manton time to prepare for death.

"The day after the trial I visited Manton.

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I found him in the condemned cell, and was permitted to see him alone. He received me coldly, and was evidently annoyed by my visit.

"'Mr. Manton,' I said, 'I have come to see you again, and this time I hope you are better prepared for what I have to say to you, than you were some time ago.'

"'You have come to preach to me,' he said, with a sneer. 'You think I have committed a crime. I acknowledge that I killed Mark Hale, but I do not believe it was a crime.'

"'What was it then?' I asked, in amazement.

"'An act of justice,' he said, looking at me fixedly. 'He deserved to die, and I killed him.'

"I looked at the man in astonishment. He was gazing at me fixedly, and with an air that made me shudder. He seemed to be gloating over his crime.

"'O, man! man!' I exclaimed, 'how can you talk so? Do you not know that God alone has the right to declare a man's life forfeited? Those who condemned you are but executing his mandate.'

"'God!' he repeated, half musingly. 'I have heard people talk of him, and I know it's your business to preach about him, but as for my part, I don't believe anything I ever heard about him.'

"I shuddered. The wretched man before me was burdened with a new guilt—the dreadful sin of unbelief.

"'I don't believe any of it,' he went on. 'People tell me he is just and merciful, and that he punishes those who do wrong, and protects the helpless and the oppressed. I don't believe it. If he is so just, why didn't he punish Mark Hale?'

"'Alas!' I said. 'He has fearfully punished him.'

"'No,' said Manton, coldly; 'I killed him—I punished him, and I am satisfied. I don't want to hear you preach—you had just as well go away.'

"He sat down on his bed, and burying his face in his hands, paid no attention to me. I remained with him for some time longer. I told him I did not come to preach to him, but to talk to him and try to make him realize his condition. Then I tried to set before him his perilous position, and to show him the wickedness of his refusal to believe in God. I stayed, talking in this way for about an hour. He remained sitting on his bed, with his face in his hands, paying no attention to me. Indeed, I do not know that he even heard me He sat perfectly motionless, and but for his heavy breathing, I might have thought him dead. When I arose to go away, I bade him farewell, telling him I would see him again. He made no reply, and did not even raise his head.

"I was not encouraged by this visit, but still I was not hopeless. Indeed it gave me, I thought, a new hold upon Manton. It was evident that Mark Hale had done him some wrong which caused him to regard the killing him as an act of justice. Before I could succeed in convincing him of his guilt, I must show him his error, and to do this, I must know the nature of the wrong he had suffered. This knowledge would enable me to work more successfully upon his conscience. I resolved that I would endeavor to draw from Manton the story of his life. I believed that, in endeavoring to show him his guilt, I would also, by causing him to see his need of pardon, make him feel the truth of what I had told him about God. I visited him frequently, and endeavored gradually to put my plan into execution. He received me always very coldly, and never failed to repulse me in every effort I made to bring the truth before him. At last, one morning, while we were sitting together in his cell, he turned to me suddenly, and said with a sneer:

"'You think it very strange that such a rough and ragged fellow as I am, should murder a fine gentleman. But, man!' he cried, with a sudden energy, 'I am a saint compared with that fine gentleman. He must have been born in hell.'

"'Do not talk in that way,' I exclaimed. 'Alas! that you should have thought so.'

"'I will tell you why I thought so,' he said, excitedly. 'If you will listen to me, I will tell you of something blacker and fouler than that devil you preach about so wisely. When I have told you all, you can tell your people in your sermons that there are two devils in hell now, but the greater one went there only a short while ago.'

"He rested his head on his hand, and was silent for awhile. Then he began in a low, singular voice:

"'I shall have to go back to the very beginning to make you understand me thoroughly. If I were to tell you everything, it would take a longer time than I have to live; so I will only give you a part of my life. I don't remember much about my father and mother. I only recollect that they used to get drunk, and fight, and beat me. When I was just old

enough to take notice of things around me, both of them disappeared, and I never knew what became of them. I stayed in our cellar until I was so hungry that I went out on the street; there I managed to get something to eat. I lost my way, and never got back to the cellar again. From that time I lived in the street. I don't remember much about myself, until I had grown to be a right smart lad, and then I went regularly to work to support myself, as I saw other boys do. I soon learned to steal, and after awhile became very smart at picking pockets. The world was not very attractive to me, and has never been since. I never met with kindness in my childhood, but was kicked about like a young dog. Street boys, sir, make no friends. People look upon them as nuisances and pests; but, instead of holding out a hand to help them to be better, they kick them with a curse into a worse condition than ever.

"'Well, I went through this until I was about thirteen years old, I suppose. One day I was picking a man's pocket, when I saw a girl looking at me. I took my hand out of the man's pocket, and let him go on. The girl came up to me, and said, 'I am glad you didn't take that handkerchief.' 'Why?' I asked. 'Because,' she said, 'it would have been stealing, and it is wrong to steal.' I couldn't get mad with that child; so I walked along by her, and listened to her as she talked to me. I found that she was as poor as I was, and, like me, without either father or mother. She had to work very hard to support herself. Her name was Lucie, and she lived in a garret in one of the suburbs of the city. I went home with her, and we talked for a long time. Before I went away, she made me promise not to steal any more, and to try to get some honest work. She was about my own age, but she was much older in character than I was. When I went away, I determined that I would never steal again; and to this day I have kept my resolution.

"'I got work enough to support me, and to enable me to help Lucie to get along. It was a long time before she would let me help her, but after awhile she yielded to me. I went to see her every evening, and always carried her the greater portion of my earnings for the day. She did not have to work so hard, now that she had me to help her. Sometimes she made me go to church with her, and then I heard a man talk about somebody that he called God, and who was kind to poor people, and who protected and loved them. I didn't believe what the man said, for I knew I had a very hard time, and nobody had ever loved or cared for me. Lucie believed it, and said it made her happy. I expect it did, for she always told the truth. We lived in this way, for four years. Lucie was seventeen now, and very pretty. I had grown to be a large, stout boy for my age, and was able to get along very well. If I was unhappy then, I do not remember it. I didn't care for the unkindness of other people, so long as I had Lucie to think of.

"'One day I noticed a young man, dressed very finely, walking with Lucie. I did not like his looks, and I warned Lucie to have nothing to do with him. She laughed, and told me he was a very nice young man, and that she was doing some sewing for him. I kept silent after this, for a long time. After a while I noticed that Lucie had a great many fine things that she could not afford to buy, and I knew at once that the young man had given them to her. His name, I afterwards learned, was Mark Hale. I knew that a fine gentleman could have no good motives in paying such attentions to a poor sewing girl, and I determined to try to put a stop to his visits. I waited for him one evening, until I saw him coming down the street, and then I placed myself resolutely in front of him. I told him I knew of his visits to Lucie, and that I was determined to put a stop to his going there. He ordered me out of his way, and struck me. I sprang upon him like a tiger, and brought him to the ground. Some persons near, rushed up and parted us. He went on to see Lucie. I did not see her that night. The next day I went to her house. She was not there. The people who lived in the house told me she had moved away; they did not know where. It was a hard blow to me, and I came near going mad over it. I know very little of what happened, until I found myself in bed one day in the hospital. I was there for a month longer. I had been sick with brain fever, the doctor said, and I was made very weak by it.

"'When I could go about again, I began my search for Lucie, but could not discover any sign of her. I never saw her but once more, and that was one night in the dead of winter, about a year after she went away. I I found her lying out in the street, with a baby in her arms. The baby had frozen to death, and Lucie was dying. I tried to save her, but I could not; she died in about an hour after I found her. She told me her sad

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history. She had been deceived by Mark Hale, and after her baby was born, he left her to starve.'

"Manton was silent, and I could see that he was striving to control his feelings. In a few moments he raised his head, and went on fiercely:

"'The fine gentleman had had his sport; he had ruined and murdered a poor girl who had never wronged him. Look you, sir, if he had killed her with a knife, with a pistol, with a club, your law, as you call it, would have hung him! But, as he killed her by a slower and more terrible process, it had no punishment for him. It is nothing for a fine gentleman to kill a poor girl in such a way—O, your just law! It will hang me for killing Mark Hale, but it let him go free for murdering Lucie. I judged differently. I swore to have blood for blood. I had heard Lucie say that God loved her, and that she often prayed to him. I prayed too, then. I got down on my knees by that poor girl's body, and prayed God, if he ever loved Lucie, as I did, to help me take vengeance on her murderer. I swore to kill Mark Hale wherever I might find him. For six years I searched for him. At last I found him not far from this place. I told him I had come to avenge Lucie. He begged for mercy—he who showed none to her. I did not regard his prayer. I shot him, and stood by him until he died. Your people found me there, and brought me here. They will hang me now, for they say I have committed a crime. I have not; I have punished one. Mark Hale deserved to die; the law would not kill him, and I did so. Now you know why I say I have done an act of justice. Tell me, you who talk to me about God, if he loved Lucie, why does he let them hang me for killing her murderer? You cannot answer me; you know I have done right. Your law is made to shield the rich, and crush the poor. It protects Mark Hale, but it hangs me.'

"I listened to him with a sorrowful heart. I could not realize, that in the midst of our boasted civilization, there were beings who were living in such terrible darkness as that which enveloped this poor condemned one. I felt the truth of many of his arguments, and for a moment I was silent. At last I said:

"'I can answer you, Joseph Manton,—I can still tell you that you have done wrong. God has his own way of doing his work, and we have no right to take it upon ourselves to forestall him.'

"Then I went on to explain to him, as well as I could, the truth of the existence and power of God, and how he does care for and protect those who trust in him. I endeavored to show him his error, and make him feel his guilt. I went to see him every day. I induced the governor to postpone his execution for a month longer, in order to give the unhappy man time to prepare for his fate; and I did what I could to have his punishment changed to imprisonment for life. I had a hard task before me, in trying to make Manton view the matter in its true light. I prayed daily and nightly for the poor fellow, and continued my visits to him. At last I noticed that he listened to me more attentively. This gave me some hope, and I renewed my exertions. Finally, God crowned my efforts with success.

"One morning as I entered Manton's cell, I saw that he was more cheerful than usual. He came to me, and asked pardon for his unkind treatment to me. He told me he at last realized his guilt, and his need of pardon, and begged me to pray for him. In a week after this, he was executed. I believe he died sincerely penitent, and I think God has taken him to himself. Now you know why I do not judge him as harshly as most persons do. I do not lessen the enormity of his crime; I think of him only as a poor, benighted, misguided man. His story should be a warning to us, and it should teach us to do all in our power to prevent others from growing up as ignorant and as blind as he was; for God will hold us responsible for our neglect to impart to every one a portion of the light with which we are blessed."

Doctor C—— ceased speaking, and we were all silent. As I went home that night, I could not avoid the conviction that the system which we call "society," has added many a dark page to the history of earth's sorrows, that might be spared us if people were truer to their duty.

ONE OF CURRAN'S JOKES.

On one occasion, Curran was associated with a barrister, who was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally intended to take holy orders. The judge who presided observed that the case under consideration involved a question of ecclesiastical law. "Then," said Curran, "I can refer your lordship to a *high* authority behind me, who was once intended for the *church*, though,"—in a whisper to a friend beside him—"in my opinion he was fitter for the *steeple*."

COMMUNINGS.

BY EDWIN E. RAZE.

How beautifully sad is the hour
When the day goeth out in the west,
And the starlight lingers on meadow and moor,
Like a smile on the lips of the blest!

I've fled from the thoughtless and gay,
Who would stifle my sorrow with mirth;
And have come that my spirit might wander away,
Dear Loren, with thine, from the earth.

How softly is blended the light
With the crimson, and purple, and gold!
Like the union of childhood's blest years of delight
With the season when pleasures grow old.

From the lowlands the sparrow's sweet song
Comes wafted o'er meadow and plain;
And the notes as they waver in sadness along,
Bring the past to my vision again.

And I think of the twice-happy years—
Those years by thy sweet presence blest,
Ere memory's harp had been rusted with tears,
Or thy spirit had flown to its rest.

I once loved, in the lingering light,
To list to the same plaintive song
That is trilled by the sparrow in lowland to-night,
But I listened not to it alone.

And that low-murmured cadence, though sweet,
Thrills my once raptured senses with pain;
For it sighs o'er the waters of love, till they greet
The borders of heaven again—

And a breeze from our life's golden morn
Comes over the drear waste to me;
And the leaves it o'erturns are the pleasures unborn
That await the coming of thee.

But I watched for thy coming in vain,
For the grim fates had settled our doom;
And I never beheld thy loved features again,
Though in sadness I gazed on thy tomb.

The dews are beginning to weep,
The day has gone out in the west,
The darkness steps slowly adown the rough steep,
And the sparrow has flown to her nest.

Past memories will linger and burn,
Till the future seems empty and vain;
Yet thy spirit, dear Loren, will sometimes return
To cheer my lone moments again.

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MRS. RAYMOND'S GOVERNESS.

EXTRACT FROM DELPHINE HOWARD'S JOURNAL.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

March 30th, 1859.—HEIGH HO! I wonder if there is a more discontented creature upon the face of the earth, than I am to-night. This continual round of gaiety wearies—nay more, disgusts me. I want time to think. Was I intended to make one of the innumerable slaves chained to Fashion's car? Ah! my whole nature rebels at the thought, but will my life give the lie to my soul? Shall I stifle this low sweet voice, that amid the giddy whirl of pleasure ever chants of better things? Ha! ha! I am really getting sentimental. It will not do to put too much heart down upon these pages; but there, I will be myself for once, although the sky should fall.

Yes! there is something sweeter, nobler, purer than this wild, gay life that I lead, and, what is more, my soul goes out after it with an infinite yearning. Will it grasp the golden fruit, and the tender fragrant flowers? O, God! I hope so; and yet I fear—fear. O, mother, if you had but tarried here until your child had grown to womanhood, my heart had not known this cry to-night, but the grave was hungry for your dear face, methinks, and so I walk alone. Alone! it is a bitter word, and I must not dwell upon it, else I shall forget that I am happy—and, as I heard some one whisper an hour since, soul-less Del Howard. Ah! to queen it in the ball-room is *not* my highest aspiration, good people! and yet, who, looking in at Mrs. Seaton's this evening, would ever have imagined that I had any other desire? Well! well! I don't suppose that I am the only one who wears a mask. What a strange world this would be, if we wept and smiled just when the mood was on us, and our lips never parted but to utter honest thought. My laugh would not ring out then as often as it does now, and Fred Graham would have no occasion to call me a coquette, while that insignificant puppy Alonzo Markham *might* get the idea into that weak head of his, that his exquisite self is not such a heart-rending subject of contemplation as he seems to imagine. I fear that I did not obey the injunction, not to let angry passions rise, when he so coolly begged of me this morning to fling fortune to the winds and let Austin Raymond select his own wife, while I went to him whom the unerring instinct of my own heart pointed out as the one whom God—not man—had ordained as my husband.

The fool! did he expect that, after that pathetic appeal to what he called my better nature, I should fling myself into his arms? If so, then there was a slip between the cup and the lip. O! how my fingers tingled to come in contact with his ears, but I managed to content myself with a little plain speech. Speech, so *very* candid, that for a few minutes I imagine that the simpering fop labored under the impression that the room contained a nest of hornets. Now, I can but laugh as I recall his amazed face, but then I was really provoked. After all, he isn't worth a moment's thought, anyway. I half suspect that the allusion to Austin Raymond was where the sting came in.

O, Uncle Franklin! how could you bring me up with the idea that I alone was to inherit your vast wealth, and then in those last days fly off, and make a will, obliging me to forfeit the whole in case I refused to marry your nephew? To be sure he had a claim upon you by reason of relationship, while I was only the niece of your adoption, and I think that if you had left me but a tenth part of your possessions, while he received the remainder, that a sense of the justice of the act would have prevented my indulging in the slightest murmur; but O, to think that you should turn to match-making in your old age. Why, you might have known that a gray-haired bachelor like you would only make a mess of it. I declare if my interest in the matter was not too deep for mirth, I should certainly laugh at the ridiculousness of the idea. Ah, me! when will it all end? But there, I wont bother my head about it, for it is of no use. Austin Raymond and I shall probably meet some time, and neither of us being willing to forego our position, we shall conclude to marry, and so settle down as thousands of others, who fancied themselves desperately in love. That is not the consummation of my life that my girlish fancy fondly pictured, I confess, but perhaps it is as well. And yet, am I not allowing my boat to drift upon the breakers, when even now I hold the helm in my hand, with power to guide it whithersoever I will? By-and-by it will be

too late, and then, Delphine Howard, if thy life is wrecked—if angry waters engulf thee—thou wilt have only thyself to blame. O, that I could go to this man and say, "I will not wed thee." But ah! my tastes are all luxurious. I could not exist in an atmosphere of want. Poverty may do very well to speculate upon, but Heaven defend me from a nearer acquaintance. No! if one of us must yield, it should be the stronger party. Mr. Raymond is better able to cope with the world than I am, besides, if Madame Rumor speaks the truth, he has considerable wealth of his own; but there, the more one has, the more grasping they become, so it is nonsense for me to imagine for a single instant that he will give up his share. He is a selfish fellow, undoubtedly, or he would never remain in Europe all this time without coming to some sort of an explanation. Putting off the evil day as long as possible, perhaps. Well! he needn't flatter himself that I shall shed more than a gallon of tears, if he shouldn't make his appearance for several years yet. Indeed! I don't believe that I should die of grief if I never looked upon his face.

It is said that Fortune favors the brave, perhaps her smiles rest upon the hopeful also; at least I will not quite despair, while there is a straw to cling to, and in return for my faith, it may be that this thorn in my life—this troublesome Austin Raymond—may yet fall a victim to the charms of some proud English lady or dark-eyed Spanish maiden, or perchance some beautiful face in *la belle* France shall come between him and his uncle's gold. In that case I shall be left free to choose, and I fancy that I could suit myself in a husband, making a worthy selection even notwithstanding the declaration of dear, kind Uncle Franklin to the contrary.

Well! there is no mistake but that I have built a charming air-castle; still it will not do to store my hopes in it, unless I wish to see them find a grave beneath its ruins. Ah! there is one thought, that in the midst of all my planning has never entered my head. What if Austin Raymond and I should meet, and being mutually pleased make a love match after all? Stranger things have happened, but there, Delphine Howard, you are growing very childish. No wonder, that your cheeks are uncomfortably warm after writing that. Shut the book, and retire, before you put down any more folly to witness against you.

March 25th.—Can it be that the recording of my thoughts has embodied them, or that now they have the power to haunt me? At all events I have been pursued by a legion of doubts, since last I wrote upon these pages. Again, I find myself asking, "Where will it end?" O! for one glimpse into futurity; but this is weak—cowardly. Has my heart failed me thus quickly? Are my feet trembling in the path that they themselves have chosen? No! whatever else I may lack, I am not wanting in courage, and when I say that I will not become a passive instrument in the hands of Uncle Franklin, Austin Raymond or any other man, I mean it, and if there is no intervening career open before me, I believe that I dare to become the nine days' wonder of the fashionable world. Listen then; O confidential friend; I, the proud, aristocratic Delphine Howard, have answered an advertisement for a governess. What, does not that move you? Well! the horrible truth is not all out. The lady to whom my letter is addressed is Mrs. Raymond, and if by any chance I happen to be selected from a score of other applicants, I become the teacher of Austin's orphan nieces. Funny, isn't it? There is no one who shares the secret with you and I, my journal, but my guardian, good old Dr. Grayson. Happening to know that he was intimately acquainted with the stately dame who requires such a piece of perfection to assist in the education of her grand-children, I concluded to impart my plans to him, and request him to furnish me with a line of recommendation to enclose in my note. Now, although he is too much accustomed to my freaks, and above all, too kind and indulgent to my wayward self, to manifest any surprise at my scheme, yet he did shake his gray head sagely, and peer at me long and earnestly over the top of his spectacles, as though he had some doubt as to the wisdom of my career, and hardly liked to stake his reputation as a judge, upon the prospect of such an untutored thing as his ward proving herself anyway fit for the position which she was so anxious to occupy. He complied with my request, however, at last, and in my delight at gaining my point, I think, I really quite forgave him for estimating my abilities at the ridiculously low figure which he evidently did. Warmly thanking him, therefore, I turned to leave his presence, and as I did so the absurdity of the whole idea seemed to strike him for the first time, and with a laugh he patted me upon the head in his kind, fatherly way, exclaiming in a voice, half audible by reason of his mirth:

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"Well, Del, I wonder what next you will ask my consent to. Your marriage, eh? Going to take advantage of the enemy, and spy out the ground before the fatal words are said? O, you are a cunning puss;" and with that he went off into another paroxysm of laughter, while the hot blood flushed into my face, and I am really afraid that there is a black and blue spot on his arm, in consequence of its coming in contact with my fingers, for there is no denying that I was unmistakably vexed at his last question.

But what are my motives? It is best to occasionally search out the hidden springs that govern our natures; so now for self-examination. In the first place the fountain of thought was stirred. I could not settle back into the old careless view of things, and so, as the hours passed, the horror of this marriage grew upon me. In vain I strove to thrust the subject into the future, trying to persuade myself that there was where it belonged, and that there was no necessity for my coming to a decision until circumstances compelled me to, but this did not satisfy the unquiet feeling that had taken possession of my soul. Somehow, the fleeting moments seemed full of fate. "Will you retain truth—that pearl of great price—in the crown of your womanhood, or barter it for wealth and position?" was the question with which the very air seemed vocal. It was then, that I realized

> "That the massive gates of circumstance are turned upon the smallest hinge,
> And that some seeming pettiest chance oft gives our life its after tinge:"

for, in my desire to get clear of my troublesome reflections, I took up a paper, and the first thing that my eye rested upon was Mrs. Raymond's advertisement. Instantly my path seemed free from all obstructions. I had been complaining of the uselessness of my life. Here was an opportunity to prove whether I could take pleasure in something else than a butterfly existence, and also an excellent position in which to gain an insight into the character of the man whom my uncle had ordained should be my husband, and in case the facts that I gathered in his home should go to increase the repugnance with which I already regarded all thought of the match, I should at least be better prepared to go forth into the world, by reason of the experience that I should there acquire. By playing the role of the poor governess before I was actually obliged to, the character might not seem so very distasteful, if circumstances compelled me to make it my own.

Thus I reasoned, and the result was that Alice Delphine Howard committed the rash act of answering the advertisement, and that yesterday Mrs. Raymond probably read a very modest note signed Alice Howe, and then laid it aside without the remotest idea that it was written by her step-brother's adopted child. O no, why should she? Romance is not supposed to exist outside of a novel, and she without doubt thinks of me as a very well-behaved young lady, patiently waiting for her beloved son to come home and claim his property, whether of land, houses, gold or wife. A model maiden, truly! Really, the game grows interesting, and I shall be very much disappointed if Mrs. Raymond does not consider my application as worthy of attention. In this I may be selfishly regardless of others, to whom the situation would be very acceptable, but there are none, I think, to whom the decision of the lady possesses such a vital importance as to myself. On the revealment of the next few days perhaps the weal or woe of my whole future life depends. Well! I have done my best, and the rest is in the hands of an Overruling Power. There is peace in that thought, if I could only realize it; but I have dwelt so long in an atmosphere where wealth is worshiped, that somehow I have strayed after unknown gods, and grown cynical because they did not satisfy my cravings. Is it through the bitter waters of poverty—lonely and sorrowing—that I am to be led back? Well! if need be, I can endure it, and the world shall hear no murmur.

Why, I have got into quite a sad strain. There is no necessity of your crying until you are hurt, Delphine Howard; so cheer up and wear a little more cheerful expression.

April 4th.—The "Rubicon" is passed! The retreat cut off; and I at this moment am in that centre of civilization and refinement—the goodly city of Boston; and also under the roof of Mrs. Raymond. Ah! verily, truth is stranger than fiction, as I shall probably have an opportunity of realizing more fully than I now do, ere my life closes. To think that my letter, after all, had the good or bad fortune—I hardly know which—to meet her approval. Was it my note that turned her thoughts to me, or the sight of a scrap of paper bearing the signature of one whom in the days gone by, I half suspect, bowed at her shrine? At all events, whatever influenced her decision,

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the result is all that concerns me, and when the mail brought me word that my services were accepted, in my delight at the announcement, I never stopped to question in what manner the desirable end was attained. As she had politely intimated that my appearance at an early hour was what she confidently expected, there was nothing for me to do, but to acquaint the doctor's sister and niece of my proposed change of residence, and then packing in haste, and make all possible speed to the scene of my new vocation.

Mrs. Blake received my communication, with an amused smile, and a look that plainly indicated that she thought, that if I did not soon get tired of my bargain and come flying home, it would be the most astonishing thing that ever happened. Ah! if I ever do get heart-sick and weary, the remembrance of that expression will make me defiant and determined never to yield. So after all, Aunt Ruth, without ever knowing it, you gave me a talisman, that shall bear me in triumph over every obstacle. As for Lu, she held up her hands with a pretty affectation of horror, and wondered how I could forego our usual summer's dissipation. But I fancied there was a glad look in her eye, at the thought, that, when she had comfortably seated herself for a nice little conversation with some person of the masculine gender, that provoking Del would not be at hand to prevent any tender interchange of remarks.

"What glorious rides and rambles, and enchanting moonlight sails I shall have, with no ward of my uncle's to be invited—nay urged to join us, said the dreamy smile that lay upon her full scarlet lips. And as, the evening before my departure, the anticipation of "the good time coming," would write itself in her face and manner, until at last her unusual gaiety even attracted my guardian's attention, who, after watching her, with one of his peculiarly shrewd looks for the space of ten minutes, remarked, in his own cool, blunt way:

"Why, Lu! I haven't seen you so bright and happy since your first ball. Anybody would imagine that you were expecting to *gain* a companion to-morrow, instead of *losing* one."

Now if there is anything that Lucia Blake particularly dislikes, it is to be the object of her uncle's especial criticism, as the color that flashed into her face might have been either of shame or vexation, or perhaps a little of both, at me, as for she never once glanced she replied, with a toss of her pretty head, and a voice that was slightly pettish in spite of its music:

"I was not aware before, Uncle Levi, that it was in good taste to parade our grief in public. I am sure, I am very sorry that Del wont be like other people, and let this wild scheme alone, but if she is so manifestly delighted at the idea of going away and leaving us all, I don't know that I need be expected to wear a face as long as my arm." And with that she walked away with the satisfied air of one who considers that they have got the best of the argument, leaving Dr. Grayson evidently the victim of some very amusing thoughts.

But how can I record what a naughty child I was for the rest of the evening! How, either actuated by the remembrance, that it was perhaps the last night in which I should reign as Delphine Howard the heiress, or by a feeling of revenge at Lu's apparent joy in the thought that the next day would find me miles away, I carried on a desperate flirtation with Giles Maynard, and I am afraid that I did not desist, even when the smiling face grew sad and sober. There is where the shoe pinches, I expect, but if Lu thinks I care anything for him, she is very much mistaken. The man that I marry shall at least know enough to go in when it rains. On that point I am determined, and as I am inclined to the opinion that the gentleman in question does not possess that important qualification, why the sooner that he makes Lu Mrs. Maynard, the better; for himself at least. And when that felicitous occasion arrives, I think that I shall have so far forgiven her ever imagining that I aspired to that position, as to be able to send her my blessing, although to be sure, it is an offence that is hardly pardonable.

Now about this weighty secret of mine with which I have entrusted Lu. She did promise to be very discreet, and if she were patterned after that good mother of hers, I should have no fears of her ever revealing it, but if her beloved Giles should happen to take it into that stupid head of his to inquire, why and where I have gone, she might possibly tell him. However, I will not borrow any trouble on that score, only hoping that if the temptation does assail her, the remembrance of her promise will give her strength to resist it, and that I shall never be obliged to regret that I took her into my confidence.

After all, good old Father Grayson experienced more pain at parting with me than any one else, and when I shook hands with him

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at the depot, and left him gazing so disconsolately after me, and indeed coming into the car to utter a few more farewell charges, entirely oblivious of the fact that if he were not careful he might be compelled to accompany me a portion of the distance, it was then that I half repented of my project; and for one moment, such a feeling of doubt took possession of my heart, that the tears actually sprang to my eyes. But one thought of taking on the chains of the old life again conquered the growing weakness, and I am sure that my guardian went away marvelling at the hopeful smile which my face wore, when I returned his final good-by. If he fancied, that when once he was gone I should indulge in a little silent weeping, he was mistaken, for when the train shot out into the open country, the fields that were being quickened into life under the influence of the warm April sunshine, were not happier than I beneath the exhilaration of the thought that I was going out to meet my fate, and if need be, grapple with it, not passively waiting for it to come to me, and then prove conqueror.

To my surprise, for I did expect some seasons of depression, this mood never left me all day; no, not even when the hackman stopped at Mrs. Raymond's door, and a tall, supercilious footman ushered me into the hall, and then with a contemptuous glance at my plain apparel, inquired if I had not mistaken the house.

Before I had time to reply, a smart maid-servant appeared upon the scene, who relieved me from all embarrassment in this first trial of my new position, by exclaiming:

"La, James! of course that isn't one of the mistress's friends, but then you didn't know that she was expecting a governess for the young ladies. I take it you be she," she added, turning to me, and after I had informed her that she was quite right in her taking, she went on to explain, that Mrs. Raymond received company that evening and would therefore be invisible to me until morning; also that she had not really expected my arrival until the next night, but had given directions that in case the young person should happen to come, she was to be shown immediately to her chamber. So with a heart a little relieved at the thought of a night's rest between me and the awful presence of the august Mrs. Raymond, I followed the girl up three flights of stairs, to this small but prettily furnished room. After a fire had been kindled, and a cup of tea swallowed, I seated myself to pen these lines, and now as I am too weary to indulge in any speculations with regard to the future, I think that I shall hie away to the sunny land of dreams, and there gather strength for the morrow's ordeal.

April 18th.—A fortnight has passed since I entered my new home and with the exception of the evening of my arrival, this is the very first opportunity, that has presented itself for writing upon these pages, and now I am so extremely weary that my entry under this date must necessarily be somewhat short.

Let me think. What event shall I chronicle first? O, the wonderfully satisfactory interview which I had with Mrs. Raymond previous to entering upon my present rather fatiguing duties. Ah! I think that Dr. Grayson would have had some doubts with regard to the strength of my resolution, if he had seen my face on the morning that the servant rapped upon my door, and informed me that her mistress awaited my appearance in her room.

I have no recollection of how I reached the dread tribunal. I only know, that with the disagreeable sensation of having a lump of lead where my heart ought to have been, I suddenly found myself in the presence of a lady of about fifty years. Was it her haughty bearing, proud face, and cold, though not unmusical voice, that restored my self-possession? I think so; at any rate Delphine Howard was herself again, or rather Alice Howe felt a little of the old life stirring within her, and if my predecessors have invariably eaten humble pie at similar interviews, I, at least, proved an exception to the rule. It may be that the absence of all servility and the quiet dignity with which I answered her questions, together with the calm manner in which I awaited her decision, pleased the lady, for she finally dismissed me with what she intended for a very gracious wave of the hand, at the same time remarking, with a smile that reminded me of moonlight upon snow:

"I think that you will do, Miss Howe; at all events I will give you a trial, which I trust will but confirm my present favorable opinion with regard to your abilities. Margary, my dear"—turning to a young lady who sat in the back part of the room, watching me with curious eyes—"will you be kind enough to take the new governess to the school-room and introduce her to her pupils?"

"It might be less awkward, aunt, if you presented me to the lady in question, before you send me off to perform the same office

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for the children," replied that personage, with a good-humored laugh, as she arose and came forward.

Mrs. Raymond frowned slightly, and then said, with a touch of sarcasm, "Excuse me, my love, I quite forgot that most important ceremony. Miss Howe, allow me to make you acquainted with my niece, Miss Liston."

I returned her salutation with all the distance of a queen, inwardly vowing, that if there was a gulf between us, as her aunt's tone and manner indicated, I at least would make no attempt to bridge it.

I fancied then, that Margery was quite democratic—I have learned my error since. She seeks my society, it is true, but not from any particular love for me. The fact is she loves to talk, and as she has found me to be a much more patient listener than her aunt, she "honors" me, as Mrs. Raymond would say, with her company. Wonderful to relate, I am not so grateful for the condescension as I might be, for there are times when her conversation is decidedly wearisome, and yet I can generally contrive to extract a few grains of wheat from the chaff, for I have only to turn her thoughts to Austin and her tongue will play upon that theme for an hour; so in reality she is to me the most important person in the house, and for that reason I found her endurable.

One thing I elicited from her I was very glad to hear, and that was, that her cousin does not resemble his mother in any particular, and she ought to know, for being left an orphan at a very early age, she has lived in the family many years.

But I am forgetting my especial charges, Eda, Beulah and Grace Ashley, the children of Mrs. Raymond's daughter, who, according to Margery, eloped upon her sixteenth birthday; but as her choice was a good one, in spite of the silly manner in which they were united, her father forgave her, but her mother forbade her ever calling her by that endearing name again, partly because of her anger at her flight, but more particularly on account of the bitter disappointment that she experienced in the frustration of a favorite project, that of uniting her only daughter to the son of an old schoolmate.

"But," naively added Miss Liston, "the young man loved somebody else, and was married almost immediately after, so I can't for the life of me see why aunt should have been so dreadfully angry at Hortense."

It seems that she did relent so far as to obey a summons to Mrs. Ashley's deathbed; and when six months after, the husband followed the wife, to the surprise of every one, she received the children beneath her roof, graciously remarking that they, poor things, were not to blame for their mother's sin.

Return I now to these same little ones. Eda, the oldest, is a remarkably pretty child of ten years. She is haughty and overbearing, however. In short, a miniature edition of her grandmother, and accordingly a great pet of that lady. Beulah is my favorite, partly, I expect, because Mrs. Raymond is so severe with her. She is not as pretty as her sisters, and rather backward for a girl of eight years, besides being subject to violent fits of ill-temper, but the poor child is so heart-broken when she is herself again, and, above all, is so affectionate and true, that I am really learning to love her. The youngest resembles an untamed colt, and is far more troublesome than either of the others. Indeed, she has proved such a source of annoyance to her grandmother and cousin, that she is banished from that portion of the house. I have not yet fully decided whether she is possessed of a spirit of evil, or only overflowing with life and vivacity. The idea of calling a creature like her Grace! To my mind Wild-fire would have been a much more appropriate name. But then, it will not do for me to write into the night in this way, or I shall be sleeping in the morning when I should be up; so, my journal, you will have to wait until the wheels run a little better in the school-room; then I shall not be obliged to neglect you as I do now, neither give you my time when I should be resting. Ah! these days are not like the old ones, but yet, I am enjoying them.

May 1st.—An afternoon to myself! how nice it seems. I really begin to feel the need of a little relaxation, and I am certain that, if there is not some change soon in matters and things, I shall be obliged to request Mrs. Raymond to give me her definition of the duties of a governess. I imagine that her ideas and mine would essentially differ, in that respect. This coming into the parlor to be used as a sort of screw in drawing music from the piano for the entertainment of the company isn't to my liking. Then, because she has happened to discover that I can embroider very well, I don't know that my character as governess compels me to use that talent in my employer's service. However, I don't imagine that I shall make any complaints unless she crowds me too hard. The truth is, that I am

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out of humor in consequence of the fright that I received last evening.

I was in the drawing-room in obedience to Mrs. Raymond's commands, and at a signal from her seated myself at the piano. As I played, a gentleman sauntered up to the instrument, and leaning against it looked me full in the face. I grew uneasy beneath the earnest gaze, and benevolently wished that he might find something more interesting to study, yet the fixed stare continued. At last, indignant at his impertinence, my hands came down upon the keys with a clash, and flushed and angry I arose from my seat. That movement seemed to recall him to himself, and to my unutterable confusion he sprang forward, exclaiming:

"I beg your pardon, young lady, I think I met you some two years since, at an exhibition of the Misses Atherton's school at Clifton, did I not? I believe that both you and my sister were members of the class which graduated at that time. Your playing this evening seemed very familiar, or rather your position, I can account for it now, for it was you who presided at the piano on that memorable occasion. Then I had the pleasure of seeing you again at the party which ended that agreeable day. I am correct in these reminiscences, am I not, or has your wonderful resemblance to some other person been the means of leading me into error? If the latter surmise is really the case, then again I beg your pardon."

"And that I should judge would be the very best thing you could do," said Margery, who happened to be standing near. "The idea of devouring Miss Howe with your eyes, until she was so frightened as to be tempted to run, and then coming up and insisting upon it, that you had met her in some improbable place, called Clifton. Why I dare say that until this evening, she never saw nor heard of this school where you pretend you saw her graduate. It is really the greatest joke of the season; and although I think that you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Singleton, I can but laugh at your coolness. Is it possible," she added in a lower tone, "that you mistook the children's governess, for one of mine or my aunt's friends?"

I believe that I am always possessed with a spirit of perverseness, although it will generally remain tolerably quiet, but now Miss Liston's evident desire to make the gentleman understand that I did not belong to their set called it into life, so, in spite of the terror that was at my heart, for fear that circumstances were going to reveal my true character, I stepped forward, and extending my hand, said coolly:

"Your memory has not proved treacherous in the least, Mr. Singleton. I was there, and now that I look at you more fully, I recollect your countenance perfectly. The many changes that have taken place since then, and this unexpected meeting, must excuse the tardiness of the recognition. Your sister Florence and myself were then very intimate; but since leaving school our paths have necessarily separated. In what a position mine has terminated, Miss Liston has kindly informed you; her's I suppose has been made beautiful by the love of a fond father, a tender mother, an affectionate brother and faithful friends?"

"Yes;" he rejoined, his fine eyes growing moist; "but our devotion was not like the deep love of the angels, so day by day she wasted away, and when the summons came, happy and smiling, she went home. Ah! Miss Howe, I understand now why you did not seem like a stranger; it was because you once knew our darling. Will you not call upon my mother? You could have no surer passport to her favor than the fact of having been a friend of Florence's. If she were not an invalid, I should tell you that you might expect to see her to-morrow, but as it is, I hope that you will waive all ceremony, and come at the earliest opportunity. I shall inform her of this to me pleasant meeting; and may I not also assure her that it is your intention to visit her in a very few days to say the least?"

Before I could reply or even express my sympathy in the loss he had sustained in the death of such a sister as Florence Singleton, although I think that my face had revealed the shock that the bad news had given me, Margery appeared upon the scene again, saying, with an unmistakable sneer in tone and manner:

"Miss Howe, aunt wishes you to resume your playing, and as I doubt whether the rest of the gentlemen possess the wonderful memory of Mr. Singleton, or the inclination to search out acquaintances of an hour, perhaps you may not again be interrupted." Then, turning to my companion, she exclaimed, with a pretty pout, "I thought you said that your mother did not receive visitors, when I spoke of calling upon her the other day, and now I find you inviting—nay, urging an entire stranger to do what you wouldn't

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allow in me. O, consistency, thou art indeed a jewel, not discoverable in man. What shall I think of you after this, Mr. Singleton?"

"Anything, Miss Liston, that seemeth good in your sight," he smilingly rejoined. "You perceive that I trust you, even if you have betrayed your want of confidence in me. Could anything be more magnanimous? What shall I do next?"

"You may explain this conduct, which I object to, that is," and she looked up with an arch smile which made her face truly beautiful, "if you wish to be restored to favor."

"That is easily done," he gravely answered; and then noting the blush that dyed cheek and brow, he added, "not reinstatement into your good graces, Miss Liston, for you, like all other ladies, are implacable, but an explanation of that behaviour which excited your displeasure. You are aware that my mother's present ill-health arises from the shock which her nervous system received, in consequence of the death of an only daughter; but you do not know how her very life was bound up in that of her child. To idle, curious visitors she does deny herself, but any one who has ever felt any affection for Florence is always welcome. Miss Howe was her intimate friend at school, while you were not even acquainted with her, although I trust that, had we been residents of this city longer, I should not have had this to say. This, however, is the reason for the distinction which I have made. Does it not satisfy you, Margery?"

"Yes, of one thing, and that is, that you are more easily duped, than I should have supposed it possible for a gentleman of your sense to be. What proof have you, that this person who seems to interest you so greatly, was such a dear friend of your sister's? Is her word sufficient?"

I saw Mr. Singleton's cheek flush, but, instead of replying, he glanced uneasily at me. Something in my face reassured him, I think, for he smiled the next instant; but his companion, observing that his attention was diverted, turned around, and beholding me still occupying my old position, she exclaimed, in a sharper tone than she had ever yet used in addressing me:

"Miss Howe, why do you not obey orders? Did you not hear me request you to go to the piano?"

"I did, Miss Liston, but not feeling in a mood for music after the painful news which I have heard this night, I was waiting for an opportunity to ask you to excuse me to Mrs. Raymond. Trusting that you will do so, if she should happen to inquire for me again, I will now, with your permission, retire."

This, I said very calmly, although my blood boiled, and then with a bow as stately as the one with which she granted my request, I left the room.

When I reached this blessed refuge, I am inclined to the opinion that I shed a few tears, and even went to the insane length of almost determining to let Margery Liston know that Alice Howe was other than she seemed, but cooler thoughts at last prevailed, and this afternoon the remembrance of her part in the affair only fills me with amusement. Poor Florence Singleton! and yet why should I write that adjective against her name? Life's problem for her is solved. In that she is happier than I. Ah, she was a gentle creature, one of earth's sweetest, frailest flowers. I can well imagine that the angels wanted her. How frightened I was when her brother spoke of her, and yet I need not have drawn that sigh of relief when in the next breath he informed me of her death, for my secret would have been perfectly safe in her keeping. This meeting company in the parlor, however, is dangerous. Another time I might be more fully recognized, and then what should I do? O, Heaven defend me from such an exposure.

May 30th.—It is hardly worth while to keep a journal, I write in it so seldom, and yet the little that I do record may be amusing, even useful, in the future. Some days are so monotonous that even if I had the time I should glean nothing interesting from them wherewith to fill these pages.

Next week we go to Mrs. Raymond's summer residence, situated among the hills in the western part of the State. I really believe that the children are not any more pleased at the prospect than I am, and that is saying a great deal, for they have been almost wild with delight ever since the time for the change was decided upon. Yes, I am growing very weary of city sights and sounds, and longing for a view of emerald-tinted fields, and shaded valley nooks, where the violets lift their timid heads, and buttercups and clover bring their colors of crimson and gold to make the green earth beautiful. Ah! from the fragrant life-giving breezes and the wild, free warble of the forest birds, I shall draw that sweet elixir, so strengthening to heart and brain. But in the glad thought of the country I must not let the time slip away without recording

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several interesting incidents that have lately transpired.

First of all must be an account of a battle, which was fought between Mrs. Raymond and myself, in which, strange to say, the governess came off conqueror. It happened in this way. Eda, after being remiss in two lessons, was exceedingly impertinent; consequently I locked her up in an adjoining room, telling her that I should keep her a close prisoner until she expressed sorrow for her improper conduct. Now on similar occasions, Mrs. Raymond had not hesitated to interfere with my management of the child, but on this morning as I turned the key upon the little culprit, I mentally vowed that if the doting grandmother attempted to release her, she and I would immediately come to some sort of an understanding. Accordingly, when five minutes later that lady walked into the schoolroom, and signified her wish to take her darling to ride, I coolly informed her that she could not go, and then without heeding her stare of amazement proceeded to explain the offence of which the child had been guilty. As I expected, Mrs. Raymond listened to my story with supreme indifference, and then, without a word of comment, turned to the door and laid her hand upon the key, but before she could move it in the lock, I crossed the room and stood by her side.

"My dear madam," I said in a firm though quiet tone, "if it is your intention to let Eda out, allow me first to inform you, upon what ground I stand in relation to the act. The instant that you open that door, you no longer have a governess in me. I shall consider the setting aside of my government a sufficient excuse for dissolving the contract by which I remain here."

"Really, Miss Howe, this is extraordinary language," cried my antagonist, as soon as she had recovered from her astonishment at being thus addressed. "I confess that as yet I do not understand the drift of your remarks. Do you intend that for a threat?" and the frown that contracted her brow would have intimidated a less resolute person. But I had risen superior to Mrs. Raymond or her anger, as I looked her calmly in the face, and resumed in the same tranquil but determined tone:

"Not by any means. I have simply stated a fact, or given you a warning if you choose to term it thus, and now I am perfectly willing, that you should do just as your judgment dictates. If it bids you indulge a naughty girl in a ride, when Beulah there, whom I can recommend as a good one, would be delighted to go, why, it is nothing to me."

She stopped me with an impatient wave of the hand, and mused for the moment with her eyes bent upon the floor. I was at a loss to know what course she would decide upon, but with an air of indifference, I called Grace up to spell, but before the child had time to leave her seat, her grandmother looked at me with a smile, saying in a tone that she evidently intended should be very conciliatory:

"Miss Howe, I do really want my little girl very much. Can you not let her go this once?"

"If it were the first time that you had ever made the request, Mrs. Raymond, I might, but as it is the fourth or fifth, I think that she must remain there. Do you not see that by thus setting my control at naught, you are encouraging her in a course that even you cannot curb by-and-by? She is already extremely disobedient."

"But she is so young, Miss Howe. Really I think that you are making altogether too serious a matter of it; and as I came up expressly for her, I guess that I will venture to take her this time, although it shall be the last instance of my interfering I promise you. Come, isn't that quite a concession? What do you say to it?"

"The same that I said before, Mrs. Raymond. The moment that Eda Ashley crosses that threshold without my permission, my duties in this house cease. This I utter not in a spirit of opposition, but because my laws must be maintained. You perceive that the child is calling upon you; judging from the past, she fully expects you to take her part. Excuse me, if I say that now is a good time to teach her a different lesson. If you do, depend upon it that in the future she will be quite manageable."

Again Mrs. Raymond bent her head to read the floor, and for a few minutes perfect silence reigned; broken only by the shrill tones of the prisoner demanding to be let out. Presently the lady lifted a resolute face and turned to the door, and then I fully expected to see the child bound forth in triumph; but to my surprise, instead of turning the key in the lock, she sharply exclaimed:

"Eda! be still. You know in what manner you can be released. When you are sorry for your very bad behaviour, signify as much to Miss Howe, and she will kindly forgive you." Then turning to me, she added

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with a smile that changed the whole expression of her face, "will not that do for a beginning? Believe me, I had never viewed the matter in this light before. Beulah, you shall take your sister's place in the carriage, as Miss Howe suggests. Run and tell Jane to get you ready." And with that the lady sailed from the room, closely followed by the delighted child, leaving me in a state of perfect bewilderment.

Could it be possible that the victory was indeed mine? Before I had fully settled the point, the door again opened and Margery entered. What will happen next? was my mental query, as she walked to my side, and extending her hand, exclaimed:

"Alice Howe, I am about to make an admission. I do really believe that you are somebody."

"And pray how long is it since you arrived at that sage conclusion?" I inquired, with a laugh.

"From the moment that you entered the lists against my aunt and came off conqueror. Why, my dear girl, there isn't a man, woman, or child, who has ever made her yield her will to their's as you have this morning. You may well be proud of your victory. I never enjoyed anything so much in all my life. I stood in the hall during the whole battle, and it was fun and no mistake. It seemed to be a hard contest though, and once I thought that you would get the worst of it. Why, I fairly held my breath at your temerity. My sympathies were all on on your side, for I have experienced too many defeats not to ardently hope that she might find a match in you. I could have shouted with delight when the tide turned. She lowered her crest in the end very gracefully, didn't she though? Well, I must go, I only came in to congratulate you. Press on in the good work, and rest assured that if you are so fortunate as to change the lion into the lamb, you make me your debtor for life." And then Miss Liston passed from the room, and I came to the conclusion that I had not been dreaming after all.

The next day as I was walking with the children on the Common, I met Dr. Grayson. How glad I was to see him; and how much we had to talk about. He was intending to call upon me in spite of my prohibition. Lu, it seems, is really going to become Mrs. Maynard. I sent Giles a great many congratulations: but alas! I could not offer any to the bride elect without doing violence to my conscience, and I find that my guardian views the proposed marriage in the same light that I do.

That evening as Mrs. Raymond had no visitors, she ordered tea to be served in the back parlor, and invited the children and me to sit down with her. Soon after we had taken our places, Margery, turning to me, remarked:

"Miss Howe, I don't suppose that you are in the habit of having little girls report your actions to their grandmothers. Luckily for you, aunt is not one to encourage anything."

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Raymond, "I desired you to let me explain this matter." Then turning her gaze to me, she continued. "Did you meet a gentleman in your walk this afternoon with whom you had some conversation?"

"I did," I answered, coloring a little, for I did not know what question might come next.

"Well, our young Eda here is very much shocked because that person kissed her governess."

I think that the ringing laugh with which I greeted this announcement must have displeased Mrs. Raymond, for her lips froze again into their olden expression, and she said, rather severely:

"Really, Miss Howe, I do not see anything particularly amusing in that. Is it the truth, or not?"

"My dear madam," I quietly replied, "I should be very sorry if Eda were capable of telling a falsehood. Her statement is perfectly correct, and I doubt not that if the gentleman were present he would plead guilty to the accusation, which she brings against him; but when I add that he is of a very venerable appearance, and a person whom I commonly address by the endearing term of father, in consequence of his having acted in that capacity for several years, and because of the filial affection with which I regard him, I presume that you will exonerate me from the charge of impropriety in allowing his salutation and even returning it."

"Certainly, Miss Howe. Eda, bring me no more stories in relation to the acts of your governess."

One more incident, and then I must go to rest. This morning upon entering the schoolroom, I found Eda and Beulah already there, but engaged in so violent a dispute as not to be aware of the precise moment in which I appeared upon the scene. In crossing the floor from the door to my desk, I heard these words in Beulah's quick, impatient tone:

"But indeed I shall, you great, hateful

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thing, and if you don't believe it, why then you can just wait and see."

Eda's reply came in that slow, exasperating way, which she at times assumed. "Of course you will, my dear. Uncle Austin's wife would be sure to want such a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl as you. In fact, I think that you would do to put among the parlor ornaments."

Scarcely were the taunting words spoken, than Beulah's tiny hand was clenched and in the air. My voice, however, caused the uplifted arm to fall, and the next instant the excited child had hidden her face in the folds of my dress, and was sobbing as though her heart would break, while I turned to her sister for an explanation.

"O, we were only talking about living with Uncle Austin and Miss Howard, the lady who is to be his wife, when Beulah got mad, as she always does," was the response which my questions elicited.

This evening when Margery asked me how I had got along with the children to-day, I told her of the little affair of this morning, and then waited for her comments. For a few minutes she indulged in a perfect paroxysm of mirth, and then said:

"What abominable little pitchers they are. I am sure I had no idea that they knew anything about Austin's entanglement, neither does aunt suspect it, I know. I must tell her, so that she can put a stop to such interesting conversations in the future. You see, Alice," —she has grown very friendly since that affair with Mrs. Raymond,—"this is a sort of a secret; but since you belong to the family, and the children have divulged what they have, I may as well tell you the rest. It seems that my cousin had an uncle;—fortunately he wasn't any relation to me—whom people called very eccentric. Crazy, in my opinion, would have been a more appropriate word. Well, this person possessed great wealth, and dying, bequeathed it all to his nephew and an adopted daughter, Delphine Howard, on condition that they joined hands before the altar; but, if one refused to marry the other, then, as a sort of healing balm, the whole property went to the rejected lady or gentleman, whichever it might be. Wasn't that absurd?"

I think that if Margery had not been so much interested in the story which she was relating, the vehement "yes" which came from the very depths of my heart would at least have provoked her wonder, but as it was she saw in me only an attentive listener.

"I do really believe that Austin would never have stayed in Europe all this time, if it hadn't been for that odious will," was her next remark. "This having a wife picked out for them, is not apt to suit young men you know. To be sure, the girl may be pretty and amiable and all that, but I fancy that my cousin is one, who never would see any beauty or goodness in anything thus forced upon him; and between you and I, I am half inclined to the opinion that she is just the reverse of all this. At all events, it looks as though her father feared that she would never get a husband unless he provided for her in this manner. Well, I suppose that Austin will marry her, for I know that his mother will never consent to his giving up the property; but if the poor thing is fondly imagining that she will be happy in that relation, I fear she is destined to be woefully disappointed. Don't you think I wanted aunt to invite her here, so that we might see what sort of a creature she is, but she answered in her grand way, that she preferred that Austin should do his own wooing, although I don't believe but what she is just as curious about her as I am. What! going, Miss Howe? Well, I hope that you have found my story entertaining. It helps to prove the assertion, that romance is not all confined to the pages of a novel. What a brilliant color you have. Don't you come down to the parlor looking like that, unless you want to make me jealous." And with her merry laugh ringing in my ears, I walked to my room, and looking in the glass, indulged in the following reflections:

"Pretty! I should hope I am not pretty. And so Austin Raymond is an exile on my account, and I am supposed to be unable to enter the matrimonial state, unless he condescends to open the gate for me! Really, this is refreshing. No wonder that my cheeks are hot. Ah! Margery, your cousin may not find so willing a bride as you think." And with this parting remark I turned from the mirror. Half an hour later I was in such an *amiable* mood, that I accompanied Eda to a juvenile concert.

June 25th.—Horror of horrors! Austin Raymond has come home. There, let me stop to take breath and see how the astounding fact looks on paper, and then I will proceed to relate the manner in which we were all surprised.

This morning Eda importuned for a holiday, and as she has been a very good girl lately, and her grandmother was willing, I granted

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her request. Beulah and Grace were as much pleased at the idea as their sister; so books were laid aside with more haste than order, hats and shawls brought forth as speedily, and then we started for a walk, the children stipulating that it should be a long one, to which I readily agreed. How clear and beautiful the sky was, and how gently the fragrant zephyrs touched our parted lips. Surely on this morning of all mornings, Nature's cup contained a rich, rare draught. There seemed to be no enjoyment, however, without some alloy; and the soft glory of the hills and vales, that filled one with a happy, dreamy languor, excited Grace to such a degree as to render her unmanageable. For a time, I endeavored to exercise some control over her, but no sooner did we come in sight of a brook, than off went shoes and stockings, and in went the little madcap, a perfect picture of delight, and my words were no more heeded, than the passing winds; and as for laying a hand on her, I might just as well have attempted to catch the birds over my head. At last, perceiving that her dress was likely to leave her, in consequence of her persevering efforts to plunge through every thicket that came in our way, I concluded that we had better turn our steps in the direction of home. Eda and Beulah rather objected to this; but when I pointed out the condition of their sister, and informed them that we could have a nice walk at twilight, leaving all naughty girls safely locked in the house, they cheerfully acquiesced. Grace caught my words, softly as they were spoken, and dashing up a hill, the brow of which overhung a gorge, threatened to throw herself over if I did not say that she might go too. Before I could reply, I saw her fling her arms wildly up, and then a startled shriek broke from her lips, and she was gone.

I do not know how I reached the spot, but the next instant I was looking down upon her white face, just below me. The sight was so different from what I expected, that I felt relieved, even though she did hang by so frail a tenure as her torn dress. Ah! Grace, the running among briers and brambles proved your salvation, after all.

What followed next seems like a dream, although I recollect grasping a little bush that grew near the edge of the cliff, and then reaching down with my other hand, and of presently lifting the child to the bank.

Then, I suppose I fainted, for I have no remembrance of anything else, until I found myself by the side of a rivulet, reclining in the arms of a strange gentleman, with my face wet with water, and Eda kneeling upon the ground with one of my hands clasped in her's, while Beulah stood at a little distance weeping upon Grace's neck. Altogether, I think that we must have formed quite a picturesque group, and I believe that I staggered to my feet with some light remark upon my lips. The stranger looked very grave, as he replied:

"Mournful would be a better adjective. Have you forgotten that it came near being tragic?"

I shivered and sank down, weak and ghostly again, for his words had brought back the whole scene, and even now, while I write I grow sick and faint with the remembrance of the caved bank and that little form hanging so helplessly over the jaws of death. It is said that there is no event so bad but what some good may result from it. So when Grace crept to my side, and, kissing me passionately on either cheek, whispered in broken accents:

"Please, Miss Howe, I will never be naughty any more," I folded her in my arms with the idea stirring in my mind, that perhaps this thing, awful as it was, might bring a blessing in its train.

I was now able to walk after a fashion, but my nerves were in such a condition, that when the gentleman with a quiet air of authority bade me take his arm, I obeyed without a word. No sooner were we in the public road, however, than I informed him that I should not trouble him to attend me further, as I was quite restored, and could do very well without his assistance. He smiled at this, and looking into my face, said, in a voice of rare depth and sweetness:

"I might question your truth, if you were not a lady. As it is, your trembling step belies your words. I think, therefore, that I shall be under the agreeable necessity of accompanying you for a little longer; at least, until I reach my destination, which fortunately is in the same direction as yours."

While he was speaking, I for the first time surveyed him. What a tall, symmetrical form he had! His eyes were frank and fearless, and as deeply, darkly blue as the sky over our heads, although I fancied that they could flash and grow black when pride or passion stirred their owner. His hair was of that beautiful shade of auburn so rarely seen, and the full beard and moustache that he wore were of the same color. O, but he was hand-

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some! but then disagreeable things often are. For several minutes we walked on in silence, and then I inquired in a jesting tone:

"Pray tell me, did you drop from the clouds? I know that a gentleman is considered an indispensable requisite in case a lady faints, but I can't understand how you managed to appear upon the scene, in the opportune manner that you did."

"It is easily explained," he rejoined, with a laugh. "I was walking from the depot, to a villa up yonder, and as I neared this vicinity, the cries of the children attracted my attention. I reached the spot, however, only to bear your unconscious form from the place, although I saw you lift the little one to the bank, and the wonder with which I regarded such an exhibition of strength in one apparently so slight and delicate, has not yet abated."

"O, we don't realize what we are capable of until circumstances develop our powers," I answered lightly, at the same time wishing that he would drop the subject, for I felt I had quite enough of it, for one day at least.

At this moment Beulah called out in a grieved tone, "Why, Ella Ashley, you have lost that beautiful bouquet you gathered in the meadow."

"I know it," replied her sister, "but as there are other flowers where those came from, I don't much care."

"Philosophical!" said my companion, with a smile. Then he added, "that name, Ashley, has given me an idea. Do tell me if I am right in believing that these are the grandchildren of Mrs. Raymond?"

"Your supposition is quite correct," I rejoined, a little surprise manifest both in face and voice.

"And are you Margery Liston?"

"No, I am their governess; but if you wish to see a miniature edition of her, look at that smallest girl."

"Indeed! are they then so much alike? Well, I don't know but the eyes and mouth are similar. Margery hadn't so much fire about her though, I am thinking." This was said in a musing tone.

"You are familiar," I thought. Then I exclaimed aloud, "Pardon my curiosity, sir, but is not Mrs. Raymond's villa the one that you alluded to a short time since as the extent of your walk?"

"Yes," he smilingly answered, "and if my memory serves me right, this is the place."

I responded to his remark by turning into the entrance, at the same time wondering who he could be. Miss Liston was on one of the terraces, flitting like a bird in and out among the flowers. She looked up presently, and seeing us approaching, came down the avenue to meet us. As she drew near I saw her face undergo a change, but I was not prepared to have her dart forward and throw herself into the stranger's arms, crying out:

"Why, Austin Raymond! in the name of all that's wonderful, where *did* you come from?"

Did her exclamation stun me? I think it must have done so, for I have no recollection of how I reached my room; and the dinner bell rang, while I was still pondering upon the astounding fact that Austin Raymond had really returned home. This afternoon I sought an interview with his mother, and though she even kissed me in the exuberance of her gratitude, that I had been so fortunate as to save her grandchild's life, yet when I pleaded to be released from my engagement, she grew cold and hard again, and peremptorily refused to entertain my request for one instant, unless I could by some very good reason satisfy her that she ought to. Of course, I could not tell her that it was on her son's account that I desired to leave, so I went from her presence dumb. Well, October will soon be here, and then I shall be free to put miles between Austin Raymond and me. In the meantime, I will keep out of his way as much as possible, and hope and pray that no evil chance may betray my secret. If he should find out who I am, I verily believe that the shame and mortification would kill me. O, the very thought makes me shiver.

July 30th.—Ah! how true it is that we may plan and contrive, and think what we will do to accomplish a certain object, and then when the time for action comes, some circumstance which has never once entered into our calculations will compel us to do entirely different from what we first intended. Thus it was with me. I laugh now, as I look upon the resolution that I wrote a month since, whereby I determined to keep away from Austin Raymond. I did not take into consideration then, that the children might become such intense admirers of their uncle, as never to be willing to have him out of their sight. Such has really been the case; and, instead of he and I living as strangers, as I fully decided we should, he has been dragged into all of our rides, walks and conversations, by those little tormentors, until I am almost ready to forswear the whole race.

Even the school-room isn't free from his

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intrusion; but yesterday morning I put my foot down in such a manner that I don't believe that he will dare to show his face there again. I was setting some copies, and looking up suddenly, beheld all three of the children in imminent danger of breaking blood-vessels, in consequence of their efforts to check the laughter that convulsed them. Turning in the direction of their gaze, I met the grave face, but roguish blue eyes of Mr. Raymond, and provoked as I was, I could not but admire the graceful ease of his attitude, as he lounged on the window-sill, with his little spaniel, and the pretty Maltese kitten seated demurely before him. What performances he had been putting them through, I know not. Crossing the room, I laid my hand upon the gentleman's arm, when he exclaimed with a saucy smile:

"Don't you think that my pupils are as well-behaved as those little monkeys in yonder?" No sooner were these words spoken, than the sedate creatures were off on a race. I laughed.

"My presence excites your scholars, in about the same ratio that yours does mine," I said, gaily. "Please to remember that fact in the future, Mr. Raymond, and I presume that we shall each prosper much better in our departments. Good morning." And with that I shut down the window, leaving teacher and pupils to race or reflect together. Which they did, I have not been informed. At any rate, the troublesome uncle did not disturb me again that day, for which forbearance upon his part, I was devoutly grateful.

Margery is very much disgusted because her cousin has not the same curiosity to see his chosen bride that she has; and the smiles with which Mrs. Raymond first greeted the wanderer have given place to all the old sternness, in consequence of his delinquency in not seeking the lady, whom her brother fancied would be just the one to make his nephew a happy man. O, fatal mistake! In the meantime, that interested individual seems to endure all their frowns and reproaches with the most inperturbable good humor, if I except this morning, when in passing through the hall, I heard him exclaim in a loud and angry tone:

"Confound Delphine Howard! I don't care a straw if she is beautiful and accomplished; but I don't imagine that she is either. At any rate, I wouldn't marry her, if she was worth her weight in gold."

Back again up stairs I went with a smile upon my lips, and this thought stirring in my heart, "Much obliged to you for your flattering opinion of my humble self, Austin Raymond; and with regard to your good wishes, I would return them from the very depths of my soul, if it were ladylike."

But, after all, it isn't pleasant to be an object of abhorrence, and the feeling that I was hated by any human being made the tears come. Yes, I know that was why my cheeks were flushed and wet. Not that I cared for that particular gentleman's approval. O, no! for if he disliked me, I certainly scorned him, so in that we at least were even. Ten minutes later, while my eyes were yet humid, Margery came rushing into the room, without the ceremony of knocking, and throwing herself into a chair, cried out, despairingly:

"O Alice, what shall I do? Cousin Austin has frustrated all my plans. Would you believe it, the great obstinate fellow threatens to write to Miss Howard, and inform her that it is his wish to be released from the contract whereby his uncle bound him to her. I declare, I wonder that the boy wasn't too stubborn to grow up. Did you ever see such an absurd creature?"

Of course I answered that I never did, and at the same time, felt perfectly delighted that he *was* such a ridiculous person, for with the property secured to me, shouldn't I accomplish all that ever seemed to me desirable? To be sure! Ah! things were working very nicely, after all.

"I would give considerable to know if he has fallen in love with any of the fair travelling companions, that he has talked so much about," exclaimed Margery, after a minute's silence.

"Do you really think that he has?" I inquired, turning to my trunk, and converting order into confusion, by diligently searching for something that was not there, nor ever had been.

"No, upon second thought, I do not consider it at all probable, for when he first came home, I believe he fully intended to visit Delphine Howard immediately, but postponing it from day to day has made him rather dread it, I suppose, and I don't much wonder."

Why did my heart beat so fast when I asked that simple question? And was it her words that calmed the tumult? Now I think of it, I am sure that this important organ was as tranquil as could reasonably be expected, considering that Miss Liston was moving up and down the room like a small tornado.

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"O dear!" she wailed. "I did so want to have a bride in the house; and now I don't believe that Austin ever *will* marry. So all my visions of misty veils and orange blossoms are hopelessly fading away, to say nothing of the delightful wedding parties and extensive tour that I had planned."

Her mournful tone and manner struck me as so supremely ridiculous that I burst into a laugh, at which she looked half offended, but without appearing to take notice of it, I said, mischievously:

"Why, Margery, I don't think that the case is so very bad, after all. Why not still carry out your programme bettered by one alteration? Wear the bridal wreath yourself, instead of going as an attendant."

To my surprise, she did not reply to my suggestion with a smile and a jest, but paused in her walk, a perfect picture of blushing confusion. So my random shot had told. I was astonished. The next instant, Miss Liston was herself again, although her voice trembled slightly, as she said:

"Well, Alice, I am half inclined to adopt your advice. At all events, I don't imagine that there will be any living with aunt, if Austin persists in his insane determination. By the way, my dear, don't you believe that you had better talk to him? Perhaps your words might have some effect."

I opened my eyes. Margery's face was very grave. She was at least serious in her proposition.

"You forget," I said, hurriedly, "that he is not aware that I know anything about his affairs."

"So I did. Thank you for reminding me. No, you must not make even the most distant allusion to the matter, for if he should discover that I have given you any information with regard to that hateful will, I am afraid I should not get off as easily as Beulah did yesterday, when she inquired if he did not wish that it was you instead of Miss Howard that he had got to marry. How quickly he put her out of his arms, and with what a face he turned to his mother, desiring to know if all of the servants as well as the children were acquainted with that particular portion of his history; and if they were not, if they had not better be called in and regaled with the choice titbit. I think that it was the remembrance of that scene that made him so violent this morning. Well, it seems too bad that that girl should have all the property—only an adopted child, too; but I don't see as it can be helped. There, the carriage is at the door, and I suppose that you and Austin have got to take those young ladies out to ride. They don't give you a moment's peace, do they? After you return, if you happen to have a little leisure, I will tell you about myself. In the meantime, farewell." And away she went to the privacy of her own room.

I am very sure that I hate Austin Raymond. This evening Arthur Singleton called; and when he entered the room and I saw the glad light burn in Margery's eyes and glow upon her cheeks, I knew very well what she wished to tell me, and I said very softly in my heart, "God bless them!"

Sept. 12th.—Have I entered an enchanted realm since last I wrote upon these pages? I am almost inclined to the belief that I have. What a strange, inconsistent creature I am! To think that the stone which the builders rejected should after all become the head of the corner. No wonder that the blood creeps hotly into your cheeks, Delphine Howard; why, even I am ashamed of you. So this is the end of all your bitter rebelling! Does the world contain no higher bliss than being the wife of Austin Raymond! O, human nature! who shall boast a knowledge of thy mysteries? Yes, my feet *have* turned into a new path, which leads me over glory-crowned heights, and through fragrant valleys, where the sky wears a softer tint, and the sunshine drifts more goldenly over the green earth. Now, the fulfilling of Uncle Franklin's will seems to me to be the sum of all happiness.

It was a long time, however, before I acknowledged this even to my own heart. Ah! how well I remember that beautiful morning when the thought first dawned upon me that Austin Raymond was interested in the poor governess. That Delphine Howard would ever have a rival in Alice Howe I never imagined. This was how I learned the fact. I was seated in the library reading, and somehow or other I managed to drift away into dream-land. How long I remained there I know not, but I suddenly awoke to find Austin Raymond standing before me, with a look in his eyes such as I had never seen there before, and which burned down into the depths of my heart, as if it would call up an answering glance into the blackness of my own. The next moment he was the calm, self-possessed gentleman again, all unconscious that he had thrilled me with a new life, and kindled a fire upon the altar of my soul, which death itself could never quench.

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"Miss Howe," he said, drawing a chair to my side, "I heard you remark the other evening that you had never been over the forest road, and consequently could not offer an opinion upon the beauty of the scenery which Margery was so animatedly descanting upon. It struck me then, that such ignorance of the most charming portion of our country was deplorable, and that at the very earliest opportunity I would make Selim's swift feet bear you to that vicinity. We have splendid moonlight evenings now, and perhaps to-night will be the best time to go. What say you, shall we have an early tea and then be off?"

"I should like it very much," I answered, "if your mother is willing. As for the children, they will be overjoyed."

"Hang the children!" he muttered, a slight frown contracting his brow.

"That is a fine wish for a tender and affectionate uncle," I said, archly. He laughed.

"Well, the fact is, Alice, I wanted the troublesome comforts to remain at home this time."

"And so you are going to dispose of them in that way? convenient, very! But as I am their governess, and in a manner responsible for their well-being, I think that I shall take them along, for fear that your amiable wish may be echoed, and thus my pupils come to grief during our absence."

"I have an extremely bright idea, Miss Howe! Put them all to bed, out of harm's way, before you start."

"Such a summary proceeding upon my part would be viewed with the greatest indignation, even by Grace," I answered, laughing; "and as for our ladylike Eda, her uncle may consider himself a fortunate man that she did not hear his careless remark, for she remembers all such things."

At this moment, Mrs. Raymond entered the room, and her son, always polite and deferential to her, sprang up and offered her a chair, and then leaning over the back of it, said, pleadingly:

"Mother dear, I have been trying to persuade Miss Howe to ride out with me this evening, and for once to leave the children at home; but as yet I have been unsuccessful. Will you not add your entreaties to mine? Must she not only have charge of them during study hours, but every time that she stirs out for a little recreation, be compelled to listen to their abominable chatter, or to keep a watchful eye upon their movements lest they soil their clothes or break their necks?"

"Gently! gently! my son. Miss Howe, as you are not one of the complaining sort, there are moments when I quite forget that anything *can* trouble you. Will you not therefore show that you excuse my neglect of this matter, by riding with Austin to-night, leaving the children with Jane and me? I know that we shall not be their dear governess, but I presume that they will live until you return, and perhaps appreciate you all the more, when you do come back." And with this extremely complimentary speech, Mrs. Raymond settled into her chair, looking as though she thought that the matter was fully decided. And so it was, for although I mentally queried if she were not an unwise woman, I made no further objection to the arrangement, not even when that look in Austin's eyes drew my heart into mine.

I have nothing to say about that ride, only that as yet it is the brightest spot that has been woven into the web of my life. I look back over these last days reverently, for on every one of them is written—"Austin Raymond loves me." Blissful fact! I have read it in the soft blue eye, in the caressing, musical voice, and in the lingering touch of his hand, but as yet the winning, tender lips have never syllabled it. I know what seals them. He writhes a little at the thought that I am only a governess, but the native purity of that great, strong heart will assert itself at last, and then Delphine Howard will be proud of her hero. O, happy thought, that sent me forth to test him!

Others besides myself have discovered the gentleman's growing interest in the poor governess, and so next week I am going home. To be sure my engagement is not quite ended, but Mrs. Raymond, poor soul, is so distracted by her son's singular conduct that she has politely intimated that she thinks I need a vacation, and I have quietly acceded to her proposal. How relieved she looked. She is far too grateful, and also too much of a lady, to be rude or unkind in her dismissal, but that she will draw a sigh of relief when I am fairly out of the house, and an old and ugly duenna settled in my place, is very manifest.

Sept. 16th.—Only one more record in dear, beautiful Clover-Nook, for when the hills are crowned with the morrow's sunshine, you and I, my journal, will be speeding in the direction of New York. Ah! I shall always love this spot, and yet, strange to say, as I write of leaving it, a smile lays on my lips, and, more singular still, I do not believe that the world holds a

happier heart than mine is to night. An hour since I was sad, and as I stood in the drawing-room looking out into the purple twilight, I wondered if I was ever to battle with doubts and fears, and the answer came; not from the depths of my own soul, but in the deep, musical voice of Austin Raymond, and thus as the sky blossomed into beauty, so did I go forth from the darkness into the light, to dwell therein forevermore. But if his words filled me with joy unspeakable, they struck pain and dismay into the heart of another; for no sooner had he poured out the eloquent story of his love, than there was a movement in an adjoining recess and Mrs. Raymond stood before us.

"Austin," she said, and her voice trembled, "I had no intention of being a listener to your revelation, but I fell asleep on yonder lounge, and your words aroused me. It is too late for me to call you rash and ungenerous in making this proposition without consulting me; but I *can* beg of Alice to hesitate before she accepts you. Do you love him, child? If so, do you wish him to give up home, friends and wealth for your sake? or are you unselfish enough not to take advantage of his momentary passion, but to bid him for his own good remain where he is, while you go your way, and each forget the other? Believe me, it is the wisest course, for, as sure as you do marry, grief and misery will follow you. I have done now. When you have settled this matter, let me know whether I still have a son." And with these words she hurried to leave the apartment, but my hand stayed her.

"Mrs. Raymond," I exclaimed, "there is not more pride in your nature than there is in mine. Think you, then, that I would ever become Austin's wife, knowing that you would never receive me as such? O madam, you did not understand Alice Howe, if you dreamed that thing possible. If the day ever comes when you give your full and free consent to my marriage with your son, I shall be most happy; until then he will be to me as a stranger."

"O Alice, Alice! what are you saying?" cried the dear voice, in an agony of supplication. "Would you doom me to a life uncheered by your presence? Can you not trust me, my darling? I want no mother, nor no friends that can look with scorn upon you. If you refuse to be my wife through their intervention, I swear that the home that has known me, shall henceforth know me no more forever."

O the pain that crept into Mrs. Raymond's eyes, and contracted her face.

"Austin," I said, gravely, "do not give me reason to regret that I have ever met you, as I certainly shall, if I find that I am sowing the seeds of discord between you and your mother. Your first duty is to her. Do you not see that it is affection for you that makes her seem harsh? Would you wound her unto death? After all, will your lot be any harder than mine? Surely if a woman can endure the inevitable with patience and resignation, a man ought to. But, O my beloved, anchor your soul in the thought, that if it is decreed that you and I are to walk life's path together, no mortal possesses the power to keep us separate. Take courage, then, my own, and also this comfort, if you will, that if you do not call me wife, no other man ever shall."

O, the grief and passion in that face as he bent and kissed my lips, and then turning to his mother, said:

"She has spoken, if not wisely, at least well, so I take back my hasty words, and am your son again."

For an answer, she laid her hand caressingly upon his head, while the love and tenderness in her eyes was unspeakable. Presently she looked at me, exclaiming in a voice of strange sweetness:

"Alice, your lesson is not entirely lost; still my pride is not quite conquered, and now I am going to ask you to do something that will be harder than all the rest. Will you put my boy on a two months' probation, and tell him—for he obeys your commands better than mine now—that during that time he must visit Delphine Howard and strive earnestly to like her? If you will do this, and at the end of that period his heart still clings to you, I will no longer oppose you."

"O mother," groaned Austin, "you must think me extremely changeable."

"Shall I put you to the test?" I said, gaily. "Yes, I think that I will. So be prepared to report yourself in two months, or else send me an invitation to your wedding;" and with a laugh at the unexpected turn which affairs had taken, but which both mother and son probably interpreted as evincing a fear of a rival, I left the room. What *will* they say at the denouement?

Oct. 10th.—Well! the mask has fallen, and Alice Howe the governess is transformed into Delphine Howard the heiress. A change that, after the first surprise was over, seemed to satisfy everybody. I shall never forget that

afternoon that Austin Raymond's card was brought up, and I descended in my new—or rather old—character to meet him. He did not know me when I first entered the room, but the next instant his face was a sight to see; and now, O my journal, he has the impudence to say that Delphine Howard in her curls and silk, is much better-looking than Alice Howe in her sober dress and plainly braided hair. Ah, I fear that his mother's advice is being followed, and that his old love is in danger of being deserted for the new. O how I recalled all his naughty speeches about my other half, and how meekly he received my chidings, until he happened to think that perhaps I had not always entertained the same opinion of Austin Raymond that I do at the present time; and then my mouth was shut, and as a vision of these pages rose up before me, I changed the subject.

What would I not have given to have been present, when my mama that is to be received a note from her dutiful son, informing her that after a week's acquaintance with Miss Howard, he had come to the conclusion, as had also the lady, that it was expedient—indeed desirable—that the conditions of her brother's will should be fulfilled at the earliest opportunity; and with a view to arranging all necessary preliminaries, it was the wish of his dear Delphine, that she and Margery would honor her with a visit as soon as they could possibly make it convenient.

Ah! I think that in the midst of Mrs. Raymond's joy at this unexpected announcement, her thoughts sadly reverted to the poor confiding Alice; and perhaps for a moment she felt that her son was just the least bit in the world contemptible, but her letter betrayed none of this. Margery's on the contrary was bursting with indignation; and Austin declared that never in his life had his little cousin given him quite such a scolding. She certainly was not choice in the epithets that she applied to him, and the pictures that she drew of the poor deserted governess would surely have made us weep if we had not been so much amused. She thanked her stars that her Arthur was not such a mercenary wretch; and heartily hoped that if wealth ever did take to itself wings, at least a portion of his might fly away. She began her letter by stating that she should not visit Miss Howard until she was absolutely obliged to, but, Margery-like, she wound up with the remark, that the following week she hoped to have a look at the girl who hadn't the spirit to say no to Austin Raymond.

I must confess, that I was particularly anxious with regard to my personal appearance, as the hour drew near in which I was to receive my distinguished visitors, and at last when Lu—now Mrs. Maynard—came up to inform me that they had arrived, I turned away from the glass with a despairing gesture, feeling that I had never looked so wretchedly before. But Lu, who can afford to compliment now, declared that I was charming; an opinion, that I saw with a flutter was verified in the eyes of Austin as I met him in the hall. The next instant, leaning on that strong arm, I stood before his mother.

"Miss Howe!" she exclaimed, with a bewildered glance at my costly robe.

"Ard," said my companion, with a smile; "the fact is, mother, the sly puss never told her whole name. Now let me introduce to you Alice Delphine Howard your governess, and yet the adopted child of Uncle Franklin. In short, the lady who could not get a husband unless she was disposed of by will, eh, Margery."

Explanations followed; and at last we settled down into the quiet calmness of the old days. A fortnight hence we go to Boston, for in three weeks Margery becomes Mrs. Singleton. It is decided now that with the dawning of the new year, dear Uncle Franklin's wishes shall be realized, and so through much tribulation I have emerged at last into the perfect day.

LIZZIE'S LETTERS.

I read them again and again,
For to me their every word
Is like a note of a lovely strain
In the leafy greenwood heard.

Although hidden the songster there,
Yet we know the music well;
And stand entranced in the summer air
By the magic of its spell.

Thus her dear face I may not see,
But the music in these lines
Is sweet as a wild-bird song to me,
Or a Sabbath even's chimes.

So I keep them all together,
And when with grief oppress,
I bring my treasures forth, and ever
They hush my soul's unrest.

L'AUTOMNE.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

A glory rests o'er all the sea and land;
The hills are folded in a robe of mist;
Across the hyaline by daylight spanned,
The clouds are wrought of clearest amethyst;
The languid air is heavy with the sweet
Of summer flowers, dying 'neath our feet.

The royal Autumn, queenly in her pride,
Comes forth attended by a fairy train;
About her all the softest odors glide,
Sweet music chants for her its low refrain;
We catch her noiseless footfalls 'neath the shade,
And mark the sunshine by her presence made.

Our life is launched upon a sea of dreams,
Above whose misty depths we float serene;
We revel in the light that o'er us beams,
As on we glide, the sea and sky between.
The dew of morn upon our pathway lies,
And evening wraps us in her Tyrian dyes.

Rich globes of honeyed sweets hang in the sun,
Their ruby blushes deepening day by day;
From all the golden summer they have won
The treasured store so deftly hid away.
With nectared lip and downy cheek, they shine,
A sumptuous banquet for a taste divine.

The winds are hushed to stillness; on the air
There falls the drowsy hum of insect life;
The droning beetle hurls, with little care,
His whirring lance of sound amid the strife;
Our lives flow on towards the sunset verge,
With neither break of wave nor roar of surge.

MARIAN'S BETROTHALS.

BY FRANCES V. ROGERS.

CHAPTER I.

SUNSET in the country. Fields of ripening grain nodding in the wind, their yellow tops touched with the golden brightness of the last sunbeams, seeming like good-night kisses. Birds were twittering a farewell to day, ere seeking their tree-homes.

It was a very pretty spot where stood Marian Hale, leaning on the pasture bars, and she was not unmindful of it. To-morrow she was to go back to her city home, after a sojourn of two months amid the grand old elms at Elmwood. Very swiftly had fleeted the days of her visit, and she felt that to-morrow, when she would press a kiss on Cousin Rachel's brow, and say good-by, she would not go away the merry little maiden that she came.

Two months had been ages to that little heart, for love had crept in. Burton Stanley now held sway there. How could it be otherwise? Handsome, manly, gallant, the companion of moonlight sails, and morning rides over the wooded road, what wonder that Marian was caught in Love's silken net? And here she leaned on the old cedar rails, and in thought lived it all over again, and

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wondered how she could go home, back to school and study—and forget.

Marian had been visiting Rachel Lynde, her cousin, who lost a mother's tender care in infancy, but who was the petted child of a good old father; and their laughter had made the old halls ring, and for two months Rachel and Marian had been the happiest of the happy; but on the eve of separation Rachel was weeping amid the jessamine vines of the porch, and Marian's hand had a silent tear upon it, as she stood mid the golden wheat.

Burton Stanley, the unconscious possessor of Marian's heart, was that moment lying on the grass with hat pulled down over his eyes to shield them from the golden glow of the sinking sun—perhaps to hide a tear, for he was but a boy—slender, pale and beautiful.

Near by, leaning against an old apple-tree, stood his cousin, Cecil Harwood. Burton had been almost as long at his grand-parents as Marian had been at Elmwood. Cecil had only come down for a fortnight's hunting and fishing; but the gun and fishing gear had not been moved from where they were lodged the night of his arrival, for in his first morning stroll, he had come upon Burton, Marian and Rachel, down by the little wee brook that parted the two estates, and from that moment his intended sports were forgotten.

Cecil was a man of twenty-five, a young lawyer, rapidly drifting toward fame. His heart away down was kind, but there was a thirsting for a great name, that almost crushed out the spark of kindliness nature had given him. To be high in his profession, the owner of an elegant home and a beautiful, accomplished wife, was all he would ask—so he had often said. He cared not whether the sweet flower of affection blossomed about his hearthstone. Love was a myth, when eyes lost their brightness, and tresses grew less heavy, and silver threaded among them. He would choose his bride from a kind of beauty that lasted far into life. Marian had this beauty. She was now but a girl, with slight agile form, hair of midnight blackness, large pensive eyes with sweeping lashes; but to the criticizing observer, there was the outline of a peerless creature at thirty, and "fair and forty" at that two-score age.

True, meek little Rachel with her blue eyes, had made a little stir in his bosom, and more than once fond words had leaped to his lips, but alas! hers was a beauty that would fade! If he loved her now, he argued, would he a few years hence, when the roses of girlhood left her, and a pale, faded woman looked to him for affection?

Mistaken man! as if years did not render dearer to those that love, white, spiritual faces and sunken forms. And was *he* never to grow old? But Cecil Harwood never thought of that.

He was watching Burton as he reclined amid the clover blossoms. Burton's mouth only was visible—the hat protecting the upper portion of his face; and as a faint smile played about it, Cecil in his aptness, guessed he was weaving bright visions, with Marian Hale interwoven. Should a beardless boy carry off the prize he coveted? No! and he ground his heel into the soft earth. Marian should be his.

Cecil rightly guessed the burden of his cousin's thoughts, but his impatient movement brought Burton back to himself—to the reality, that to-morrow Elmwood would lose its greatest attraction. O, what a blank would to-morrow be without Marian! then what would a lifetime be without her! He shuddered at the possibility of such a thing. He sprang upon his feet, and over the stone wall and started straight for Elmwood.

Proud Cecil chose the gate, but he was just as intent on getting to Elmwood, as his youthful cousin. Coming up to Burton, he locked his arm in his.

"Going to Elmwood, Burt?"

"Yes."

"So am I."

Poor Burton felt he had a dangerous rival, and as he glanced at his cousin, he thought he had never seen him look more fascinating than to-night. There was a light flashing in his eye, and upon his olive cheek there was a deep glow, and 'neath the long, heavy moustache there seemed a fixedness of purpose. Was he thinking of Marian? thought Burton, and did he love her so well? Burton did not know that triumph could change a face as much as love. It was the same light, the same glow that rendered that face so darkly beautiful, that burned upon it when his eloquence held the gifted spell-bound. O Cecil Harwood! why stride away from the love of fond maiden, to satisfy such fatal ambition!

Elmwood was but a short distance, and as they turned up the lane each beheld a blue dress amid the jessamine vines. Burton would give worlds to be rid of Cecil now, for there was Marian. He had called her "pretty blue-bell" last evening, as he bade her good-night; dear girl, and his heart beat fast, she

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had worn it to-night, perhaps, because he liked it.

Cecil *knew* it was Rachel, for not two hours before he had ridden by and doffed his hat gallantly to both, and Marian's dress was of snowy brilliant—and just then he saw the flutter of a white robe down in the wheat-field.

"You are but poor company, Burton; so I'll take a stroll, with thought for company."

"Cecil!" and Burton caught his hand, "do you love her?" pointing toward the jessamine vines.

"I should rather tell her, if I did, than you."

"Well, Cecil, *I* do. I shall take advantage of your absence and tell her all. If I lose, I suppose you'll win."

"Well, good luck, my boy."

Cecil turned, smiling to himself. He knew he would reach the bars where Marian stood, and whisper soft and low, the "old story," before Burton could look within the jessamines and discover his mistake.

CHAPTER II.

"Ah, Miss Hale, tears?" said Cecil, as one light bound brought him to her side.

"Yes," she replied, raising her head. "I've been so happy with Rachel. Dear cousin! I believe she loves me very dearly. I could not bear to see her weep, and so I stole away."

"She has got a comforter now, Marian, and will you let me be yours?"

"A comforter! who?" she quickly asked.

"Why, Burton, to be sure. He shook off my company as he turned into the lane, and I thought I would not intrude; so I came where I had far rather be, by your side, Marian."

Marian's heart almost stood still. Burton love Rachel! She had never dreamed of that! could one so young be so steeped in deception? What meant the gentle murmurings, the whispered compliments, the hand-pressures? He had ever been gallant to Rachel, but in all their intercourse, there had been a tenderness expressed for herself. Perhaps, she thought, his very love for Rachel kept him from display of any feeling that should be tell-tale, and because he was her *friend* only; there reared no barrier between them, and their meetings had been thoughtless and unrestrained. O Marian! there is greater deception abroad, than poor Burton Stanley ever dreamed of.

"Marian," began Cecil, in those winning tones, "do not look across the fields, and into space, seeing nothing but my little cousin Burt. Perhaps he will not repay you with one responsive thought. They are too happy to think of us. Let us be happy, Marian, and forget the world."

"Happy? do you think they are? Do you think Burton loves Rachel, more than as a dear friend?"

"Marian, let his own words answer. He took me by the arm, and asked me if I loved her, pointing to Rachel. I told him my secret was for maiden ears alone. He said, 'I do, and shall take advantage of your stroll and tell her all.'"

Marian leaned her head upon the bars, and her fingers went over a portion of their surface, as those of the blind upon the head-stone letters of some loved one. The names of Marian and Burton were neatly cut there.

"Marian, *I* love you. Look up dearest, and read its depth, in my face."

The head moved not, but she answered tremulously:

"I've enjoyed your society very much, Mr. Harwood. You are talented, and every quality woman could ask, you possess. I feel honored, but—I cannot be yours. Had I never seen *him*, I think I could love you."

"O Marian, if your heart is broken, why break mine too? You know how rude is the shock; why embitter my life also? I am willing to take you loveless, and teach you by my devotion to be happy; nay, to love me, to value my caresses and to wait for my coming at even, as a fond wife should. Marian, be my wife, since you have no hope to wait for my boy-cousin. Lean upon me ever after; no other rude withering blast shall sweep over you; safe in the shelter of my protecting arms, your little weary heart shall find anchorage, Marian;" and his hand sought hers.

There was a struggle, and then—

"Cecil Harwood, I accept you!"

"God bless you, my own." And as they slowly went back to the house, Cecil's ring was slipped upon Marian's finger. She saw it blaze there, and her face grew white.

"Let it remain there till I go to town, when a more befitting one shall deck this little hand;" and he raised her fingers gallantly to his lips. "Will you give me the betrothal kiss, Marian?"

"O Cecil, ask me nothing now, I am bewildered."

From out the window came the rich voice of Rachel, mingled with the deep notes of Burton, and in the twilight of that Indian summer,

those two voices had a strange witchery for both listeners. They took seats in the garden, where, through the open casement, both performers could be seen in the lighted room. There both sat and gazed, as exiled ones at the receding shores of their native land.

Cecil did not love Marian. It was her finished style and beauty he coveted—just as one would covet a rare book to embellish his library shelf, or beautiful plant to deck his garden.

At that moment as he sat watching Rachel Lynde, all the proud longings of his heart seemed to roll away—as do leaden clouds from off a stormy sky—leaving all the gentler impulses of his nature uppermost. He felt love deep and pure well up for the little one at the piano, and as inspiration seized her, and her eye caught a rich lustre, and the soft cadences rose to a wild, passionate strain, it seemed her very breath floated out and touched his cheek. He glanced at Marian. There she sat, beautiful as sculptured marble, but just as cold and passionless. Would she ever be thus? He felt that moment he had a heart, full of craving—hungry for love-words. Marian loved another. There would never be but a mockery of love between them. "O Rachel!" his heart cried out in its fullness. Had the mood come upon him last night, Rachel had been blest, for Cecil was her worshiped one, and it was the thought of him, that lent that wild beauty to her face, and gave such passion to her voice.

And Marian. O what calmness without, what torture within! One moment, she was tempted to fall on her knees, and beseech Cecil to release her from her hasty vows—the next, a feeling of exultation would come over her, as she looked upon Burton, and thought of the deception dwelling beneath the saintly face—just as smooth waters have fierce currents beneath. A sense of desolation seemed to seize both—and the night wind bore away two sighs.

"Mr. Harwood—Cecil," stammered Marian, "I am weary. I must seek rest. Good-night."

As she hurried away, the thought of Cecil's white face haunted her, and she felt she had been harsh. She would hush her own heart's sighings, and years would at least still this wild tumult within, and leave, perhaps, only the smouldering embers of a once happy love. In her pitying moment, she flew back to his side.

"Cecil, forgive my coldness and neglect. I will try so hard to look upon this betrothal with pleasure. I will never be unkind again." And she pressed a kiss upon his brow.

"Marian," he said hoarsely, "I am unworthy of you. I—"

"No, Cecil, too good. Your pale face seems a reproach. Good-night, once again." And the next moment she had climbed the oaken stairs, and in the darkness groped to her chamber, and wild convulsive sobs told that something worse than death had come to Marian Hale.

What strange misunderstanding! The bright stars and sleeping flowers were no listeners, and Cecil groaned aloud. Throwing himself upon the seat, he hid his face in his hands. Panorama-like his life came up before him. He saw his fatal curse. To be aspiring in his profession was not wrong, but to follow ambition into love, was like the chasing of the will-o-wisp. He felt a changed man—but too late! O! to give back to time the few last hours—but the future was his, to undo the wrongs to the gentle Marian.

"No," he said, and his old pride came syren-like. "I can never confess the baseness I've practised to-night. It is but just punishment to meet my fate, as I have planned it."

CHAPTER III.

THE light steps of Marian going over the stairs were heard in the parlor. Rachel came into the hall, and called Marian twice—but no answer.

"Poor Marian, she complained of headache before dark," said Rachel.

"Under the circumstances, I will not keep you longer," said Burton. "I will come over early to-morrow, and say good-by."

She followed him down the lane, saying:

"What a lovely night—it seems as if angels were abroad."

"There is one in the lane now," said Burton laughingly, as he plucked a little branch of sweet-brier, and trimmed off all the thorns. "Carry this to the other angel, please, who is a little nearer heaven, being up one flight of stairs, and tell her, I would make her life-path as thornless. Will you tell her that, good Rachel?"

"Certainly I will, because," she hesitated, "it will make her happy. Good-night."

He turned down the road, and she slipped from the lane into the garden. As she went up the flower-edged walk, she untied the knot of blue ribbon that confined her long hair, and it swept down about her form like a mantle

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of gold. Hearts sterner than Cecil Harwood's would have gazed on such angelic loveliness, and forgot earth and almost heaven. A smile flitted, like a shadow, across her sweet face, and her dress brushed him as she passed. He forgot all—his ambition, his betrothal—he knew only, this was the time in the tide of his affairs, and he took it at the flood.

"Angel of light," broke from his lips.

"Why, Mr. Harwood, how you frightened me. Did you call for Burton? he has—"

"Burton? No, darling, for you," and he drew her to the rustic seat. "I've been watching you through yonder window, and in that last passionate song you stole my heart away. I am a miserable man—sullied by the world's contaminating influences. I've broken off, to-night, the shackles of its selfishness, and if, dearest Rachel, you will take me, I am saved;" and he drew her unresistingly to him, and in one rapturous moment, he knew he was truly loved. And Rachel—dear, sainted one, she could have died, and breathed her life away in low communings of affection. Only a moment he held her thus, then put her from him.

"Rachel, how can I tell you all? Dear child, you will turn away, when I tell you I am Marian's promised husband!"

There was a faint cry, and her hand went to her heart, as she strove to rise.

"No, no, you shall not leave me—you must hear. I have been a vain, ambitious man—striving to outdo my fellows. I did not love Marian, but she would adorn my home, I thought, and the world would be full of praise for the beautiful wife of Cecil Harwood. I thought that the hollow lip-praise of a fashionable world would requite me for affection—but I find to-night, it never could—never. You *must* love me."

"But Marian—" began Rachel.

"Go to her, and tell her what I have told you, and that Burton Stanley adores her;" and he told her of the little ruse in the lane, that brought such pain to four hearts. "She will bless you for it, and breathe free once more. I will away to gladden poor Burton. Good-by, darling"—and yet he did not go. The happiness of this moment was something new and strange to Cecil Harwood—to love, to be loved—to forget the fashionable town and its hollow forms—O, it was like breaking from some wretched spell.

"Your promise, lily-bud," he pleaded.

"Would you be my promised husband, while your ring sparkles on Marian's hand? No, no, Cecil, I love you, but wait till to-morrow evening, when the mists will have cleared, and then will be cloudless skies for all of us. Now I must go—I've neglected poor Marian too long."

A clasping of hands—her look of confiding trust—his of high hope and new-born joy—and they parted.

Softly Rachel opened the door of Marian's chamber. There she lay upon the couch, half-delirious. Rachel went and laid her hand on Marian's head, saying, "poor girl."

"Yes, Rachel, you may pity me—I need it. You in your happiness can never know how this poor heart is wrung and tortured. To-morrow I must retract the promise of to-night. You smile—you do not know that my guardian angel forsook me to-night, and that I promised to be Cecil's wife, when there is another, dearer than all else. If I must relinquish, forever, the sweet dream at Elmwood, I will at least take away peace. Dear Rachel, will you sit by me—tell me of your new-born joy, of hopes realized, of future bright? Perhaps I may forget my own griefs, for a time, listening to the recital." And Marian threw herself back upon the pillows, and drew a long breath, of sorrow born.

"There," began Rachel, "do not talk any more. I will tell you something that will please you. Burton sent you this tiny branch of sweet-brier—see, there is not a thorn on it—he said he would make your life path as thornless."

Marian started up as she took the little offering, but Rachel gently put her back, and laid her fingers on her lips; and then she told her all that Cecil had said, and Marian laid her head on Rachel's bosom, and wept for joy. Burton loved her, and Cecil, Rachel! 'Twas as she often had wished. Storm-clouds had gathered and thickened about her, but now it seemed she had been carried to a land of cloudless skies, nodding blossoms and wandering zephyrs.

Sleep stole none of her sweet peace from her, for her pale lips oft parted with smiles, and syllabled "Burton."

It was late when Rachel noiselessly left her watching. Rest had come to Marian, and she left her with the sweet-brier clasped in hand upon her breast, looking as if she were laid in death. As Rachel looked back from the door, she smiled to see Cecil's diamond and Burton's sweet-brier nestling so closely together.

Morning came—but Marian slept late. The time for her departure had passed when

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Rachel peeped into her chamber, but the tiptoe tread wakened her.

"There, Marian, you cannot go home today. I would not wake you, for I wanted you one more day, if possible. Cecil and Burton have been here, and since you cannot go home, they have gone over after their horses, and James is saddling Fleetfoot and Katy, and we are going to ride over to that ruined old mill you have seen in my sketch-book, and think looks so romantic."

Marian, only too happy to spend one more day at Elmwood, performed her toilet with light heart, while Rachel hurried away to order the daintiest of breakfasts to be sent to her chamber.

An hour later there was a clattering of hoofs in the lane, and Marian's heart beat fast as she stood in the porch. Will not Cecil relent the turn of affairs, when he sees her looking like a royal lady, in her long black riding-dress and plumed hat? He sees her, and springing from his horse, turned toward her. Marian gives something to Cecil, and he grasps her hand, saying:

"I'm forgiven, am I not—and we are friends?"

"Yes, to both questions," was the reply. And then he helped her upon her horse, while Burton assisted Rachel to mount, and horses never carried four happier burdens.

Cecil and Rachel soon left their companions behind, and along that shady, woodland road, there were uttered truer and more lasting vows, than the night before amid the golden wheat.

THE PANAMA RAILROAD.

Starting from Aspinwall, says a recent tourist over this route, the lines were first laid to the left of the river Chagres, and although we did not follow all the turnings and windings, we occasionally caught sight of the water, till at a distance of twenty miles from Aspinwall, we crossed the stream on an iron bridge about 600 feet long and 200 high, and lost sight of the stream. The road now lay along the side of a hill with a slight ascent, till we arrived at an elevation of 300 feet above the level of the sea, a short distance from Panama, where the stream turned off, and the trains run down a declivity without further aid from the engine till they stopped on a platform on the shores of the Pacific.

The railway has been cut through the virgin forest, the lower lands being marshy and swampy on the Atlantic side, but more firm as we proceed to Panama. After the vegetation had been cleared, the line was formed by raising it about six feet above the level of the swamp by filling in with stones and shingle that was collected along the coast. This road, as may be supposed, is constantly requiring repairs, and a considerable number of natives are thus employed. No description will convey an idea of the impervious mass of vegetation displayed in the forest. One only who has seen it can form an idea of the ancient forests of the carboniferous period of geologists.

On the margin are thick impenetrable masses of sensitive plant, a thorny bush with small leaves that close naturally on being touched. These are backed by canes and reeds, here and there interspersed with plantain and banana trees with large wide-spreading leaves. Gigantic white lilies, orange and lemon trees, fill up where they may find room; and towering above all the cocoa-nut palm, mango, sycamore, oak, mahogany, and innumerable others. Amongst these are creepers and parasitical plants, drooping and festooning from bough to bough; ivy and convolvulus showing out strongest. Here were most gaudily-colored flowers and foliage, blossoms of blue, yellow and scarlet of the brightest shades, but without scent, mixing with insects that dazzle the eye; gigantic butterflies, humming-birds and parroquets that match the blossoms, are descried amongst the verdure. Flocks of birds of gorgeous plumage, but with frightful shrieks instead of song. No traces beyond the outskirts of the forest can be distinguished; whether hill or vale, nothing can be seen.

Every turn in the road presents new colors, new plants, more magnificent blossoms, thicker jungle, and a denser mass of trees and shrubs. Here, at times, are to be seen huge snakes coiling themselves across the road, the tapir, alligator, birds of prey, storks and pelicans, armadilloes, etc., just startled into cover at our approach. From the time that we commenced our descent, the country gradually assumed a more cultivated appearance, the ground became more fertile and less marshy after crossing the bridge, and now, on nearing Panama, we were surrounded by fields. Now and then a hut, then a man, or dog, showed that we drew near the town, and at last we stopped on the shores of the Pacific, having accomplished in three hours what took our ancestors as many weeks to perform.

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A HUSKING FESTIVAL.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

Bright golden stores o'er all the land
Has Ceres spread with generous hand,
And now the yeoman garners in
His ripened crop to groaning bin.
To-day good Farmer Holt's barn-floor
Hath busy hands swept o'er and o'er;
And round an unhusked heap of corn,
That blooming maids will soon adorn,
Are ranged the seats of rusty brown;
While lanterns from each beam shine down.

The sun has set. In pairs they come,
And quickly fill the well-aired room;
No rudeness here, or haughty air,
But all the smiles of pleasure wear;
The glow of health, through honest toil,
Has blessed these tillers of the soil.
In happy converse all engage,
And mirth and wit are all the rage.
Content the youth by lovely maid,
No need is there of manners staid,
Since prudish scruples may to-night
Give room to innocent delight.
While gaily chatting, there's a stir,
A rush towards a girl demure;
The prettiest in all the town—
Sweet, curly-headed Nelly Brown;
For three have found the prize so dear,
And hold aloft the famed *red* ear,
And claim from her the blessed price—
O, don't her pouting lips look nice!
The penalty is quickly paid;
And soon another handsome maid
Receives a lucky youth's embrace
With coyish smile and blushing face.
Ah! thus with mirth doth labor blend,
And Cupid his attractions lend;
The hours fly swift on winged feet,
And midnight sees the work complete—
There, husked, the golden store of corn
They leave at sound of supper-horn.

Behold a kitchen gleaming bright,
From mammoth backlogs all a-light
In the great chimney-corner placed.
Zounds! here an epicurean taste
Could surely to repletion sate—
What luxuries the throng await!
Upon the tables, white as snow,
The choicest viands smoking glow;
Here, turkey greets the wandering eye;
There, crisp and golden pumpkin-pie;
Plump doughnuts, and rich pudding, too,
Are offered to the raptured view!
And here, the favorite apple-jack
And cider, causing lips to smack,
And other dainties of the farm,
Present a truly solid charm.

"All to the feast," the matron said,
And to the farmer's bounty led
The festal huskers, who sat down
In homespun plaid and gingham gown.
Yet what cared they for fashion's rule?
They quaffed their wisdom in a school
Where foolish pride was all unknown,
And pomp of birth no tares had sown.

The supper o'er, each happy swain
Leads his fair partner back again
To the sanded floor, all gleaming bright
Beneath the lanterns' twinkling light.
The fiddlers tune their viols high,
And now through contra-dance they fly,
While ruddy cheeks and rounded arms
Attest the worth of budding charms.
And so, until the eastern sky
Proclaims the coming dawn is nigh,
They dance and sing the hours away,
And artless games with vigor play;
Then "pairing off," as old folks say,
They slowly plod the homeward way.

THE PIRATE FOILED.

BY HOWARD W. JAMES.

MIDNIGHT, with all its clouds and darkness, had settled down over the hushed city of Havana, and the struggling street lamps faintly glimmered through the murky air. No sound met the ear save the occasional tramp of some benighted traveller, the solitary "all's well!" of the lonely sentinel on his dreary post, or the bark of a truant dog escaping from his kennel, and "making night hideous" with his long-drawn and melancholy howlings. All else was still as a deserted country churchyard, where the gleaming marble keeps its patient watch above the dead, and the wandering night-breezes go sadly and faintly wailing by.

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In the gorgeous parlor of one of the noble mansions that front upon the Palace Square, sat an aged man whose brow was furrowed over by care and sordid passions, and his hair frosted by the lapse of years. It was Don Solliman Padilla, one of the proud grandees of haughty Spain, who had, a long time previous to the opening of our tale, become impoverished by his extravagance and his excesses, and having been forced to dispose of his family estates in order to satisfy the clamorous demands of his creditors, he had decided to embark for Cuba, where the expense of maintaining his former state would be far less than in his native land, and where he hoped he should be enabled by some lucky stroke to redeem his fortune and once again return to Spain. His lady had literally died of a broken heart on discovering the ruin of Don Solliman, and with his only remaining child, a fair, dark-eyed girl of some ten summers, he arrived in the sunny isle, and exhausted the remainder of his wrecked fortune in the purchase and furnishing in the most gorgeous manner of one of the splendid mansions fronting upon the principal square of the city, and nearly opposite the residence of the captain general.

As he had spent all the remainder of his once brilliant fortune in the purchase of his Cuban estate, many wondered how he managed to keep up the appearance of state and grandeur which seemed to possess so many charms for him, and strange rumors began to be circulated in regard to him, and it was more than hinted that he had dealings with the pirates that were at that time infesting the West Indian seas, or that, at the best, he was in some manner concerned in fitting out the fast-sailing slavers that were continually leaving the harbor of Havana. But these, of course, were only rumors, for he had a remarkable share of caution, and never permitted any person to pry into his affairs. It was true that strange and rough looking men were often seen to enter and depart from his splendid mansion, but then they might have been only laborers who had been employed by him about his premises, and everything in regard to him was buried in the deepest mystery.

For full six years had this state of things continued, and now the old don's only daughter had grown up into a beautiful young lady, and attracted all eyes by her witching loveliness, whenever she came out for a promenade in the public square or along the fashionable thoroughfares. To say that the Lady Clara Padilla was beautiful, would be but to convey a faint impression of charms such as are seldom granted to beings of earthly mould, and would do but feeble justice to one who was the cynosure of all eyes—the observed of all observers. Tall and exquisitely formed, with a brow as white as that of an alabaster statue, round which her raven hair in rich and waving masses was gracefully clustered—with eyes whose jetty darkness vied with the raven's plumage—and with a step as light and elastic as that of the wandering zephyrs over the opening flowers, what wonder if she turned the heads of half the young dons of the island, and bewitched the remainder? She was in sooth, a being formed to love, and many a noble scion bowed in adoration at her feet, and offered their homage at the shrine of her beauty.

But the young Donna Clara was not to be won so easily. With a merry peal of laughter she turned from their tears and their protestations, and left them plunged in the depths of despair.

But things were not always doomed to be thus. One bright and sunny evening in flowery June, an American sloop-of-war that had been sent out in order to suppress some portion of the piracy which at that time existed to an alarming extent, dropped her anchor in the harbor of Havana, and having sent down her topgallant and royal yards, prepared for a stay of some days. As a matter of course her officers were, a large portion of the time, on shore, visiting at the houses of the principal inhabitants, and partaking largely in that hospitality which distinguishes the well-bred Cubans, and enjoying themselves to the utmost of their power.

Among the officers of the American sloop-of-war, none seemed a greater favorite than the young Victor Henrique, the hero of our tale. There was something so frank, open, and manly in his bearing and deportment, that everybody liked him, and felt a friendship for him at the first glance. He was of French extraction, having been born upon the island of Martinique, when his father was the American consul for that place, and he inherited many of the lofty and chivalric qualities that graced the knights who flourished in the days of the old regime. In person he was extremely handsome, though not approaching the "pretty," which is generally understood as the characteristic features of a lady's man, and few who once beheld him would be likely to soon forget him.

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Young Henrique was much on shore, for he was the favorite aid of the captain, and of course enjoyed many privileges that were not accorded to the others, and he spent a considerable portion of his time at the Cafe Espanol, one of the largest hotels in the city. One afternoon while seated in the drawing-room, a stranger came in who at once attracted the attention of our hero, and he eyed him with a kind of interest which he had seldom felt in any individual before. He was very tall, standing something like six feet six inches, and was dressed in the very height of the prevailing fashion, and his clothes were all of the most costly material. His features, which had evidently once been handsome, were bronzed and weater-beaten, and he bore an immense sabre-scar upon his left cheek, which had evidently been given in some deadly fray. Nevertheless, his address was frank and courteous, and young Henrique entered into conversation with him, and was much pleased with his apparent intelligence and good feeling. Being thrown off his guard by the affable and gentlemanly deportment of the new comer, our hero suffered himself to be drawn into a discussion in regard to the many acts of piracy which had recently taken place in the neighborhood of Cuba, and before he was himself aware of it, he had unwittingly let out several of the secrets of the movements of his own vessel, and her intended mode of procedure upon the coast, all of which seemed much to gratify the stranger, and after a while he proposed that he should accompany him upon a walk about the city, offering to act as his *cicerone*, and to point out such objects as had not already come under his observation. To this proposition young Henrique assented, and the twain, though nearly strangers to each other, proceeded arm in arm towards the public plaza, where a splendid military band was sending forth rich strains of music upon the still twilight air.

Many a gay lady was promenading to and fro along the gravelled walks of the plaza, and our hero, who was a passionate admirer of female beauty, oft paused to descant upon their charms and to inquire who they were, of the stranger, who seemed to know every one that passed. They had in this manner strolled about the public square for some time, and were about to depart for another section of the city, when a vision of loveliness flitted by, which completely enthralled the young American, and made him hold his breath with very awe. It was a young female, as beautiful as a dream of paradise, seated in a carriage by the side of a surly old don, who seemed to pay no attention whatever to the lovely object near him, but kept his eyes fixed upon the promenaders in the square, to some of whom he bowed in a haughty and supercilious manner, as if he thought himself formed of better clay than those who were about him. As he passed the man who had volunteered to act as *cicerone* to our hero, however, he bowed with a graceful and dignified smile, and the vision of loveliness by his side gave him a gay look of recognition as if she had frequently met with him before. The carriage rolled on and was quickly lost to view, when Victor, turning to his companion, asked abruptly:

"Who, in the name of all that's wonderful, is that beautiful creature that has just passed us? They both seemed to recognize you."

"And suppose they did, sir? I cannot perceive that such a circumstance should warrant you, a perfect stranger, in making impertinent inquiries in regard to my acquaintances."

The whole tone and manner of the man seemed changed, and there was a cloud upon his brow as black as midnight. Henrique reddened to the temples, and endeavored to offer an apology, but the stranger coldly turned away, saying:

"It is not necessary to apologize, sir. I wish you a very good evening."

As the huge being left our hero and took his way towards a large and elegant mansion facing upon the plaza, Victor had an opportunity of reflecting upon his strange conduct, but the more he thought of the matter the more he became involved in doubts and surmises in regard to his real character. At times his discourse had been that of the high-bred gentleman, but then it often degenerated for a moment into a sort of roughness not at all in keeping with the character which he evidently wished to assume. All this came up to the young American officer, as he wended his way towards the Mole in order to embark to go on board his ship, and he determined to watch for the stranger and endeavor to find out more about him. And after that came thoughts of the fair young creature who had glided so rapidly past him, like some lovely and fleeting vision, leaving a golden hue upon his memory, as the descending sun leaves tints upon the western clouds, through which his pathway lay, when he has departed.

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The huge stranger who had so unceremoniously made the acquaintance of the young American at the Cafe Espanol, when he took his leave of him in the plaza, at once proceeded to the house of Don Solliman Padilla, and knocking at the door, he was admitted by a servant in livery, who, as if accustomed to his visits, and knowing well their import, at once showed him into the parlor, where the old don was seated as we described in the opening of our tale. It was the same musty old fellow who had passed young Henrique at the plaza with his beautiful daughter, who was now absent from the room, and he was alone, if we except a huge mastiff that lay curled up on the carpet near the door.

"Well, well, Manuel," said Padilla, in a jovial manner, but without rising. "I am glad to see you back again. I suppose you have had some hard knocks since you left here."

"Yes," said the giant, "and we came mighty near being overhauled by that Yankee sloop-of-war that is now lying in the harbor."

"Well, how did you get off?"

"O, I lowered the schooner's sails, and the man-of-war passed us in the dark within a cable's length, and never saw us."

"Ha, ha, ha! that was well done, indeed. I'll tell you what it is, Manuel, I don't know how in the name of Cain I should have got along and kept up appearances, had it not been for you."

"Yes, and what did you promise should be my reward, if I would league myself with you, and furnish you with a certain sum annually to maintain your state? Tell me *that*, will you?"

"O, if you please, we will not discuss that matter at present. You see, Manuel, the girl is very young yet. When she gets older, it will be time enough to settle that business."

"Look here, Don Solliman," said the gigantic pirate, "you know well enough that when you came to Cuba you sent for me, and wished me to enter into an engagement with you to furnish you with ten thousand dollars per year, and that you pledged yourself to give me your daughter as security for the sum, should you not be able to raise the money to liquidate the debt within four years. Since that time, six years have rolled away, and I see no signs of your complying with my just demands. I have endured heat and cold, hunger and thirst, and have fought thirty-four battles, and have lived through all that time in constant dread of the halter. Don Solliman, you must now cancel this debt!"

"And suppose I cancel it with money?"

"I tell you, you shall *not* cancel it with money! The day for that has gone by! Your daughter is the only thing I will accept of," screamed the pirate, while his features were utterly fiend-like in their expression.

"Well, well," said the proud don, in a soothing tone, for he evidently dreaded the huge Manuel, "if it must be so, it must be, I suppose. I have sold myself to the devil, and I will abide by my bargain. When must you have her?"

"To-morrow evening. I shall sail then upon a cruise, for I succeeded in pumping one of the middies of the sloop this afternoon, and found out that she will not sail for four days. By that time I shall be enabled to make several captures, when I intend to run into my secret harbor, and spend my honey-moon there in security. Donna Clara must accompany me upon my cruise."

"Be it as you will," said the unhappy old man, gloomily, for, bad as he was, he could not bear the thought of giving up his only child to the embraces of such a ruffian; "be it as you will; you have me in your power, as well as I have you in mine."

"O, as for that, it's all fudge! We're both of us bad enough—there's no rubbing that out. To-morrow towards evening I shall call at your mansion with a volante, when I shall expect Donna Clara to be in readiness to accompany me to the vessel. I shall get under weigh as soon as it gets dark enough to do it unperceived."

"Well—I will go and prepare my daughter for the great *honor* that awaits her," said the old man, in a tone of bitterness, and then added, in a lower key, "would to God I had never seen you!"

"Good night, senor, good night," said the pirate, with a scornful smile upon his features; "I shall hope to find you in a better humor upon the morrow."

Poor Donna Clara! She did not need to be "prepared" for her fate—she had overheard all! She had for a long time observed the stealthy manner in which Manuel visited her father, and with a woman's, or perhaps we should say a natural, curiosity to ascertain what was going on, she had upon the night in question, secreted herself beneath the capacious lounge upon which her father was seated, and had heard every word that passed. She had never suspected the integrity of her only surviving parent, and when she learned from himself how deeply he had sinned, she

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was struck dumb with astonishment. She saw that her father was as deeply implicated as Manuel, and any attempt to bring the latter to justice would involve the old don in an equal ruin. After a time, however, she began to reason coolly upon the subject, and became convinced that it would be the safest plan to appear to consent to the arrangement which had unwittingly been made in her hearing, and to trust to circumstances for her delivery from the perils which seemed to surround her. When, therefore, her father had left the parlor, she crawled out from her hiding place and quickly sought her own room, where she was soon joined by the old don.

With a trembling voice Padilla laid the whole matter before his daughter, assuring her that nothing had ever given him such severe pain as the position in which he was placed, but requested that she would save him from destruction by the sacrifice of her own peace and happiness forever.

To his astonishment the high-spirited Clara seemed to take the whole matter very coolly, and had it not been for the pallor of her countenance, he would not have suspected but that she was well pleased with the proposal. As it was she told him that she would think over the matter, and it was more than probable that she would give her consent to the whole arrangement. Poor Donna Clara! and that, too, while her heart was almost breaking!

Night slowly rolled away. The mists which had been hanging about the hills that bear upon their brown shoulders the frowning Moro Castle began to waver and take fantastic shapes in the early sunbeams, and day had once more resumed its empire over the dingy city, and the bright green fields that stretch away far inland from the gleaming waters of the quiet bay.

The American sloop-of-war still lay at her anchors, and the surface of the beautiful harbor was studded thick with gallant vessels from many a distant clime, their mazy cordage, spars, and tophamper inverted in the still depths below. About ten o'clock in the morning, a large party of officers from the sloop, including Victor Henrique, repaired on shore to enjoy the hospitality of the inhabitants, and leaving the majority to their rambles, we will, with the permission of the reader, follow the footsteps of our hero, and thus ascertain an adventure that befel him as he wended his way through the thronged and bustling thoroughfares of the city.

The reader may well be sure that Victor did not forget the lovely face that had made so deep an impression upon his fancy the night before, and almost insensibly he found himself wandering in the direction of the plaza, and looking anxiously around, rather with the hope than the expectation that the fairy vision might bless his sight again. He was thus straggling about, busy with his own fancies, and peering in every face he met, when all at once what should come past him, but the same bright image of loveliness again. His heart beat tumultuously, and the blood rushed to his cheeks as he stood and gazed upon her, for she had paused in passing, and seemed by her actions as if she would fain address him. After a lapse of a moment, Henrique recovered his self-possession, and putting on a pleasant smile, he said, in Spanish:

"Pardon me, lady, but can I be of any service to you?"

Donna Clara colored, and appeared confused, for the admiring gaze of the young officer was bent upon her in a manner that not even she could mistake, but after a moment she asked:

"Are you an *American* officer?"

"I am, lady," answered Henrique, "and nothing would give me greater happiness than being able to serve you."

"Listen, then, senor—I have a secret to impart to you. Let us go to a less frequented part of the plaza, where we can converse unmolested."

The Donna Clara dropped her veil, and taking the arm of Victor, which trembled at the touch, they departed to the shade of a tree which stood by itself, and which, at that time, was deserted. Here Henrique was made acquainted with all the particulars of which the reader has already been informed, when the maiden, with a frank and open-hearted candor, asked him what was to be done. After musing for some moments, Victor joyously replied:

"I have it!—I have it! You will go back to your father's house as if nothing had happened, and pretend to be reconciled to your fate. Pack up all your valuables, and when Manuel comes for you in his volante, go boldly with him to his vessel, and suffer him to carry you off. I will acquaint our captain with all that has transpired, and to-night the pirate will not be further than just outside the Moro Castle before the sloop-of-war will be after him in full pursuit. It will be a rare chance if we do not overhaul him in a short time. And, lady, take this loaded revolver. Should

villain attempt any violence, you will well know how to defend your own honor, or I am very greatly deceived in your character."

"But, then, if he is taken, he will inform upon my poor father, and what is to become of *him*?" and the maiden's eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

"O, I'll manage that for you. We will not come back to Havana again, but will take him to the United States for trial."

"O, joy! joy!—a thousand thanks for your kindness! I shall never forget it, and if you succeed in your enterprise, as I fondly hope and trust you will, my eternal gratitude and esteem shall be yours!"

"I shall be sufficiently repaid, lady," answered Victor, blushing deeply, "if I am permitted to be of service to one like you."

"Is it possible?" said the maiden, smiling, and casting a mischievous glance from her dark eyes upon Henrique; "well, that is most wonderful! Truly, you Americans must be *very* susceptible! But then it is such a *very* long time since you first beheld me. Only think, as long ago as yesterday. But a truce to this; we will, if you please, attend to more important matters *now*, and leave the compliments and all that to a more convenient season. Adios, senor!" And the fairy creature kissed her gloved hand to our hero, and tripped away with a light step, such as a Spanish girl can alone assume, leaving Victor almost intoxicated with delight, and vowing in his inmost soul that the whole earth could not produce another creature so blithe and fair.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when Manuel called at the mansion of Don Padilla, to receive his prize; a prize which he had been anxiously looking forward to for many a long and weary year; years fraught with perils of no ordinary kind to him, for he had all the time as it were moved about with a halter about his neck, at least in imagination. He had looked forward to the possession of Padilla's daughter, however, as a balm for every ill; and while his comrades were spending their portion of their ill-gotten gains in debaucheries of every kind, Manuel hoarded up his treasures, and delivered them to the don, that he might be enabled to keep up his state and grandeur, and that he himself might earn a prize which monarchs might well envy him the possession of. After all, the ambition of the pirate was of no ignoble kind.

The Donna Clara never appeared more transcendently beautiful, than at the moment when Manuel appeared to claim her as his bride. To a close observer a slight shade of paleness might have been detected upon her rounded cheeks, and a wild flashing of her dark eyes seemed somewhat unnatural; but still she was remarkably calm and self-possessed, and greeted the pirate with a smile which made his blood tingle in his veins, and sent a glow of pleasure to his hardened heart. She was attired in a rich dress, her trunks were all packed, her jewels, of which she had a goodly number, she had secreted in a belt about her person; and now fully prepared, and resolved to leave her parent forever, she took his hand, and said in a gay tone, though her heart was almost breaking:

"Adieu, father! perhaps I may never behold you again! May you be happy, and," she whispered in his ear, "above all things try and break off your disreputable connexions with these ruthless men, or you are ruined forever!"

"Good-by, girl, good-by," said Padilla, with a tearless eye; "you will sometimes think of your poor old father who has brought you to this; but do not, I implore you, curse his memory!"

The volante whirled rapidly away, and was quickly at the Mole, where a boat was in waiting to convey the parties on board the schooner that lay lazily riding at anchor under the frowning battlements of the Moro Castle. In a short time the Donna Clara was safe on board with all her baggage, the most valuable portion of which, as we before stated, was concealed about her person; and the ruffianly-looking gang that swarmed her decks having waited until darkness settled down like a pall over the waters of the bay, hoisted their vast fore-and-aft sail, weighed their anchor, and with a fine fresh breeze ran out of the harbor and stood away to sea.

In the meantime, Victor Henrique had not been idle. No sooner had he left the Spanish maiden, than he repaired on board the sloop of war to which he was attached, and laid the whole matter in detail before the captain; in the first place, however, exacting a promise that he would take no steps to implicate Don Padilla, and that the pirates if captured, should be taken to the United States for trial. To this arrangement the captain, to oblige the officer, consented, and preparations were at once made to carry his plans into execution.

Lookouts were placed at the fore-and-main-topmast heads, with orders to watch every movement of the suspected schooner, a mes-

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senger quietly despatched on shore to request all the officers to repair immediately on board; the anchor chain got ready for slipping, and in order that the man-of-war might be got underweigh as silently and expeditiously as possible, the gaskets were cast off from the yards, and the sails stopped in their places with rope yarn. When at length the schooner did make sail in the gathering darkness, the fast-sailing sloop at once sent up her top-gallant and royal-yards, slipped her cables, loosed and sheeted home her sails, and the pirate was scarcely well clear of the Moro Castle, and rising and falling on the long and regular swell of the open sea, ere the sloop-of-war, under a cloud of canvas, was after her in hot pursuit.

In the meantime, Manuel, who was crowding all sail upon his vessel in order to get a good offing before daylight, walked the deck and rubbed his hands with glee. The object of his dearest ambition was now accomplished—the Donna Clara was completely in his power, a prisoner in his cabin, and he was not going to wait for any formalities of marriage before gratifying his passions, not he. He at once proceeded below and startled the maiden by proposals from which her soul revolted.

"Never!" said the proud girl, sternly, "I will never submit until I am lawfully your wife. You know the compact which you entered into with my father. You were to convey me unsullied to your secret harbor, where, if you arrived in safety, I promised to become your bride."

"A compact between a pirate and a man who has made that pirate his dupe—his tool," answered Manuel, in a scornful tone, "cannot be very binding; at any rate I shall not regard it. So prepare for the fate which you must perceive is inevitable."

"Don't be too sure of that!" cried the Donna Clara, in an excited tone, drawing the revolver which had been given her by Victor from its concealment, and presenting it ready cocked at the stalwart breast of the pirate; "dare but to move one inch towards me, and I fire."

There stood the maiden, like some youthful Pythoness, the guardian of her own honor, with the pistol extended firmly in her right hand, at the gigantic ruffian, her cheeks deadly pale, her black eyes flashing fire, and her full bosom heaving with indignation at the villain who cowered before her in abject awe. A swinging lamp suspended from the carlines overhead, threw its fitful rays upon the tableaux, which seemed more like the groupings of some thrilling drama than an event of real life, so wild, so unnatural was the aspect of the girl, and so abashed and cowed the demeanor of the pirate who had hundreds of times braved death in all its most horrible shapes and terrors.

Manuel was about to argue the case with the excited Donna Clara, when his attention was attracted to a confused noise on deck, and he paused for a moment to listen. A sound of footsteps hurrying to and fro on deck was heard, and in a few moments the loud cry of "Sail O!" was heard from the lookout perched upon the fore-topmast cross-trees. With a blasphemous oath, the huge pirate darted up the companion-ladder to the spar-deck, while the maiden sunk upon a couch, and clasping her hands in thankfulness, exclaimed:

"Thank Heaven! the noble young American has not deceived me! That must be his vessel that has been seen—I know it, I feel it! Thanks to an overruling and gracious Providence!"

No sooner had Manuel reached the upper deck, than he called out in a stern tone to his first officer:

"Where is the vessel that has been seen from aloft?"

"Directly astern, sir," said the officer, in a respectful tone. "She seems a large ship, sir, coming directly out of the harbor."

"Can it be possible that it is the American sloop-of-war in pursuit of us?"

"I shouldn't wonder if it was, sir. I observed men at her mast head all the afternoon, apparently watching our movements."

"Then why in the name of Satan didn't you report it to me?"

"You remember, senor, that you were away after the lady, and when you returned you peremptorily ordered the vessel at once to be got underweigh."

"Right, right, sir, you are right; pack on all the sail you can, and call the crew to quarters. If it is the sloop-of-war, we'll fight her, though I expect it would be of little avail."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The foretopsail and top-gallant-sail of the schooner were instantly set, her fore-square-sail hoisted, and the stud'n sails got out, and she began to fly rapidly through the water before the freshening breeze. But it was soon evident that the vessel astern was fast gaining upon her, and all doubts as to her

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character were put to flight, for suddenly she yawed from her course so as to bring her broadside to bear upon the pirate, and burned a blue light which threw its lurid glare over the waters, and revealed the exact position of the schooner to the eyes of the officers and crew. An instant after a blaze of sulphurous light burst from the side of the sloop, followed by the deafening roar of heavy cannon; and quick as lightning the iron hail came crashing into the pirate craft, cutting her mainmast in twain, and sending it with all its hamper toppling into the sea, completely crippling her movements, and cutting down some twenty of her crew.

"That will do with the battery," said the captain of the sloop-of-war; "we have given him a dose that has done the job for him. Man the boats now, and board the rascal before he has time to recover from his present confusion."

The boats were instantly filled with armed men, and with young Henrique as one of the officers of the party, struck out for the schooner, and a few strokes of the oars set them alongside.

A desperate fray now ensued. The pirates fought like bloodhounds, and were cut down by the men-of-war's-men without mercy. Manuel having obtained a glimpse of our hero, rushed upon him with his cutlass, and was about to cleave him to the deck, when a pistol, fired from behind, sent a ball crashing through the pirate's skull, and with a deep groan he sunk upon the deck to rise no more. The pistol had been fired by the hand of Donna Clara, who had come up from the cabin during the fray, and observing the danger of Victor, she had opportunely interfered to save his life.

"By heavens! but you're a brave girl," said our hero, rushing to the maiden and clasping her to his heart; "you have indeed used the pistol I gave you!"

The fight was now virtually over. With the fall of their leader, the pirates became disheartened, and ran down below for safety, and the black flag at the mast-head was hauled down and trampled under foot.

The pirates, together with the Donna Clara, were quickly removed to the sloop, the former put in double irons in the hold, and the latter assigned a state-room in the cabin of the captain, who agreeably to his promise made to Victor, set the schooner on fire, and immediately after made sail for New York, where he arrived in ten days, and delivered over his prisoners to the civil authorities for trial.

On the evidence of the officers of the sloop and of Donna Clara, the pirates were all condemned and executed, maintaining their recklessness of character to the last, and cursing those who had been instrumental in their capture.

It was not long ere the beautiful Spanish maiden expressed a willingness to listen to that subject which had been a forbidden theme on the plaza at Havana; and so well did Victor Henrique improve the opportunity thus granted, that in less than one month after his ship had dropped her anchor in the harbor of New York, he led the beautiful and blushing Donna Clara to the altar, where she pledged herself to love, honor and obey the happy man who had won her heart and hand.

MOUSE POWER.

A gentleman in Scotland has trained a couple of mice, and invented machinery for enabling them to spin cotton yarn. The work is done on the tread-mill principle. It is so constructed that the common house mouse is enabled to make atonement to society for past offences by twisting and reeling from 100 to 120 threads per day of the length and quality of a hank which he sent to a friend as a specimen of their work, and for the inspection of the curious. To complete this, the little pedestrian has to run ten and a half miles. This journey it performs every day with ease. An ordinary mouse weighs only half an ounce. A half-penny's worth of oat-meal at 15 pence per peck serves one of these little tread mill culprits for the long period of five weeks. In that time it makes 110 threads per day, being an average of 3580 threads, of 25 inches, which is nearly nine lengths of the reel. A penny is paid here to women for every "cut" in the ordinary way. At this rate a mouse earns 9d. every five weeks, which is 1 farthing per day, or 7s. 6d. per annum. Take 6d. off for board, and 1s. for machinery, there will arise 6s. clear profit from every mouse yearly. The mouse-employer is going to make application for the lease of an old empty house, the dimensions of which are 100 by 50 feet, and 50 feet in height, which at moderate calculation, will hold ten thousand mouse-mills, sufficient room being left for keeper and some hundreds of spectators. Allowing £200 for rent and task-masters, £500 for interest, and £10,000 to erect machinery, there will be left a balance of £2800 per annum.

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IN LOVE.

BY CATHARINE EARNSHAW.

"It's rather a bore here, isn't it, Kempenfelt?"

The speaker, Frederic Vinton, slowly poured a tiny glass of yellow wine from an old decanter, and held it thoughtfully between himself and the window. He was a gay-looking young man, having an air about him that told of a liberal allowance, of fast horses, the gaming-table, and good wine.

"How absent you are!" pursued Vinton; "you don't mind a fellow's speaking to you; what sort of a brown study are you in, my dear fellow?"

Vinton raised his glass to his lips, looking at the window, where, on a lounge, half lay his companion, Kempenfelt. In seeing those two men together, one would instantly have looked at Kempenfelt, though Vinton was handsomer and younger. The man by the window must have been nearly forty; not tall, but muscularly and gracefully built, with brown hair cut rather close, his face pale, but not an unhealthy pale, and smoothly shaved, save the upper lip, which wore a heavy brown moustache. His forehead was broad and projecting at the brows over a pair of large, comprehending brown eyes. He was smoking a cigar, and holding a book, which, at the moment Vinton had been speaking, he seemed to have been reading. At Vinton's last question, however, he raised his eyes and looked toward him.

"Pardon me, but I must have been very rude," he said, "for I left the wine to entertain you."

"It is rare enough to entertain any one," was Vinton's response, pouring out another glass of it, and holding it out to Kempenfelt.

"Take a glass of your own wine with me, and don't read for the next ten minutes, but tell me how to amuse myself," Vinton said.

His host rose and took the glass, sipped a little, then put his cigar again between his lips.

"Amuse yourself!" he said; then with a tone of satire he continued: "Why, walk by this glorious old Rhine, and enjoy its beauties. Thousands of people come here for nothing but that."

"Bah! You know better than to counsel Fred Vinton to be made happy by the beauties of nature—even of the Rhine," replied Vinton; "but really I am getting very dull here, and it's impossible for me to leave till I have a remittance."

"Game it," said Kempenfelt.

"No money, no credit, till I am known to have heard from home," he answered.

"Fall in love with some blue-eyed fraulein with a monstrous income, and an inordinate admiration for your curling locks."

"No such lady has the income, or if she has, she lacks the required admiration," laughed Vinton, running his fingers through his perfumed curls.

"Drink yourself drunk," suggested Kempenfelt.

"Have tried that already."

Kempenfelt paused in his slow walk up and down the room, and laid his white hand on the shoulder of his companion.

"Well, then," he said, "do you want to know what I seriously advise you to do?"

Vinton looked up with a gleam of curiosity and eagerness.

"Of course; tell me."

"Stop all this, and be a *man*," said Kempenfelt, with earnestness.

A serious, almost a wishful expression came for an instant to Vinton's face.

"What's the use? I should die of *ennui*."

"You seem in a fair way to die of it now," was Kempenfelt's response; "you look bored to death."

"I am, that's a fact," cried Vinton, rising from his seat and walking to the window, and throwing himself upon the lounge his companion had left. "But what's a fellow to do?" he asked.

"Do as I said," replied Kempenfelt.

"O, it's out of the question," with a dreary yawn; "why, I should be a regular prig—a confounded muff. Nobody could stand it to have such a thing round."

"I don't believe I am called a muff," said his host, "and I know I am not called a drunkard or a gamester."

Vinton looked at the man as he stood leaning against the mantel-piece. His admiration was visible in his face.

"But you are such a high and mighty sort of fellow," he said, "if you took to drinking

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nothing but water, and wore sackcloth, you'd do it with such an air that nobody would laugh, and we should all think it somehow a mighty fine thing to wear sackcloth, though we didn't dare to put it on ourselves. I'm no such sort of a man."

Kempenfelt smiled slightly and sadly.

"I am not advising you to be such a man as I am," he said. "If you are going on the way you live—for the sake of pleasure—looking at you, and men like you, I fail to see the signs of pleasure."

"There isn't any," Vinton said, and sat silent, leaning against the window, his eyes fixed vacantly on the street below.

Five or ten minutes passed thus—Vinton staring down at the quaint German street, Kempenfelt standing quietly, his eyes cast down, his face grave and noble.

"Juno and Venus! what a face!" suddenly cried Vinton; "Kempenfelt, come here."

The two men looked down at a handsome carriage, which an English looking coachman was just driving up to the hotel opposite.

It was an open carriage, and in it were two ladies, one quite aged, the other some twenty-five or twenty-six years old. Hers was a glorious face. Vinton's countenance lost its weary look, and a flash of admiration came to the eyes of Kempenfelt, who had seen many beauties, and was not easily stirred to enthusiasm.

The younger lady alighted first, and stood for a moment talking with the elder. In doing so she was obliged to raise her eyes, and the gentlemen saw how beautifully formed, how deep and dark they were—wells of bewilderment to one who should look into them. Heavy bands of dark hair showed at the back of her head, underneath her light travelling hat, and the hair waved naturally and abundantly round a low, full forehead. Straight eyebrows pencilled across the clear olive of her forehead; full, vivid lips, that smiled an indifferent, surface smile as she talked, and that looked a trifle weary when she was silent. A tall, graceful form, a small gloved hand, which held back her drapery from the muddied carriage-wheel, as she leaned a little forward as she talked.

The old lady alighted, and the two followed their servant into the hotel, thus disappearing under its arched entrance.

The two men turned and looked at each other. Vinton drew a long breath, and exclaimed:

"Pray Heaven she has come to stay!"

Over Kempenfelt's face was thrown the mask of an impenetrable reticence; he laughed slightly, and said:

"Behold the *ennui* dissipated!"

"What disagreeable thing would not such a face dissipate!" cried Vinton. "Have you any idea who she is?"

"Not the slightest; only she is doubtless an Englishwoman."

"I am proud to be her countryman," said Vinton; "but she is very dark for an English girl."

"Yes; but there is that in her manner which betrays her country."

"You observed closely," remarked Vinton; then added more carelessly:

"To-morrow I'll run over and renew my acquaintance with that little English widow who lives in the hotel opposite; she is not ugly, herself, by any means; I'll pick up some sort of information concerning this unknown. By the way, that pretty Mrs. Ware took quite a fancy to your *distingue* majesty."

Kempenfelt's lip curled.

"I'm sorry not to reciprocate; she is very handsome, but I don't like widows—that is—to marry them."

"Don't fancy the idea of being a second love?" questioned Vinton, taking his hat. "Nor I, exactly; but then, most any kind of a love would do for me. Good-by, old fellow; come up to my rooms and I'll give you some wine almost as good as this."

Vinton sauntered out, and Kempenfelt took up his book again, sat down by the window, cast a momentary glance opposite, and then went to reading.

The next day at sunset, Vinton came down from his room as Kempenfelt stood upon the steps of the hotel, not yet decided where to stroll. Vinton took his arm.

"Come down to Bruyn's with me," he said, "it wont hurt you to see a little high playing. Two or three fellows there play as though they possessed the power of Midas."

Kempenfelt walked along with him, and entered the spacious gambling saloon. Nowhere do they play as they do in Germany. Kempenfelt looked on with a gloomy, sarcastic face.

"Will you try your luck?" asked an acquaintance.

Kempenfelt replied almost savagely in the negative. The place was hateful to him. In just such a place had his younger brother, years ago, been ruined—from such a place had he gone forth and cut himself adrift from

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life—floating from the despair of this world, to the unknown of the next.

After a few moments of looking on, Kempenfelt walked away, leaving the busy town and going to the banks of the Rhine, which flowed peacefully by such sin and misery.

The glow in the west was still bright, the river gleamed molten and splendid. On its banks, people wandered slowly up and down, chatting gaily, or gazing with subdued faces at the Rhine glory.

"O, land of Goethe!" said Kempenfelt, under his breath, throwing himself on the turf close to the water, "one cannot wonder that poets and philosophers grow in Rhineland."

Across the stream, alchemized by the vivid west, stood a dismantled, crumbling castle, holding silently within its falling walls the history and romance of a buried race. With absorbed face, Kempenfelt looked dreamily over the water. At last he became aware of a child playing near him, a little girl of four years, richly dressed, with long, loose curls of bright hair, a brilliantly white complexion, and blue eyes. At quite a distance off sat a woman, whom Kempenfelt thought to be the child's nurse, but she seemed absorbed in her work, and had apparently forgotten her charge. He raised himself on his elbow and watched the childish motions of unconscious grace. She was playing near the river, and often stooped to pick a pebble and throw it into the water, watching its splash with shining eyes.

"It's the Rhine! it's the Rhine!" she kept saying to herself, in a way that made Kempenfelt think she had heard people speak admiringly of the river.

She went nearer and nearer the river's edge, with the heedless motions of childhood. Kempenfelt was about to call to her to be careful, when her foot caught, and she went over the somewhat steep bank, into the river. A shrill scream broke from her lips as she fell. The woman came running down with pale face; Kempenfelt had already thrown off his coat; before the woman reached the shore he had jumped into the river and was swimming toward the child, which the rapid current of the river was bearing away.

His expert, powerful strokes soon brought him to her, and he turned and swam back to a more sloping part of the shore. The woman followed along the bank, weeping and wringing her hands. Kempenfelt stepped upon the land with his dripping and now senseless burden. The nurse held out her hands, uttering unintelligible exclamations.

"Where is her home? I will carry her," said Kempenfelt, imperatively.

"Her mother is up here," said the woman; and turned and ran in the direction she had said.

Kempenfelt followed rapidly, his anxiety keenly awakened by the pallid face on his shoulder. The nurse led the way to a sort of summer-house about a quarter of a mile from the river. In it were two ladies, one of them sewing, the other reclining, with a book in her hand, at the embowered door of the arbor.

Kempenfelt's usually calm heart gave a quicker throb; in the lady at the door he recognized the one whom he had seen arrive at the hotel the day before. She looked up when she heard their footsteps. She sprang to her feet, an ashen pallor overspreading her face, even her lips, her dark eyes dilated with fear. Without a word, she stepped forward with extended arms, and took the child from him.

The nurse burst into violent cries of alarm. Kempenfelt turned his head toward her, and said, "Be quiet!" in such a tone that she instantly subsided; then to the lady, who had sat down on the grass and was chafing the wrists and temples of the child:

"The little girl is living; she will soon recover," he said, in a tone of certainty, with the sweetness of sympathy in it.

Even as he spoke, a slight flutter of the eyelids, and a tremor of the mouth, showed that he had judged rightly. The lady raised her eyes to his face—his soul trembled with delight as it met that glance, soft, dewy, thankful. She bent again over the little girl, who was rapidly recovering. In a moment, gently placing her in the arms of the old lady, who had been quietly aiding her, the lady came to his side. She held out a perfectly formed, white hand.

"I love the child," she said. Tears were in her eyes, but by an effort she prevented them from falling.

Kempenfelt held the hand for an instant, his eyes on the face, so enchanting, upraised to his. At that moment the little girl called "Mother!"

Sharp as a knife-stroke that word went through the heart of Kempenfelt; till then he had fancied the child to be the lady's sister—anything but her daughter. He let fall the hand, and she hastily drew a card-case from her pocket, handed him her card, and said, "Call and see us at the —— Hotel."

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She turned to the little girl, and Kempenfelt walked away, put on his coat, and went rapidly to his hotel. He laid the card on the table without looking at it, changed his clothing, and finally sat down with his cigar. Then he took up the card and read "Mrs. Colchester" upon it. His face was inexpressibly sad —somehow as if he had received a blow that grieved him.

"It is the only face I ever saw that even suggested the possibility of love to me," he said.

He smoked on. A smile of self-disdain came to his mouth.

"Bah! I am feeling like a boy!" he exclaimed, and threw his cigar into the empty grate, and settled down to his reading.

Late that night Vinton came in, flushed with wine and the excitement of play. He tossed off his hat and sat down.

"Who in the deuce is that woman over opposite?" he exclaimed. "I dropped in this afternoon to see Mrs. Ware, but she was not at home. This evening I went a little while to that grand instrumental concert that has been so much talked of. Who should be in one of the boxes, superb in beauty and dress, but that very lady! I tell you, Kempenfelt, it's a face to swear by."

Kempenfelt concealed the irritation he felt.

"Do you know who was with her," he asked.

"No; two or three ladies. She paid no attention to the audience, but seemed absorbed in the music." Vinton rose.

"I'll see her before I'm twenty-four hours older," he said, at the door.

"Better sleep off your wine, first," laughed Kempenfelt, with something like a sneer.

"O, of course. Will you make the attempt to see her, with me?"

"No, thank you."

"Unsusceptible man!" cried Vinton, and disappeared up the stairs.

The next morning Kempenfelt stood waiting in one of the public parlors of the hotel opposite. He had sent up his card and desired to see "Mrs. Colchester." He would not have gone, only he felt it would be exceedingly rude not to do so.

With cordial promptness she came down. The crimson of the rich fabric of which her morning robe was made, the careless fall of the lace at her throat and wrists, impressed her beauty of face and figure still more strongly upon the gentleman who waited for her. At her belt a spray of heliotrope hung half fastened, as though she had had it in her hand, and had hastily put it there. She greeted him with the warm friendliness that seemed natural, after the service he had rendered.

"And how is the little girl?" asked Kempenfelt, seating himself at a little distance from her chair. He was now perfectly composed, as befitted a man of his age and experience in society.

"My daughter is perfectly recovered," she replied. "Indeed, she is not even weak from her involuntary bath. Is it an Englishman whom I have to thank for her life?" she asked.

"I am proud to say yes," said Kempenfelt.

"I was almost sure of it," she responded, "but your name would have led me to think you a German. I am glad to owe such happiness to a countryman."

Her voice was soft and full of feeling. Kempenfelt made a slight deprecatory gesture.

"You will believe me when I say it has made me hardly less happy—the power of rendering you a service!"

His tone and face were too sincere for his hearer to take such words for mere compliment.

"She will mention her husband's gratitude next," thought Kempenfelt; "I wonder where he is."

But she did not mention either him or his gratitude, and she had sufficient tact not to say anything more about her own thankfulness, though her face retained a look she would not have allowed to other strangers.

"I cannot understand what is the charm of this place to the English," she said; "crowds of them come here. I am already tired of it, and were it not that my mother wishes to try the effect of the springs, I should leave immediately."

"I, too, am tired of it," said Kempenfelt, in a voice of genuine weariness, for, in some way, this lady drew him from his habitual reticence in regard to his own moods.

"I have always fancied," said Mrs. Colchester, smiling, "that when a man is tired of anything, he can go elsewhere—do anything to dissipate that feeling."

"And a woman?

"A woman is quite without power," she replied.

"You should not say that she is without power," said Kempenfelt, with an unconscious emphasis on the "you." Her presence was

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acting upon him in some strange way that seemed gradually to be depriving him of his customary coldness and control. There was a passionate admiration in his eyes, as he spoke, which he had thought to quell. The lady blushed beneath that look, and Kempenfelt, stirred through all his nature by this woman, with an effort withdrew his eyes, and said, in a commonplace tone:

"The place, at least, has the attraction of being the rendezvous of a great many musical geniuses."

"Yes, I went to a high festival last night. Were you there, Mr. Kempenfelt?"

"No; I had absolutely forgotten it"—he almost blushed as he remembered why he had forgotten it. "I see you were pleased."

Mrs. Colchester's face glowed as she thought of it—"I was more than pleased; a chorus of divine harmony does something different from pleasing me."

Kempenfelt's glance caught the glorious enthusiasm of that face. A few moments and he rose and made his adieux.

In the hall he met Vinton, talking with Mrs Ware. Kempenfelt bowed and hurried out, but was overtaken immediately by Vinton, who said—

"I've heard about your rescuing adventure. Great things for you, wasn't it? No wonder you didn't need my companionship. You prefer the dark widow, I see."

"Is Mrs. Colchester a widow?" asked Kempenfelt.

Vinton looked a little surprised.

"Yes; Mrs. Ware has booked me up as to what she knows. Immensely rich, Mrs. Colchester, and I'm to call and be presented this afternoon. Wish me success;" and Vinton turned down a street and disappeared.

Vinton did call—and often after that. He was so far interested that he deserted the gaming-table and his other amusements. His face wore an introspective look very strange in him. He ceased to speak of Mrs. Colchester in the light way he had done; indeed, he hardly spoke of her at all, and only to Kempenfelt. Kempenfelt did not visit Mrs. Colchester often; when he did he was almost sure to find Vinton there.

Some time after his first meeting with her, Kempenfelt was waiting in the ante-room for admission to her parlor; the door opened, and Vinton came out. He did not notice Kempenfelt, but walked rapidly along toward the door. He was startled by Vinton's face, by the haggard, desperate pallor upon it. He would have retreated, but just then the servant announced him, and he entered the parlor.

The clear olive hue of Mrs. Colchester's face was paler than usual, her eyes appeared disturbed, and the hand she gave to her guest was cold. Not till long after did Kempenfelt know of the stormy interview she had just had. But like lightning it flashed upon him that Vinton had offered his hand and been refused. An unconquerable tremor suddenly possessed him; he knew the fingers that clasped the offered hand trembled around it. Fiery love consumed his heart, and burned in his eyes. He did not release the hand.

"Mrs. Colchester!" he said.

The tone drew her eyes up. For one instant they stood looking into each other's eyes—unutterable love in both their souls. Kempenfelt extended his arms. "Come!" he said, in a low voice.

Closer and closer he held her to the heart that beat hard and fast—beat with such ecstatic pulsations as only her love could have caused.

"Dearest! best! he whispered, pressing passionate kisses on the red, fragrant mouth, on the beautiful forehead, and the soft hair round it. She lay in his arms, with utter happiness on her face. Looking at her, remembering, he wondered—"could she ever have looked thus with another?"

With love's and woman's quickness, she saw that thought, and said, with white fingers softly stroking his cheeks:

"No, I never loved before—I never even fancied I loved. The marriage was made by my parents when I was scarcely seventeen."

Kempenfelt looked with unspeakable pride and love into those dark, melting eyes.

"Love blesses but once, my love; it is smiling upon you and me."

Thus glance with glance, thus heart to heart, adieu.

PROSPERITY.

Continual prosperity hardens the heart, as continual sunshine does the earth; but when one is softened by the tears of sorrow, and the other by genial showers, they yield those fruits which the necessities of man require. Goodness is twice blessed in what it gives and what it receives. The peace and comfort we impart to others is restored to our own bosom by the satisfaction of an approving conscience, as the vapors which ascend through the day fall back at night in refreshing dews upon the earth.

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ONLY FOR A WEEK.

BY MISS LOUISA AMELIA DUTTON.

"HERE we are snowed up," said I to Constance Hedley, who had been staying with us at our quiet parsonage-house, since the beginning of December. I had known her ever since her widowhood, which dated back some five years before the time of which I am speaking, and both my husband and myself felt a great regard for her. She was much admired, only twenty-nine years of age, and fond of gaiety. Contrary to our usual habits, which were somewhat secluded, we had given different entertainments to enliven her visit, and on the evening before—which was New Year's Eve—we had taken her to a ball at the house of some friends in the neighborhood. She was unusually silent the next morning, and I fancied that she was overtired with dancing, or that the weather had affected her spirits, for the snow which had commenced falling the day before had not ceased, and the sky was the color of lead. We had every prospect of being kept prisoners to the house for a time, which, as we were five miles from a railway-station, and had finished all the sensation novels sent us from Mudie's a fortnight before, was by no means an agreeable one.

"You doubtless imagine that the dreariness of the weather has given me the blues," remarked my friend; "nothing of the kind; I assure you that if I am a little bit thoughtful this morning, it is quite from another cause. Last night, a gentleman asked me a question which took me back seven years into the past, for just so many winters have gone by since the same question was put to me on the same night of the year. I have often been on the point of relating to you an adventure which happened to me when I was a girl, but of which I have as yet never spoken to any one out of my own family. I will no longer be reserved on this subject with so true and valued a friend as yourself. But, before I tell you what the question asked was, I must give you some uninteresting preliminaries."

I made up a blazing fire, before which we drew our easy chairs; and Constance began her story:

—

When I was just twenty-two, I went with my parents to a fancy ball, on New Year's Eve, at Lady L.'s. I had many partners, and danced half the night, when soon after supper a friend of my father's introduced a gentleman to me whose name I could not distinctly hear, in the confusion of voices around me, and the striking up of the band for the next dance. Hurriedly engaging my hand for the next quadrille, my prospective partner disappeared in the throng. I had time to see that he was about twenty-two or three years of age, wore a plain domino, and that the look of anxiety which sat upon his features was strange in so young a face. Nevertheless, I had forgotten his existence by the time he came to remind me of my promise. He led me to my place and we commenced dancing without his once addressing me. At the end of the first figure, I turned to reply to some remark I fancied that he had at last ventured to make, when I met his perplexed-looking gaze, and perceived that he was talking to himself, for he said:

"Yes, it may do: tall, the same name, too," then suddenly to me, "Pray, Miss Fortesque, do you consider yourself tall? What may be your height?"

Not a little surprised at this brusque manner of opening a conversation, and thinking I would answer him some way in his own style, I replied, "It may be seven feet, but is not."

"But scarcely under five feet eight inches," he resumed; "have you any relations in Canada?"

I answered in the affirmative, and though with a haughty tone, yet I must have looked amused, for he presently added:

"I see that you are more diverted than offended by the extreme audacity of my mode of addressing you, which perhaps strikes you as less eccentric, in the midst of this motley crowd, than it otherwise might; but I assure you that I have no wish to appear original or impertinent; I am actuated by very different motives. Before entering this ball-room I received a letter containing intelligence of a most perplexing and annoying nature, and which has thrown me into a state of the greatest anxiety. I am placed in a position of some difficulty, and without assistance from you, I feel I can scarcely extricate myself. However mad you may and must think me to be, with this in view I venture to beg your per-

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mission to ask you two more questions. They will no doubt strike you as odd ones for a perfect stranger to make. But you have the option of choosing to listen to them or not."

By this time our quadrille had come to an end, and leading me to where my mother was sitting, my partner said:

"Make your decision, and tell me of it when you valse with me, as I trust you will when the next dance is over."

I agreed to this, and he left me. When he came to claim my hand as the first notes of the deuxtemps struck up, my curiosity urged me to grant his request, and he put question the first to me, after the first round.

"Your Christian name?"

"Constance."

"How fortunate," exclaimed my partner.

Number two, after the second round.

"What fortune, if any, may you possess?"

Answer, "Only a thousand pounds."

"Lucky again," muttered he. "One more question, the last and most important one, I will, if you allow me, make to you in a letter of explanation, which having read, I trust you will not be so cruel as to refuse your aid. May I write to you or not?"

This was not to be answered at once or without consideration.

"I do not press you now, but hope to have your favorable answer to my earnest request when you leave the cloak-room," said he, returning me to my mother's side.

What an odd circumstance! Did ever a girl have such a strange partner? I thought of little else but him and his funny questions for the rest of the night. The more I thought about it, the more reluctant I felt to refuse his explanations; and before the time for our departure arrived, I had resolved to accept his proposal of writing to me. He might say what he chose, but I was a free agent still, and would take care not to commit myself to anything. I could tell my parents about it all at some future time, but there could be no harm in receiving a letter. I had made up my mind that, having heard so much, I would know more; and when, on leaving the cloak-room, I encountered my hero of the night, I acceded to his urgent request, then hastily repeated.

"I return to London in a day or two," said he, "and you shall receive a letter before I start."

I can scarcely describe how strangely I felt all the next day. I could hardly believe that I had not been dreaming—that there was no reality in the affair. At all events, my partner must have been playing me a practical joke. I should, of course, get no letter. But I should have felt disappointed if none had arrived, and I passed that and the next day in a state of feverish expectancy. At last the looked-for epistle came, and tearing it open, I read the explanation, which ran thus:

"Dear Miss Fortesque,—I feel very grateful to you for allowing me to make a full explanation of what must appear to you to have been my extraordinary behaviour to you on the night of the ball, and if, after the perusal of this letter, you will consent to give me your assistance, my gratitude will be boundless; for indeed you will help me out of a great difficulty, one through which my happiness might be shipwrecked, unless I can manage to evade it. I must tell you all, from the beginning, before I can expect you to judge of the case. When I was about fifteen years old, my father, who was then my only surviving parent, died, leaving me to the care and guardianship of his half-brother, who was twelve years his junior, then just twenty-eight years of age. My father's marriage had been an unhappy one, and his dying request to my uncle was, that he would use his utmost endeavors to prevent me from contracting an early marriage, in order that my judgment and taste should be so far matured as to render an imprudent choice least probable. True to the promise thus exacted, my uncle, as I grew older, used every means in his power to exclude me from female society, keeping as vigilant a watch over me as was consistent with the exercise of the duties which his profession involved. His regiment was ordered to India, when I had completed my twenty-first year.

"Before his departure, he made arrangements with a friend of his who was on the point of sailing in his yacht for the Atlantic, that I should accompany him. This plan pleased me, as offering an opportunity of gratifying my long-cherished wish to see the world and something of life, for I had till then a limited experience, my university career having been a short and studious one, my uncle having prohibited travel in the vacations, which I usually had spent with him in some quiet place. It was with delight that I heard we were bound for America, and that we should probably visit Canada, where the gentleman whom I was to accompany had a bachelor brother residing.

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"In his last interview with me, before starting, my uncle talked to me long and seriously as to my future, and upon the importance of my exercising the greatest discretion in the choice of a wife, should I at any time be matrimonially disposed. He reminded me that my fortune had been placed by my father at his disposal for me, until I should reach my twenty-fifth year. After that time he should cease to exercise his right to influence my actions, but that until then he would in no case consent to my marriage, or, indeed, to any engagement of the kind, unless he should himself be perfectly satisfied with the lady—who must possess no less than three requirements of his own making—namely, that she should be tall, that her name should be Constance, and that she should possess at least one thousand pounds. To these he annexed a condition which bound me to wait to engage myself until he should see her, and be enabled thus to form his own judgment. I had not as yet dreamed of marrying at all, and troubled myself very little about the promises which I readily made to what I considered my uncle's eccentric exactions. Nor did I think then that he seriously intended to stand to them; but fancied he was jesting in a grave kind of way as he often did in conversation with me. After a delightful voyage we reached the new world, and soon arrived at Toronto, our destination.

"I was most kindly welcomed by my friend's brother, who, though a single man, was of a very sociable disposition, and had a large acquaintance. The brothers were not so vigilant over me as my uncle might have wished, in their kind-hearted zeal to interest and amuse me, and I had plenty of opportunities of becoming acquainted with the fair sex.

"Amongst the many charming girls whom I met in society, Miss Fortescue attracted me the most, and after repeated meetings, I felt that I was falling desperately in love with her. She did not discourage me, and we were not long in establishing a mutual understanding. I did not mention to Mary, for that was my lady love's name, anything about my uncle's strange conditions, but simply told her that I must gain his consent to our engagement, and that I should not be free to marry her until I had attained my twenty-fifth year; and secretly I began to think of my promises with some degree of anxiety. I discovered that Mary's second name was Constance, to my surprise and intense relief. She was more than commonly tall, certainly; but the third requirement, the one thousand pounds, was wanting!

"It was such a piece of good luck about her name and her height, but particularly the former, that the importance of the money difficulty did not weigh with me much. As for that, some godmother, or distant relation, might leave her something, and a number of contingencies might happen to help us in this particular; so I wrote to my uncle to tell him that I had chosen a dear, fascinating girl, whom he could not fail to approve of, that she possessed the requirements which he deemed necessary, and I felt certain of his consent to my engaging myself, as soon as he should be able to make her acquaintance. My Constance, I told him, was all he could desire. I never said a word about the fortune. In reply, my uncle told me that he was surprised at my having so soon found a young lady who answered so completely to his pattern, for he had imagined it would be more difficult for me to meet his requisitions in these particulars. However, he would not withhold his consent to my engagement, if he found that she fulfilled his conditions in every sense, and if she should please him, on his becoming personally acquainted with her; which he said he trusted to have the opportunity of being in three months' time, when he should be home in England on leave; but that I should incur his serious displeasure if I committed myself to any sort of engagement before he should have seen and passed his verdict on the object of my choice. He had heard from me that I should return to England in the yacht early in the next month, and that Constance would follow me almost immediately with some friends, having accepted an invitation to visit some relations in the north of Devon.

"The people with whom Constance (for I now always called her by her second name) was to travel were obliged to postpone their going to England, much to my vexation, and I was a little anxious at leaving her, surrounded as she was with admirers, whom her beauty and love of admiration and attention attracted. I comforted myself, however, with thinking, that though I must now go, without being able to bind her by promise to me, yet it would not be long. She would probably be with me in a couple of months' time again, and when once my uncle had seen her, I was certain he would allow us to be engaged, for I felt that he would no more be able to resist her powers of charming than myself, and in spite of her having no money, for was not my

own fortune, which was considerable, enough? He was a rich man himself, and would no doubt help us, for he had always been most kind and generous to me.

"I arrived in England a fortnight ago, and remained in London until within the last few days. I came to look up a college friend in this neighborhood, and was induced by him to accept Lady L.'s invitation to the ball. Just before leaving my friend's house with him that evening, a letter was put into my hands. On opening it, I found it was from my uncle, and dated from Paris. He told me that his return had been hurried by circumstances which took him to France. His business would be settled in a few days, and on leaving the continent he should make some visits among his friends in England, and should afterwards present himself at my lodgings in town, when he expected me to conduct him to the place where Constance was staying, and that he should have just one week in which to make her acquaintance before he must leave Europe again for a lengthened period. He promised, however, to write and inform me of the exact time when I might expect him, mentioning three weeks as probably the outside time before we should meet.

"Here was a situation for me to be in. What should I do? If I wrote to beg Constance to hasten her departure, even if she would undertake the voyage alone, there would be no time for her to make her preparations and to sail, so as to reach England before my uncle should have left it. I was in in a sad dilemma, and wanted to rush back to London by the next train, to consult a friend in whom I had confided in my affairs, and whose advice I valued; but Monckton, my college friend, persuaded me to accompany him to the ball. 'You can think the matter over, old fellow,' said he, 'as well there as any where else, and there is not time for you to catch the London train now.' I chanced to see you when the night was half over, and being struck with your resemblance to Constance, begged to be introduced to you by the gentleman with whom you were speaking, of whom Monckton knew something. I did so, also, partly to acquiesce in his wish that I should dance, as he said my not doing so looked so remarkable, and Lady L. had asked him if his friend never danced.

"On hearing your name, it all at once occurred to me that Constance had once told me she had an uncle and aunt living in the north of England. It struck me too that it was just possible you might be a cousin of hers; hence my second question to you while dancing the quadrille together. My ideas were in such a desperate state of confusion at the time that I hardly comprehended how excessively impertinent you must have thought me, when I asked you the other questions. Your replies put the idea into my head which induced me to beg you to let me write and explain myself, and now I come to the disclosure of the design by which I hope, with your assistance, to obviate the difficulty of my position.

"Knowing my uncle's resolute purpose when he has made up his mind to anything, I felt sure that he would keep his word, and that unless he could see Constance and be able to judge of her himself, there would be no hope of his consent to an engagement, and if we waited until he should again have an opportunity of so doing, we should have to remain as we were until I am twenty-five. I would keep constant to the end of time itself, but I do not feel quite so sure about my love, surrounded as she is by admirers, as I said before. Ah! if she should forget me! No, it is better to secure her at all risks. Let me implore you to help me—you can if you will—you have the same names, are her cousin, I am almost sure. If you would consider my petition, how happy you would make me; you would relieve me from a tremendous load of anxiety. If you are her cousin, you cannot fail to know her relatives who live in Devonshire. Cannot you pay them a visit in about three weeks' time, and confer the immense favor upon me—of consenting to personate my Mary Constance for the week which my uncle proposes to pass in her company? I will let you know, in case you afford me this happiness, the exact day when I shall have to conduct my uncle to visit the Fortescues for this purpose. I shall await your decision anxiously, and shall fear the worst until I hear."

So ended Henry Ashford's letter, for by this name he signed himself. What a strange request! It was, however, quite true that he was half-engaged to my cousin, for I had heard in a letter from Canada about a month before that she was likely to be engaged to a Mr. Ashford, a young man of good prospects. What should I do—what did I do? I did what many a girl who loved excitement and a little adventure, placed in such peculiar circumstances, might have done. I consented to lend my aid in this romantic affair, which, anyhow, was at all events a family one. I

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received a grateful answer from Henry, and wrote to my cousins who lived near Bideford to accept the oft-repeated invitation they had given me to visit them, fixing the time in accordance with the plan in which I was engaged. So there I was, betrothed, as it were, but without a lover, or prospect of marriage. Was ever a girl so curiously placed before? Nothing served to remind me of my unprecedented predicament, till the arrival of a locket, with Mr. Ashford's photograph in it.

The day after the fancy-ball I met in society a gentleman, whose manners and conversation were very pleasing to me. I had frequent opportunities of seeing him, for he visited at our house, after a while, constantly. I was flattered by his attentions, and he appeared to take an increasing interest in me. Our pursuits were the same; he would sing to my accompaniment, criticise my drawings, and lend me some of his own, which had real merit, to copy. He would read aloud my favorite poems to my mother and myself, and things were becoming serious. My parents, hardly knowing whether his attentions should be encouraged or not, on so short an acquaintance, were not sorry to know that they would soon necessarily be put a stop to by my departure for my proposed visit to my relations. He was reading the "Palace of Art" to me the afternoon following that on which I had let out that I was going away; my mother had been called out of the room; when he made me a declaration of his love. I hardly can describe what I felt, when he did so, and begged me to tell him if he might hope. He would not have intruded his feelings upon me so soon, had he not known of my intended absence; but he could not bear the suspense he must endure, he said, if I went away without his assuring me of his attachment. I had seen so much of him in the three pleasant weeks that I had known him, and had liked him so much, and felt such a happy fluttering at my heart when he told me of his own feelings, that I began to understand a little the joy of being loved, which is impossible unless to one who can love in return, though I could not at the moment analyze my sensations. I told him that I had known him for too short a time to encourage him to hope, but that I was grateful for his interest in me. What could I say more?

However it might be another time, I could not engage myself until the extraordinary farce had ended, in which I was to take so prominent a part. In the momentary embarrassment the occasion caused, I inadvertently dropped the locket which was fastened to the chain of my watch, and usually lay concealed in my dress, for I had been playing with the chain, and had accidentally drawn out this token of Henry's. He stooped to pick it up, and must have seen the portrait on one side of it, for turning pale, he returned it to me with the remark.

"I fear I have no chance. This is a sign, doubtless, that I am doomed to disappointment." And seizing my hand, he pressed it convulsively, and looking at me with an expression of pain and regret that I shall never forget, he suddenly quitted the room.

I knew that I loved him after he was gone, when I felt the sorrow which the fear of never perhaps seeing him again caused me. I would have given much to recall those five or six minutes which had given me so much pleasure, yet had perhaps robbed me of a greater joy. Ah! why had I not told him all? It was always better and wiser to be perfectly open in these kinds of affairs, particularly where the heart was engaged, as mine was. Had I been so, how much suffering would have been spared me.

But it was of no use to wish that I had acted differently, and the next day was the one fixed on for my journey. I must go on with this miserable business—there was no drawing back now, for the day subsequent to my arrival at my cousins' house would be that of my introduction to Henry's uncle. I must keep up my courage, for there was much to be done. I wished heartily that I had never undertaken what had probably lost me a true heart. In gratifying the whim of the moment, I had shipwrecked my life's happiness. I arrived at Whitchley Manor in a very worn-out state, having scarcely slept the night before; and my nerves were fearfully strained. It appears Henry had let Mr. and Mrs. Fortescue into the secret, and they, though evidently not approving of the deceit about to be practised, had, out of commiseration to him, not seriously opposed it, thinking also that his uncle's conditions and exactions were very absurd. I received great kindness from them both, and they did all they could to cheer my spirits, fearing I was overcome with the fatigue of the lengthened railroad travelling I had endured. They little knew what a heavy grief was knocking at my brain and heart—how I hated myself for what I had promised to do. Another sleepless night—a headache in the morning, and I was in the

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drawing-room with my cousins when the hour of trial arrived. The carriage had been sent to the station to meet the gentlemen, and I heard the grating of the gravel on the drive up to the house under its wheels, an opening and shutting of doors, and the visitors were announced. I had been standing at the piano, tossing over some music, when they entered, and I did not turn round. By this time my head was swimming from the tension of my over-wrought feeling, and my agitation was extreme—a step towards me. Mr. Ashford's voice.

"Constance—allow me—my uncle."

I experienced a rushing sensation in my ears. I turned—some one stood before me—some one was holding my hands—a face bent over them—and then—all was blank—for I had fainted. When I recovered, I was lying on a sofa, and my cousins were bending over me.

"Thank Heaven that you have opened your eyes again at last," said Ellen Fortescue. "Henry's uncle knows all—we will leave you to make your peace with him for helping to deceive him, and to play a practical joke on so good a man."

They left me, and some one from the other end of the room advanced, and said:

"My poor child, your troubles are ended. My nephew has confessed all to me. I must, however, exact one penance before I can forgive you your part in the duplicity." Then, changing his voice to its natural tone:

"Instead of being engaged to the nephew for one week, you must consent to belong to the uncle for life."

The voice thrilled every chord of my being. I turned to look at Henry's uncle, and was clasped to the breast of the man I loved.

"I am so thankful to that rascal, Henry," exclaimed he, "that he chose Mary Constance instead of Constance Mary. When I saw that you wore his portrait in your bosom, I felt there was no hope for me, though I was ignorant at the time that his true love's surname, which he had never mentioned, happened to be the same as yours, or that you were related. I have, in the moment of happiness he conferred on me by disclosing that your promise to him only bound you for one week, forgiven him fully, and granted all he wishes of me."

Henry, it appears, had been struck with remorse when he saw how seriously I was affected by the complications he had brought upon me, and being of a generous, impulsive nature, had at once made a clean breast of it to his uncle. Of course, I need not tell you added my friend, that Colonel Hedley and I were married at once, and that I accompanied him to India. Henry married his Mary as soon as she arrived, which was before we started, and the thousand pounds, which was wanting to complete his bride's requirements, was presented her by my husband in the shape of a set of diamonds. He made only one condition now, and that was that Henry should call her by her first name, and leave Constance to him. I was reminded last evening of this strange incident by an old gentleman, who had not seen me since I was a very young girl, remarking to me how tall I had grown, and inquiring what my height really is. I thought then, as I often do, of my strange partner, and my relations to him for one week.

THE ARAB HORSE.

The Arab horse is watered only once in the twenty-four hours. He is often obliged to content himself with dates instead of barley; these are given to him before they are perfectly ripe, when their stones are soft, and are eaten stones and all. In the spring he is turned out on the pastures; but in the summer, if his master can afford it, he gets a little barley. On this scanty fare a horse in the desert is expected, if necessary, to accomplish, for five or six successive days, distances of a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and fifty miles; and after a couple of days' rest and good feeding, he will be quite well enough to repeat the feat. If he shakes himself at any resting place, or paws the ground with his foot, it is held that there is no occasion to pull up in the journey; and if you would know at the end of a day of excessive fatigue how far you can yet depend upon your horse, get off his back and pull him strongly by the tail—if he remains unmoved, you may still rely upon him. "It is of no very rare occurrence to hear of a horse doing one hundred and eighty miles in twenty-four hours!" The requisites which the men of the desert look for in him are, that "he should carry a full grown man, his arms and a change of clothing, food for both his rider and himself, a flag even on a windy day, and if it be necessary, drag a dead body behind him."

The same plan of conduct through life which will prevent us from having any enemies, will shut the door against warm friendships and the more delicate offices of kindness.

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CAPTAIN HUBBELL DEFENDING HIS BOAT.

See Illustration on page 356.

BY SIDNEY HERBERT.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM HUBBELL, of Vermont, emigrated with his family to what is now Frankfort, Kentucky, but at that time, 1790, was only a small frontier settlement. During the following year, business of importance called him to the Eastern States; which, having satisfactorily accomplished, he started on his return, and arrived at one of the branches of the Monongahela river, without accident, although the Indians were still troublesome, but more especially, in the vicinity of the Ohio river.

Here he procured a flat-bottomed boat, and in company with a Mr. Daniel Light, and Mr. William Plascut and his family, consisting of his wife and eight children, who were on their way to Limestone, Kentucky, proceeded leisurely down the river. They arrived at Pittsburg without having been interrupted, or discovering any signs of Indians. But soon after passing this place, they were informed there had been many depredations committed, and that the Indians were out in large numbers. They soon overtook and passed another boat, which had run aground, but were unable to render them any assistance from the rapidity of the current; and passing around a short bend, they tied the boat to the shore, and waited nearly a whole day, until Captain Hubbell, fearing an attack from the Indians, and knowing they would be unable to give them any assistance, again commenced descending the river, keeping constant watch to prevent surprise.

Before reaching the mouth of the Great Kenhawa river, their number was increased by the addition of several persons, who had joined them at different places on the river, whose names were John Stoner, Messrs. Ray, Tucker, and a Mr. Kilpattrick, with his two daughters, and an Irishman and a Dutchman, whose names are not known; making in all twenty persons, of whom nine were men, three women, and eight children.

On reaching Gallipolis, their fears were confirmed by information received from a reliable source. They, however, resolved to continue their journey; and Captain Hubbell having been regularly chosen to command, made every possible preparation for a desperate defence, in case they were attacked. The men were divided into three watches, of three men each, who were to stand watch alternately, two hours at a time, throughout the night.

The arms on board consisted of a rifle and a knife to each man; some of them, however, were much out of repair. Captain Hubbell had, besides, a pair of large horse pistols. The rifles were put in the best possible order, and then carefully loaded and primed; the men always sleeping with their arms by their sides, so as to be prepared at the first alarm, to take the post assigned them.

They proceeded in this manner until the evening of the twenty-third of March, when they overtook a fleet of six boats descending the river in company, and congratulated themselves on the additional security they would derive from so large a force. They had however, been in their company but a short time, when they became satisfied it would be more hazardous to remain, than to part company and proceed alone; as those on board the other boats seemed disposed to have a jolly time, drinking and dancing, without making any preparations for defence, in case of an attack. Captain Hubbell remonstrated with them, and tried to persuade them to leave off drinking, and imitate his own plans. But they only laughed at him, and kept on with dancing.

Perceiving that all he could say was unheeded, he got out the oars of his own boat, and commenced rowing down the river, determined that if his boat was attacked, he would not be taken unawares. The last they heard from the other boats, they were singing and dancing, true to the character of the "Jolly Flat Boatmen," and were probably all killed by the Indians, as they were never heard from again. One of the boats, however, commanded by Captain Greathouse, followed the example of Captain Hubbell, and for a while kept up with his boat; but becoming weary of rowing, they ceased their efforts, and fell behind.

Early in the night, Captain Hubbell being on the watch, discovered a canoe slowly floating down the river, which he at once concluded contained Indian scouts, reconnoitering; and, from other signs which they observed on shore, they felt sure they were watched by

a large party of Indians, who would wait only for a favorable opportunity to attack them.

The men, with the exception of the watch, threw themselves on the cabin floor to sleep, with the understanding that if the attack should be deferred until just before daybreak, as it probably would be, they would, upon the first alarm, all take their stations, and make as much show of numbers and strength as possible to intimidate the Indians, and show them they were not to be taken without a desperate resistance. Captain Hubbell remained up all night, fearing the watch might become careless, and allow the savages to approach without giving the alarm. He had, indeed, obtained but little sleep since leaving Pittsburg.

Just before daylight, while the men were still sleeping, as the boat approached a bend in the river, a voice hailed them in a plaintive tone, and begged them to come ashore and take on board two white men, who had, during the night, escaped from the Indians, and were in a starving condition, without either arms or ammunition; and that unless they would take them on board, they must either starve or be again taken by the Indians.

But Captain Hubbell was not to be so easily deceived, but immediately suspected it was an Indian artifice, to throw them off their guard; and if they should near the shore, instead of finding white men, they would be boarded by Indians, and either secured as prisoners, or murdered at once. He therefore called up the men, and getting out the sweeps, rowed down the river as fast as possible, without paying any attention to the voice on shore, which soon changed to insult; and but a short time after, they discovered three canoes filled with Indians, rapidly approaching them. Keeping two men at the oars, the rest threw overboard the chairs, tables, and everything else that would impede their action, and then telling the women and children to lie down on the floor of the cabin, they piled the trunks and other baggage around them, forming a sort of bulwark which would protect them from the balls of the Indians. Having made every preparation for defence, they determined to die rather than allow the women and children to fall into the hands of their foes.

Captain Hubbell now called to the two men to cease rowing, and all hands take their guns, but not to fire until the Indians were so near "that the flash of the guns would singe their eyebrows," and to be careful to fire successively, so that there should be no interval. These orders had hardly been delivered, when the canoes arrived, each containing from twenty-five to thirty warriors. Ranging themselves, one on the bows, one at the stern, and another at the right hand of the boat, they were able to rake it in all directions. They then commenced firing; and at the first fire, Mr. Tucker was wounded in the thigh so severely, that his leg hung only by the flesh, the bone being shattered. Mr. Light was also slightly wounded.

Captain Hubbell allowed them to approach still nearer, and then gave the word to fire, which was obeyed with so much spirit and skill, that the Indians were thrown into confusion, and their advance checked for a time; but they soon rallied again. Captain Hubbell had fired his own gun, and then seizing Mr. Tucker's, raised it to his shoulder, when a ball came and carried away the lock; he coolly turned, and seizing a brand from under the kettle which served as a caboose, applied it to the pan, discharging the gun, and killing his man. The firing was now pretty sharp on both sides, but with more effect on the Indians than on the party in the boat; as the sides, being made of thick plank, formed a sort of breastwork, while the Indians were fully exposed.

At this time, Captain Hubbell being in the act of firing his gun, was hit by a ball, which passed through his left arm, touching the cords, and causing them to contract, and for a few minutes completely disabling him. He had just recovered the use of it, when he discovered the Indians in the canoe at the bow of the boat, just about to board her. Seizing his heavy horse pistols, he rushed forward with one in each hand, just as two of them had got astride the side of the boat, and were preparing to spring in. Pointing a pistol at the breast of each, he fired, and they both fell backward into the river. Two others were hold of the sides of the boat, with their heads just in sight. Raising one of his pistols, he brought it down on the head of one, and then of the other, with such force as to break in the skull, and kill them instantly, making four he had killed in less time than it takes to relate it. Others still attempting to come on board, he seized a heavy stick of wood which laid at his feet, and as soon as they placed their hands on the sides of the boat, with a heavy blow he crushed their fingers, sending them back into the water, howling with pain.

So desperate was his defence, they at last withdrew, followed by the rest of the canoes,

and directed their course to the boat of Captain Greathouse, which had just come in sight, which they boarded without resistance, those on board retreating to the cabin, without making a single effort to repel them. They then rowed the boat to the shore, and at once tomahawked Captain Greathouse, and a boy about fourteen years old; and placing the women in the canoes, and recruiting their number from those on shore, returned again to the attack of Captain Hubbell's boat. As they approached, they placed the women in such a position as to shelter themselves, and those in the boat were obliged to run the risk of shooting them, or allow the Indians to approach without offering any resistance. They chose the former alternative, believing that if they were captured themselves, it would not benefit the women; and if they should happen to hit them, it would most likely save them from a worse fate.

There were now but four men on the boat capable of making resistance, and the captain himself was wounded in two places, and hardly able to handle his rifle; but they were as resolute as ever, and determined never to surrender. As soon, therefore, as the Indians came within a proper distance, they fired upon them, and having loaded all their rifles, were able to give them a warm reception, and keep up a constant firing, by passing the guns to their wounded comrades as soon as they were discharged, to be again loaded; and although they were only about as one to twenty, such was their courage and determination, that the Indians became discouraged, and again, one after the other, returned to the shore. Just as the last canoe was leaving, Captain Hubbell called to the Indian who was steering, and as he turned round, fired at him, and with a yell he sprang up and fell over the side of the canoe into the water. They had now twice repulsed the Indians, but the danger was not yet all over, for on turning from the canoes, they found the boat had drifted almost on to a point of land, which the Indians on shore had discovered, and were rushing down upon it to the number of four or five hundred.

Ray and Plascut, who were the only men on board who were uninjured, immediately took the oars, and hanging some blankets so as to screen them from the shore, rowed out towards the middle of the river; the rest of the party threw themselves into the bottom of the boat, with the exception of Mr. Kilpattrick, who occupied a position in which he could see the Indians on shore; and observing one who appeared to take a more active part than the rest, could not resist the temptation to fire at him, although warned of the danger by Captain Hubbell, and raising himself, he had hardly brought the gun to his shoulder, when a ball struck him in the mouth, and he fell back dead, almost into the arms of his daughters.

So near had the boat drifted to the point, that before they could get headway upon her, she was within about twenty feet of it. The Indians had kept up a continual firing upon them until they were beyond their reach. Four out of five of the horses which were on board were killed, and the oars in the hands of Ray and Plascut were repeatedly struck by the balls, but they remained uninjured. Their escape seems almost a miracle.

Thus ended the conflict, two of the party only having been killed outright—Tucker and Kilpattrick, and one mortally wounded, Stoner dying the next day. All, however, but Ray and Plascut, were badly wounded.

The women and children escaped injury, with the exception of a son of Mr. Plascut, who, after the battle was ended, came to the captain and coolly asked him to cut a ball from his head. Captain Hubbell could not at first believe there was one in; but upon examination, found that a ball which had passed through the side of the boat, and become nearly spent, had entered the forehead of the little fellow, and still remained under the skin; and taking his knife, he easily cut it out. "That is not all," said the boy, and holding up his arm, showed a piece of bone hanging by the skin from the point of his elbow, which had been struck by a ball, and a piece of the bone split off. His mother now, in a voice of sympathy, asked him why he had not spoken of it before. "Because," said the little hero, "the captain told us to keep still during the battle, and I thought if I told you, you would be frightened, and make a noise."

They reached Limestone about midnight of the same day, where their story was hardly credited by the inhabitants. But upon examining the boat, it was found that the sides were literally filled with bullets and bullet holes, there not being a space of two feet square above the water which had not received a shot. The blankets which had been used as screens while rowing past the point, received in the space of five feet square no less than one hundred and twenty balls; and on one of the oars were the marks of ten balls, and on the other, nine, which were made while in the

hands of Ray and Plasent. Captain Hubbell reached his home in Frankfort, and recovered from his wounds.

The bodies of Captain Greathouse, and the women and children who were with him in the boat, were afterwards found near the spot where they were attacked; and from the appearance of the women and children, it was supposed they had been whipped to death, as their bodies were covered with stripes, and large rods were found near them, which seemed to have been worn out with use.

THE HISTORY OF A CHICKEN.

BY DOWN EAST JOE.

This little chicken's mother—
For such should be her name,
Because she laid the egg,
Though another hatched the same—

Well! like her sex this biddy
Chose to do her own sweet will;
Forsook the cheerful henhouse,
And built her nest with skill

Upon the new-mown grasses
In farmer Cowan's loft—
Laid an egg like any other,
Though the shell was rather soft.

Then she cackled very loudly,
(This lone, eccentric hen!)
And strutted off so proudly
As she'd done the work of ten.

But the farmer heard her flourish,
And sent his youngster, Ben,
To put this new production
Beneath "the setting hen."

Ben thrust the egg beneath her,
But 'twas against her will;
And the jealous hen, ungrateful,
Did pick him with her bill.

'Twas just a week thereafter,
Much to the hen's surprise,
From the eggshell peeped the chicken
And winked his little eyes.

Then she walked out to air him,
And for her needed food;
But brief must be her moments
To leave her nascent brood.

The insects peered out shyly;
But the chicken was so small,
Like a long-legged, yellow spider,
They feared him not at all.

There's been war 'twixt Gog and Magog
Since feathers went on legs,
To settle which were oldest,
The biddies or their eggs.

If first an egg be granted,
Pray where's the egg to match it?
(To close this vexing question)
Pray where's the hen to hatch it?

And thus the hen bethought her,
"Scratching gravel" toward her nest;
While she coaxed the valiant chicken
To the shelter of her breast.

But in his own opinion
He'd found there something better;
More set than was his mother—
If a son could be a setter.

There was anciently a baby
(They thought him some great "shakes"),
Who got his little name up
By choking two poor snakes.

But the valor of this chicken
Did Hercules' excel
As far as Boston fountain
Exceeds a common well.

Now charged the chicken boldly
On a mighty angle-worm;
They closed in conflict awful
With many a scream and squirm.

The rooster patriarchal
Discerned the furious tussle,
And called his wives and daughters,
Who thither quickly bustle.

Then came two other serpents
And threw him from his feet;—
The conflict was unequal,—
The chicken will be beat.

Down on his back they had him,—
He fought with tooth and nail;—
He paler grew and paler,
Fast seemed his strength to fail.

But for a moment only:
Upon his feet he sprang!
The worms were in his gullet,
And loud his clarion rang.

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In warmest admiration
The rooster cocked his eye;
Hens, smoothing down their feathers,
Looked on him tenderly.

He watched his handsome father
And those obedient wives;
He learned the trade of scratching,
And in his crowing thrives.

But heroes will get sleepy;
So this one climbed the bars
Beside his mighty parent
Among the snoring 'mas.

Uprose the sun, and quickly
Uprose this famous chick;
He flung a crow out pertly,
And gave his "dad" a kick.

Then that indignant parent
Gave this chicken such a boost
With his big, dexter toe-nail
As sent him off the roost.

Soon, by some sweet white clover,
A butterfly he spied:
"O, beautiful! how beautiful!"
The raptured chicken cried.

He sat him down close by her,
And cooed like any dove;
Ah me! this touch of nature—
The chicken was in love.

—

THE CHICKEN'S SONG TO THE BUTTERFLY.

O, pretty bird! pretty bird!
Bright are thy wings,—
How gorgeous thy colors!
Thrice sacred the springs
That bring up the nectar
To feed thy fair form!
Didst fall from the rainbow
When far fled the storm?

O, Butterfly! Butterfly!
Bright is thy coat,
Brown, scarlet and golden—
Pure white is thy throat.
Thy large eyes are glowing;
Thine antennæ plumes
Wave softly, demurely,
O'er dewy bright blooms.

O, sweet little Butterfly,
Light at my side!
O, rapture and torture—
Away thou dost glide;
Now lower, now higher,—
Grace ease is to thee:
Thy going, thy flowing,
Is torture to me.

O, Butterfly! Butterfly!
Hover thou near!
No creature shall harm thee—
O, banish thy fear.
Ascending, descending
On angelic wings!
O, blest is his labor
Thy honey-dew brings.

—

Thus sang the lovesick chicken:
The Butterfly had heard;
But the coquette wasn't smitten
With the doughty little bird.

Long he followed her afar;
She hovered o'er his head,
And on a daisy settled;
He thought his love was fled.

Desponding, he looked downward—
O, blissful! just below
(A little pond was by him)
He sees her, trembling, glow.

O, happy bird! he flutters
To solace him with kisses;
His bride is just before him—
Was e'er such joy as this?

Alas! 'twas but a shadow—
And bantam couldn't swim;
The water ends his rapture,
And that's the end of him.

NEGRO PROVERBS.

In the sayings and proverbs of the African negro, we constantly meet with more or less exact parallels to common sayings in our own language. "If it rained cats and dogs" is represented by "If live coals fell in the bad weather." "If the cap fits" becomes "'There goes a witch! There goes a witch!' If you are not a witch, you will not turn round"—which seems, however, to make hardly sufficient allowance for motives of curiosity, or to imply an unusual superiority to them on the part of the negro. "Love me, love my dog" is reversed—"When a person hates you, he will beat your animals." The superiority of one "bird in the hand" to "two in the bush" is unknown, but the same idea is expressed by "The palm of the hand never deceives one." The observation of business life which made Solomon write "It is naught, it is naught, said the buyer, but when he goeth away he boasteth," has led the African to say of the seller, "The trader never confesses that he had sold all his goods; he will only say 'Trade is a little better.'" "I almost killed the bird; but no one can eat 'almost' in a stew," is the negro equivalent for "The grapes are sour."

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Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

THE ART OF DRAWING.

There is no art, with perhaps the exception of music, that begins to be cultivated so extensively among us, as the art of drawing; already it is introduced into all the higher public schools in the country, and is considered indispensable in all private schools of any pretension. To say nothing of its positive utility, its moral influences are unquestionably powerful. Rightly pursued, it leads to an accurate study of nature, a love of her varied phenomena, and, consequently, to a love of science. Every year a large number of amateurs graduate, whose performances would not discredit professional artists. Thus a taste for art is diffused throughout the country, and tends to produce that degree of refinement, a deficiency of which has hitherto been much deplored.

This taste is becoming imperative, and demands sumptuous illustrations, on which the eye can feast, and the hand improve by copying. Representations of places, people, events, are of immense value to young students in drawing, when the pictures are well done, and by acknowledged artists. Such an agent, and such a medium is BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY, and to the rising generation, as a means of creating a proper taste in drawing, as well as general information of all that is refined and excellent, this magazine is a most invaluable acquisition. We have seen the advertisements of self-styled drawing-masters, promising to teach the art "in twelve easy lessons," but all pupils who have been gulled by their promises, have discovered that there is no railroad to the outskirts of the great domain of art. Patience and hard study only succeed.

To draw well is to write in all languages, so as to be understood by all people. The language of the eyes is the only universal language. If you would learn to draw, you must begin by studying the elements of geometry, for all the forms you will have to represent by drawing, from the simplest to the most complex, are geometrical forms. The master of Apelles, two thousand years ago, said:—"The young man who wishes to draw or paint, must begin by studying the laws of geometry and perspective." The principal requisite to success is to learn to see correctly, and students cannot be too strongly urged to study nature.

Method and order can alone command success in this, as in every other art. The perfect is as difficult of attainment in a simple as a complex thing. The way to success is to attempt often, to work hard, and to do over again most carefully whatever is faulty, and this is the course that the greatest masters have pursued. Nice finish is not drawing, as many boarding-school misses' "specimen" performances prove. When the hand is thoroughly skilled in catching forms exactly, appropriate schooling will suggest itself, and dexterity comes only by practice. Pupils who desire to gain a practical knowledge, should copy from nature; they should learn to copy inanimate objects, busts, furniture, familiar household articles, then simple out-door subjects, trees and the like, then living animals, and afterwards the copy of engravings.

To our mind the art of drawing is as necessary a part of a school education as the art of writing is, and we do not despair one day to see it almost as generally taught and appreciated, but at the present time only the pupils of the Girls' High and Normal, the English High and the Latin Schools employ a drawing teacher. All of our grammar school pupils should receive instruction.

COMBUSTION.

Ignite a bit of cotton; it bursts into flame. The oxygen again unites with its carbon, and an amount of heat is given out, equal to that originally sacrificed by the sun to form the bit of cotton. So also as regards the "deposits of dynamical efficiency" laid up in our coal strata; they are simply the sun's rays in a "potential form." We dig from our pits, annually, millions of tons of coal, the mechanical equivalent of which is of almost fabulous vastness. The combustion of a single pound of coal in one minute, is equal to the work of three hundred horses for the same time. It would require one hundred and eight millions of horses, working day and night with unimpaired strength for a year, to perform an amount of work equivalent to the energy which the sun of the carboniferous epoch invested in one year's produce of our coal-pits. Dean Swift made an egregious blunder when he ridiculed the philosopher of the Flying Island who searched for the sunbeams hidden in cucumbers.

POWER OF MESMERISM.—A young man was lately tried in Paris for enticing a young woman away from her family by means of the use of mesmerism. He boasted of his magnetic power while standing at the bar, and offered to magnetize the presiding judge. He actually tried to magnetize the procureur-imperial, and frightened him so much that he angrily ordered the prisoner to lower his eyes. Being found guilty by the jury, he was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment with hard labor.

A SHARP GIRL.—The Limerick Chronicle reports an elopement which recently took place in Tipperary, Ireland, and states that the young lady who ran away took sixty sovereigns from a hole in her father's bedpost, and that to extract the money she used birdlime or wax at the end of a stick.

ANGER.—A noble anger at wrong makes all our softer feelings warmer, as a warm climate adds strength to poisons and spices.

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SWEET FLOWERS.

It is because flowers are such lovely emblems of innocence, so like the merry face of childhood, that they have a large place in our best affections. They ever remind us of our days of boyhood and buoyancy; when Nature, our fond mother, sat upon the hills, clapping her hands with joy, and giving us all the earth, with the landscape and rocks, and hills and forests, for our school and playground; when the young soul was just fresh from its home in heaven, and not yet corrupted and defiled by a cold, callous and calculating world; when quiet nooks enclosed us with their greenness, and we found companions in the wild bee, and the morning breezes, and in everything which wore the impress of beauty, whether animate or inanimate; when all things were clothed with beauty, and were worshiped with a veneration beyond utterance; when each leaf and flower was a palace of sweet sights and scents, and the bending boughs were woven into fairy bowers of enchantment, and touched us with heaven's own glorious sunshine; when we picked up lessons of love and delight by river-sides, by brooks, and hawthorn paths, in quiet glens and in green fields, and inhaled from every passing breeze health, intelligence and joy; when all things grew and expanded into broad and living hope, calm, lovely, promising and serene, as a bright vision by a sick man's bed. And then, too, the holy memories which they embalm in their folded buds and undewed chalices—memories fraught with sorrow, but not less welcome to our hearts. Tender recollections, perchance, of parents now sleeping in green repose in the ivied churchyard, though far divided from us by a gulf of worldly cares and sordid interests, no longer controlling our actions with a judicious watchfulness and care, no longer checking us as we are about to pluck the fatal weeds of folly, and to inhale the breath of the sinful blossoms which pleasure scatters in our path—beautiful and fragrant, but fraught with the bane of misery—luring us to tarry in voluptuous bowers, and steep our souls in sensual delights, where repentance and self-reproach for precious time thus squandered and irrevocably lost come upon us as a reward, and give, in return for excess of light, a maddening despair and blindness.

"THE BELLS OF SHANDON."

It is related that one of the monks of the abbey of Shandon was driven, with the rest of the ecclesiastical household, away from his sacred home, at the time of one of the wars in Ireland. Leaving the shores of his native land, he journeyed through England, France, and Italy, a broken-hearted exile. All his life had been spent in this holy abbey, on the banks of the Lee, and every morning, noon and midnight, during a long lifetime, he had listened to the sweet music of these bells of Shandon, and the memory of the dear old chiming haunted him in every step of his long wanderings. Months and years passed away, and yet his recollections of those rich and holy chimes were ever fresh and vivid. After a long while spent upon the continent, he determined to return to the abbey and spend his last days there, and be lulled to sleep by the music of its bells, and be laid to rest under its shadow. Over the Alps, and through France, and across England, he plodded his weary way on foot, till, jaded and worn, he arrived at Bristol, and took passage for Cork. After he entered the cove of Cork, and while the boat was slowly sailing up the beautiful river, floods of golden memories were passing themselves over his soul—every tree and rock and castle and crag was rich with histories to him. By-and-by the shore was approached as evening drew on, and the gables and buttresses of the abbey began to appear in the distance. At length the solemn bells began the vesper-peal, and over the waters the sweet music came stealing along the lurking shadow, until it reached the ears of the venerable monk. *It was too precious for him; his heart could not hold it.* The rowers stopped and sprinkled a few drops of water upon his cold brow, and lifted him up, hoping that the breeze would revive him. *But he was gone.*

STEADY BOARDERS.—"How many boarders have you, madam?" said a militia officer to the keeper of a respectable boarding-house in Nineteenth street. "Why," said the lady, "I have a number in the city, and several who make short visits from the country." "But how many steady boarders have you?"—"Why, out of the ten now in the house, there are not more than three I can call steady."

RAILWAY ACCOMMODATION OF LONDON.—In and around London at the present time, no less than one hundred and fifty miles of railway are in course of construction, involving an outlay of thirty millions sterling at the ordinary rate of calculation.

CURIOUS.—There is a family in Detroit of quite unusual composition. The father and mother have each been married three times, and have had children by each marriage—and all are now living happily together under one roof—six sets of children.

LITERAL RENDERING.—A Chinese boy, who was learning English, coming across the passage in his Testament, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced," rendered it thus:—"We have toot, toot to you, what's the matter you no jump?"

A BIG CITY.—London spreads over more than 720 square miles, contains 2600 miles of streets, has 360,000 houses, a population of 3,000,000, and an assessed annual rental of over £60,000,000.

THE REMEDY.—The Digger Indians have a sure remedy for the small pox. When one has it he closes the door of his hut, shoots his dog, and then shoots himself, which effectually removes the disease.

TRUE.—An analyzing dame reports that "she had heard of but one old woman who kissed her cow, but she knows of many thousands of young ones who have kissed very great calves."

REASON.—Men often attempt, by the light of reason, to discover the mysteries of eternity. They might as well hold up a candle to see the stars.

SAYING THINGS.—We oftener say things because we can say them well than because they are sound and reasonable.

WISDOM.—Experience is the father, and memory the mother of wisdom.

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The Florist.

The Berberry.

Deciduous shrubs, natives of Europe, North America and Nepal, several of the species of which are very ornamental for their flowers, and also for their fruit. The common berberry is a most elegant plant when trained to a single stem, and then allowed to expand its head freely on every side; so treated, the branches become drooping, and have a fine effect every spring, when they are covered with their rich yellow blossoms; and in autumn, from their long red fruit, which at a distance might be mistaken for the flowers of a scarlet fuchsia. All the species have bright yellow flowers, which appear in spring, and are very ornamental. They are also all quite hardy, thriving in any common soil, and easily propagated by ripened cuttings, layers, suckers or seeds.

Helmet-flower.

A most singular red and yellow flower, part of which resembles a skeleton's head, with the vertebræ of the neck, and part two folded bats' wings. The plant is grown in a pot in sandy peat, mixed with lime rubbish; and the soil is raised above the level of the pot, as the flower-stalk hangs down from the root. It is a native of the West Indies; and like most other of the tropical orchidaceæ, it requires abundance of heat and moisture to throw it into flower.

The Rock Rose.

Beautiful hardy and half hardy shrubs, which grow freely in a mixture of loam and peat, and are readily increased by cuttings planted under a hand-glass, layers, or seeds, which are ripened in abundance. Most of the species are of low growth, and are generally used for rockwork; but some are tall handsome shrubs. The dwarf kinds being generally rather tender, will require a slight protection during severe winters, where they are planted out on rockwork.

The Oleaster, or Wild Olive.

Curious-looking low trees, or shrubs, with bluish-green leaves, covered with a white silky down, that gives them a silvery look in the sunbeams. The flowers are small and tube-shaped; they are of a pale yellow, and rather fragrant. The fruit resembles the olive in shape, and is of a dark reddish brown.

Virginia Creeper.

The flowers have no beauty, but it is worth cultivating as an ornamental plant, from the brilliant scarlet which its leaves assume in autumn; and which look particularly well at that season, when intermingled with those of the common ivy, from the fine contrast they afford. The plant is of very rapid growth in any common soil, and it is propagated by layers or cuttings. It grows very rapidly, attaches itself firmly to wood or stone buildings, or to the trunks of old trees, and soon covers these objects with a fine mantle of rich verdure.

Cineraria.

The Cape Aster. The half-shrubby plants belonging to this genus are all of easy culture, and hybridize freely with each other; and when it is added that they produce a great abundance of showy flowers, it will not appear surprising that they are in general cultivation. They are nearly hardy, but are always grown in pots, as they flower so early in the season, that in the open ground their flower-buds would be liable to be nipped by frost. They are grown in light rich soil, and only require ordinary attention in watering. They are propagated by dividing the roots in August, by cuttings struck in autumn, or by seeds, which they ripen in abundance. The seed should be sown in May, on a slight hotbed, and the young plants pricked out into small pots, and shifted frequently during the summer. If they are wanted to flower in December, they should be kept in the greenhouse all the year, and they will begin to throw up their flower-stalks in October; but if they are not wanted to flower before April, the usual time of their flowering, they may stand in the open air, and need not be shifted above three or four times during the summer; and in October they may be put into a cold pit, where they may remain, just protected from the frost till March, when they will begin to send up their flower-stalks. Nearly all the beautiful purple-flowered kinds are varieties of hybrids, native of the Canaries.

Acanthophippium.

A curious orchideous plant, which may be grown in pots, in peat and loam, allowing it a season of complete rest, as soon as the leaves wither, by putting it in a cold house, and withholding water for two or three months, and then supplying it abundantly with heat and moisture when the plant begins to shoot.

The Chamomile.

A. Pyrethrum, the Pellitory of Spain, is a pretty little perennial, with large white flowers, stained with lilac on the back. It is a suitable plant for rockwork, or boxes in a balcony, as it requires a warm dry situation. Miller raised this plant in rather a curious way in 1732, finding its seeds among some Malaga raisins to which they had adhered. The root was formerly considered a cure for the toothache. The Arabian chamomile, a pretty low-growing hardy annual, with yellow flowers, is now called *Cladanthus Arabicus*.

Amphicome.

A very beautiful Nepal greenhouse perennial, with tube-shaped pink flowers. It may be propagated by either seeds or cuttings, though the first are sometimes two years before they vegetate, and the cuttings are very difficult to strike. The soil it is grown in should be loam, mixed with peat and sand; and to make it flower well, very little water should be given to it from the time of the leaves dying down, till the young shoots appear in spring.

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The Housewife.

Macaroons.

Blanch and skin half a pound of sweet almonds, dry them well in your screen, then put them into a mortar with a pound and a half of lump sugar, pound well together, and pass the whole through a wire sieve; put it again into a mortar, with the whites of two eggs, mix well together with the pestle, then add the white of another egg, proceeding thus until you have used the whites of about eight eggs and made a softish paste, when lay them out at equal distances, apart upon wafer-paper, in pieces nearly the size of walnuts, place some strips of almonds upon the top, sift sugar over, and bake in a slow oven, of a yellowish brown color; they are done when set quite firm through.

Rout Biscuits.

Boil a pound and a quarter of lump sugar, upon which you have rubbed the rind of a lemon, in half a pint of milk; when cold, rub half a pound of butter with two pounds of flour, make a hole in the centre, pour in the milk with as much carbonate of soda as would lie upon a sixpence, and a couple of eggs, mix the whole into a smooth paste, lay it out upon your baking-sheet in whatever flat shapes you please, and bake them in a very warm oven. The proper way to shape these biscuits is by wooden blocks having pine-apples, leaves, and other devices carved on them.

Cream Biscuits.

Rub one pound of fresh butter into one pound of flour, make a hole in the centre, into which put half a pound of powdered sugar upon which the rind of a lemon was rubbed previously to pounding, and three whole eggs, mix the eggs well with the sugar, and then mix all together, forming a flexible paste; cut it into round pieces each nearly as large as a walnut, stamp them flat with a butter-stamp of the size of a crown-piece, and bake them in a slack oven.

Washing made easy.

Dissolve half a pound of sal-soda and the same quantity of hard soap in half a gallon of boiling water, each separately. Pour a little boiling water over a quarter of a pound of quick lime. If *quick*, it will bubble when the water is applied. Boil the dissolved lime and soda together for twenty minutes, and then put all into a jar to settle.

To cure a Wen.

Wash it with common salt dissolved in water every day, and it will be removed in a short time. Or, make a strong brine of alum salt; simmer it over the fire. When thus prepared, wet a piece of cloth in it every day, and apply it constantly for one month, and the protuberance will disappear.

Charlotte Russe.

One ounce of isinglass, eight ounces of loaf sugar, dissolved in a glass of warm water; strain them through a fine sieve; beat in a separate bowl five eggs; add one quart of fresh cream; beat this all together with a wire whip, until it is hard. Line your dish with slices of sponge cake; pour in the mixture, and put it on ice, until ready to serve it. Flavor with what you please.

Hotch Potch.

Put a pint of peas into a quart of water; boil them until they are so tender as easily to be pulped through a sieve. Take of the leanest end of a loin of mutton three pounds; cut it into chops; put it into a sauce-pan with a gallon of water, four carrots, four turnips, cut in small pieces; season with pepper and salt. Boil until all the vegetables are quite tender; put in the pulped peas a head of celery and a sliced onion; boil fifteen minutes, and serve.

To make Blackberry Wine.

There is no wine equal to blackberry, when it is properly made. In flavor, and for medicinal purposes, it cannot be excelled. All persons who can conveniently do so, should manufacture enough for their own use every year, as it is invaluable in sickness as a tonic, and nothing is a better remedy for bowel complaint. Measure your berries and bruise them; to every gallon add one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask; to every gallon add two pounds of nice, clean sugar; cork tight and let it stand until the following October, and you will have wine ready for use without further straining or boiling, that will make lips smack that never smacked under similar influences before.

Brisket of Beef stuffed.

A piece weighing eight pounds requires about five or six hours to boil. Make a dressing of bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, sweet herbs, a little mace, and one onion chopped fine and mixed with an egg. Put the dressing in between the fat and lean of the beef, and sew it up tight; flour the cloth; pin the beef up very tight in it; boil it five or six hours. When it is done, take the cloth off, and press it until it is cold. This is to be cut in thin slices, and eaten cold.

Moss Biscuits.

Weigh half a pound of flour, to which add an ounce and a half of butter and five ounces of sugar, rub them well together and mix with one whole and one white of egg and a teaspoonful of milk; then add two ounces of ground almonds, which rub well into the paste; afterwards rub the whole through a gauze wire sieve, taking it off in small pieces, which lay upon a lightly-buttered baking-sheet, and bake them in a moderate oven.

Pickle and Preserve Jars.

Remember that pickle and preserve jars should always be washed in cold water, dried thoroughly, and kept in a dry place. If they are washed in hot water, it cracks their glazed surface, making them porous, and therefore unfit for use—since one of the great points in pickling and preserving is thoroughly to exclude the air.

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Curious Matters.

Vegetable Flannel.

There are two establishments near Breslau, in one of which pine-leaves are converted into wool, while in the other, for invalids, the waters used in the manufacture of pine wool are employed as curative agents. In the hospitals, penitentiaries and barracks of Vienna and Breslau blankets made from that material are now exclusively used. One of their chief advantages is, no kind of vermin will lodge in them. The material is also used as stuffing, closely resembling horse-hair, and is only one-third its cost. When spun and woven, the thread resembles that of hemp, and is made into jackets, spencers, drawers and stockings, flannel and twill for shirts, coverlets, body and chest warmers, and knitting yarn. They keep the body warm without heating, and are very durable. The factories are lighted with gas made from the refuse of the above manufactures.

Subsidence of the Earth's Crust.

The commune of Buonanotte, in France, is hourly menaced with utter destruction. Five manufactories have already been overthrown, and sixty-four more are threatened with imminent ruin. The inhabitants have fled in the greatest consternation to the neighboring villages. The cause of the disaster is a sudden and violent depression of the soil, which is at the present time accounted for by one of two reasons —either the fall of an immense mass of earth in the west of the district, or the yielding of the roof of an extensive subterranean cavern. But in reality nothing certain is yet known as to the cause of this most deplorable event. A number of civil engineers have hastened to the spot, and prompt measures are in course of adoption to prevent still greater disaster.

A wonderful Tree.

In the birch wood of Culloden there is a remarkable tree, well worthy of note. Somewhere about thirty years ago a little giant of the forest was blown down in a storm, and fell right across a deep gully or ravine, which it completely spanned; and the top branches took root on the other side. From the parent stem no less than fifteen trees grow up perpendicularly all in a row; and there they still flourish in all their splendor, while the parent stem evinces no token of decay. Several of the trees are not less than thirty feet high. Is not this forest curiosity worthy of a visit by naturalists? The tree is a larch fir.

Remarkable Reptile.

A curious snake was recently found at Lee, Mass. It was nearly four feet in length, about the size of a man's finger, and shaped like a whip-lash; and on close examination, the whole body was found to be composed of small worms about half an inch in length, with large black heads and semi-transparent body. On separating them into fragments they would immediately re-form into the snake shape and crawl slowly off. One or two other similar snakes have recently been seen in that vicinity.

Floral Clock.

Flowers could be used to mark the time of the day and night nearly as faithfully as the hands of a clock, thus:—Lettuce flowers open at six in the morning, those of the water-lily at seven, of the pimpernel at eight, of the field marigold at nine, of the Neapolitan fig marigold at ten, of the star of Bethlehem at eleven, of the ice-plant flower at noon, of the pink of Spain at one, of the red fringe tree at two, of the cinchona at three, of the beam tree at four, of the marvel of Peru at five, of the black and blue geranium at six, of the yellow day lily at seven, of the nocturn marigold at eight, of the Mexican pystache at nine. The rainy marigold can be used for a barometer. If it is going to be fine weather, its flowers open at about seven in the morning, and close between three and four in the afternoon; if it will rain during the day, they don't open at all.

Power of the Magnesium Light.

A singular circumstance has been communicated to the French Photographic Society, by M. Placet. The magnesium light is so powerful, that when placed at a short distance from the object-glass, it will melt its surface. An object-glass spoiled in this way was produced by him at that sitting. Photographers had better not bring the light too near the apparatus.

A singular Egg.

Joseph Crockett, of Danville, Maine, has a hen which recently laid a very large egg. On breaking it open another small egg was found within fully formed and enclosed in a shell. On breaking this small egg still another was found, and so on, till it appeared that in laying this one egg biddy had laid five eggs of retreating dimensions.

Iceland.

Iceland was discovered in 860; settled in 870; became an independent republic in 928; was Christianized in the year 1000; in 1265 became voluntarily subject to Norway; in 1387 fell, together with Norway, under the dominion of Denmark; and remains to this day a Danish province. For nine hundred years the dress, habits, manners and character of the people (sixty thousand in number) have remained unchanged.

Gold and Silver.

In the year 14 A. D. the annual product of gold and silver was about £1,000,000; In 1492 in was a little more than £52,900,000; in 1853 it had increased to nearly £68,000,000; but in 1863 it sunk to £50,000,000. The whole amount of gold and silver obtained from the earth from the earliest period is estimated at £4,848,333,333.

A tall Fellow.

A giant seven feet four inches high, with enormous amplitude of chest, but spindle-shanked, has appeared at Nagpore, India. He was mobbed at first as a devil, but somebody discovered mysterious marks on his head, and announced that he was a god, whereupon the superstitious populace immediately prostrated themselves and worshiped him.

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Facts and Fancies.

A MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

A jolly fellow, somewhere in Illinois, having been appointed justice of the peace, was called upon to perform a marriage ceremony, and thus relates how he managed it:

Having been appointed to the desirable "posish" of justice of the peace, I was accosted on the 5th day of July by a sleek-looking young man, and in silvery tones requested to proceed to a neighboring hotel, as he wished to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony. Here was a "squelcher." I had never done anything of the kind, had no books or forms; yet I was determined to do things up strong, and in a legal manner, so I proceeded to the hotel, bearing in my arms one copy of the Revised Statutes, one ditto Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, one copy large sized Bible, a small copy of the creeds and articles of Faith of the Congregational Church, one copy of Pope's Essay on Man, and a sectional part of the map where the victim lived. Having placed a table in the middle of the room, and seated myself behind it, I, in trumpet tones, called the case. With that the young man and woman, with great alacrity, stepped up before me. Having sworn them on the dictionary, to answer well and truly all the questions I was about to ask, I proceeded. I told the young man that, being an entire stranger, I should have to ask him to give bail for the costs. Having heard this so frequently in court, I thought it indispensable. He answered if I meant the fee for performing the ceremony, he would deposit it then and there. As I did not exactly know what I did mean, I magnanimously waived that portion of the ceremony. I then told him it would be necessary to give bail to keep the peace. This he said he was willing to do when he arrived at home, and I then waived that point also.

Having established to my satisfaction that they wanted to get married, and that they were old enough to enter into that blessed state, I proceeded to tie the knot. I asked him if he was willing to take that woman to be his wife. He said he was. I told him I did not require haste in the answer—that he might reflect a few minutes if he wished. I told him she looked like a fine girl, and I had no doubt she was, but if the sequel proved that he had been taken in, I did not want to be held responsible. I said he must love, honor and obey her as long as she lived. He must not be "snappy" around the house, nor spit tobacco juice on the floor, all of which he promised faithfully to heed. "Now," said I, "Georgiana," (her name was Georgiana), "you hear what Humphrey says. Do you accept the invitation to become his wife—will you be lenient toward his faults and cherish his virtues—will you never be guilty of throwing furniture at his head for slight offences, and will get three meals a day without grumbling?" She said she would. I asked them if they believed in the commandments and they said they did. Having read the creed and articles of faith, as aforesaid, I exclaimed, "Humphrey, take her, she is yours; I cannot withhold my consent. Georgiana, when safe in the arms of your Humphrey you can defy the scoffs and jeers of the world." I then read a little from the "Essay on Man," including that passage "Man wants but little here below, but wants that little long." As a finale to the scene, I delivered the following exordium: "Go in peace, sin no more." The generous Humphrey having placed a fifty cent check in my unwilling palm, I bade the happy pair a final adieu.

LICKED THE WRONG MAN.

Some years ago, when it was safe for most any Yankee to travel through the Southern States, one Ike Jewel, a native of Vermont, packed up his traps, started off on a peddling tramp, and finally brought up in Helena, State of Arkansas.

Now it happened that on the very day Mr. Jewel arrived in town, a fellow had been arrested for negro stealing, and placed in the old log jail, preparatory to receiving the penalty of fifty lashes for the offence. The jail being insecure, there being no patrol *a la horse guards* to protect it, and the prisoner having a tinge of Jack Sheppard blood in his veins, managed to escape, and of course flew by night, after the manner of the witches in Macbeth. The consequence was, that when the sheriff went next morning, in all the dignity of official pride, to administer the punishment, he was both surprised and indignant to find his man *non est inventus*.

"Ah, this wont do," said the dignitary, biting his lip, and looking poignards at the under sheriff, a carrotty-headed deputy, with a pumpkin-headed beard of a week's growth. We must set spies about for him, and have him re-apprehended."

Scouts were immediately despatched on all sides, all of whom had seen the man on trial, and knew his face, and as the sheriff's ebenezer was hugely "rix," their orders were uncompromisingly stringent.

Now it happened, from some strange and unfortunate cause, that the newly-arrived Yankee pedler was the very image—the regular "Corsican Brother"—the Siamese Twin of the fugitive culprit, and, as he was buttering a pancake at breakfast next morning, a large, strong man, with an official grin, tapped him gently on the shoulder.

"Well," said the Yankee, "what's the row neow—eh?"

"I want you, mister," was the brief reply.

"Yee-es—due you want me? I s'pose you have hearn of my having cum tue town with my everlastin' and all-snortin' inventions. You're wide awake, I see, for cumming afore any one else."

"Curse your inventions!" said the official. "The sheriff wants you immediately. You thought to escape, did you?"

"Sheriff—escape! Luke a-here, critter, what on airth do you mean?"

"Mean for you to come along with me, without another word."

And so saying, he dragged the pedler out of the room. On the way, he learned the circumstances of the arrest, and although he protested and swore he was not the man, the likeness was too strong for belief.

The sheriff advised him, for the good of his country and the honor of his friends, if he had any, not to tell

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such "dreadful lies," but quietly submit to the punishment. The consequence was, he was tied to the whipping-post, and the sheriff prepared to render in the dreariest manner the infliction.

"Now, before I begin, old fellow," said the sheriff, "what have you got to say?"

"O, nothin' in particular," said the pedler, laughing, with a meaning curve of the lip; "only if you can afford to pay for luxuries, mister, go ahead."

The sheriff, not comprehending the drift of this business-like assertion, applied the scourge, and at every cut the Yankee laughed with immoderate glee. Lash succeeded lash, and still he laughed, and still the wonder grew. When the fiftieth lash had been well laid on, as a parting salute, the sheriff, in a flood of wonderment, threw down his whip, and asked him the reason of his mirth.

"I'm regularly dumfounded," said he; "what in the world makes you laugh so?"

"Laugh! Why, who could help it?" fairly roared the Yankee. "I'm laughing teu think heow you've been sucked in on this operation—*I aint the man!*"

He said this so meaningly, that the sheriff began to think there must be mistake somewhere. The Yankee continued:

"It strikes me that business in my line is goin' tue be rayther dull in this teown, and ef there' any law tue be had, I'll speckalate on this licking, and see ef I can't turn it teu some account. I'm alwas open for trade, mister, ef you want tue compromise—for, remember, *you've licked the wrong man!*"

And dearly did the sheriff pay for it.

"I—SCREAM."

A native of New Jersey tells the following story. The incident occurred during one of the hot days of summer, when not a breath of air was stirring:

Johannes Jaguez, who drives his locomotive ice-cream concern right out into Jersey, has got a voice like a high-pressure steamboat. If Johannes had been commander of the Army of the Potomac, and and known how to do the thing, and could have spoken ten consecutive words of English, he could have displayed the column, and formed the line of battle of the whole army, without an aid-de-camp. Well, Johannes was dragging out through the sand, at high, scorching noon, roaring with all his monstrous might of lungs:

"*I—scream!* I SCREAM!"

"Wal, I'll be dod dingged ef I don't think you do *scream*, mister," soliloquized a rural sample of Jersey, from away in yonder, who was resting his panting nag under one of the maples in front of our house.

Along came Johannes, bellowing his "*I scream*" twice at every revolution of his wagon-wheel. I brought the Tueton to a halt, and purchased a quart of the frozen fluid. Jersey got a view of it, and opened his eyes very wide.

"I say—what d'ye call that are yaller white stuff?"

"*I—scream!*" went off Dutchman, with a roar that started Jersey half out of his boots.

"Thunder and hoop-snakes! I know you scream like all possessed. But I wanted to know the name of that are stuff!"

I explained—"Ice-cream."

"Thank ye. Is it good ter eat raw?"

"O yes—nice. Try a spoonful, sir?"

Jersey opened his mouth like a four-horse cornsheller, and I dabbed into the chasm a heaped-up spoonful of cream. His eyes snapped, he humped up his back like, and then, after swallowing three or four times, he sung out:

"O Jiminy! but that are is good! How d'ye sell her, mister?"

"Dree quarder dollars quart," Dutchman said.

"I snigs, that are's pretty steep up—but I reckon I must have some for the old woman and gals. They never seed no sech stuff. Will it keep, mister?"

"Yeas, it keeps goot ash never was."

"Well, give us two quarts." Jersey got a basket out of his wagon. "Will it keep in this?"

"O yeas, it keeps blentee."

So Jersey got his two quarts of ice-cream in his basket, which he hung up under the black cover of his wagon, where it was several degrees hotter than an oven ought to be.

Johannes took his $1.50, and went on roaring away, "I scream!" while Jersey—well—if the "old woman," or gals either, sees any of that basket of ice-cream, more than the basket, I shall purchase Jersey's secret for keeping the material.

SCHOOL FITS.

Bright Boy to Father.—I don't wish to go to school any more this week. I don't think I can stand it.

Father.—Why? Is my little boy sick?

Boy.—No sir—not quite sick—but I have bad spells every day in school.

Father.—Bad spells! Why how does my child feel when they come on?

Boy.—The blood flies into my head, and I feel red in the face, and my knees feel weak.

Father.—Is it so? And does the teacher do nothing to cure them?

Boy.—O, he tries to cure me, but he only makes me worse.

Father.—What remedy does he use?

Boy.—Birch and Mahogany—puts 'em on snug, just below the waistbands of my trousers.

Father.—Monstrous! Does he flog you when you have those bad spells?

Boy.—Yes sir, he does—and he brings on all these bad spells himself.

Father.—Worse and worse! How does he bring them on?

Boy.—[Edging toward the door.]—Why, sir, he puts out—such big, long, crooked words, I—can't spell 'em!

[Exit boy in a hurry to avoid a paternal shake.]

HEAVY THUNDER.

A family in La Crosse, Wisconsin, have been missing stove-wood for several weeks past. On the return of one of the members of the family, a few days since, the case was stated, and Sunday night a very pretty stick of fuel was left with others on the wood-pile. In the stick were two ounces of powder, for safe keeping. Monday the stick was there; Tuesday the stick was there, and the laugh was getting on the man who fixed it. Wednesday morning the stick was gone. Wednesday forenoon an explosion was heard in a house near by, and a kitchen window was spared no *panes!* On going to the spot, a *sight* might have been seen. The stove had joined a *piece* conference. A kettle of pork and cabbage shot up through the roof like an arrow. A dish of apples,

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stewing on the stove, gave the ceiling the appearance of a map of California. A cat, sleeping under the stove, went through the broken window, as though after the devil or a doctor. The cat has not been heard from since, but a smell of burnt cat hair pervades the house very thoroughly! A flat-iron was hoisted into a pan of dough—a chair lost three legs, the wood-box looks *sick*, while the roof of the house looks like a busted apple-dumpling. The occupant of the ruins says, "Such dunder never comes before, or he buys a *lightenin' rod, py tam!*"

"YOUR TICKET, SIR."

On one of the Northern railroads, there is a conductor named S——, a very clever, sociable, gentlemanly man, a great favorite with the company he is connected with, and the travelling public in general—fond of a joke, quick at repartee, and faithful in the discharge of his duties. During the past year, as his train, well filled with passengers, was crossing a bridge over a wide stream some seven or eight feet deep, the bridge broke down, precipitating the two passenger carriages into the stream. As the passengers emerged from the wreck, they were borne away by the force of the current. Our friend S—— had succeeded in catching hold of some bushes that grew near the stream, to which he held for dear life. A passenger, less fortunate, came rushing by. S—— extended one hand, saying:

"Your ticket, sir; give me your ticket."

You can imagine the effect of such a dry joke in the midst of the water.

AN ECCENTRIC PARSON.

Rev. Mr. Peters, of Attleboro', was slightly eccentric, and used sometimes to lose his way in fits of abstraction. He was also so good-natured that people might say anything they pleased to him. One day he strayed among some of his parishioners, who were burning charcoal, but so blackened that he did not recognize a single one of them.

"Can you tell me," said he, "who I am, where I am from, and whither I am going?"

"O yes," said they; "you are Parson Peters, you came from Attleboro', and you are going to the wicked place."

The parson replied, drily:

"From the looks of the inhabitants, I should think I had got there already."

A COMPLIMENT.

A correspondent, an engineer, tells the following story of Western life:

"We had been busy during the day, running a line through a dense piece of woodland. The old woman gazed on us for some time in silence. We all saw she wanted to enter into conversation; and none, with the exception of myself, wished to gratify her. I soon commenced a dialogue on various subjects and things, and, as a matter of course, I put my *best leg forward*. Struck with my language, she exclaimed, in a tone quite flattering to my vanity, 'La, how larned you are!' But the compliment received a death-blow. 'If I was as high-larned a scholar as you,' continued she, 'I'd quit ingeneerin', and go to keepin' a little grocery!'"

A STRIKING STORY.

A friend of ours was telling us, not long since, of an acquaintance of his in the country, who was noted for his mendacity. He related of him the following anecdote:

Said some one to the liar:

"Do you remember the time when the stars fell, many years ago?"

"Yes," said Mendax.

"Well," remarked the other, "I have heard it was all a deception—that the stars did not actually fall."

"Don't you believe it," returned Mendax, with a knowing look; "they fell in *my yard* as big as goose aiggs. I've got one of 'em yet, only the children played with it so much *they've wore the shiny p'ints off*."

Why is the telegraph like a musician? Because it beats time.

ADDRESSED TO THE AUDIENCE.

The most absurd display in the Latin line, which we have seen lately, was the apparent attempt of a clergyman in a prayer at a recent celebration, to make the dead language intelligible to the Almighty, he said:

"We thank thee, O Lord, that these our friends were thus permitted to die in battle, for *dulce est decorum est pro patria mori*, which means that it is sweet and honorable to die for one's country."

It is very evident that the reverend gentleman addressed this prayer to his audience rather than to his Maker.

A CONSIDERATE JUDGE.

Judge S—— had a very wild son, named Bob, who was constantly on a spree, and upon being brought up once for drunkenness, the judge cried out:

"Is that our Bob?"

"Yes sir," replied the clerk.

"Fine the rascal two dollars and costs; I'd make it ten dollars, if I didn't know it would come out of my own pocket."

DINNER INVITATION.

"Will you dine with me to-morrow, Mr. Maguire?" asked one Irishman of another.

"Faith, and I will with all my heart."

"Remember 'tis only to a family dinner I'm askin' you to."

"And what for not, a family dinner is a mighty pleasant thing. What have you got?"

"Och, nothing uncommon, a elegant piece of corn beef and potatoes."

"By the powers, that beats the world! jist my dinner to a hair—*barring the beef*."

A MISTAKE.

An Irish lawyer in an neighboring county, recently addressed the court as "gentlemen" instead of "your honors." After he had concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately rose to apologize, thus:

"May it please the coort—in the hate of debate, I called your honors *gentlemen*. I made a mistake, your honors."

The gentleman sat down, and we hope the court was satisfied with the explanation.

OUR NATIONAL GALLERY.

The young ladies who wrecked the Atlantic cable.

One of the curiosities of Saratoga.

"Missus has just lost her husband, but O, la! what a appetite she has got, to be sure!"

Members of Congress, who are fond of putting their beaks into the treasury.

The politician who smells a rat for his party.

Caught in the act of stealing preserves.

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OUR NATIONAL GALLERY.

Professor Swinehead's new musical instrument, as exhibited before all the crowned heads of Europe.

Statuette of the police officer who allowed the Rutland Square burglar to escape.

The summer swell of Newport.

A belle and waterfall.

Fearful of tan.

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THE

DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII.—No. 6.....DECEMBER, 1865.....WHOLE No. 132.

CROQUET, AND HOW TO PLAY IT.

CROQUET, AND A LITTLE FLIRTATION.

DURING the past year, the editors of BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY have received some hundred or more communications from fair readers and gallant youths, all requesting immediate information respecting the new and fascinating game of croquet (pronounced *cro-kay*), which has not long been introduced into this country from France, via. England.

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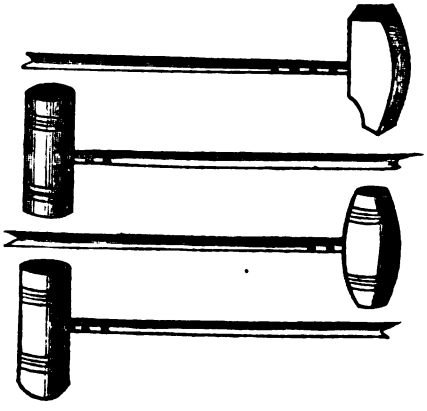
We promised most of our correspondents to learn all the particulars of the game, and to state them, with certain illustrations which would go far towards making our meaning clear and comprehensive. We are now ready to redeem our pledge, and to lay before our readers all that relates to this most popular game, together with the rules for playing the same. Those who are familiar with croquet declare that it is easy, graceful, and very quickly learned, giving ladies an excellent opportunity to show a neat foot and a trim ankle, and gentlemen a good chance to cultivate patience and that attention which the fair sex demands and rightfully receives. It is not a silent, calculating game, like whist and chess. One is not required to keep a closed mouth and assume a critical frown, for the more laughter and merriment the better is the play enjoyed. As proof of this assertion, we would recall to the mind of some of our readers the scenes which they have witnessed the past summer at the fashionable resorts, on the lawns in front of country mansions, in the city parks, and in the backyards of metropolitan residences. Most of the hotels, where young people congregate during the hot months, have regular croquet grounds for the accommodation of guests, and right well have they been patronized.

CLIPS ON HOOP.

You need not fear to play croquet because it is a game. There is nothing of an immoral nature in it, unless wagers are laid, which should not be allowed. In Great Britain there is hardly a lawn fit for the purpose without a set of little wire arches, which look like human springs and toe traps for the unwary. The game is there and it is a pleasant, tapping, chattering, respectable, flirting game too. Men, women and children can play at it. Reverend dignitaries and fashionable dandies, crinoline and knickerbockers, can play it at once. It is easy to learn, and yet admits many degrees of skill. It gives fresh air and does not make you hot. It is clean. Unlike archery, it can be played on a small place. It is not dangerous—no one was ever mortally wounded at croquet, except in the heart. It is cheap. If not independent of the weather, it is not affected by the wind or sun—no one need complain of the glare of light in taking aim, or of the disturbing breeze which turns aside the arrow. It can be played by ladies and gentlemen on equal terms and with the same tackle. And it is the very chief provocative of small talk and garden gossip. There are endless recommendations for it. We do not wonder at the polite rural world playing croquet. It conceals the age of the old and displays the grace of the young. Grandpa, in whose hands a bow would look absurd, whose lumbago would interfere with the exercise of quoits or bowls, can and does often play a close game of croquet. He need not bend his back; thus it is a good pastime for those who are getting rather stiffish; and for those full of ease and grace what better? It was made for pretty feet and well-shaped boots. And yet, with all these social and coquettish recommendations, it is a game within the pale of the most strict and straight-laced society. A Quaker might play at croquet with drab balls. Papas and mamas who would not endure seeing their daughter whisked about in the waltz by the young gentlemen of their acquaintance, permit them to tread the mazes of croquet, and see their interests represented in the oscillating balls. Learn the game by all means, and let us have croquet and exercise, croquet and fresh air.

Now a few words as to the antiquity of the game. It was known in England and France in 1670, although not by the name of croquet. In the edition for that year of Blount's



THE MALLETS.

Glossographia, we are told that "pall maille is a game wherein a round bowle, is with a mallet struck through a high arch of iron (standing at either end of the alley), which he that can do at the fewest blows, or at the number agreed on wins." In England this

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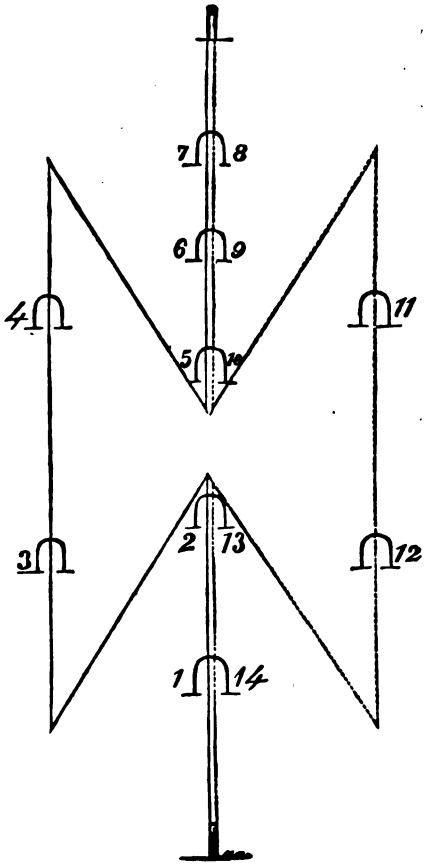
game was played in the long alley near St. James's, and vulgarly called Pell Mell. The Mall, which at the present exists in St. James's Park, was arranged by Charles II.; but the Mall, on which now stands the street above mentioned, was used as a ground for this sport as early as the reign of James I.

Turning Peg.

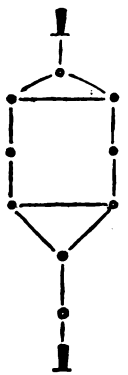


PLAN FOR NINE HOOPS.

The Apple-tree Yard—St. James's Square of the present day—was then a piece of pastime ground known as Pell Mell Close, and evidently derived its name from the locality where the game was played. That the game was very popular during the reign of the Merry Monarch there can be no doubt, as the king is often described as excellent at pall mall, and evidently was a zealous player.

The Duke of York, afterwards James II., was also a good player, as, in fact, were most of the courtiers; for Pepys records in his diary for April 2d, 1661: "To St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at pell mell, the first time that ever I saw the sport in this country." Taking Waller the poet as an authority, many writers state that Charles II. introduced the game into his country, whereas we know it was occasionally played in the reign of James I., as we have already recorded. Prince Henry, however, played on the ground now occupied by the street, Pall Mall, which was then merely a walk made for the purpose, and lined with trees. In Charles I.'s reign, however, the game seems to have fallen into desuetude, as during the Commonwealth the alley, or avenue, had already began to be converted into a street, and therefore Charles II. was compelled to arrange the avenue in St. James's Park, now known as the Mall, for the purposes of the game, and also to appoint men to keep it in good order. Our gossip, Samuel Pepys, in his diary for 15th of May, 1663, informs us how this was managed. He writes: "I walked in the Park discoursing with the keeper of the Pell Mell, who was sweeping of it, who told me of what the earth is mixed that do floor the Mall, and that over all there is cockle shells powdered, and spread to keep it fast, which, however, in dry weather turns to dust and deads the ball." The Mall, too, was rolled regularly, and kept in beautiful condition with the greatest care, and was, according to a contemporary author, "of a reasonable good length, straight and even, and if one had a paille maille, it were good to play in the alley."

Authorities differ considerably with regard to the regulations of this regal pastime. In an old book of French sports, however, the following account of the game is given: "This game, which is said to have been played by the Gauls, our ancestors, was so generally played in former years, that the greater portion of the promenades adjoining many of our towns consisted of a long avenue, termed the mall, because it was set apart for the *jeu de mall*. In the game the players stood at one end of the Mall, and endeavored to strike the ball by hitting it with the mallet, through a ring which was suspended at a certain distance from them. Whoever first succeeded in doing this, won the game." It may perhaps be imag-



STARTING PEG.

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ined that the dissolute gallants at Charles II.'s court were not very energetic or persevering in a game which required so much exertion as pall mall. Mr. Pepys, however, tells us that the contests were often so keen, that people sometimes stripped to their shirts.

On the demise of the king, the game died out in England almost entirely, although it continued to flourish in France, and lives there to this present day. On the death of Charles II., all traces of this pastime soon became lost in England, until about thirty years ago, when a game sprang up in Ireland, known as crokey, in which the operation of cracking the balls seemed to be the chief feature of the game, since the hoops were almost left to themselves, and the cracking was considered of most importance. The game soon found many admirers, and was encouraged by ladies, who took part in it. It is evident that in the reign of the Stuarts, whatever manly accomplishments Nell Gwynn and her companions possessed, a participation in the game of paille maille was not among them. From crokey to croquet—the latter a Gallic imitative manner of spelling the former—the transition is easy; and although the orthography of the title of the game and the French word for gingerbread is identical, it is almost certain that there is nothing synonymous in their meanings. That there are quite enough points of resemblance between the games of croquet and pall mall, to justify our opinion that the groundwork of croquet is the older game, which we have already stated is so ancient that, according to a French writer, it was played by the Gauls, is evident we believe, to all. In some particulars, of course, the games differ greatly as time has worked its innovations; but the mallets, and the shape of the balls, in name and form are identical. Indeed, the resemblance between the mallet of pall mall and the mallet of croquet, is too complete to be doubted. There are now in the British Museum a pair of mallets used in the reign of the Stuarts, which, according to Mr. John Timbs, were found in 1854, in the house of the late Mr. B. L. Vulliamy, No. 68 Pall Mall, in a box. This contained four pairs of the malles, or mallets, and one ball, such as were formerly used for playing the game of pall mall in the Mall of St. James's Park. Each maile was four feet long, and made of lance-wood; the head is slightly curved, measuring outwardly 5 1-2 inches, the inner curve being 4 1-2 inches. The diameter of the maile ends was 2 1-2 inches, each shod with a thin iron hoop. The handle, which was very elastic, was bound with white leather, to the breadth of two hands, and terminated with a collar of jagged leather. The ball was of box-wood, 2 1-2 inches in diameter.

That the game of croquet has during the last few years become very popular, is simply a fact. A short time since but very few knew that there was such a game; and now, not only everybody seems aware of its existence, but almost every person can play at it, and, what is more to the point, finds very much enjoyment in the sport. The next question, therefore, to be considered is, what are the chief causes of the great popularity that this game has achieved in so short a time? Cynical old bachelors and mysogynists aver that the reason why men like the game, is because in it the girls show their ankles; and that the reason why women like it is, because it fosters their conceit, by allowing them to prove their equality with "the lords of creation." This is the style of argument usually adopted by people who know little or nothing about the sport. The prevalent idea with regard to it, in the minds of such people, is that people play at it merely for the sake of flirtation, and that the progress of knocking the balls about is quite a secondary consideration. Now in a game of croquet, played by energetic people, such a state of things would be impossible, as each player would not only keep a watch on his ball, but would also pay attention to the progress of the game, and be unable to participate in a dialogue of two or three minutes. For, although we would be the last to deny that the participation of ladies in the sport adds an indescribable charm to croquet, yet it is manifestly absurd to say that their presence is the main attraction. Good players of either sex can find enjoyment in the game, whether it is played solely by gentlemen or solely by ladies; and most men would undoubtedly prefer playing entirely with people of their own sex, rather than have the interest of the game spoilt by a lady who knows little or nothing about the rules. The real cause of the great interest people, who know how to play, take in the game, is the pleasant excitement and sustained pleasure it produces—a feeling equally prevalent in, and equally enjoyable by either ladies or gentlemen. The fact that the game is never lost till it is won, and that as long as two players are at work the interest is sustained, as well as the fresh combinations each stroke produces, are in themselves sufficient to make

croquet popular. Besides, there is no other game in which ladies and gentlemen can so amuse themselves. Some people may mention archery; but that sport means a large field. No toxophilite can shoot on a lawn, or purchase pleasure for eight people, as at croquet, for a trifling sum. Add to this the fact that there is always the chance of a budding archer shooting somebody or himself; and remember the vast disparity between the expense and danger of the two games. One can then easily account for the increasing popularity of the one, and the corresponding decrease in popular favor of the other.

It is naturally with a feeling of pleasure that we watch the rapid-spreading knowledge and appreciation of croquet; but at the same time it is evident that at present the game seems to stand a chance of being destroyed by its innumerable devotees. When the game was re-cristened croquet, the toymaker, whose speculative genius induced him to make the game and print a short set of concise rules furnished to him, quietly introduced it as a nice out-door amusement. It therefore soon became known among the aristocratic circles, and as it was a novelty, and served as a pastime, it was at once taken up. Rapidly it then spread, until the demand for it became great enough to induce the lawmaker to manufacture croquet sets sufficiently cheap to bring it within the reach of most classes; and now rose other lawgivers whose knowledge of the game induced them to trample upon the authorized laws, and make fresh rules to suit their own convenience.

We believe that we are enabled to give correct rules for playing the game, and we hope that they will be adopted all over the country, so that we can have that uniformity so much desired, and which has not yet been obtained. Here is

THE GAME OF CROQUET.

Like all good games, croquet is easy to learn and easy to play, though excellence in it can be acquired only by practice.

The *motive* or object of the game, which may be played by two or more persons of either sex, is for each player to strike a ball with a bat or long-handled mallet, through several iron hoops or arches, set in the ground according to some regular plan—as a parallelogram, a square, octagon, etc., with a starting-place at one end, and a turning point at the other. Placing his ball on the ground at a little distance from the starting peg, the player strikes it with his mallet towards the first hoop. If he succeeds in knocking the ball through this first hoop, he goes on to the next, then to another, and so on till he fails; when the next player follows in like manner. When more than two persons play croquet, it is usual to divide into sides of partners, and the side which first "makes the round"—that is, succeeds in passing his balls through all the hoops—wins the game. Each player is provided with a mallet and a ball, both of which are colored or marked in some way to distinguish them from the rest, and determine the order in which one player follows another.

THE STRAIGHT STROKE.

It is the object of each player not only to pass his own ball through the hoops, but to prevent his opponent doing so. For this purpose, he strikes his ball against any other ball that may be between him and the hoop he aims at. If he succeed in touching a ball that lies in his way, he places his own close before the other, and strikes it away to a distance; and before the owner of the latter can pass through the arches, he has to hit it back again to a spot whence he can play at the arches. The players take it in turns to strike their balls from the starting place, or the spot where they stopped; and so long as a player can continue playing without missing a hoop, he goes on; but when he misses, the next player takes his place, as already explained.

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TOOLS FOR THE GAME.

In these the secret and mystery of croquet consist. Each player, when there are more than three or four, has a croquet clip. The use of this, which is a double metal marker, joined at the top, is to show the progress of the game, and so prevent confusion. On one side of the clip there is a spot corresponding in color to the player's ball. This mark indicates the direction in which the player is going, and the clip is hung over the hoop, as shown in the engraving.

A complete croquet set consists of eight wooden balls, eight mallets, eight clips, nine

THE CROQUET.

or ten iron arches, and two pegs of wood (of course a less number can be used), which are severally stuck in the ground, at either end of the croquet ground, for the "starting peg" and the "turning peg." These pegs are about the size of a cricket stump, and are painted in rings of color corresponding to the balls. The rings indicate the order of the players.

The *balls* may be either of wood—beech is the best—or of that mixture of gutta-percha and fibre known as the "patent compound." They should be perfectly round, about ten inches in circumference, and painted red, blue, green, yellow, black, white, orange and pink. Or they may be painted in rings of red and blue, having from one ring to four, respectively. The colors or rings are to distinguish the balls which belong to the several players.

The *mallets* are of various patterns, heights, and weights, to suit the players. The handles should be from three to three feet six inches long, firmly screwed into the heads, and not set in with nails. To suit various styles of play, it is usual for one face of the mallet to be convex, and the other flat. The handles are usually painted in rings, like the balls, near the heads, and should not be too large at the grasp.

The *hoops* or arches are either nine or ten in number, and are made of strong iron wire. They may be either rounded or square at the top, according to fancy, should stand a foot out of the ground, and be about ten inches in width. Of course they may be either painted or plain; those which are galvanised, or japanned, are the best; and being white, are easy to see, even in the dusk. Croquet instruments can be obtained in Boston at reasonable rates, but we do not recommend any particular firm that deals in them.

THE GROUND.

It is frequently supposed that a regularly arranged croquet ground is an expensive affair, involving an elaborate system of turf-levelling and preparation of surface; but this is not necessarily the case, as an excellent game at croquet can be played in any tolerably level field, or on a common lawn. There are also many portions of our public parks which appear admirably suited in every way for affording facilities for the game; and there exists no reason why it should not become as popular as cricket. There are many who could join in a game at croquet who, not possessing the skill necessary for the proper handling of the bat, find themselves unable to indulge in the game of cricket. The game should be played on broad, smooth, level patches, near clumps of trees or ornamental shrubberies, so that the players may, to some extent, be protected from the heat of the sun. At picnics, excursion parties, and other festive gatherings, croquet might be advantageously introduced, thereby tending to increase the pleasure and enjoyment of the day. Proprietors of pleasure-grounds and similar places of public resort, would find the establishment of places for croquet-playing prove both popular and profitable, for it is essentially a popular game, and will become still more so, when the public mind is disabused of the idea that it is one in which the wealthy portion of the community alone can afford to indulge.

Various plans for *the arrangement of the hoops* have been suggested; but the following,

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for nine hoops, will be found to make an interesting game:

The players are divided into sides, and the first starts to the left from the starting-peg, and so makes the turn of the hoops right round and back again. The hoops are set ten feet apart, but greater or lesser distances will serve, according to the space at command. After having passed through the first hoop, the player must strike the ball through the second, and so on to the end. The plain lines in the engraving show the mode of progression, the dotted ones the return line. The plan shown in the margin may also be adopted.

TECHNICAL TERMS.

A large number of terms have been suggested by various writers and players at this game, but the following are, we believe, all that need be explained:

Roquet (pronounced *rokay*) is to hit another ball with your own.

Croqueted (pronounced *crokayed*). When two balls are in contact, and the player, placing his foot on his own ball, strikes the other away to a distance, he is said to have croqueted the ball.

The *tour* is the turn given to each player. This continues till he fails to strike his ball through a hoop.

Wired is a term used when a ball is in contact with a hoop so as to prevent it going through.

To peg is to strike at either of the pegs in proper order of play.

To dismiss a ball is to croquet it to a distance.

A bridged ball is one that has run the first arch.

A dead ball is one that is in hand after having roqueted another.

The terms side-stroke, straight-stroke, following-ball, nursing, over-running a bridge, running a bridge, etc., sufficiently explain themselves.

STRIKING THE BALL.

There are several ways of striking the ball, in making the roquet, the croquet, etc. You may either place your foot on your own ball or not, as you please, in taking the croquet: and whether you desire to make a hard or a gentle stroke you can raise the mallet above the shoulder or simply bring it up high enough to fairly hit the ball. Of course, all depends on the position of your ball to the arch and to the ball of the player who precedes you. If you wish to strike him away to a distance, you must give him a good hard blow; but if you want merely to push his ball, you can use the straight stroke, as shown in the engraving. The success of the stroke depends on the manner in which you hold your mallet. In making roquet upon a ball, but little force is necessary; while for the side stroke judgment and care will be required. For the *side stroke* hold the mallet across the body; for the straight stroke perpendicular in front; while for the *splitting stroke* and the *following stroke* considerable force is required. In the one you wish to drive the opponent's ball away, and in the other you want your own ball to follow on after the ball struck. In the first case hit your ball low, and in the other high. Those who have ever played billiards or bagatelle will at once understand the reason for these directions. A low hit will slightly rebound from the point of contact; while a ball struck above its centre will have a tendency to travel in the direction in which it is struck, or in the same line as the one on which it is roqueted.

LAWS OF CROQUET.

1. Each player must start from a mallet's length from the starting peg, and strike his ball at or through the first hoop. [This is called "making the hoop." The game may be played by two or more players of either sex. It is usual, when more than two play, to divide into sides; each side being governed by a captain or leader, who generally goes on first.]

2. The players on each side take alternate strokes, according to the colors of the balls. [The colors of the balls, or the rings of color, determine the order of play. This is to be settled before commencing the game.]

3. The player proceeds till he misses a hoop, or fails to croquet another ball. [His ball then remains where it stopped.]

4. After roqueting a ball the player must croquet it. [That is, after the player has struck an opponent's ball (which is called roqueting it), he proceeds to croquet it in this way: he puts his ball close to the one he struck, so that both balls touch. He then places his foot on his own ball and strikes it with his mallet, or he may strike the ball without putting his foot on it. He may use any degree of strength he chooses in croqueting a ball, and is at liberty to send it in any direction. To make a hard stroke it is best to bear lightly with your toe on your ball; and to cause your own ball to follow the one struck, should hit high, with a kind of flowing motion of the arm.]

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5. The croqueted ball must be moved, or it is no stroke. [If you want to leave the roqueted ball in the place where it stands, you must touch it lightly with your own ball, just sufficient to move it. This is called "taking the stroke off."]

6. No player can croquet or be croqueted till his ball has passed through the first hoop. [Till he has "made his hoop" he can scarcely be said to be in the game. We have known some players to make all the hoops in a round, while others fail to run the first. In this consists the judgment and skill to be acquired by practice only.]

THE ROQUET.

7. The player who misses the first hoop takes up his ball and waits till his turn comes round to play it again. [In every case it is important to run your first hoop, for when half a dozen play on each side—four a side is the best number—it is tiresome to wait, especially as the rest may get far ahead.]

8. A player may croquet any number of balls consecutively, but he must not hit the same ball twice during the same turn without first sending his ball through the hoop next in order. [This is important to remember.]

9. Instead of playing at a hoop or a ball, the players may strike the ball away to any part of the ground.

10. The player who has made the complete circuit of the hoops—from the starting peg, round the turning peg, and back again through the last hoop—may either retire from the game by hitting the starting peg, or else become a "Rover" by avoiding hitting this peg for a time. A "Rover" has the privilege of croqueting all the balls during any one of his turns for play. But of course he only takes his turn in regular order. [A "Rover" is often of great assistance to his friends in croqueting away their opponents, and so allowing the rest of his party to get on towards the winning-post.]

11. A roqueted ball is dead, and in hand till after the player of it has taken the croquet. [From this it will be seen that if the player canon from one ball to another, or from a ball to a hoop, or from a ball to either of the pegs, he gains nothing, but the displaced ball is restored to its position. Any ball that canons after it has croqueted, however, counts.]

12. The ball must be hit and not merely pushed. [That is to say, it will not be considered a stroke if you simply push your mallet forward. The stroke on the ball is considered fair if it can be heard. The mallet must be drawn back before the stroke to make the hit fairly. But it is allowable to rest the head of the mallet on the turf, and then suddenly advance it to the ball. In "following strokes" this plan is generally found advantageous.]

13. The ball must be struck with the face of the mallet, and not with the handle or the side. [In the old style of play, a push with the small end of the mallet was allowed by some players. This is now generally objected to.]

14. The player is not restricted to any attitude in striking his ball, so long as it be fairly hit. [Various positions of the ball will necessitate many positions of the body; but to play gracefully, an easy attitude is quite indispensable.]

15. Any player hitting the starting peg after he has made the round of the hoops is out of the game, no matter whether his ball hit the peg by a stroke of his own mallet, or by being croqueted by an opponent. When a player is out of the game, the rest proceed as before. [See law 10.]

16. The clip is to be placed on the hoop through which the player is next going, with the *spot* towards the starting peg on one side, and the turning peg on the other. [It is generally the place of the umpire to place and change the clip, when clips are used. Should there be no umpire, any player may arrange the clips.]

17. A ball is considered to have made its

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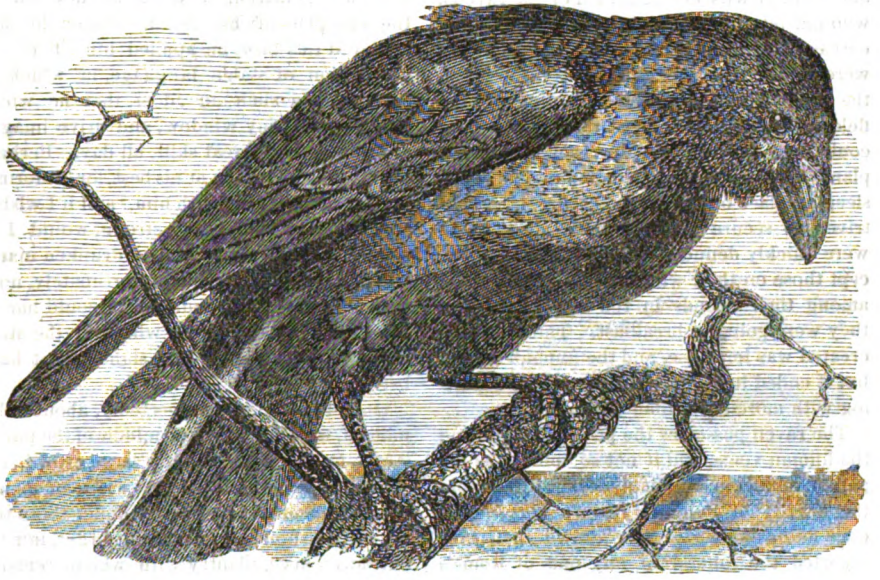
hoop if it cannot be touched by the mallet's handle placed across the wires from side to side. [It is the business of the umpire to measure a wired ball.]

18. If a player stop at the turning peg, he loses his turn, and the stroke does not count. [Even though he may have roqueted the ball off the peg, when his turn arrives, he must start from the place at which his ball stopped.]

19. The side which first makes the round completely, wins the game. [Sometimes points are scored for the first hoop, second hoop, etc.; but this is not necessary.]

20. The decision of the umpire is final; where no umpire is appointed, the opinion of the majority of bystanders is to be taken on all points of dispute. [It is, however, more satisfactory if it can be arranged to appoint an umpire. His duties are: To see that the game is played according to the laws; to decide upon the fairness of all balls struck; to measure wired balls; to restore balls disturbed by accident, etc., to their places; to place and arrange the clips, and to decide upon the order in which the players go on at the start.]

These rules, we believe, comprise the best that were ever adopted for the game. If the ladies will but study them and abide by them, next summer will witness some interesting croquet parties, and they will be productive of health and pleasure.



THE RAVEN.

THE RAVEN.

If feathered bipeds were as susceptible to the shafts of slander as unfeathered bipeds are, the raven would be the most miserable of birds. In all ages he has been set down as the prophet of evil. He is credited with having warned Alexander the Great of the approach of a mightier conqueror than himself; and Pliny declares that, unlike many seers, he actually comprehends his own auguries. In Denmark, the mere appearance of a raven in a village is looked upon as a certain sign of the death of the parish priest. The sickness that thinned the numbers of the first colonists of the Bermudas was heralded by the appearance of a multitude of ravens, "which continued amongst them till the mortality ceased, when they disappeared, to be seen no more." The Bermudans might be excused if they fell in with the general superstition. And yet it was the raven that carried comfortable tidings to the ark. Nor was it a bird of ill omen to the Swedish navigator on his compassless voyage in the northern seas. The stout-hearted Floke took three ravens with him: the first he set free soon after his departure, and it returned to Ferro; the second, like Noah's dove, found no rest for the sole of its foot, and came back to the ship; the third held its flight boldly onwards, and Floke following its course, discovered Iceland.

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The raven can accommodate itself to all varieties of climate. It frequents the wooded mountains and sheltered valleys of the Alpine countries of Central Europe, and is found in Egypt, India and Japan. His sepulchral voice is heard at Hudson's Bay at all times and seasons; he follows the hunter over the Rocky Mountains and along the banks of the Columbia; and takes intense interest in the salmon-fishery. The cold climate of Iceland and Greenland does not deter him from making himself comfortable; he can do that in the remotest islands of the polar seas. England, Scotland, and Ireland are all favored with his presence, but he specially affects the Orkneys and Hebrides. The people of Pabbay were once at their wits' end to get rid of the ravens, who mustered in unusual force to feast on the carcasses of some grampuses: the islanders were afraid that, the grampuses disposed of, the birds would pay their attentions to the fields of barley; but drive them away they could not. At last, one Morrison hit upon a plan. Stealing with some companions to the sleeping place of the ravens at night, he contrived to secure a few of them alive; these were quickly denuded of all their feathers except those on their wings and tail, and turned among their friends in the morning just as they were going to breakfast. The sensation created was immense, and the hubbub fearful, but it ended in the unwelcome guests departing with more haste than ceremony.

The raven possesses the power of imitating the human voice, and if not so voluble as the parrot, enunciates his sentences with tenfold the gravity of Poll. A raven's corpse was once followed by a greater crowd than ever escorted the funeral of any one of Rome's distinguished sons. This honored bird was born on the top of the Temple of Castor, but took up his abode in a shoemaker's shop opposite. Crispin took great pains in educating his black lodger, and his pains were well bestowed. Every morning the raven used to fly to the Rostra, and salute in turn Tiberius and his nephews, and having thus testified his loyalty, amused himself with exchanging greetings with the populace. For several years, the bird continued to delight the idlers of Rome, until a jealous brother of his landlord's craft killed him in a fit of anger. The mob rose as one man, drove the murderer out of the city, and then executed him. The body of the popular bird was then placed on a litter, and borne to the pile amid the laments of Rome, and his ashes deposited in a field on the right-hand side of the Appian Way. Most of our readers will remember crazy Barnaby's friend and companion, Grip, ever insisting on his diabolical origin; but few perhaps are aware that the novelist drew Grip from the life, the idiot's pet being compounded of two great originals, of which Mr. Dickens was once the happy owner. The first of these came to an early end after banqueting upon a pound or two of white paint; the second and more gifted bird is so happily drawn by its master's hand, that we must give his description entire: "The first act of this sage was to administer to the effects of his predecessor, by disinterring all the cheese and half-pence he had buried in the garden—a work of immense labor and research, to which he devoted all the energies of his mind. When he had achieved this task, he applied himself to the acquisition of stable language, in which he soon became such an adept, that he would perch outside my window, and drive imaginary horses with great skill all day. Perhaps even I never saw him at his best, for his former master sent his duty with him, 'and if I wished the bird to come out very strong, would I be so good as to show him a drunken man?' which I never did, having, unfortunately, none but sober people at hand. But I could hardly have respected him more, whatever the stimulatory influences of this sight might have been.

Once I met him, unexpectedly, about half a mile off, walking down the middle of the public street, attended by a pretty large crowd, and spontaneously exhibiting the whole of his accomplishments. His gravity under those trying circumstances I never can forget, nor the extraordinary gallantry with which, refusing to be brought home, he defended himself behind a pump until overpowered by numbers. It may have been that he was too bright a genius to live long, or it may have been that he took some pernicious substance into his bill, and thence into his maw, which is not impossible, seeing that he newly pointed the greater part of the garden-wall by digging out the mortar, broke countless squares of glass by scraping away the putty all round the frames, and tore up and swallowed, in splinters, the greater part of a wooden staircase of six steps and a landing. But after some three years, he, too, was taken ill, and died before the kitchen fire. He kept his eye to the last upon the meat as it roasted, and suddenly turned over on his back with a sepulchral cry of 'Cuckoo!'"

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We may remark, the raven is a bold bird. Mr. Thompson tells a good story illustrative of the combination of prudence and courage in the raven's composition. It was a common practice, in a spacious yard in Belfast, to lay trains of corn to attract the sparrows, within view of a window, opened just far enough to afford room for the muzzle of a gun, neither the weapon nor its wielder being visible from without. A tame raven, kept in the yard, used to scamper away at the sight of a man taking the gun towards the house, and hide himself somewhere within view of the scene of slaughter. As soon as a shot was fired, he would dash from his shelter, seize a defunct sparrow, scurry back to his nook with his prize, and repeat the performance as long as the battue lasted. Many other instances of the like kind might be given illustrating the same traits in this bird, of apparent foresight.

PRESIDENT JUAREZ, OF MEXICO.

The Jewish rabbins, commenting on the expression of God feeding the young ravens, say that the raven is cruel towards its young, but God in pity provides them with flies; explaining the unpaternal conduct of the bird after a fashion of their own, more commendable for ingenuity than truth. They declare that the raven is born white, and is hated in consequence by its parents, whose feelings gradually change from hate into love, as the plumage of their olive branches becomes more congenial to their taste. This dislike of snowy feathers is easily accounted for, when we remember that the raven was originally silvery white, and that the dusky hue of the race is the inheritance bequeathed to it by a tattling ancestor, who was thus punished for betraying the secrets of Coronis to Phœbus, as in later times the crow was punished for guiding the pursuers of Mohammed to that prophet's retreat. Scandinavian bards tell us that Odin turns the communicative disposition of the raven to good account; despatching Hagin and Munin at the dawn of day from their station on his shoulders, to which they return at eve, to whisper by turns all they have seen and heard in their rapid flight over the earth, and so keep the god well posted in the doings of the nether-world.

In reality, the raven's conduct as husband and father is irreproachable. Once he has chosen a mate, he cleaves only to her, and unlike other birds, does not seek a new spouse every season. While the process of incubation is going on, he is most assiduous towards his partner, not only supplying all her wants, but even taking her place occasionally, when she tires of her task. Nor have the young birds any cause to complain: as long as they are unable to help themselves, there is no lack of tender care on the part of the parents; but when this brood is thought old enough to pick up a living by their own exertions, they are made to understand as much, and driven away by the old birds from their own particular haunts. Although the colonizing spirit is thus developed in the corvine race, it is coexistent with strong home love. When the raven has found a haven suited to his mind, nothing short of necessity will induce him to forsake it, and should a raven's nest become tenantless from some untimely accident, it is sure to be taken possession of by another couple. In 1843, a pair of ravens took up their residence in a clump of old beeches in Petworth Park, removing the year afterwards to an adjacent cluster of firs. Here they reared a family, taking to the open country for a short time during the summer months, seemingly for the purpose of teaching the young ones the art of flying; for as soon as they were capable of shifting for themselves, the old birds returned to the firs, and remained at home till winter took them to the sea-coast. For some years, the dusky pair pursued the even tenor of their way, till a bird-nesting urchin stole their young birds. Luckily, the agitation of the parents had attracted the attention of Mr. Knox, the Sussex naturalist, who with some difficulty traced the thief out, and found the young birds—almost dead from starvation—in his possession. The strongest of the brood were returned to the deserted nest; and the very next evening, Mr. Knox found the parent birds had returned; and many a brood they reared afterwards in the same place. In the spring of 1849, just when the female had commenced sitting, a violent storm drove her from the nest, and scattered her eggs on the ground. After a few days' consideration, the ravens constructed a new nest in a neighboring tree; but their labor was thrown away, for a second storm destroyed its results. In disgust, the birds retired from the scene, but after a short absence, returned; one began to build a new nest, while the other tried its skill at repairing the old one. This difference of opinion was awkward, but, like sensible married folks, they met each other half-way, and compromised matters by removing altogether to another park, where they may be living now.

PRESIDENT JUAREZ OF MEXICO.

On page 435 we present our readers with a striking portrait of President Juarez, whose long struggle for the independence of his country, is well known in the United States. The general is about 50 years of age, of low stature, stoutly built, but, though broad in proportion to his height, not corpulent. He is not much taller than the late Senator Douglas, though much better formed. His face is dark and his forehead high. He has a good, clear, steady eye, indicative of self-possession and quiet but keen penetration. He has a well-formed, well-developed head. His hair is the straight, coarse, thick, blue-black hair of the Pueblo. His nose is aquiline and prominent. His mouth is shaded by a heavy moustache. He looks like an active, honest soldier, one who possesses determination and loves his countrymen. He deserves to succeed, but we fear that he is destined to failure.

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CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY EARL MARBLE.

The clear-pealing chime of the nine-o'clock bells
Has long since died away in the depths of the night,
And the silence now reigning in eloquence tells
Of the joy that will wake at the first gleam of light.

The wee stockings are hung, with precision and care,
From chimney-jam, bed-post, and rocking-chair
And the light griefs of childhood have melted to air
As a vision of Santa Claus meets their dream-view.

Such a jolly old man in his great-coat and furs!
With such large sparkling eyes! like the stars in the night!
With a smile like a saint, the most sanguine avers,
And a step like a fairy's as dainty and light.

Such benevolent features! they sparkle and gleam
Like the radiant sunrise in orient skies:
It will linger for aye as the rosiest dream
Ever vouchsafed to childhood from bright Paradise.

Such a wondrous collection of sweetmeats and toys
In the pack that he quick from his shoulders then hurls!
There are trumpets and muskets and banners for boys,
And the sweetest-faced dolls for the good little girls.

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Ah! dream on, happy childhood. The morning's bright dawn
Will smile sweetly upon the dear longings of night.
Ere the memory of night's blissful promise has gone,
Sweet fulfilment will come with the first gleam of light.

Ah! dream on, happy childhood. May life's coming day
Be as free with its gifts as is this Christmas Morn!
May it place as few thorns in your upward-bound way,
And as few broken faiths as are now to ye born!

OJIBWAY ENCAMPMENT.

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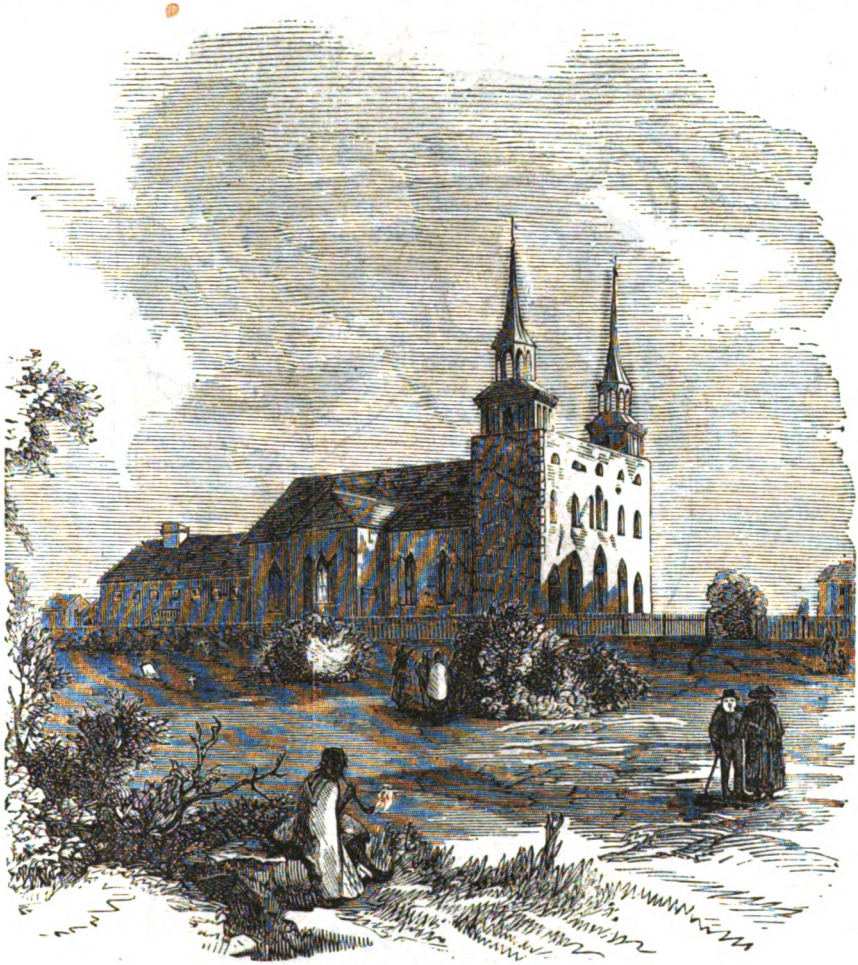
FREE AND EASY.

Many years ago, two ladies of considerable distinction stopped in a carriage at a jeweller's near Charing Cross, in the city of London, and one of them got out. The coach stood exactly across the causeway. Some gentlemen wanted to cross to the other side, and desired the coachman to move on a little; the fellow was surly, and flatly refused. One of the gentlemen, then, without hesitation, opened the coach-door, and, with boots and spurs on, marched through the carriage. He was followed by his companions, to the extreme discomposure of the lady within. To complete the jest, a party of sailors coming up, observed that "if this was a thoroughfare, they had as much right to go through it as the gemmen;" and they accordingly went through.

OJIBWAY ENCAMPMENT.

The recent treaties which the United States have made with several Indian tribes, has attracted considerable attention, and it is hoped that both parties will now act in good faith. On page 438 we present a view of an encampment of the Ojibway Indians, just beyond the borders of Minnesota, on the English side. The engraving is very lifelike and naturally represents a part of an encampment at the Falls of Rainy River, where they assemble in the spring to catch and dry sturgeon, and in the early summer months to celebrate their medicine dances and other barbarous ceremonies. Their lodges are constructed of birch bark, supported by poles, as shown in the engraving. On the right a squaw is engaged in suspending strips of sturgeon to dry; and



ST. BONIFACE CATHEDRAL, RED RIVER.

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in front is a warrior, holding in his hand a stone pipe. The lodges represented in the engraving are about forty feet long and eighteen feet broad at the base. Each will contain several families.

The Ojibways were included in the treaty, although it is said that some of their hands are yet red with the blood of Minnesotians.

prairies by which it is surrounded. It possesses a very sweet-toned peal of bells; and no sound in Red River is so delightful to the weary voyageur or the stranger on his arrival, as the chimes of St. Boniface breaking the stillness of the morning or evening air. Before and after service on Sunday the open space in front of the main entrance is crowded

CHARLES HESS SHOOTING THE INDIAN, SQUIBEE.

ST. BONIFACE CATHEDRAL.

St. Boniface Cathedral is the most imposing building in the settlement on the banks of the Red River and the Assinniboine. It possesses no external architectural beauty, but its interior is very prettily decorated. The twin spires of St. Boniface can be seen for a great distance from any part of the boundless level

with French half-breeds, dressed in their gayest attire, and wearing all the outward appearances which belong to rural happiness. The cathedral is located on British soil, and in the midst of Indians, the latter with but little love for religion; though nominally they rank among those who adhere to the Catholic faith.

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CHARLES HESS.

BY SIDNEY HERBERT.

Among the adventurers who joined the trading companies of the Northwest, were some possessed of qualities that, in other situations, would have commanded respect and admiration. Of this number was Charles Hess. With a strength of body and mind seldom equalled, and an energy and quickness of apprehension that, with the advantages of education, would have insured him success in any profession he might have chosen, circumstances over which he had no control rendered him poor all his life. Where he originated, he never knew, but had a faint recollection of having witnessed the burning of his paternal roof, and the slaughter of his family, by the Indians. After having lived many years with different tribes, he found himself at last on the Red River, and entered the service of the Northwest Fur Company, where his talents and activity soon obtained him a clerkship. According to the custom of the traders, he married a Chippeway squaw, by whom he had several children.

In the winter of 1814, while stationed at the Lake of the Woods, an Indian, called Opawgun Mokkeetay, or the Black Pipe, took offence at him for having refused to give him as much liquor as he desired. Shortly after, Hess had occasion to go on a journey, and employed the Black Pipe as a guide. They travelled together half a day without any suspicion on the part of Hess. As they came to a ravine, the Indian proposed to stop and smoke before crossing it, and Hess cheerfully complied. "Brother," said Black Pipe, "you have always been very kind to me. The other day you refused to let me make a fool of myself. You were right. I have a fast hold on your heart."

"I am glad," replied Hess, "that you are wise at last. But we have far to go; let us push on."

"Directly," rejoined the other, examining the lock and priming of his gun. "Go on, brother; I will but tie my moccasin, and then follow."

Hess took up his gun and crossed the ravine. Just as he reached the level ground on the other side, he heard the report of the Indian's gun, and felt his side grazed by a ball. He turned, and saw that Black Pipe had taken to his heels as soon as he had fired. Bringing his rifle to his shoulder, he fired, and the Indian fell dead. Black Pipe, to make more sure of his victim, had loaded his rifle with two bullets. But he overshot his mark; for the balls diverged, one of them grazed his right side, and the other cut his belt in two on his left side.

Two or three evenings after his return, a cousin of Black Pipe, by the name of Squibee, entered his room with his gun in his hand, and his face painted black. He seated himself before the fire without saying a word. Hess saw that he was bent on mischief, and thought it best to temporize. He offered him a pipe, which was refused. He then set before him a wooden platter of boiled venison; but he would not take it. He spoke several times to the savage, but received no answer. Squibee sat sullen and immovable, his eyes fixed steadfastly on the blazing logs before him. At intervals his eyes turned in their sockets, though his head did not move, and he cast furtive and scowling glances around. The engages belonging to the establishment, who were much attached to their principal, looked in; but when they saw the expression of the Indian's features, they shrunk back and loaded their guns.

After a silence of half an hour, Hess determined to bring matters to an issue. "Nitchee," (friend,) said he, "what makes your heart sorrowful, and what do you seek in my house?"

"My brother, Opawgun Mokkeetay, is dead," replied the savage. "My eyes are dry, and I want something to make the tears come in them."

Hess went into his store-house and drew a glass of spirits, which he gave to the Indian. The latter held it up between his eyes and the light, and then threw it into the fire. It blazed above the chimney.

"Why did you not drink it?" said Hess.

"It is not good; it is no better than water," replied the other.

"It burned as if it was good," said Hess, still desirous to conciliate him. "I thought it was strong enough. I will get you some more." And he went out to do so.

Squibee was evidently working himself up to the pitch of resolution requisite for some desperate action. He began to examine his gun, and to look uneasily about him. At one

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moment he seemed to relent. He wiped the smut from one side of his face with the corner of his blanket; but one of the Canadians happening to look in, he turned away his head. The instant the man withdrew, he scraped some soot from the chimney-back, spat upon it, and renewed the color of his visage. He had scarcely finished when Hess reappeared. "Here," said the trader, "is liquor that is as strong as fire. Drink."

The Indian doggedly put the glass to his lips, took a mouthful, and spat it out again. He threw the remainder into the fire, saying, "Neither is that good—bring more."

Hess turned to obey, and as he stooped to pass through the door, heard the report of Squibee's gun, and saw the splinters fly from the timbers over his head. Without manifesting any concern, he went out, and was asked by Menard, one of his people, "What is the matter? Are you hurt, mon bourgeois?"

"I believe not," he replied; "but I have had a narrow escape. I felt the scoundrel's bullet stir my cap." He took it off, and saw that he had indeed been near death; the ball had gone through it within an inch of his skull. Without uttering another word, he entered his store, drew a third glass of liquor, and returned with it to the room where he had left the Indian. He offered him the glass, saying, "You have been at the fort at the forks of the Assineboin River, and have seen the scales used to weigh the furs go up and down. Just so it is with your life. Shall I live? Shall I die? Dog!" he continued, his anger rising as he saw the Indian's countenance did not relax its ferocious expression, "your life is light in the balance. Look at that sun; it is the last time you shall ever look upon it. Drink that liquor; it is the last you shall ever taste."

Squibee, as ready to suffer as he had been to inflict suffering, took the glass, coolly emptied its contents, and drew his blanket over his head. Hess levelled a pistol and blew out his brains.

When the Hudson's Bay and Northwest Companies united, Hess with many others was thrown out of employment. He remained at Pembinaw, and maintained his family by hunting, till 1822, when he was offered a situation by the Columbian Fur Company, then just formed, which he accepted, and, with two horses and carts, started with his family and effects to go to Lac au Travers, the principal post of his future employers. He was mounted on a good horse, and expected to support his family by the buffaloes he might shoot by the way. They had accomplished about half the distance, without meeting any of the roving bands of Sioux that infested the prairies in the vicinity of the Red River, and hoped to complete the journey in like security. One day, at noon, they halted at the river Aux Ontardes, to eat dinner and give their horses time to feed. While they were eating, a drove of buffaloes came in sight, and Hess mounted his horse to pursue them. From some cause which he could not then explain, the herd took fright, and he followed a long distance before he was able to bring one down.

For two days the family had been followed by an erratic band of Dacotahs, called by the English the People of the Pole. They were the Ishmaelites of the northwest, none ever escaping from their hands without being plundered, unless too strong for them to meddle with; and few whom they plundered survived to tell the tale. They knew Hess by report, and several of them had seen him; and such was his character as a warrior, that they had not dared to attack him. They had, therefore, until now, kept out of sight; but when they saw him ride away after the buffaloes, they had sent a runner to frighten the animals, in order that he might go too far to see or hear what was to take place. In this they succeeded too well. The principal cause for their perseverance in the pursuit, was the fact that the wife of Hess was a Chippeway, to whom they were deadly enemies, and the blood of that hated race ran in the veins of his children. And, had not that been the case, the thirst for blood, and the little property in the carts—the supply of ammunition and tobacco they expected to find, and the scanty clothing and ornaments of the victims—would have been to them sufficient inducements to butcher a much larger number of human beings. When Hess returned at sunset, faint and weary, from his successful hunt, a sad sight for a husband and parent met his view. The bodies of his wife and children were naked; the scalps had been torn from their heads, and their bodies were bristling with arrows. His carts were broken in pieces, and the horses led away.

"I have seen," said Hess, "many a sight of blood and horror, but never before any thing like that. For a moment my brain turned, and the world seemed annihilated. Had the Indians then come back, they might have taken me like a child. But other feelings soon arose in my breast. My blood boiled; I felt it flowing in my veins like molten lead. My

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voice became husky, and my palate parched. I was almost suffocated with rage, which was not at all allayed by the reflection that I could do nothing for vengeance. I was alone; a poor, weak, friendless old man. The murderers had at least four hours the start of me. Their trail I could see; but if I followed it, what could one, even if he were younger and stronger than I, have done? But this would not have weighed with me an instant, if my wearied horse could have carried me. Those only who have suffered such a loss, in such a manner, can have any idea of my feelings.

"When I came a little to myself, I found that my children were not all present. There lay my wife, her infant nailed to her bosom with an arrow. There was my brave boy, his face turned upward, still grasping the knife he had drawn to defend his mother and sisters, his teeth set, looking defiance, though cold and dead. Five of my children were there in one bloody pile; but my oldest daughter was gone. This did not console me, for I knew some brutal savage had saved her that she might become his wife.

"I dug their graves with the knife I wore in my belt. I had no fear that the wolves would disturb them, for the carcases of the buffaloes laid on the prairies. The work occupied me all night. I took one last embrace of her who, although her hue was dark, had been my faithful partner through twenty years of joy and sorrow. With a weak and trembling hand I laid my family in the earth, and I swore over them, by God the Father Almighty, the Omnipotent Maker of heaven and earth, that if any of those who had thus bereaved me should ever fall within my power, I would not spare them; no, not the babe unborn."

But when this first storm of passion was over, his better feelings prompted him to attempt the recovery of his daughter, rather than obey the dictates of revenge. Four days' travel carried him to Lac au Travers. On his arrival, he was kindly welcomed by Messrs. M'Kenzie, Laidlaw, and other partners of the Columbian Fur Company. Another trial awaited him. The next day he was taken ill, and was confined to his bed for several days. While he lay sick, he learned that the Indian who had made his daughter a prisoner, had taken her to wife. The partners of the Columbian Fur Company offered him any amount of merchandise that might be needed for her ransom, and it was settled that he should go and demand her at the Indian camp, as soon as his health would permit. A messenger was sent to ask on what terms she might be redeemed, and the answer was soon obtained.

As force could avail him nothing, Hess determined to go alone, and unarmed, in search of his daughter. When he arrived at the camp, another dreadful spectacle awaited him. The scalps of his family were hung upon a pole, and the savages were dancing around them in triumph. He was greeted, not with hostility, for the hospitality of the Sioux nation forbade that, but with evident exultation and insolence. Some sung the wrong they had done him. He presented himself before the husband of his daughter, and uncovering his breast, said, "I am worthy of pity. This is my only child: restore her, or strike me as you struck her mother. I am alone on earth; lo! here is a ransom."

The features of the Indian showed some feeling. "I am the only child of *my* father," he replied. "The ransom is small, but you are old, and need some one to make your clothes and moccasins, and to take care of you. Stay and eat with us, and then take your child and depart, and none shall molest you." Fearing to irritate the Indian by any sign of impatience, the heart-broken old man entered the lodge, and sat down with his daughter to a dish of boiled buffalo meat. While eating, a young savage who had assisted at the massacre of his family came in, and holding out his bow and arrows to Hess, said, "I used these once to your sorrow. Do you know the use of them?"

His anger for a moment overcame every motive for caution. He sprang to his feet, seized the weapons, and drawing the arrow to the head, replied, "stand off a little, and I will show you." For an instant, the life of the Indian was in danger. But the other interfered. "You are a fool," said he; "go away, and let the white man depart in peace."

Hess found his way back to Lac au Travers in safety; and the daughter thus redeemed, was afterwards married to an Indian trader. Hess afterwards went to Washington with Major Taliaferro, as interpreter to a deputation of Indians. Soon after his return, he died, and was buried on the banks of the St. Peter's River.

She certainly is no true woman, for whom every man may not find it in his heart to have a certain gracious, and holy, and honorable love; she is not a woman, who returns no love and asks no protection.

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MARRIAGE HYMN.

BY P. M. HATHAWAY.

Father! in that world above,
Where thy spotless angels bow;
Smile upon their mutual love,
And record the marriage vow.

All along life's flowery way,
Where their feet shall joyous rove,
Light their souls with the full ray
Of thy wisdom, truth and love.

Not that life hath naught of care,
Not that sorrow is unknown—
Yet may they by earnest prayer
Find acceptance at thy throne.

Father! with thine own right hand,
Richest blessings on them shower,
That when far in memory's land,
They shall turn and bless this hour.

When their work on earth is done,
When their spirits shall be free,
Then, as sinks life's setting sun,
Take, O take them up to thee.

AUNT BARBARA.

BY L. AUGUSTA BEALE.

I LAID my head down on the desk and cried. The scholars had all gone home, or I would not have done it. It was something of an effort, at first, to get up much of a lachrymal shower, but I numbered over my grievances in this wise:

"I'm almost tired to death—I'm sure I've lost ten pounds since I came into this dirty old schoolhouse. And the scholars are such dunces, Solomon couldn't make them learn anything. And it's so roasting hot. And Harry Birt hasn't written to me once, and the strawberries are just ripe at Aunt Barbara's—and such cream—boo-o-o!"

Thus I managed to get up quite a respectable briny flood, accompanied by considerable sobbing, from which I was startled by a voice.

"I thought I'd jes look reound—'xcuse me; be ye sick, Miss Lee?"

It was the school agent who looked round to see if there were any broken windows to be mended.

"I—I d-d-don't feel very well."

"Wal, neow, I hope ye haint a go'n' ter be sick. John thinks everything of the schoolmarm, and I should hate to hev the school stop, no mistake."

"I g-guess I shall feel better to-morrow."

"Look-a-here, neow, Miss Lee, I've got a bright idee,"—poetically. "What do ye say to a leetle vacation? Haying's coming on, and most on us'll want our boys to help hay, ye know."

I brightened up instantly. Aunt Barbara—strawberries and cream—sea-bathing—fishing frolics with Towser, etcetera. The vision sent my blood bounding with delight.

"I think it would be a very good plan, Mr. Dickey."

"So do I. I'll jes look reound and see what the deestrict think about it."

The "deestrict" was his kingdom. The honors of office never sat more proudly on any chief magistrate, than on the broad shoulders of this school agent.

I was only sixteen, and had never known a care, my home, since my father's death, had been with Aunt Barbara, and I had taken to teaching, from that feeling of pride and independence which all energetic girls will feel at that age, and under such circumstances. Then I had that same longing for heroic deeds—to do some good in the world—and these poor, benighted little heathen offered a wide field for missionary effort. I pictured to my mind the transformation I would produce in this unkempt, unwashed throng—and fondly fancied they would soon become just such sweet, graceful, winning creatures as we read about in Sabbath School books.

Five weeks had passed, and my utmost endeavors had only produced a broad "yes ma'am," "no ma'am—" and two or three clean faces, half a dozen letters learned, and a line of multiplication table. What wonder I was utterly discouraged, broken down, homesick? Then Harry Birt had not written to me.

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Mr. Dickey obtained a favorable answer from the "deestrict," and I was soon on board the lumbering old stagecoach for Aunt Barbara's, and a vacation.

It was a cottage by the sea; but so far from any harbor, that it had all the seclusion of an inland retreat. There were high cliffs and rocks fretting the waves, and only one little reach of sandy beach between the cliffs where we used to bathe when the tide was up, and here a little fishing smack was moored—Harry Birt's.

The coach rattled up to the gate, and I ran up the garden-walk, wondering that Aunt Barbara was not at the window.

"It's haying-time, and she's milking," I thought. But no; the cows all stood at the barnyard gate, so I stepped into the entry—the door was ajar, she must be in the house—and shouted at the top of my voice:

"Aunt Barbara! Aunt Barbara!" Then the parlor door slowly opened, and a tall, elegant-looking gentleman appeared, and with a bow, said, "Miss Lee has gone to ride, will you come in and wait her return?"

"No, thank you; I'll go up stairs."

Dusty, dirty, and heated, running up the garden-walk and shouting like the whirlwind of a hoyden that I was, to meet this dignified piece of elegance in my aunt's parlor!

What was he there *for*? yes, that was the question.

Tired and chagrined, I entered my chamber—my own little sanctuary, with its bright paper and white curtains, with the royal climber and honeysuckle shading the windows. Here at least I could make myself as miserable as I pleased. Alas! I was born on Friday. On my dressing-table, *mine*, sacred to my cologne-bottle, my doll pin-cushion, mouse pen-wiper and Harry Birt's Valentine, there sat the shiniest of beavers, stylish, unruffled, cityfied, immovable. My dressing-table thus profaned!

Further hurried investigations revealed articles of masculine apparel in my own clothes closet. There, hanging against the wall, in grim and malicious distinctness, were a pair of—modesty forbids. My fingers crimson at the thought. I nearly fainted.

Feeling very forlorn and homeless, I went down to the kitchen, washed my face at the pump in the backyard, and wished myself back to Burnt Meadow schoolhouse. I brushed back my curls and went down the lane to watch for Aunt Barbara.

Soon I heard the measured tread of Jimp's careful feet behind the group of pines, before they came in sight. That was his go-to-market pace. Jimp had a diversity of styles in travelling.

Now he came jogging along, with long and labored paces, his head drooping, as though it was the utmost effort to draw that old-fashion carriage with its two occupants.

Here was a fresh surprise. Aunt Barbara had still another guest—a lady. How I did wish I had staid at Burnt Meadow.

When the carriage reached the gate, and Jimp stopped of his own accord, as though he had utterly exhausted his last remaining strength, the usurper came out of the house, and went to assist the ladies.

But Aunt Barbara was already on the ground—she was too used to independence. Then he took the slight figure of the stranger lady in his arms and half carried her to the house.

"Why, Jessie Lee!" exclaimed my aunt, now first spying me behind the rosebush, "where did you come from?"

"Rained down."

"There hasn't been a shower. Did the school committee advise you to leave? Never mind, you're only a child yourself, Jessie—not fit to teach school."

"I'm almost seventeen—and I am not turned out at all—only a vacation. But if I had known there wasn't room for me, I wouldn't have come!"

I was half crying.

"Allow me to put your horse in the stable," said the usurper, directly behind me. Of course he heard my gracious speech. Aunt Barbara introduced me:

"My niece, Miss Jessie Lee, Mr. Hawthorne."

The low bow he gave me, the pleasant smile, the courtly deference—such things never fail to turn the heads of foolish girls of sixteen. But I had not forgotten how I burst upon him from the stagecoach, nor the late inhospitable speech.

"There's Tom, aunt, he will unharness Jimp, and I want to ride horseback."

Anything to escape from that thorough-bred elegance.

"You will scarcely find this a spirited steed," he said, surveying the intense repose of Jimp's attitude.

Indeed he looked as though he never cared to move again. But he gave a low whinny as I spoke to him, and turned his head to look at me with his mild, loving eyes.

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"Jimp knows Jessie," said Aunt Barbara, as they moved towards the house.

If I could only be like Aunt Barbara—so calm, graceful and simple. She was an old maid, in virtue of her thirty-one summers, but almost as fair as at twenty. She was not pretty; but her fresh complexion, her full rounded little figure, her plump taper hands, the brisk gracefulness of her motions, the tender gleam of her gray eyes, the satin smoothness of her brown hair, the pleasant contralto tones of her flexible voice, and the innocent unconsciousness of self in all her ways—made her a bright household picture of comfort and content. Mr. Hawthorne's eyes rested on her with the glance of an artist.

Freed from the harness, Jimp was himself again. He gave two or three harmless kicks at the empty air, shook his mane over his eyes, pawed the ground fiercely, and was ready for a canter over the hills through the sheep pasture. Tom put a blanket over him and confined it.

"If you wont have a saddle, you'll spoil yer pooty dress without a blanket, for ye allers drive him into a reeking sweat."

It was a race with Towser after the sheep. I knew it was wrong to frighten the sheep, and drive them panting from one place to another, but Jimp took a wicked delight in seeing the poor creatures run and huddle up together with fright.

He was not tired, when, long after sunset, we turned homeward, and dashed through the fields at the same breakneck gallop. We reached the garden gate. We had cleared it so many times I did not need to urge him.

Ah, Jimp! He was very careful, very bold and agile, but his shoe was loose, and that was why he stumbled as he reached the other side, and landed me several feet in advance, just as I had caught a glimpse of a pair of sad-looking brown eyes at the window.

When I came to my senses, Mr. Hawthorne was supporting me on the grass, and Aunt Barbara bathing my face. I looked up, bewildered, remembered the crowning feat of my hoydenism, remembered who had been a witness of all, sprang up from his arms, and declared I was not hurt a bit.

Tom, who had been standing by, white with terror, turned away in disgust, saying:

"If she hadn't more lives 'n a cat she'd 'a' been killed a dozen times afore now."

So I went into the house followed by Aunt Barbara, and sank down on the kitchen lounge in a fit of vexation and tears.

"Who are these people?" I asked, pettishly. "I behaved so like a little wildfire when I first came, that I went to ride to get out of his way, and see what a pretty scrape I have got into. He'll think I ought to be in the insane asylum."

"O, never mind him, dear. He's a perfect gentleman, and will soon forget all about it. You see his sister is very feeble, and the physicians advised the seashore, and Uncle Barker wrote to me if I would not take them to board. But I'm sorry I gave up your chamber. I'm afraid you are hurt."

"Not much. Only my ankle a very little."

"Come into the parlor and see Miss Hawthorne. She is the sweetest creature."

"I never want to see him again. Where's Harry?"

"O, that is what makes you so out of sorts. He went down to Halifax with his father when you first went away. He will be back before you go back to your school. Come, now, let's go into the parlor."

So soothing and supporting me, I let her lead me into the parlor, and was introduced to Miss Hawthorne, who reclined white and languid on the sofa.

The usurper drew an arm-chair for me, and inquired anxiously if I was hurt. Not the glimmer of any vulgar amusement at my mishap; every tone, and word, and gesture, spoke the gentleman *nascitur non fit*. How soon all my mortification melted before his graceful kindliness and pleasant humor.

Even Agnes, with her mild, sympathetic eyes, smiling so brightly at her brother's pleasantries, and now and then answering with some blithe retort, seemed to lose that sad fading air.

But when at her suggestion, Aunt Barbara sang, to the accompaniment of her old piano, "Passing Away," those sad brown eyes that I had seen at the window rested mournfully on Agnes Hawthorne, as if his soul were saying, with the singer:

"Like the mist that melts in the noontide ray,
Like a rosy cloud at the parting day,
The dreams of the heart are passing away."

My ankle was quite badly hurt, and I was obliged to keep very quiet for several days. They were days of golden, dreamy loveliness, such as sixteen only knows. The patient sweetness of Agnes, who seemed to enjoy my rude ways, and, more than all, that loving, tender devotion of this man to this drooping flower—the caressing ways, the low thrilling

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tones of love—this more than all thrilled me with a strange witchery—a half pain that I could not be this invalid—that I too might be petted and caressed as she was.

But sixteen is very susceptible, you know. I grew nervous. The blood would flash quickly to my brow, I knew not why. But I was happy, calm, satisfied, when one evening, whilst Aunt Barbara had gone to ride with the invalid, he begged me to lean on him and come into the garden.

How quickly that hour passed! And yet he only talked of common things in a common way; of his solicitude for his sister; of her visible improvement since coming here; of the sweet quiet of the place · the house, and the matchless housekeeping of Aunt Barbara.

But I leaned on his arm; he did not treat me like a child, or a wild, untaught country girl; but like an equal. He spoke of books, and authors. It was well I had read much, and I did not fear to give my opinions freely. We lingered among the flowers till they returned.

How he loved that sister! How eagerly he sprang to meet them—before Aunt Barbara could get out of the carriage; and she put both hands into his, and he caught her in his arms. She blushed so rosily, and came to assist me, while Mr. Hawthorne carried his sister in.

But I remained in the garden, and soon he came out and sat beside me, continuing the conversation their coming had broken.

"But why do you prefer Longfellow to Cowper, Miss Jessie?" he asked.

"Only for the music, I suppose. How like a stately anthem is the Psalm of Life; and Miles Standish's Courtship, without a rhyme, is all o'erflowing with melody."

"But hear the music of Tennyson:

"'Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black-bat night has flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
For I am here alone.

"'She is coming, my own, my sweet;
My heart would hear it and beat,
Had it lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red."

"There's the heart's music, Jessie."

What wonder my heart beat loudly in the intoxicating presence of this model of refined and cultivated manhood, repeating in low and impassioned tones, such strains of melody. A step on the gravel walk aroused me.

Harry Birt.

At any other time or place I should have been glad to see him. He was a comely and a likely lad, with strong, high ambitions, and a good fund of ready wit and right good common sense. His father was a sea-captain, of more than ordinary culture and ability. But Harry was a country-lad, and though a fine specimen of his class, his ruddy, sunburnt face, and loose home-made garments, made a painful contrast to this elegant, fashionably-attired, self-possessed New Yorker. Broadcloth, fashion, a mustache, and easy manners, are the *ne plus ultra* of masculine perfection, to simple country girls of sixteen. Weighed in this balance, Harry Birt was wanting, He stepped at the gate, and said:

"How d'you do, Jessie?"

But my restraint and the glance of Mr. Hawthorne did not tend to overcome his natural bashfulness. He blushed painfully. So did I; but I managed to introduce him to Mr. Hawthorne. I wonder if he knew, and if Harry knew himself, that at that moment I was ashamed of him. Ashamed to acknowledge him as my familiar friend. Ashamed that I had nestled close to his side in many a moonlight sail in that little boat on the beach, with my hand clasped in his. Ashamed of the truest, noblest heart that ever lived!

Aunt Barbara saw him from the window, and called to him:

"Come in, Harry. I'm glad you have come, for Jessie is having a vacation, and it's dull music, you know, when you are away."

I did not ask him to come in; he looked for it—waited for it—but I was silent. Did he know how my heart had turned to another? I do not know. I only know I grieved and pained him, for he said half-apologetically:

"Mother said you were at home; so I thought I would step over and see if you were well."

"Very well, I thank you."

And that was all. I was vexed with him for interrupting my *tete-a-tete;* I was angry with myself that I ever was familiar with him. Mr. Hawthorne was the first that spoke:

"An uncommonly fine countenance—noble, generous, and refined—Miss Jessie, is he not?"

"O, yes, one of the best of boys."

"Only the free open country can develop such noble types of manhood. There are none such in cities. Such men are capable of everything good and great."

How I wished I had been kind to him;

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since Mr. Hawthorne admired him, I did not feel so much ashamed of him.

So the days went by—very golden—my ankle was quite well, and I had a vague fancy that if Mr. Hawthorne should sometime ask me to share his earthly lot, I would not say no. My eyes drooped beneath his gaze, and the color went and came when he spoke to me. At last.

"Jessie, will we go down to the cliffs? I have something to say to you."

I had seen him talking earnestly with Aunt Barbara through the half open door. She looked up shyly, and said:

"Put on your cloak, dear, and be as good as you can."

He drew my hand through his arm and retained it in his. Then he was silent, until we reached the cliff, and he had found me a seat on the rocks, then he spoke, still holding my hand.

"Many years ago, Jessie, I loved a dear little girl about your age, and she died. Some men love more earnestly than others. For twelve years I have mourned her loss, and thought my heart was dead, and ashes in her grave. But God has been good to me, and since I came here to this lovely spot, I have been led to believe that there is yet much for me to live for, and I have found that I could love again, not with the fresh, exhilarating passion of youth, perhaps, but with the solemn, true devotion of maturer years, and I have reason to believe that the woman who has found the way to my heart and warmed it into new life and joy, is willing to bless me with all the richness of her own pure and gentle life. You must have seen it, Jessie, for I have not tried to conceal what my life was so full of—so I asked you to come here that I might tell you freely that I love—your Aunt Barbara."

My brain reeled—I felt a cold, stony feeling come over me, as though I had been suddenly petrified. I think I should have fainted, but my faculties were diverted by a sight that froze all the blood in my heart. Harry Birt out on the bay; he had seen us sitting there so closely, my hand in his—it was all that Harry ever claimed—to hold my hand—he was looking at us steadfastly, as though by a strange fascination, holding the helm of his boat which was coming under a fresh breeze towards the shore.

Just as the full import of Mr. Hawthorne's love-making struck on my brain, I had seen Harry Birt looking up so wildly, and the next instant his boat had struck a hidden rock and capsized.

Then that smothered agony went forth in a long wild cry, and I sprang toward the edge of the precipice. But a strong hand thrust me back.

Harry was a brave swimmer, and near the shore, but he made no effort to save himself, and sunk heavily. When he rose again, another strong swimmer was in the flood and going to his rescue.

He was saved. He was lying on the sands pale and senseless—the picture of death.

But the cruel waves had washed away all the false pride and passion that had gathered like noxious weeds about my heart for two weeks past.

I knelt over him, all unconscious of the magical brown eyes gazing on me, crying, "Dear, dear Harry!" in agonizing fear.

"You don't think he is dead?" I pleaded to the man who had saved him, and who was shivering in his wet garments, and striving to restore animation to the unconscious form.

At last he looked up vacantly into my face, and said:

"What is the matter, Jessie?"

I was completely overcome, and for the first time I kissed him, then went off in a hysterical crying fit, while Mr. Hawthorne explained the matter to him, and assisted him to the house, where he was soon made comfortable. And for the first time I saw how tenderly and lovingly those sad brown eyes followed the flitting of my tidy little Aunt Barbara. While Harry, with his dear head on my shoulder, said:

"Do you think, Jessie, I thought it was you that Mr. Hawthorne was in love with all the time, and I didn't care if I did drown!"

"What could have put such an idea into your crazy head?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I must have been jealous."

I never knew whether Mr. Hawthorne suspected my folly or not; he was too delicate to let any treatment of his betray it, and he must have seen how very true I was to dear Harry when danger tore away the false veil that had blinded my eyes.

Harry went back with me to Burnt Meadow, and when my school was done, he came down with his father's carriage to take me home.

He wanted to go to sea as his father did, but I made such a fuss, and his father and mother didn't like to have him go, and Aunt

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Barbara said that he should have the homestead farm where she had always lived, if he would live there and take care of it. So that is the way it ended.

Uncle Hawthorne was quite rich, and Aunt Barbara lives in New York. Agnes died in the early autumn, calmly and sweetly as she had lived.

Aunt Barbara graces her elegant city home with her natural loveliness, and is as great a favorite in the wealthy circles of the metropolis, as in her quiet country home. They are coming down to visit us in strawberry time, and bring the baby. His name is Harry.

A MIDNIGHT VISION.

BY EMMA F. PRADT.

'Tis midnight, Hal, and the tireless clock
Is toiling the hours away
I cannot sleep, and this lone unrest
Has haunted my heart all day.
It is just six years ago, to-night,
Since they told me you were dead;
O Father, pity my aching heart—
O, my weary, throbbing head!

I can see your calm and saint-like face,
As you laid, so cold and still,
Ere they buried you in a sheltered place,
In the churchyard on the hill:
And six long years, with iron tread,
Have passed o'er my weary heart,
Since I've learned to speak of you as dead;
Though your name still makes me start.

And I can but dream of the olden time,
When we both, dear Hal, were young,
And you read to me a quaint old rhyme;
And your voice hath ever rung
All adown the changing, troubled years,
Like a sweet Eolian strain—
Alas! that the sweet life-dream is gone:
Can no note come back again?

The hours wear on: I can hear every beat
Of this restless heart of mine:
O! I wonder how many weary hours
Are 'twixt my soul and thine.
Good night! good night! it is striking one—
Still I vainly pray for rest.
O! heaven must be so lovely, Hal,
Since thou art of the blest.

The lamps are out down the silent street,
And the snow, so cold and white,
Lays like a shroud set with glittering gems,
Round the dusky earth, to-night.
I wonder if spirits of loved ones
Ever visit this earth of ours?
If so, I think you are with me, Hal,
In these lonely midnight hours.

With this glad thought, my heart grows light,
And my burden less wearisome;
This midnight blackness is flecked with light—
Are there angels in the room?
For your sweet sake, I kneel and pray
For patience to bear my lot;
Till all my life-work is finished up,
May I weary or falter not.

THE HEART'S CHOICE.

BY LENA I. GIFFORD.

THE first time I met Shirley Warner was in one of those brilliant companies that so frequently assemble in large villages. My home was in the city. I had come down to Clinton to spend the season with my Aunt Cleveland. I had been there a few weeks and already formed several acquaintances, for my aunt was still young and fond of gayety, consequently her doors were continually open to guests and innumerable callers of both sexes.

Of course every village must have its "lion" and its "belle." There were many young ladies sufficiently charming to have worn the latter cognomen, but I could not see any one who was particularly lionized. I suppose the "lion" must be the one who occupies the greatest share of people's attention, receives their sympathies, and becomes the unsuspecting subject of general gossip. I was soon to learn, however, that Clinton was not without

its pretension to this essential attraction.

I had been out to ride, one day, with Cousin Philip (Phil. was Aunt Cleveland's especial pride and only heir), over the broken country roads and through delightful woods, rich with a thousand varying hues, for it was autumn, until our horses turned wearily homeward, and with loosened rein jogged on through a pleasant woodland. Suddenly taking a by-path they emerged upon a scene of picturesque and almost unparalleled beauty. Upon a gentle eminence directly in front of us stood a splendid mansion, half embosomed in the dark palm-like branches of a majestic group of cedars. I reined in my horse and gazed with admiration. The house was of gray stone, and the large balconies were supported by massive columns of the same. Trellised walks wound about blooming gardens, and dancing fountains dropped shining pebbles into silvery basins; here and there cozy arbors nestled beneath the ivy and clematis, inviting you to rest and enjoyment. I had not expected this in a country village, and turned from my mute survey with a questioning glance to my cousin.

"O, that is Shirley Hall, or more properly termed 'The Cedars.' It is the property of Shirley Warner, bequeathed to him by his maternal uncle together with his daughter. The old gentleman took a fancy to Shirley, who was the child of his only sister, and on his deathbed exacted the promise that his nephew would marry his only child, Dora Shirley, who had not yet emerged from school, and of whom Shirley Warner knew but little. However, his affection for his uncle and the unprotected state of his cousin induced him to comply with the unjust but not uncommon request. The uncle, as usual in such cases, died happy, blessing the twain, confident that his child had found a kind protector.

"Directly after Dora left boarding school Warner came down and married her; they have lived here most of the time since. He was in a good deal of a hurry about marrying, but it seemed to me that he wanted the thing off his mind. I don't think much of these deathbed matches, Kate; no good ever comes of them. Shirley didn't need the property thus obtained, for he had an abundance of his own, but the girl was on his hands, and what could he do but marry her? though according to general opinion he is sorry enough for it. She isn't a suitable companion for that man, Kate, I tell you. He is a noble fellow, and for his promise's sake will be kind to Dora."

We rode on homeward, but this brief history set me to thinking, and I imagined Shirley Warner a stern, hard-featured man, who, for mercenary motives, had taken the young orphan into a loveless life. And then I thought of her as a proud, cold woman, feeling that fate had bound her to one whom she could not love.

It was evening. Mrs. Cleveland's illuminated parlors were thronged with guests. I had grown weary with the brilliance, the music and the dance, and quietly withdrew into an alcove, through whose low window the moonlight fell in a silvery sheen. I always loved the soft moonlight; now I sat and gazed out upon the blooming gardens, the lofty trees, and away to the distant hills all bathed in its splendor, until my eyes rested upon that beautiful eminence crowned by Shirley Hall. Its turrets stood up darkly against the sky, the mellow light revealing but dimly all the rich surroundings.

Again I fell to musing, and the occupant of "The Cedars" passed and repassed critically before my mind. I was an only child. No brother or sister to love, my heart naturally yearned for some object upon which to lavish its devotion. I had been called cold and distrustful, but only so by those who did not understand me. I had suitors, but could not express an affection I did not feel, preferring rather to be called heartless, than endure the fulsome fawnings of those without my sphere. I thought of the mistress of "The Cedars," and wondered if she was like myself.

"Your pardon, miss. I did not know that I was intruding." A rich, subdued voice aroused me, and I looked up to meet a pair of sad, earnest eyes, whose owner stood just within the alcove and confronting me.

"Indeed, sir; no intrusion," I replied. "Will you be seated?"

He held a book in his hand, and I judged that he came from the library. Complying with my invitation, with gentle courtesy, he took the unoccupied seat by my side. He was a stranger to me, yet in the quick, searching glance I cast upon him, I saw gentlemanly dignity blended with familiar grace, and the eyes that met mine told me that we should be friends.

He discoursed upon the book of travels which he held, and gave his own lucid and graphic descriptions of scenes and places in the old world which he had visited. I was charmed. Seeing that he had a pleased listen-

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er, he went on until some reminiscence brought us nearer home. The delightful scenery, the charming villas of other lands, were compared with our own. I glanced instinctively out toward "The Cedars." His eye followed mine, and a long-drawn sigh escaped his lips.

"Ah! Miss Fairfield," (I wondered how he knew my name), "it is not pleasant surroundings alone that bring happiness."

I thought of what Philip had said, and knew that he referred to the Warners.

"A person may have all outward blessings," he continued, "but without the soul's congenial friend, there is a vacuum in the heart which nothing else can fill."

"True," I replied, still thinking of the Warners, "but if the marriage rites do not command all this, how is it to be obtained?"

"Marriage ties must perforce bind the heart, but do they always satisfy it?" he answered, sadly.

At this juncture I heard my aunt inquiring for me, and giving my hand to the strange man who had so affected me, I withdrew from the alcove and left him alone.

"Kate"—my aunt stepped forward. "Mrs. Warner wishes an introduction. Miss Fairfield, Dora—Mrs. Warner, Kate."

I took the hand of the woman who had occupied so much of my thoughts—a soft, fair hand; a silvery voice answered my greeting, and the picture I had formed of the lady of the Hall instantly faded away. Before me stood a small, almost child-like figure, more childish from its fleecy robe, golden curls, arch, rosy mouth, and air of easy confidence. She flitted about as the gayest of the gay. I immediately denounced scandalizers in general, and felt the forthcoming lecture doomed for the unsuspecting Philip.

Evening wore on. Everywhere flitted Dora Warner like a white-winged bird, dropping piquant jests and trilling gay laughter. I could not catch her eyes to read their expression, but they seemed livid coals so intense was their brilliancy. Strange, it did not occur to me then that she was acting a false part.

Once I saw my acquaintance of the alcove standing conversing with a group of gentlemen. I had a better chance to view him. He possessed a tall, erect figure; his broad shoulders supported a proud head slightly bowed, about which clustered short, crisp curls of inky blackness; his forehead was full and wide; his mouth wore that fixed expression habitual to persons suffering some keen mental affliction; his eyes almost pained one to meet them, so hopeless seemed their mute appeal. Withal, I could but acknowledge that he was the finest looking man in the assembly.

I was interested. I confessed it to myself. My heart had never been touched before, but this stranger played upon its strings as unconcernedly as Eolus touches the wind-harp. He stood conversing with easy grace, when he directed his glance toward me. I did not shrink, for the width of the room was between us, and he could not read my expression clearly. Then he turned to where Mrs. Warner was toying with a white rose which she had worn in her bosom.

"He is comparing us," I mentally ejaculated. "Stop, sir! she is incomparable in her innocence, while beauty is not my dower."

I looked for Shirley Warner. I was sure, after I had seen his wife, that I could not recognize him by the picture I had previously drawn with the aid of Philip's sketch, so I waited for some sign from her to identify him. Once or twice during the evening I had noticed a young man of slight form, showily dressed, and with abstracted air, hover near Dora Warner for a moment at a time, sometimes to drop just a whisper; once I caught the gleam of her jewelled hand which she carelessly extended from the folds of her dress—saw him grasp it for an instant, and pass on. Was this her husband? I thought it must be. Strange, with the numerous introductions I had received, Philip should have failed to present this young man and the dignified stranger.

He came along presently.

"Philip, tell me which is the proprietor of 'The Cedars.'"

"Ah! excuse me, coz.; hasn't he been presented yet? I'll fetch him."

"No, no, Philip. I do not wish that; I would only have him pointed out."

"Well," he glanced over the brilliant throng; "he don't seem to come within the range of my vision just now; when he does, I'll speak."

"But, Mrs. Warner, Phil—Isn't she lovely?"

"Lovely? phew! Looks well enough though, I suppose. But the coquette!" and, of course, Phil. must utter an oath notwithstanding my presence. "You see," he continued, "Shirley thinks he did her a great wrong when he took her to his noble heart so young, and, by my soul, I think he did, for she never saw the day when she was worthy of that place."

"But he was pledged, you have told me, cousin."

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"Yes, that's the deuce of it. Pledged to make a fool of himself. Better have let her gone, pledge and all, where she'd felt the most at home. There's that popinjay, Gustave Manter, gets double the tenderness lavished upon him that Warner does, and a downright simpleton, too!—Will you dance, Kate?"

"No! excuse me, Phil. I've had quite dancing enough, and am going into the conservatory, to think by myself."

And think I did of the man who was lionized, and I might add thoroughly victimized, by his friends—and the frail, girlish woman, who, in her innocent thoughtlessness, was breaking his brave heart.

I drew myself upon a couch directly behind a stand of luxurious plants, inhaling their rich odor, and screened from view by the shadow they threw over me. I had lain there a few minutes, when a slight rustling disturbed me, and Dora Warner glided in, coming directly to the stand and plucking a snow-white camellia. She did not observe me, and before I had time to rise she turned to meet a young man, who had followed her—the one I had particularly noticed before and supposed was her husband. He put his arm about her waist and drew her to his side, as they stood in the fickle light which the chandelier threw over that part of the room.

"God bless you, darling!" he murmured, and bowed his head to press her lips. "O, tell me, Dora," he continued, "that this night shall end our misery. Fly with me, dearest, where no eye can question, and no arm withhold you from my fervent love."

I could not move—I was like one transfixed.

"O, I cannot, Gustave," she replied. "He has ever been kind to me, and I think he loves me. This strange witchery that you have over me I cannot understand."

"It is love, dear Dora. You do not love Shirley Warner, and though you were bound to him a thousand times stronger than you are, still I would tear you from him. O, be mine to-night! Go with me, and my love shall bear you up, overcoming all scruples, and you shall be happy."

She did not reply.

"Dora, do you love me?"

"O, Gustave, I do not know; you persuade me that I do."

"There, go!" He pushed her from him. "I want no half-way love."

"Gustave! Gustave! What shall I do?" The frail woman held up her hands imploringly. "I love you with my whole heart."

The wily man folded her to his breast again, and said sternly, "Dora, go away with me this night. I will not trifle any longer."

"Not to-night! O, any other time; I am not strong enough now."

"Well, to-morrow night then. I will meet you in a close carriage at the lower gate of your grounds. Shirley will not suspect anything—"

"O, Shirley! Ought I to leave him?"

"Leave him? Yes! what is he but a hindrance to all your happiness, bound to him as you were before you knew your own heart? You have worn your chains long enough."

"But, Gustave, he did not hold me to that promise then. He gave me my freedom of choice."

"There, there! That will do. If you want to remain with him, you can; no matter anything about my heartaches—I can bear them," said he, bitterly.

"Do not speak so to me, Gustave. I am ready to go whenever you will."

"To-morrow night at half past nine, then, farewell to Shirley Hall and its unsuspecting lord."

He kissed her again and again, then put her suddenly from him as if fearful that she might retract from the engagement. He passed quickly from the room, while she followed wearily, and finally sank upon a seat near the door.

The hum of voices was heard and soon a number of the guests gathered in the room. I mingled with them, wearing as indifferent an air as I could assume. I saw Dora Warner once more just before the company dispersed. She was pale as marble, and her eyes wore an unearthly glare actually painful to witness. One hour had so changed her that I could hardly believe it to be the same person. How I pitied her! She had no sister, no brother to advise with in this dark hour of temptation; and he, who should have been, and indeed was, her best friend, she was putting far from her.

Instinctively I drew nearer, as we stood apart from observers, and pressed my arm tenderly about her waist. She raised her eyes to mine, and such an imploring look as she gave me, I shall never forget. O, I would have told her then to evade the tempter and in her husband's arms find her only security. Before I could speak, however, we were joined by others. I could only grasp her hand, and the grateful look she gave me then more than repaid me for my proffered sympathy.

The company soon left. I was glad to be alone. I sought my chamber, but not to sleep. The dreadful secret which I possessed weighed upon me like an incubus, checking every healthy and natural function. What was I to do? Should I tell Cousin Philip of the intended elopement, that he might warn Mr. Warner? I shrank from disclosing the incident to him. It might be the means of making the matter public, which I wished particularly to avoid. But Gustave Manter's plans should be frustrated—that I was determined upon. I believed that Philip was sincere and correct in his eulogiums upon the master of Shirley Hall, therefore this evil should not come upon his house. Should I go to Dora Warner as to a sister, and kindly remonstrate with her? I reflected that I was but the acquaintance of an evening, and not on visiting terms with the family. Perhaps too, I might be considered an eavesdropper, and thus create enmity where I only wished to do good. With the question still undecided I descended to the breakfast room.

"Good morning, coz!" Philip's cheery voice relieved me somewhat. I answered his salutation, and quietly sipped my coffee.

"How did you enjoy last night's entertainment, Kate?" questioned my Aunt Cleveland. "I never saw Mrs. Warner looking so weary as she did the latter part of the evening," added she. "Poor thing! she was fairly tired out."

"By the way, Kate," broke in Philip, "did you see her husband, after all? How confoundedly stupid I was. You must excuse me again, however, and we will ride up to 'The Cedars' some day and make recompense."

"Not meet with Shirley Warner last night!" echoed my aunt. "Why, he spoke with me concerning you—I can't recollect what he said, but he gave me the impression that he had conversed with you."

"Well, never mind Mr. Warner," I finally articulated, thinking of my acquaintance of the alcove—"but tell me who was that tall, noble-looking gentleman with such mournful eyes?"

Phil. stared mockingly, while Mrs. Cleveland exclaimed, "Who? why, that must be Shirley Warner, himself."

"That Shirley Warner!" I felt the hot blood rush to my forehead, then recede coldly to my heart, dropping there like a leaden weight. Philip's saucy eye was upon me, and I could not waver. "Cousin," I remarked, coolly rising from the table yet scarcely knowing what I said, "I would like to ride this morning."

"Whew!" Philip drew a suppressed whistle. "Can you go alone, Katie? The fact is, I'm engaged to-day."

"Alone? O, yes, Selim knows the way, I dare say. Had just as lief go alone, Philip, and then I can loiter as I please."

"All right, then. I'll tell Ronald to bring Selim round." And Philip, cap in hand, went to execute his mission.

I went to my room to prepare myself for the ride, and when I came to the door Selim was waiting. He was a fine coal-black charger, which Philip had appropriated to my use during my stay. He already knew me, and pawed the ground at my approach, and threw up his beautiful neck in graceful salutation. I sprang into the saddle and took the reins from Ronald's hand.

Off we cantered. I cared not which way we went, and therefore gave Selim a free rein. My thoughts were pre-occupied, and it was some time before I noticed that he had taken the road traversed a few days previously by Philip and myself. I drew him up when we came to the wood, letting him walk slowly, that I might enjoy the grateful perfume of the autumnal foliage, which seemed an elixir to my disturbed mind.

How was the revelation of last night to end? This heavy burden was upon my spirits, and as I gazed up into the over-arching trees and clear, blue sky beyond, I earnestly prayed that the shadow which hung over me might soon reveal beyond it light as ineffable as heaven's own cerulean. I had not dared to think twice of the man by whose side I sat the previous evening, listening to his words as though they were molten pearls, for now I knew that he was the husband of another. In my impulsive way my heart had suddenly gone out to him; now I closed and barred every outlet, resolved to keep it sacred and secure henceforth. But a terrible blow was to fall upon this man, and I felt that my life was of little worth if its sacrifice could avert the impending doom. With these thoughts in my mind, I was aroused by the sharp, quick report of a rifle, and instantly a sleek, milk-white hound bounded across my path.

Selim gave a fierce snort and reared, plunging headlong. Fortunately, I had great presence of mind in real danger. I drew the rein tautly, speaking gently and firmly the while, and in a few minutes he stopped, trembling like an aspen.

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A step sounded near. I turned, and Shirley Warner stood beside me.

"Lady, I most sincerely beg your pardon for my inadvertent act. I was not aware of your presence, however; perhaps that will offer some excuse. But you are pale and trembling; you had better alight until you recover."

I felt most keenly what he averred; I was faint and sick, not so much from the effect of the fright, as this unexpected meeting. I suffered him to lift me from the saddle, for I had no strength to resist. He seated me upon a mossy knoll, and stood near, with Selim's bridle upon his arm.

"We seem destined to unpremeditated interviews, Miss Fairfield. You are not injured, I hope," he added anxiously, noticing my agitation, for I was greatly moved. I thought of the coming evening and the intended elopement, but I knew that I must be firm. It seemed that fate was giving me the opportunity to act.

"No sir!" I answered, calmly; "I think that I have received no injury, but Selim is powerful and a woman's arm but weak."

"That was an untimely shot, but I must say that you managed this fellow finely," stroking Selim's proud neck.

"O, he is obedient, and knows my voice. I think he would not have started but for the hound."

"Ah! Guido, come here and make amends for your rudeness."

The animal came and laid its long nose within his open palm, and looked wistfully into my face, as if offering an apology.

"Guido is very excusable, indeed," I remarked. "I'm sure he meant no harm."

My tones were sad, for I could not lift the weight from my heart. I felt that those earnest eyes were upon me. O, I longed to take his hand as I would a brother's, and tell him of my sympathy in his trouble; then I reflected that perhaps he had no suspicion of his wife's infidelity—he certainly could not know of her intended departure that night.

With these thoughts I drew forth my pencil and paper which I always carried with me, and hastily wrote these lines:

"Beware! a vulture is hovering about your fold; another morn and he will have borne away your precious lamb. Watch, and sleep not."

I asked to be replaced upon my horse, and as I took the reins slipped the note into his hand and galloped away.

The evening found Shirley Warner and his wife in their pleasant library; a cheerful fire had been kindled in the grate, for the evenings were becoming cool, as autumn's breath rustled stilly among the trees. Dora was flushed and anxious, while Shirley's outward calmness betrayed no lurking suspicion of what was passing in his mind. He was unusually reticent, and little conversation passed between them; but there was a tenderness in his manner that seemed the more to disturb her.

The evening wore on. Mrs. Warner had arisen and made two or three uneasy strides about the room, when the little French clock on the mantel-piece told the hour of nine. She then approached her husband and with much effort articulated:

"I think that I will retire." Her voice was husky and her cheeks a deep crimson.

It is not in the movements of the pen to describe what had been the sufferings of that frail woman throughout the day. Actuated alternately by respect for her husband's high character, and a blind passion for her illicit lover, she had wrought her mind almost to madness.

Mr. Warner laid aside the book which he had taken up a few minutes before, and taking both her hands in his, said:

"You are not well, my little wife. Come sit here and tell your husband your troubles," upon which he wheeled a sofa near the grate.

She hesitated with downcast eyes, but he drew her down by his side, gently encircling her waist. Her slight form quivered as she yielded for a moment to his embrace, then with a bound she left his side and stood before him, her eyes glaring with the wild passion of despair. Every nerve seemed wrought to its fullest tension. She dared not speak, for her heart was bursting. Her hands were pressed convulsively upon her breast, her brain began to whirl. She tottered, and would have fallen, but Shirley caught her in his arms and gently laid her upon the sofa. She sank with a moan; a bright red stream parted her lips, discoloring the cushions, and trickling down her snowy dress.

A violent hemorrhage had taken place. Mr. Warner raised her in his arms, and for a few moments the blood continued to flow; then she sank back senseless. He rang for assistance, and when the servant entered, said hurriedly:

"Go for the physician, John, as quickly as possible—your mistress is very ill."

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As the man went, Mr. Warner called Dora's maid, who procured such restoratives as were in the house, then he sat down beside his wife alone, to await her resuscitation.

Various and conflicting were the emotions that arose in Shirley Warner's mind as he watched the faint breathing of his wife; but among them all there was not one feeling of resentment for the part she had acted, which was the undoubted cause of her present condition.

It was as Philip Cleveland had said. Mr. Warner felt that he had been to blame in his marriage with Dora Shirley. He knew that her affections could never respond to his, and anxiously watched her growing intimacy with Gustave Manter, and did what many others would under the circumstances—let fate overrule. He thought that for their promise's sake she had pronounced vows which had now become a burden to her.

This was neither wholly false nor wholly true. Dora Shirley was but a child when her father died (her mother having been dead some years), and his last request seemed to her a law which she did not for a moment shrink from fulfilling. Her young heart had never glowed with the one deep love of a lifetime; and to her innocent mind her noble cousin was as agreeable as any one with whom she could link her fate. Had she never met Gustave Manter, all would have been well; but since their acquaintance new feelings had been awakened, and scarcely dreaming of the impracticability of her course, she had yielded to his unmanly and unprincipled allurements, until she had woven about her the spell from which she knew not how to retreat, and dared not longer pursue with candor. Her husband's firmness and unchanging kindness on the very eve of the consummation of her treachery to him had driven her wild with remorse.

It was some time before she opened her eyes from the deathlike sleep into which she had fallen; but the wild expression was still there, and although her husband bent anxiously over her, she seemed hardly to recognize him. He pressed her hand which he held, and spoke gently, "Dora, dear wife?"

She shuddered and shrank from him. "Do not call me that. O, if you only knew!" A sad moan broke off the sentence.

"Dora, I do know all—how you have been sinned against more than you have sinned. I have been wrong from the very first, I believe; but God knows that I have striven for your happiness since you have been my wife."

"But I—O what have I done! How you will hate me for this!"

A violent coughing fit distressed her for a few minutes, during which he held her in his arms.

"You have done nothing, Dora, that I cannot forgive; but we must not converse longer at present, for you are dangerously ill, and must lie down and be quiet."

She laid back quietly, but there was a tempest within which she could not control, and long sighs welled up, agitating her fearfully. In vain Mr. Warner tried by caressing movements to soothe her, while he anxiously waited the arrival of the physician. She seemed so distressed he feared another hemorrhage, and the hour that thus passed seemed to him longer than weeks had heretofore.

The clock chimed ten, and there was a step heard in the hall, and Dora sprang up with the look of a maniac, and glared fiercely upon the door leading thereto. Shirley would have reseated her, but she sprang from him and stood defiantly in the middle of the room, still watching the door. The servant threw it open noiselessly, and Dr. Harper walked in. Dora caught just the outline of his figure, and giving one wild shriek, before she could be reached, fell to the floor. Again the life-tide streamed freely forth, and she was carried to her room like one in death.

Through the long hours of the night, Mr. Warner watched by the bedside of his wife. Dr. Harper came in often from an adjoining room, gazed long upon the unconscious woman, and shaking his head sadly, moved quietly away.

She had lain as they brought her to her room, in the blood-stained garments, with just a perceptible breathing stirring her pulses. The maid servants stole in and out, anxious to be of some service to their mistress, but it was impracticable to disturb her then to change her apparel, and they awaited in their rooms for the summons. The physician urged quietness above all things, for the least agitation might cause another hemorrhage, and that, inevitable death. He could not, even now, answer for the consequences.

The morning sun rose joyous and clear, and as its refulgent beams streamed through the half open blinds, Mrs. Warner opened her eyes, and with a faint smile recognized her husband. He was still beside her, pale and haggard from anxiety and watching, but when he caught her conscious look, his face lighted up, and he pressed a kiss on her forehead.

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"Are you better, sweet wife? See! the bright sun bids you good morning."

A softened light shone in her eyes, but she did not reply. Just then Dr. Harper came in. Mr. Warner gave him a hopeful, questioning look; he stood contemplating her for some minutes, then turned to her husband, with but little ground for hope in his sad expression.

"These things," said he, pointing to the saturated garments, "must be removed before she arouses; and she must not be left to the attendance of servants. Has she not a sister or friend who can be her nurse and cheerful company at the same time?"

Here Dora opened her eyes, and signified her wish to speak to her husband. He held a whispered conversation with her for some time. It seemed that she had understood the last part of the physician's remarks, and wished to communicate something concerning it.

That morning, as the sun was penetrating the leafy branches, and dropping evanescent spray upon the garden walks, standing by the east window of Mrs. Cleveland's parlor, I saw the Warners' equipage drive up, and a moment later a servant handed in a note. It was unsealed, and my aunt took it and read:

"Will Mrs. Cleveland permit Miss Fairfield, if it is her pleasure, to watch by the sickbed of Dora Warner to-day? If so, she will confer a great favor. The carriage will conduct her to the hall."

Of course, there was much surprise and consternation.

"O, yes; go, Kate, by all means. Dora has taken a fancy to you, and the child must be gratified. Moreover, I will accompany you and learn more particularly of her illness."

In a few minutes we entered the carriage and drove away. I could not understand all this, and wisely concluded that as I could not, I would let events explain themselves. I sank back upon the cushions, for once despoiling myself of fancies, that I might the more clearly comprehend the real.

We reached "The Cedars," passed up the broad granite steps, through the verandah into the parlor. We had no time to make observations before Mr. Warner joined us. We laid aside our shawls and proceeded to Mrs. Warner's chamber. Suffice it to say, that throughout the long day I was constantly by her side. My aunt returned home after a consultation with Mr. Warner, and I was duly installed as nurse.

As the sun went lower and lower, Dora Warner grew perceptibly weaker and weaker, but Dr. Harper came towards evening and administered some potion which greatly revived her. When the lamps were lighted for the night, she requested her husband, who had rested none throughout the day and preceding night, to go and seek some repose, promising that he should be called if she needed him. He came and bent over her, and for the first time during the day I particularly noticed him; he touched her pale lips with his, and stood gazing down upon her. O, the world of agony that lay in the depths of those dark eyes and compressed the finely chiselled lips! His looks seemed to distress Dora, for with a faint smile she motioned him away, and he left the room with sad and lingering steps, turning once or twice to take a parting look at his wife. I would gladly have called him back, for the thought struck me that he was taking his last look of her in life; but she suddenly demanded my attention, and I let him pass.

I was to call him if any change occurred; but one hour stole on after another, and Mrs. Warner lay quietly, holding my hand in hers, when I was unoccupied enough to sit beside her. She was too feeble to converse much, but I learned that she had been informed of the part I had acted, and felt very grateful towards me for it. The clock struck nine, and she turned uneasily about, and for the next few minutes grew very restless. It seemed that the chimes of that hour brought freshly to her mind her engagement with Manter.

I was about to summon her husband, when I heard a light step on the stairs and thinking it to be his, I remained sitting; the door opened noiselessly, and some one approached the opposite side of the couch. Dora gave a glad, low cry, and Gustave Manter knelt before her, clasping her hands and pressing passionate kisses upon them.

"Mr. Manter!" I rose and would have interposed, for I knew that her enfeebled condition could not bear this; but her eyes were turned imploringly upon me, and her hand grasped mine.

"O, Miss Fairfield, you know all, and I implore you by all you ever held dear—by your hopes of future happiness, let him remain. I have but a short time to live, and let that be devoted to the one I love most."

I was surprised, indignant, but undecided; for how could I tear her from him! He wound his arms about her, and her head nestled in his bosom; he bedewed her brow with kisses,

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and blessed and implored her with frantic appeals. Again I would have interposed, but the calm, strange light in her eyes warned me to desist; for I saw that if for him to remain were death, to remove him would only hasten it. She surely had not long to live. The radiance which gathered on her face never comes to mortals but from the shining wings of the transporting angel. It is the holocaust of golden streets and gates of pearl.

I longed and yet dreaded for Mr. Warner to come in. This could not last, and I feared that I should have to bear the penalty already incurred. Suddenly I saw Dora's white arms, which had clasped Manter's neck, relax their hold, her beautiful eyes turn toward heaven, her lovely head sink lower upon his bosom, a faint smile wreath her lips, a convulsive motion thrill her breast, and I knew that the angels had taken her home. I saw that Gustave Manter knew that he clasped the dead, for he raised his eyes, and the most hopeless expression that I ever saw upon the face of mortal, overshadowed his.

I turned from my position, and Shirley Warner stood before us. Ah! there shone the glory of true manhood. His hands were folded upon his breast, his brow serene and calm, his eyes deep and unfathomable as they had seemed before, now beamed with true benignity and holy faith; while over his whole features lay the benediction of God.

Gustave Manter laid back the still, white form, and pressed a long kiss upon the silent lips which were crimsoning with a bright stain, then turning a defiant look upon Shirley Warner, walked out of the room.

Then the husband passed to the bedside, and kneeling, bowed his head reverently, and from the pent-up depths of his heart sent forth an appeal to Heaven, that I shall never forget. All the anguish, all the doubt, all the faith of a noble soul was laid before the great Mediator.

He rose, folded Dora's white hands upon her pulseless breast, and said, "It is well!"

One year glided past. I scarcely knew how to myself, but war and rumors of war had desolated many homes. The inactive had suddenly become brave men, and Nature's noblemen shed their blood upon the field of carnage. Mothers and sisters wept and prayed at home, while throughout the whole nation, hearts pulsated alternately with valor and despair.

My Aunt Cleveland wrote me that I must come down to Clinton again. "Philip, my darling, has left my side to replant the old banner where traitorous hands have torn down the noble standard. When Colonel Warner went, Philip could not remain behind. The Hall is deserted now except by a few trusty servants. You must come, Kate."

I had no excuse to offer, so I went.

The many pleasant hours I had spent in Mrs. Cleveland's parlors, and the scene enacted there with its terrible denouement came upon my senses like a vague dream as I sat down in the quietness now.

But there was one thing which left its impress upon my mind such as dreams seldom do. It had haunted me all through the year; in circles of the gay, in haunts of the beautiful and grand in Nature, in the sweet hours of solitude, it had followed me—an ever grateful presence. Would it leave me now? No, it became the more clearly defined as day after day I wiled away the hours in this lovely village, bearing my aunt companionship, or driving Selim over familiar ways.

I got into the practice of strolling into the beautiful grounds of "The Cedars" during my rides, knowing well that I should encounter no one but the servants who deferentially recognized me when I chanced to meet them. Here it was that the sweet spell which had played about my heart attained its deepest fervor, and I began to realize that my happiness and "The Cedars" were contiguous.

Our monotonous life was occasionally relieved by letters from the army, and Philip's gay humor, which even there could not be suppressed, was highly interspersed with encomiums of Colonel Warner's bravery and humanity as a commander.

Gettysburg! O, sacred is thy soil, watered by the blood of the brave! Well may thy laurels spring up quickly, bedewed by such incense! Homes have been desolated, hearts broken, and the beauty and bloom of life gone out for thee!

From Gettysburg Philip wrote. He was coming home. Colonel Warner of his staff was severely wounded, he hoped not mortally, and he was to accompany him home. In what a state of excitement we were for the next few days. Then they came. Colonel Shirley Warner was carried to the Hall. I did not see him.

Philip was the same tantalizing cousin as before, only there was a noble feeling manifest at times, with that indescribable absent-mindedness so habitual to those who have often

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looked on death. He was in daily attendance at the Hall, and often insisted that I should accompany him. I demurred—I was not needed; though in my heart I longed to go that I might soothe one pang, or administer some precious balm otherwise undone.

Philip went—my aunt went—but I could not go. At last there came imperative summons. "Would not Miss Fairfield visit a wounded man whose life had been risked in her country's peril—who now wore the crimson badge for having done his duty faithfully?"

I went. He had that day been brought down to the pleasant parlor, and as I entered was lying upon a velvet couch, his right leg which was badly fractured supported by the softest cushions. He extended his hand to me with a glad smile illuminating his pale features and lighting up the dark, mournful eyes.

Again and again I went; one day to read to him—another day to sing, and so on to perform a thousand little offices a sick person only can require. Philip always accompanied me, and laughingly declared I would make a capital Florence Nightingale if I only possessed a little more courage.

Here I learned more and more of Shirley Warner. His was a patriot heart all aglow with enthusiastic love of freedom and country. Among the many incidents he related to me of warfare was one occurring just after a battle. He was rallying his men, when his name was called by a wounded soldier who beckoned his approach. To his surprise he bent over the bleeding form of Gustave Manter. He had him conveyed to the hospital—visited him there—was with him in his dying hour—received his confession—witnessed his atonement, and watched his spirit take its hopeful flight toward the home of her he had so wrongly yet so truly loved.

At last the time arrived when Philip was to return to his regiment. I accompanied him to the Hall that day, as usual, but my heart was sad, for I knew it was the last time I could go there. Wives, sisters and sweethearts can leave their homes for daily attendance in the wards of an army hospital but it would no longer be practicable for me to visit in his own home the wounded man in whom my heart had become so deeply interested.

Philip took a long stroll before we reached the house, through the many winding paths, by the sweet embowered arbors, and played with his walking-stick in the silvery fountain, purposely, I thought, to impress upon my mind the beauties of the place I was to leave forever. I knew Philip had a kind heart, but could hardly forgive him the desire to tease me in my present disquiet mood.

We entered the house. Colonel Warner had amended sufficiently to occupy the easy-chair, and was altogether looking very cheerful and comfortable. I felt my own spirits rise as they always did when near him, and, instead of the sadness which I expected would betray me, I rallied him with gay badinage, and for a time Philip's merry heart seemed to actuate us all.

I had never seen Mr. Warner looking so happy as he did that morning. At last Philip grew rude enough to whistle national airs, and turning upon his heel unceremoniously left the room. He took all the mirthfulness with him, I think, for after a few commonplace remarks my companion fell into a fit of musing.

I turned away to arrange some sheets of music which lay scattered about. Mr. Warner watched me with earnest eyes, and at last asked:

"Will you sing to me, Kate."

He had never called me by my first name before, and I felt my heart thrill, not so much, perhaps, from the word, as the tone in which it was spoken.

I seated myself at the piano without replying, and sang our beautiful national air. As I concluded with the last lines of Dr. Holmes's verse, which should always be added,

> "And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
> While the land of the free is the home of the brave,"

he wheeled his chair to my side, and said:

"Katie, when our land is free—when I have returned again from the war, shall not my home be blessed by the brave woman who has shielded my house from dishonor, and cheered the hours of my present confinement with gentle hand, and pleasant voice?"

I could not speak—my heart was too full. He continued:

"Katie, darling, I knew the first time I saw you in that alcove, that we should be friends; I know now that to insure my happiness we must be more than friends. It is a widowed hand that I offer you, but not a widowed heart. Unwittingly, I committed a great wrong in my early life—committed it at the urgent request of another—committed it to fulfil a promise to a dying man. And, Katie,

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I did fulfil that promise most faithfully; but the wrong I did my own heart and that of another has visited me with its direct penalty. Let the past counsel us for the future. I now give you the first, deep, strong love I ever felt for woman. If you can reciprocate this love —if you can give me an undivided heart, you will bring me the first taste of true happiness I have ever known."

I laid my hand frankly in his and replied:

"I do love you, Shirley Warner, with my whole heart."

"God bless you for this, my Kate."

Here Philip's step was heard as he came in singing in a bold, clear strain:

"Hurra, boys! for Southern rights, hurra!
And the bonnie blue flag that bears a single star."

"Philip! you rebel," I interposed.

"Rebel! am I? Ah! ha! No secesh sympathisers here I see—all for the Union," divining at a glance the true state of affairs. "All right! Colonel Warner! Resign your commission for the sake of this union, recommend me to promotion, and I'll take care that the 'Bonnie Blue' shall have the required number of stars upon it."

"I am not sure, Philip," returned Mr. Warner, "but that for the sake of a union with this fair patriot, I shall be obliged to hold on to my commission. I think that in a few weeks at most, I shall be able to throw away my crutch and join you, for I feel better to-day than I have for years."

Philip suddenly melted, and extending his hand exclaimed, "God bless you both! You were made for each other—I knew it from the very first."

"Philip," returned Colonel Warner, "you must not leave me comfortless. Kate will pardon me, if I urge her immediate companionship for my speedy recovery. It seems to me that there need be no delay," said he, turning to me. "Be my wife at once, Katie."

I saw no reason to deny his request, and accordingly on the next day just before Philip's departure, a few select friends witnessed the ceremony that united me to my heart's choice. Phil. Cleveland's bridal gift was the beautiful Selim that I loved as a friend. Six happy weeks passed away too quickly, then my husband knew that duty called him where they "rally round the flag."

That was two years ago. To-day peace sits like a brooding dove over all our land. My husband is with me, and peace, most unalloyed peace, rests upon our home at "The Cedars."

THE LITTLE SHOE.

BY CLARENCE F. BUHLER.

When Fall, to the rubric of the year,
Brought its crimson leaf, and o'er Summer's bier
Delirious winds like orphans wailed,
I rambled abroad till evening trailed
Its shadowy banners. The finger-post
Its arms in a bout with the wind had lost,
So I stopped at a cottage to ask my way,
And as I talked with the matron gray,
Inquired why hung o'er the mantel near
A little shoe like a keepsake dear.
The furrows ploughed in her brow by care
Seemed to give up the dead hopes buried there,
As thus she spake:—"From the parent tree
A blossom dropped ere it ceased to be;
Four summers' skies had their blue left fair
In his eyes, and their sunshine in his hair,
When I missed his footfalls light and quick
As the woodpecker's tiny hammer's click,
And I called; but the rooks, in twilight's gray,
Like sextons to bury expiring day,
Alone replied. In my search I met
(O God, how vivid the sight is yet!)
The miller bearing my boy he found
Like a lily under the water—drowned.
That little shoe I so precious hold
Upon the bank where he sank had told;
And when the wind in the chimney sighs,
I gaze and gaze with my tearful eyes
Till I fancy I see my dead boy there,
With his large blue eyes and his flaxen hair;
And I know that he'll on the border stand
To welcome me to that lovely land,
Which lovelier seems for the promise given
Of such as he is the kingdom of heaven."

* * * * *

As I lay in bed that night, and the rain
Beat its quick tattoo on the window-pane,
(A mournful hour for me at best),
I thought of the time when I should rest

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From the thoughts that trouble and haunt me here,
And wondered whether the only tear
To moisten the grass above my grave,
Would be as a drop in Lethe's wave;
And I thought that if one alone should weep
O'er some lay I frame while the happy sleep,
That echoes the wild unrest of his heart,
I would ask no sculptured dream of art;
For more enduring the relic of love
Than the monument lost in the blue above;
And better love with the little shoe,
Than the stateliest pile, with the heart untrue.

THE EMIGRANT GIRL.

BY MRS M. A. DENISON.

I WAS walking with my father one day on one of the wharves in Boston harbor. We were looking through a small spy-glass at the remnant of an old ship that laid against the shelving bank of an island, when a friend came toward us whom my father had not seen for many years. We walked and talked together, speaking of the unsightly object we had just been gazing at, when our friend, an old sea captain, gave us the following little history, which I will endeavor to jot down in his own language.

"Yes, sir, I've sailed in that old hulk that lies rotting there, many a long year. She used to run between Bremen and here. A splendid clipper she was, a regular ocean beauty in them days when I was afore the mast. Her name was the 'Jenny Saunders,' and her captain's name was Galliger. Many's the crew of fine, honest men I've seen aboard of her, but her commander was a belligerous old wretch. Everybody that was aboard hated him, for he was a bad man, sir, a bad man. We used to know how he'd behave in foreign ports, and he had a pretty creeter for a wife at home, sir. Sometimes she'd go to sea with him, and that would keep him in tolerable good order, but it wouldn't prevent his cruelty to the men. If they was first-rate seamen, he generally did about fair by them except that he was cross as thunder, always. But if a greenhorn shipped—gracious! he'd as lief take a belaying pin to him and knock him in the head as eat his dinner. I've seen him do it, too! It was a young fellow that answered him back once, and he just lay his face open from crown to chin. He was a cruel man, sir.

"He took emigrants to the United States, squads of 'em. They generally got served pretty well. Pay the captain his money and he'd give you the worth of it, that's the fact. I mean in grub, of course, and tolerable kind words. Well, one passage we had an uncommon lot; five hundred, I think, young and old, a pretty decent set, too. Fact is, these German passengers, even if they are in the steerage, have their pockets pretty well lined. Well, there was families of two and five, and sometimes of ten and eleven—a good many handsome-looking young girls among 'em too.

"The particular passage of which I'm going to tell you, was in the year thirty, a great year for the clippers. I was cleaning some part of the ship outside just as this family—the family of the girl I'm going to speak about—come on board. There was first an old man in his old country dress—his hair was as long as my arm, and as white as the foam of the sea under the sun. He was a fine-looking old gentleman, there was no mistake about that, likewise was his wife as handsome and high-mannered an old dame as you might meet in a hundred years. Then there were the sons, the daughters and the grandchildren. I did think it a pity for them to go in the steerage especially as they hadn't no common ways about them, but seemed as good as the best.

"Well, between two young men, one her brother and the other her lover, I expect, come a young girl not more than seventeen, the handsomest little craft that I ever laid these two eyes on, and I reckon I've seen some fine-looking women in my day, having been into all ports of the known world. I actually trembled when I saw our captain look at her, and he did give her such a hard look that she turned as red as a rose. I couldn't tell you how handsome she was. Queens and great ladies might envy the red and white of her face, and even the very way she walked and held her head. O, it was a sight to see! Her brother was as good-looking as herself, and a manly young fellow he was, too.

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"Well, we set sail, having beautiful weather for the first few days, and I didn't often see the emigrant girl only when she came up a little while on the forward deck for an airing. I always observed that the captain would be somewhere that way, looking ever at her in the most admiring manner possible; and I wanted to tell her lover as the young man appeared, that it would be better not to show his little beauty so much if he wanted her kept out of harm's way. Come the second week out, and we had mighty bad weather. Meantime, you see, the captain had got to coming into the steerage and talking with the fine old German and his wife. The fools! I could have told why he singled me out for his attentions, if I had had such a pretty daughter as that. I shouldn't have been blind by no manner of means. It wasn't the captain's place to be in the steerage; I longed to tell him so, more than once, but I might have paid for it with my life.

"It happened that there was but few passengers in the cabin, one of them a consumptive lady who brought her servant with her. And it happened, too, that her servant being new to the sea was very sick, and unable to attend to her mistress from the first day to the last. How it was I never knew, but our captain managed to get this handsome girl into the cabin to wait upon the sick lady. I suppose he offered her father a large sum of money, and I know he gave the girl presents.

"Hans Something, was the name of her father. He did not seem to be like the rest of the family. He had married the old man's daughter, and I don't expect he came of so good stock. At any rate, he must have been mighty fond of money to let that girl go out of his sight and into the company of such a man as our captain. But then—what did *they* know of the captain? He looked honest enough. He was handsome, that is, one of the taking kind with the ladies, black hair, eyes, and a tremendous bunch of whiskers on his upper lip. Besides he talked German with the best of them. I noticed after a while that the young fellow who appeared to have been the girl's sweetheart, grew pale and nervous. He used to be out on the deck oftener, and his face seemed to indicate an uneasy, jealous feeling. I could tell how it was, poor fellow—if he saw half that I did, I don't wonder, not only that he was suspicious of the captain, but I thought that if I was in his place, the captain should answer for it. He got pretty well roused one time, and—but I wont tell that part of the story till I get to it.

"I knew something of languages, enough, at any rate, to make out even the lingo of a German, and one day being down in the steerage busy at something, I heard an expression that made me open my ears. Just then, down came the girl—O, but she did look prettier than ever. She had on a foreign looking silk apron, I think the women call it, and a pair of glistening earrings in her ears, and her hair was all finified up, her cheeks aglow. The old woman had been sick, but now she was out of her berth, tidied up, and held her knitting, though she seldom took a stitch, the ship rolled so after the storm. The whole family were there, saving the girl's sweetheart, and he, as soon as he heard her footsteps, had jumped up and gone to another part of the ship. I see she looked after him in that sort of way girls look sometimes when they know they can do just what they please with a man's heart, and I took notice that she was very much flustered. So, as I said before, I heard the captain's name this time the young girl spoke. Then they all looked anxious and pleased at the same time, then one asked a question, and another asked a question. All at once, a new light broke over me, and for a moment it shook me like I had felt an ague chill. I didn't know what was my duty, for I was as much afraid of the captain's ugly temper, as any man could be, but as I listened and listened, I couldn't bear it any longer, and going up to the people, I said a few words in their own language. The girl smiled at me in a mocking way, and turning to the rest, seemed eagerly denying my statement.

"I only made the reply—'it is true, quite true!'

"The old people seemed horror-struck; the woman especially, seemed on the verge of fainting, but the younger one only laughed with her daughter, and seemed unwilling to give any credit to my statement. Finding I could make no impression upon them, I went after the sweetheart, and in the best manner I could, let him know my suspicions. I never saw a man so deathly pale; he was very light, and the terror and the horror made him ghastly. His hands were clenched and the veins stood swelling on his forehead, while his 'mein Got!' was cried out in a sort of hoarse whisper-like voice, enough to curdle one's blood. I had told them the captain was married. After that, I saw the girl go in the cabin again; the sweetheart saw it too, and he shook like a pennon in a gale.

"That very afternoon the captain came towards me, and I knew what to expect. So I braced my nerves up, and determined that, please God, I wouldn't be afraid of him.

"'You low, sneaking rascal!' he exclaimed. And he looked like the old one himself. 'What do you mean by meddling with my affairs?' And then he took all the oaths that I ever heard come out of a whole ship's crew's lips in ten voyages, that he'd have my heart's blood, that he'd send me to the bottom of the ocean, and such like threats. I told him respectfully, as a foremast hand should always speak to his first officer, that I had done by that girl as I would by my own sister.

"'For, sir,' said I, 'she thinks you are an unmarried man, and you, yourself, sir, I am sure (God forgive me the speech), wouldn't expose so young and innocent a thing to temptation.'

"He looked at me hard at that, as if he wasn't certain whether he quite saw through me, and with one heavier threat than the last, and a mouthful more of dirty oaths, he went off.

"But I could see a change in the girl after that, yes, sir, for I was always watching her, having a daughter of my own about her age, gave me the interest, I s'pose. I see that she began to smile more seldom, and her color went. Then her step was quite slow, and she would go by the side of the vessel and take long sad looks at the water as if she was in a brown study. Pretty soon after that her eyes begun to be heavy, and once or twice I found her in an out of the way place, crying and sobbing like a baby. Well, I didn't attempt to comfort her—she wouldn't have borne it, for as soon as she seen me, off she flew, like a scared bird. My heart felt very heavy, for I knew there was trouble somewhere; besides, she lost all her beautiful color, and I saw that the captain seldom spoke to her now.

"One night—ah, sir, I shall never forget that night—the moon was at her full, and the whole ocean was like a great bed of silver with a glitter on it. For the first time in a great many days, I saw the pretty German girl and her sweetheart steal upon deck together. It was my watch—and my duty to bid them below, but I don't know why, it wasn't in my heart to do it. They went forward and sat near the bows. There were barrels there and planks atop, so one could walk back and forth very easily. I couldn't hear anything they said, but I saw by their gestures that they were talking rapidly. Sometimes he would go very close to her, and she would put out her hand and push him away, then she would weep and sob again. This went on for some time, when at the last she seemed to grow calmer. I saw her throw herself into his arms, I saw him kiss her again and again, then she seemed to wrench herself away, and quicker than I can tell, over she went.

"I don't know how I got there. I remember catching at a dark body that was going over, her poor, distracted sweetheart, and his falling back in my arms dead as a log, after giving a great cry. That cry brought the captain and two of the mates. The captain asked angrily what was the row, while I was at the boats like one frantic.

"'A young woman overboard,' was all the reply that was made.

"He knew—the scoundrel! the villain! He knew well enough. His face changed, his very voice was different, as he ordered 'bout ship!' 'Twas no use, there wasn't a thing to be seen—not a bubble! She must have put weights in her pockets.

"O, there was a woful time on board that ship! We made as if she had fell over, all of us who could. Her mother went on like one crazy; her father had to be held to keep him from jumping overboard, and her poor grandparents, when they understood it, were worse than all. I hate to see an old man cry—it was hard to see that fine-looking old gentleman tottering round, wringing his hands, and shaking his gray old head, and sobbing while the tears run—may I never see the like again.

"The sweetheart, he had brain fever. The doctor on board gave him up twice, but he lived, poor fellow! They kept him quiet at my request, for I told the doctor in confidence all about it, and he knew enough of the captain to believe every word, but when he had got, as you may say, well, he tried his best to have a fracas with the captain, but he didn't succeed.

"Next voyage there was a green hand shipped. I never suspected till he'd been out three days that it was the German girl's sweetheart. I told him I knew him, but he wouldn't let on. Never saw a fellow keep a secret so well. Then I was sure there was going to be more trouble, and it came soon. He didn't know the ropes, and I think the captain suspected who he was, though he was disguised, for he was mighty careful not to anger him. But one day his temper gave way, but if it hadn't been as it was, I shouldn't 'a blamed

him much, neither; for I don't like bad seamanship any better than the next man—but the German acted as contrary as a mule. The first thing we knew the captain struck the man, and the next thing they were both on deck struggling together. Well, sir, we saw blood. The captain had got at his knife and run the poor young fellow through the heart. He never spoke after that, and none of us could say anything. The captain acted in self-defence, but I wouldn't have had his feelings when he saw what was done. I was so horror-struck that I vowed to heaven I'd never sail in that ship again, and I never did. Sir, it was a God-cursed ship after that. Misfortune went after it every voyage, and seemed to strike everybody but the captain, too. That always seemed strange to me. He lost men, he lost the owners large sums of money, but he always seemed to come off scot free."

"The above story," says the narrator, "was told to me by a sea-captain, as we strolled one day, hardly heeding whither. I had been much interested in its horrible details, and had not noticed that we were close upon the gates of the famous lunatic hospital beyond the city. Having long had a wish to inspect the place, I requested him to enter with me. We had seen several cases of raving insanity, when the keeper said, pointing to a double cell:

"'There is the worst subject in this, or any other establishment of the kind. He is a sea captain, quite old, whose madness is so alarming about the hour of twelve at night, that we expect every morning in spite of all our precaution, to find him a corpse. We are obliged to keep him most of the time in this closet, the walls of which are lined that he may not dash his brains out. He has been here now six months, and he imagines that he is pursued by a girl, and held under water by her till his breath leaves his body.'

"The captain at my side looked at me, and then asked if we might see the person so unfortunate. One of the doors was unlocked, another opened, disclosing a hideously haggard face. My companion drew a long breath shuddering, and exclaimed:

"'At last, God has smitten him. It is he.'"

THE UNLUCKY BOY.

BY FRED. CHAMIER.

Some wiseacre of a fool has somewhere or other asserted that there is no such thing as luck—good, bad or indifferent: that what is termed ill-luck is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the result of ignorance—overlooking the fact that a man is unlucky in being ignorant!

The most incredulous will, by reading this memoir, be convinced of the fallacy of the man's assertion, and with the hope that I offend no one by starting out so boldly, I begin by declaring myself one of the most unlucky individuals ever brought into this miserable world!

My parents were not unlucky before me; none of my brothers and sisters (and, to my misfortune, I had nine of them) have been unsuccessful in life; I alone out of this family appear the one marked out by Fortune, as a sworn foe, and I have only received so much of her bounty as to be endued with sufficient spirit never to repine over the greatest misfortune and never to exult if the tide of goodness prevails over misery for the extraordinary space of five hours of existence.

I am not one of those poetical people who begin their stories in the middle and then trace back for a commencement; my plan, like Lord Byron's,

"Is to begin at the beginning;
I abhor all wandering as the worst of sinning,"

and shall therefore remark at the outset that I was born during as violent a gale of wind and in as dismal a night as the blessed climate of New England has ever been guilty of during November; and I have often been told that on that auspicious occasion old Dr. Bolt declared with a grim smile that I was under the special protection of Saturn, and would have through life, "the devil's own luck." Certainly he was not far from right.

I was early sent to school because I never could be kept out of mischief at home. The fact was that whenever any of my ugly brothers broke the cups and saucers, set fire to the wood-house, tied a double knot in the hired

girl's apron-strings or put a hot cinder in her shoe, the blame invariably lighted upon my shoulders; I was either cowhided, popped into the dark garret or sent supperless to bed.

The final catastrophe that hurried my departure from the paternal lickings to the school-master's floggings was this: my eldest brother, who was fortunate enough to die about the time that fortune began to turn against him (for he had just married), had left as a legacy to us children, a bronze figure of an old man, which was stuck upon the dining-room mantel-piece, and every morning and evening underwent a dusting with a dimity rag, having as much care bestowed upon it as the ornaments on a lady's boudoir table.

It so happened that my brothers and myself were possessed of those destructive weapons called cross-guns, but we had no target, for, ever since my second brother, in firing at the driver of a carriage had missed his mark, broke the glass and scarred the face of a young scion of shoddydum (for which, of course, I suffered), we had confined our operations to assailing beggars. The latter could obtain no redress and always moved off in a hurry.

Now, the dev—that is, Saturn—who had me under his protection, suggested to my mind that the old man on the mantel would be no bad mark; the hint was loudly applauded and forthwith we placed the bronzed gentleman on an old hen-coop and blazed away. The figure was as invulnerable as Achilles, and like him escaped the *sticks*, until after a quarter of an hour's firing my third brother, a young gentleman with as demure a countenance as a Methodist minister, fired and, hitting the image right in the face, "left not a wreck behind."

This trifling incident produced great consequences; as usual, I was the victim, and after being severely cuffed, even by the culprit, I was packed off to school, with my character pinned to me as conspicuous as the tail of a monkey, for I was the bearer of a letter in which I was designated as the most mischievous urchin alive; all my own and my brothers' propensities were mentioned, and in conclusion I was most strongly recommended to the vigilance and birch of the school-master.

The latter attended to his *duties*—I was flogged fourteen times for nothing. If the orchard was robbed, I was flogged; if any boy was seen out of bounds, I was flogged; if a fight occurred, I was flogged; until latterly I really think the old sinner used to flog me in preference to using the dumb-bells—merely to keep his chest open.

I remember these trifling sufferings which greater disasters have not obliterated; they were the least of my woes, and even the sufferings inflicted by the master's *worse*-half were only as a few more thorns which time has plucked out from all but memory.

When I was grown to the goodly age of ten, I was allowed to go home on a short vacation. It happened that about a month previous, my third brother had died, and the room in which I was to sleep had always been shared with him. This was the first night I had taken sole possession of the chamber.

Alas, the dreariness of solitude! How well calculated it is to shake the firmest nerves and inspire the most startling thoughts, none can tell but those who have experienced it.

I went to bed, but not to sleep; in vain I tried to slumber. I turned and twisted, and in endeavoring to banish thought, thought the more; no position was comfortable; I looked round the room like a hunted criminal, and with the breath of despair blew out the light and was in darkness.

Then came all the unpleasant imaginations of terror; I fancied more than once that I heard some light footstep in the room, and to avoid anything so inimical to sleep, enveloped myself in the bed-clothes.

When worked up to a nervous agitation amounting to a most decided tremble, the clock on the stair-case struck the hour of midnight, and scarcely had the record of time sounded the last warning when the poker, tongs and shovel fell down. No man startled by "graze of ill-directed knife"—no man struck through the heart by a shot, or suddenly galvanized, ever jumped into a stiffer position. It was a right-angle I made, sitting bolt upright in the bed, and with my hands endeavoring to keep my heart from bursting through my ribs. The bed trembled like an aspen-leaf; a chair moved, or I fancied it did—O that I could extricate myself from that cursed room! Imagination painted a thousand horrors; even the idea of a ghost—a thing in which I never placed the smallest credit—now occurred to me; I dared not open my eyes, dreading to meet the glare of glassy eye-balls almost starting from their sockets, while the wan countenance, the skeleton figure, or the long, bony, extended arm and fingers might chase the remnant of reason from my mind.

Ah! the shutter shook! A hope of escape

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presented itself. The window was on the right and the door on the left of the bed. With closed eyes and trembling limbs I jumped out, seized the handle, tumbled down stairs, screamed all manner of murders, and flying with rapid strides to the room where my youngest brother slept with the maid, burst open the door, jumped head-foremost into the bed and there, concealed from sight, panted in security.

When I jumped into the bed, the maid, finding a human being her unwelcome companion, leaped out on the other side and gave vent to her fright in a loud hysterical scream; the shriek awoke my brother who joined his lungs to hers and the two created a confusion beyond all description.

The unusual sounds soon produced the hired-man, who in his hurry to render assistance forgot all about costume, and burst into the room with a candle in one hand and a poker in the other. This no "unreal mockery" produced another terrific squall from the girl, who quite alive to the indelicacy of her situation, immediately rolled herself up in a window curtain, while John, suddenly aware how far he had trespassed against the rules of modesty and decorum, followed her example, dropping the candle in his fright and holding the poker in a straight line before him.

The house was alarmed—a clattering was heard in the hall and scarcely had John ensconced himself, when in came my father with a light, followed by my biggest brother, who, in his hurry, had grasped a broom-brush, and all the rest of the family, both great and small. On seeing John wrapped up in the curtain with only his head sticking out, Betsy in a similar situation and my little brother blubbering and crying, father, who wore his white night-cap and stood in an attitude resembling Oratory in a shirt, began a fine speech on morality, modesty, propriety and so forth, when I, half suffocated from my situation and pleased beyond measure to find myself in such plentiful company, popped my head out from under the bed-clothes and for the soul of me could not refrain from a sudden burst of laughter.

My unexpected appearance, and from such a place, seemed to awaken all from a dream, and a general titter became audible, my father allowing an unusual visit from a smile to rest upon his countenance. But this was of short duration; the next moment I was jerked out of the bed and in spite of attempted explanations, was hurried back to my own room, on opening the door of which out sprang a large cat—the rascally intruder who was the cause of the awfullest walloping I ever got, and of coward being stamped for years and years afterward upon my name.

But it is not my intention to further inflict the reader at this time. If I am unlucky enough to get this much of my sufferings before the public, I may possibly be induced at some distant day to relate my catastrophies in the realms of love.

MY WOLF HUNT.

BY JOEL BATES SWETT.

I HAD been reared in one of the Eastern States, until I was seventeen; and although game was small and scarce, always had a strong passion for hunting. To split open the head of a squirrel with a rifle bullet was my chief delight; and in time, I began to be a very expert marksman. My father suddenly conceived the idea of going West; and in a short time our family, myself included in the number, alighted from the cars, to find ourselves standing on one of the largest and most boundless prairies of the State of Illinois. Where we stopped, a few houses had been built, and the town so constituted was given a name, and the idea advanced to all new comers, that with the celerity with which western towns spring up, this would soon become a large city; and the wide expanding plain, now a wild sea of living green, would soon be covered with beautiful cultivated farms; and orchards and houses alter the stupendous monotony of its present wildness, into a smiling Eden of the earth.

I was perfectly transported with the glowing stories advanced by a set of young fellows there, of the plentifulness of game, and determined to start out in quest of some, in a few days' time, to a distant grove, which seemed to my inexperienced eyes to lay about four miles distant, when, in fact it was over fifteen.

This deception is owing to the level nature of prairies. However, after learning the distance there, I concluded to try my luck in a grove of about fifty acres, growing on a kind of island in the centre of a large pond or lakelet. This grove stood about three quarters of a mile from the railroad station. I had often before expressed a wish to see a wolf, and get a shot at one; and while thus expressing myself, had noticed these young fellows exchange significant glances. But forgetting this, I one day shouldered my rifle and started for the grove, having to pass over the pond to it, in a rudely-constructed boat.

Passing along through the deep and tangled thickets, I came, at last, to a kind of natural opening, or tiny prairie in the centre of the grove, and looking across to the other side, about fifteen rods distant, saw a huge gray wolf, standing with his left side exposed to my view, and with his head turned as though looking at me. Promptly raising my rifle, and taking deliberate aim at the wolf, I fired; but the wolf stood as immovable as a statue, still looking at me, and displaying its long, white, ferocious-looking fangs. Loading the rifle as quickly as possible, and advancing a few rods nearer, I took deliberate aim and fired again. This time the wolf was as stationary as ever, and never moved an atom!

What could it mean? Loading the rifle again, I walked to within four rods of the wolf, took aim just behind its fore shoulder, and fired. The wolf was as motionless as ever; and clubbing the rifle I started with a shout, towards the apathetic brute, determined at all odds to make him show fight or run. Not a foot did the wolf budge, and when I just raised the barrel of the rifle to bestow a ponderous blow upon its head, a few straws seen projecting from its mouth, changed my purpose, and giving it a kick, it rolled over on its side, and presented the skin of a wolf, nicely stuffed, and placed there by human hands.

As I turned from the spot, a noise, somewhat resembling a smothered laugh, came from the bushes near, but passing by, and not seeming to notice it, I went home and commenced forming a plan of my own. For more than a week I was constantly beset with sly questions in regard to wolf-hunting; but I kept at work, unmindful of jests, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing a nicely painted wooden duck, gracefully riding the tiny waves of the pond surrounding the grove.

Duck-hunting is rare sport, and nearly all participated in it; but after a week's waste of gunpowder from the muzzles of over twenty fowling-pieces, some one at last took the boat and brought in my wooden duck triumphantly to the shore. The marks of shot and bullets which the duck bore gave evidence of good marksmanship, but I was berated no more about wolf-hunting.

MAKING A FOUR-MASTER.

When Dick Dambanger, whom some of us have heard of before, was chief mate of the big ship Meteka, wintering down there in New Orleans, there was only Dick and Captain McLane by the ship, and one day the "old man" took a fancy that himself and mate could alone send up a maintop-mast.

"Yes, we can," Dick said; "but we can't do it with that rope, sir!"

"Wha-wha-what's the r-r-re-reason we ca-ca-can't?" stuttered Captain McLane.

"Because the rope is not strong enough to send up that heavy pitchpine topmast."

"Tha-that be d-d-d for a ya-ya-yarn. It'll se-se-send up the ma-ma-main ma-ma mast."

"Very good, sir, that's your lookout, not mine," said Dick, and up he went and rove off the top rope. Then after they had bent and stoppered the rope to the topmast properly, they led it along the deck to the windlass, and jaming the turn, went at the breaks and hove away, the big topmast going aloft bravely. But when it got up within two or three feet of the fid-hole, it began to hug-tight, and it took all the force of the two salt-waters to budge it.

Dick had trotted up aloft a half dozen times to cut stoppers, and place topmast rigging and stays over the mast-head, and about the time they had hove the spar up to within six inches of the fid hole, his temper had got up to very near two-ninety pressure.

"Tha-tha there, sir; I t-to-tut-tol-told you the ro-ro-ope wo-wo-would—"

"*Part*, you bloody old fool!" roared Dick, as the top rope went with a sharp *vep*, and down heel foremost came the huge topmast, going smash through the spar-deck four feet forward of the mainmast, and sticking up there in end.

"There you are, old Bully Fizzle!" sung out Dick. "Clap the rigging over, send up to'gallant mast, cross the yards, and here we are all ataunto—the only *four-master* in port."

Remember that it is a fixed fact, that revenge, however sweet, costs more than it is worth.

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GRISELDA.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MRS. P. H. PHELPS.

In Lombardy, on the confines of Piedmont, is a fine country where the lords have always borne the title of marquis. Of all these marquises, the most noble and powerful was one called Gautier. He was handsome and well-formed with all the gifts of nature, but he had one fault, he liked too well the freedom of the bachelor; he did not wish to marry. His barons and vassals were troubled at this. They assembled to confer on the subject, and after much deliberation, sent deputies to address him in their name.

"Marquis, our only master and sovereign lord—the love they bear you has inspired us with the boldness to come to speak to you, for everything in you pleases us, and we count ourselves happy to have such a lord. But, dearest sire, you know that the years pass on swift wing and never return. Although you are in the flower of life, old age and death, from which no one can escape, are every day drawing nearer. Your subjects, who have never refused to obey you, pray you then to consent that they should seek for you a lady of high birth, beautiful and virtuous, worthy to become your wife. Grant, sire, this favor to your faithful subjects to the end that if your high and noble person meet with accident, it will not be added to their misfortune that they are without a lord."

To this discourse, Gautier replied affectionately:

"My friends, it is true that I enjoy the liberty of my situation and that I should lose by marriage, if I may believe those who have tried it. But I promise you to take a wife, and I hope that God in his goodness will give me one with whom I can live happily. I wish you to promise me one thing; it is that she whom I choose, whoever she be, the daughter of a rich or of a poor man, shall be respected and honored by you as your lady, and that no one of you shall ever dare to blame my choice, or murmur at it."

The barons and subjects promised to observe faithfully what the marquis demanded of them. They thanked him for having yielded to their request, and with him, fixed upon a day for his nuptials.

At a little distance from the chateau was a village where dwelt a few laborers, through which the marquis usually passed when he went to the chase. Among its inhabitants was an old man named Janicola. He was poor and loaded with infirmities, unable to leave his bed. But the blessing of Heaven sometimes visits the most wretched abode. The old man knew this, for there remained to him a girl named Griselda, very beautiful in person, with a soul still more beautiful, who sweetly sustained and solaced his old age. During the day, she kept his few sheep; in the evening, when she had put them in the fold, she made ready his poor supper, raised him up and laid him down upon his bed. All the attentions and cares that a daughter can render to a father, the virtuous Griselda rendered to hers.

For a long time the marquis had known through common report, of the virtue and excellent conduct of this girl. Frequently, on his way to the chase, he had paused to regard her, and had determined in his heart that if ever he should choose a wife, it should be Griselda.

The day fixed for his nuptials arrived; the palace was filled with ladies, knights and people of all degree. But when they inquired of each other for the bride, no one could reply. The marquis then went out of his palace, and all the knights and ladies followed him.

He went to the house of poor Janicola, to whom he said, "Janicola, I know that you have always loved me. I expect of you now one proof. It is to give me your daughter in marriage."

The poor man, overcome by this proposition, replied humbly, "Sire, you are my lord and master, and I ought to wish whatever you wish."

The girl was standing near her aged father, greatly abashed, for she was not accustomed to receive such a guest. The marquis addressed her, "Griselda, I wish to take you to be my wife. Your father consents, and I flatter myself to obtain your consent also, but first answer to the demands I make before him. I desire a wife who will submit to me in everything; who will wish only what I wish; and who, whatever may be my caprices or com-

mands, will always be ready to execute them. If you become mine, will you consent to observe these conditions?"

Griselda replied, "My lord, since such is your will, I shall never do nor wish anything which you shall not have been pleased to command me, and if you desire my death, I promise you to suffer it without complaint."

"It is enough," said the marquis.

He then took her by the hand, and going out, presented her to his barons and people. "My friends, behold my wife! behold your lady! whom I pray you to love and honor as you love me."

After these words, he led her to the palace where the matrons took off her rustic clothes, enrobed her in rich garments, and adorned her in nuptial ornaments.

The marriage was then celebrated. The palace resounded with music; and subjects, as well as lord, appeared enchanted.

Griselda had always been esteemed for her virtuous conduct. She was now so sweet, affable and obliging, that she was loved more than she had been esteemed, and whether among those who had known her before her elevation, or only since, there was no one who did not applaud her good fortune.

She bore the marquis a daughter, who promised to be one day as beautiful as her mother. Although the marquis and his subjects desired a son, there was great rejoicing throughout the land. The child was nursed at the palace by its mother, but when it was weaned, Gautier, who for a long time had been thinking to prove his wife, notwithstanding that, charmed by her virtues, he loved her more, from day to day, entered into her chamber with the air of a man in trouble, and said to her, "Griselda, you remember without doubt, what was your condition before being raised to that of my wife. For myself, I have almost lost the remembrance, and my tender affection, of which you have received so many proofs, must assure you of this. But for some time, especially since the birth of our daughter, my barons have murmured. They complain loudly of being destined to become one day the vassals of a granddaughter of Janicola, and as it is for my interest to preserve their friendship, I see myself forced to make a painful sacrifice which will cost me dear. I have not wished to decide upon it without forewarning you, and I come to demand your consent, and to exhort you to that patience which you promised me before you became my wife."

"Dearest sire," humbly replied Griselda, without any sign of grief upon her countenance, "you are my lord and master. My daughter and myself belong to you. Whatever it may please you to order for us, never shall anything make me forget the obedience and submission I promised and owe to you."

So much composure and sweetness astonished the marquis. He withdrew, under the appearance of great sadness, but in his heart full of love and admiration for his wife. When he was alone, he called an old servant, attached to him for thirty years, to whom he explained his purpose and then sent him to the marchioness. "Madam," said the servant, "deign to forgive me the sad mission with which I am charged, but my lord demands your daughter."

At these words, Griselda, recalling the words of the marquis, believed he sent for the child that it might be killed. Nevertheless, she held back her tears, stifled her grief, and without making the least complaint, without even breathing a sigh, she took the infant from its cradle, looked at it a long time tenderly, then, having made the sign of the cross upon its forehead, and kissed it for the last time, gave it to the sergeant.

He described to his master the courage and submission which he had just beheld. The marquis was never tired with admiring the virtue of his wife, and when he saw the beautiful child weep in his arms, his heart was moved, and he was almost ready to abandon his cruel test. He commanded his old servant to go to Boulogne to carry his daughter secretly to his sister, the Countess of Empeche, and request her to rear the child under her own eyes, but on no account let any one, not even her own husband, know anything of the mystery. The old servant faithfully executed his commission. The countess received the infant, and had it reared in secret, according to the wish of her brother.

After this, the marquis watched the countenance of his wife, to discover if he might see some sign of resentment or grief. She always evinced the same love and respect as she had ever done. She showed no sadness, and never in his presence, nor even in his absence, did she once pronounce the name of her child.

Four years passed, at the end of which she bore a son, who completed the happiness of the father, and the joy of his subjects. She nursed him as she did her first child. But when this much-loved son was two years old, the marquis, wishing to make still further

proof of her patience, held with her like discourse to that he had formerly held with regard to the daughter.

O, what grief must this incomparable woman have felt at this moment when, remembering that she had already lost her daughter, she saw that they were going to kill her son, her only hope, the only child that remained to her. What tender mother could have suppressed her tears and cries? Queens, princesses, marchionesses, women of all conditions, listen to Griselda's reply to her lord, and profit by her example.

"Dearest sire," she said, "I have already sworn to you, and I swear again, never to wish contrary to your wish. When, on entering your palace I laid aside my humble garments, I also gave up my own will to know only yours. If it were possible for me to divine them, you should see your smallest wishes anticipated. Command me now as shall please you. If you will that I die, I consent, for death is nothing to the misfortune of displeasing you."

Gautier was more and more astonished. One who knew Griselda less, would have believed so much firmness of soul was only insensibility, but he, while she nursed her infants, had a thousand times been witness of the excess of her tenderness for them, and could attribute her courage only to the love she bore to him. He sent his faithful sergeant to take the child and carry it to Boulogne, where it was reared with the first.

After two such dreadful trials, Gautier ought to have been satisfied with his wife, and never afflicted her more. But there are suspicious natures who cannot be satisfied; who, when once they have begun, stop at nothing, and for whom the grief of others is a delicious pleasure. Not only did the marchioness appear to have forgotten her misfortunes, but from day to day Gautier found her more submissive, caressing and tender. Yet he proposed to torment her still more.

His daughter was twelve years old; his son eight. He wished to have them in his palace, and prayed his sister to bring them back. At the same time, he circulated a rumor that he was going to put away his wife to take another.

These cruel tidings soon reached the ears of Griselda. It was told her that a young person of high birth and beautiful as a fairy was to be the marchioness. I will leave you to think whether or not she was astonished at such tidings; but she armed herself with courage, and awaited what he whom it was her duty to obey would command. He ordered her to come before him, and in the presence of some of his barons spoke thus:

"Griselda, for more than twelve years that we have lived together, I have been pleased to have you for a companion, since I have regarded your virtue more than your birth, but I must have an heir. My vassals require it; and Rome permits that I may take a wife who is worthy of me. Such an one will arrive in a few days. Prepare to yield your place to her. Summon all your courage to take your dower."

"My lord," replied Griselda, "I am not ignorant that the daughter of poor Janicola was not born to be your wife, and in this palace of which you have made me mistress, I call God to witness that while thanking him for this honor, I here acknowledge myself unworthy of it. I leave without regret, since it is your wish, the place where I have dwelt with so much pleasure, and retire to die in the cabin where I was born, and where I can again render to my father the services that I was compelled to leave to a stranger. As to the dower of which you speak, you know, sir, that with a chaste heart, I brought you only poverty, respect and love. Even the garments I have worn were yours. Permit me to leave them, and retake my own which I have preserved. Behold the ring with which you wedded me. I came out poor from the house of my father; I return poor, wishing to carry there only the honor of having been the irreproachable wife of such a husband."

The marquis was so much moved that he could not restrain his tears. He was obliged to go out to hide them. Griselda laid aside her beautiful garments, her jewels, all her ornaments. She put on her rustic apparel and returned to her village, accompanied by a crowd of barons, knights and ladies, who poured out their tears for her. She alone wept not; but walked in silence, never lifting her eyes.

Thus they arrived at the house of her father who appeared not surprised at the event. From the first, he had had misgivings as to the marriage, and had always thought that sooner or later the marquis, weary of his daughter, would return her to him. The old man embraced her tenderly, and without showing either wrath or grief, thanked the ladies and knights who had accompanied her. Imagine what grief the good Janicola must have felt when he thought that his daughter, after

so long a season of pleasures and abundance, must for the rest of her life be wholly deprived of them? But she seemed not to perceive it, and even animated the courage of her father.

The Count and Countess of Empeche followed by many knights and fair ladies were on their way with the two children. They were but a day's journey distant. To complete his last trial, the marquis sent for Griselda who came at once on foot and in the clothes of a peasant.

"Daughter of Janicola," he said, "my new wife will arrive to-morrow, and as no one in my palace knows so well as you what will please me, and how I wish her as well as my brother and sister and all the chivalry who accompany them to be received, I wish to leave the preparation to your care, particularly those things which regard my bride."

"Sire," she replied, "I am under such obligations to you that so long as God gives me life, it will be my duty to do all I can for your pleasure."

She immediately went to give orders to the officers of the palace, and the domestics. She herself assisted in the labor of preparing the nuptial chamber destined for her whose coming had driven her away. When the young lady arrived, far from exhibiting in her presence, as one might have expected, any signs of emotion, far from blushing for the wretched clothes in which she appeared before her, she went to meet her, saluted her with respect and conducted her to the bridal chamber. By a secret instinct which cannot be explained, Griselda was delighted with the presence of the two children. She could not remove her gaze from them and constantly praised their beauty.

The hour of the banquet arrived. When all were seated at table, the marquis made her enter, and showing her the pretended bride, to whose natural brilliancy was added a dazzling attire, demanded of her what she thought.

"My lord," replied she, "you could not have chosen one more beautiful and true; and if God answers the prayers I daily make for you, you will be happy with her. But in mercy, sire, spare her the bitter sorrows of your other wife. Younger and more delicately bred, her heart will not have strength to endure them, she will die."

At these words, tears escaped the eyes of the marquis. He could no longer dissimulate, and overcome by admiration of that unalterable sweetness and virtue that nothing could destroy, he cried, "Griselda, my dear Griselda, it is too much! To prove your love, I have done more than ever man before had dared imagine, and I have found in you only obedience, tenderness and fidelity."

Humbled by these praises, Griselda had bowed her head. He folded her in his arms, and showering her with his tears, he exclaimed in the presence of the assembly:

"Incomparable woman, you alone of all the world are worthy to be my wife, and you alone shall ever be. You, as well as my subjects, have believed me to be the butcher of my children. They were only absent from you. My sister to whom I confided them, has returned them to us. Look! Behold them! And you, my daughter, you, my son, come to throw yourselves upon your knees before your honored mother!"

Griselda could not endure so much joy. She sank insensible. When she had recovered she clasped her children to her heart and covered them with tears and kisses. All the assembly wept. Nothing was heard but exclamations of joy and admiration; and this banquet that the care of the marquis had prepared for his wife, became her triumph.

Gautier sent for old Janicola, whom, in order to prove his wife, he had always seemed to neglect, cared for him in his palace and honored him during the remainder of his life. Gautier lived twenty years longer with Griselda in the most perfect union. They saw their children's children, and after them their son inherited the land, to the great satisfaction of their subjects.

SHARP DETECTIVE.

An American gentleman having seated himself in an omnibus, while on a visit to London, a short time since, saw and heard what a little amused him. A man, bearing no peculiar marks of authority, looked in at the door, took a professional view of the passengers, and called out to the driver, without any pretence at modest concealment of his thoughts, "You can't go on, there's two of the swell-mob in here." The coach waited, till at length a pursy, well-looking old man rose and stepped out, saying as he did so, "I've too much money to ride with pickpockets." In a moment more a spruce young person said, as he decamped, "I'll follow the old gentleman's lead." "Go on now," said the detective policeman, "the swells have got out, and all's right."

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A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

My story is another version of Miss Muloch's title.

Bertrode Dodge was blue. It was August weather—there was no air stirring from one arid noon until the next, and the insects hissed maliciously all day long in the parched grasses. Perhaps that was the reason that Bertrode was blue.

Perhaps it was that as she walked Grover's Tract, day by day, and saw the summer's hinted completion in the red apples burning among the gray-green boughs, the hay-fields at aftermarth, the purple tasselled corn, and yellow wheat, that she felt her life to be aimless. She had let the summer come and wane across her passive existence. The previous winter she had said, "I feel ice-bound now. When summer comes, I will shake off this inertion and redeem to-day."

Yet the summer was rapidly passing and she was still a-dream. Her *dolce far niente* was so pleasant! The hour never seemed to come which called her to exertion. Well, "love's young dream" comes but once; it was all well, perhaps.

Grover's Tract and her farmhouse life was not dull as she had expected it would be when she returned from her mountain tour a year before; only at times the out-door sounds and the leisurely growing works of Nature oppressed her. In the winter she had been gay, looking at the sunset across the snow, watching the chick-a-dees, and searching the woods for purple mererion. In the spring the long walks to the post-office had been full of joyful fancies and golden realities; she loved the sweet country sights and scents more than ever before in her life.

But in August something seemed to oppress her. The sky burned too blue, the woods were too calmly content in their greenness, the days closed too beautifully in their ripe splendor, as she walked the Tract at sunset, coming from the post-office — coming always empty-handed. Yes, something was wrong, and when she realized it fully, she said:

"I am idle—I am steeped in idleness. I have been doing nothing for a year. Now I will have some work, and Dick may go to the post-office. I care too much for those letters."

Whatever those letters might be, there came no more of them. A certain gay tourist drifting about the world, forgot to write them at last; perhaps Bertrode was pretty, but one travelling everywhere meets many pretty faces.

Bertrode's cheek grew thin and white. Her mother saw that she struggled to repress a growing irritableness. But she worked on unceasingly at her new employment of teaching the district school of Grover's Tract. She devoted herself to the children. Their parents said they had never before learned so fast. Bertrode smiled only faintly at their praise. One day, coming home from school through the woods, she flung herself down among the ferns and dry grasses.

"It is dust and ashes!" she cried.

The sky gleamed blue through the green boughs overhead, and a little bird sang cheerily in a neighboring bush. She lay there until she felt the dew falling. As she rose up, something rustled at her side. She looked down; a great rattle-snake was slipping through the grass, going from her, apparently unaware of her presence. Fascinated, immovable, yet full of horror, she stood and watched the creature. For a moment it glided steadily on, its course so direct, its appearance so subtle and deadly, that she felt spellbound as she regarded it. Suddenly, with a thrill of horror, she saw the reptile's aim; it was making directly for a shady spot, where a man lay asleep beneath the trees. One moment more would be too late to prevent the threatened attack. Starting from her passivity, she seized a stone at her feet and hurled it full at the creature. He had just paused and raised his crest to view his position, when the stone struck him upon the back of the head, and with a vengeful hiss he leaped into the air, then fell at full length upon the ground and slowly expired.

Bertrode stood looking at the dusty length and bloody head of the dead snake, her mind in a sort of wonder that anything could be so loathsome, when she heard her name spoken. She raised her eyes and saw Fennel Gould standing before her. The young man looked at the snake with a sort of shudder, and said:

"Bertrode, you must have saved my life."

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"I suppose I did," she answered. "The creature was coming directly towards you. Did you ever see anything so horrible, Fennel?"

He took her hands; she hardly glanced at him.

"Darling," he said.

She snatched her hands away in a sudden impatience.

"Don't!" she said. "I wish you wouldn't, Fennel."

"But I love you."

"I cannot help it."

He regarded her sorrowfully. She took up her shawl from the grass and put it on.

"It is chilly here, and late. I am going home," she said.

He walked silently at her side out of the woods and across the wide fields of Grover's Tract. Never was a more hopeless lover than Fennel Gould. At the farmhouse door he said, "Good-night, Bertrode." She bowed, and he went on over the hill in the warm gray twilight, cursing his cruel fate as lovers have cursed their fates before.

Through a succession of hot days the month went out. Before it had passed, Bertrode was taken sick—miserably ill of fever. She suffered wearisomely, but little could be done for her. It was a slow fever which must burn out its course. She was thirsty continually, and suddenly in the midst of her suffering, the spring which had supplied her with cool water grew dry, and all other water tasted warm and brackish to her fevered lips.

"If I only had some ice, mother!" she moaned.

"I know, dear, but there is no ice in less than twenty miles."

Too ill to express her misery, the poor, fevered girl fell asleep, to dream of the old yellow Grover Tract stage straining its way over the heavy sandy roads to Northboro', the only place where there was an ice-house, —there to procure for her a great green block of the refreshing ice she coveted.

"It will be so nice!" she murmured in her sleep. "My throat is parched, and it will cool my drink so deliciously!"

A cricket sang in the heated wall and woke her. She heard the stage trundling over the hill.

"Has it come, mother?" she asked.

"What, dear? you are dreaming. Wake up, and drink some of this nice iced lemonade."

"Ice, mother! Where did you get it?"

"Fennel has been to Northboro' for it. He's very kind to you, Bertie, dear."

"It's refreshing. How long have I been asleep, mother?"

"All the afternoon, and I really think you look better, Bertie."

Bertrode turned on her pillow and fell asleep again. In the morning she was better, but not well. The pale lips were still parched —the mouth so long fevered, tasteless. She relished only the drinks, iced and cool, which her mother prepared. One day she said:

"How is it that that ice lasts so?"

"Why Fennel goes to Northboro' for a fresh piece every other day. The weather is so warm that it melts very fast."

"But it's haying time. How can he be spared?"

"He goes at night after eight o'clock. I don't see how he can do it when he works in the field until he is ready to drop."

"Then why do you ask him, mother?"

"Goodness, child! I never asked him; I guess I didn't! It's his own service. I never dreamed of asking him."

Bertrode, bolstered up in bed, sat silent awhile.

"Fennel's very kind," she said at last; "but I don't like to be sick, and tax people so. Mother, if I am better to-morrow, can't I ride out?"

"Perhaps so."

To-morrow Bertrode was feverish again. Nothing passed her parched lips but a yellow peach, a rareripe, that was a wonder to the neighborhood.

"Where did it come from, mother?"

"Fennel brought it."

The next morning when she awoke, a gust of spicy coolness whiffed into her face.

"What is that?" she cried, starting up.

Just a pitcher of sprays from the scrub-oaks of the lowlands, their tender pendant acorns swinging among the glossy leaves—branches of bayberry, sweet fern, and a handful of checkerberry mixed with sweet swamp heliotrope, and wild asters, all dripping with morning dew.

"O, mother, bring it closer! Where did you get it?" placing her thin, white hands among the cool, sweet foliage.

"Fennel left it at the door this morning. He thought it would please you."

"It does please me."

No one but Fennel knew how she liked fragrant green leaves and swamp heliotrope.

She was grateful, and she told Fennel so

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when she saw him. To prove it she let him drive her out and find her roses again among the fields. As the light came back to her eye and the dimple to her cheek, she laughed merrily sometimes, and forgot to look wistfully towards the mountains, as he had noticed her doing so often two months before.

One day she was pale and troubled when Fennel came with his buggy. She was silent for a few moments after they began their drive.

"Fennel?"

"Well?"

"Are you going away?"

"Yes."

"Why, tell me, please?"

"I think I had better."

That was all. She did not dare pretend not to understand him. Both faces were pale. He turned towards her at last, smiling faintly.

"Yes, Bertie, you don't need me any longer, and I am going away to try as hard as I can to forget you. It is strange that such a sweet-eyed girl should cause so much pain, isn't it?"

Bertrode didn't speak. They rode in silence along the river road. Bertrode was listening, as if half charmed, to the chirping of a little bird among the scrub oaks by the river. It was a hearty, cheery little bird that seemed to have no nonsense about it.

The road grew narrower. The tree branches met above their heads and gradually grew lower. Fennel put out his whip to hold them out of their faces. The motion startled the horse—or he might have been twanged by the springing sprays. He leaped suddenly forward, and Bertrode was flung from the carriage and down the steep bank into the river.

Stunned by the shock, she floated like a corpse. If she had seen Fennel Gould's face, then, she would have wondered, even though she believed that she knew his love. He drew in the prancing horse, and flung himself from the carriage. Dashing down the steep declivity, he threw himself into the river.

The tide was rapid. Already the figure of the drowning girl, half submerged, was floating into the middle of the current. There were strong, fierce rapids a quarter of a mile below, and the tide swept them both towards it. Fennel Gould expended every resource of body and heart in that struggle for life and love. She floated on—on—before him in the flowing water until the great beads of agony and pain stood upon his forehead. But one fortunate stroke, and he caught her scarf.

He struggled back to land and fell exhausted upon the bank. For a moment he lay there, panting; then, rising, he lifted Bertrode into the carriage, and carried home the life he had saved.

Evening came. Fennel was at home—pacing thoughtfully the floor of his little chamber. It was twilight, and the scent of the ripe apples in the orchard filled the dim room. He did not notice either, but he was roused suddenly by a knock at his door. It was little Willy Dodge with a note. He opened it. It bore these words:

"Fennel, come home with Willy. I want to see you."

That was all, but he knew who sent it. He went out of doors with the child. Holding the boy's hand, he walked the fields he had walked a month before, with his heart bitter as rue. The crickets were singing among the grasses. A strange lightness possessed him, and yet he kept putting down his heart—not daring to hope. The farmhouse door was open and Bertrode was sitting in the porch. Little Willy went into the house. Fennel sat down on the step.

"What do you want, Bertrode?"

"I will tell you by-and-by."

The twilight grew more dim, as they talked of unimportant things, until they could not see each other's faces. The crickets were singing hundreds of songs in the grasses of the roadside. The dew fell and woke the sweetness of the roadside ferns.

A long time passed, and at last Fennel arose.

"It is time to go, Bertrode. Will you tell me now?"

The moon came up, and showed her face pale and her lips tremulous, but she stood up by his side and spoke firmly.

"I want to ask you not to go away, Fennel. *Don't* go."

There seemed more to be said, but she could not say it. Her voice died on her lips, and the eager light in Fennel Gould's eyes faded.

"I cannot stay, Bertrode; don't be troubled to pity me. Good-by, and God keep you, dear, forever!"

He stooped to kiss her head. Her arms were round his neck.

"My love, my love," she cried, "don't leave me. I want you; you make me happy; and I have never, never loved any but you, true heart! Take my life—you have saved it—and spare me the one you risked in my salvation. I will try to make it happy, but indeed, indeed, Fennel, I am not worthy of you!"

Heart to heart, at last; Heaven's angels bless them!

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IS THERE A GOD?

BY GLEN RICHARD.

Go sit you down at eventide
Beside the streamlet, "mountain-born,"
And see it sport, and hear its song;
And let the zephyr kiss your cheek,
While pearly dewdrops gather round.

At dawn of day, in midst of spring,
Go view the lily, pink and rose,
And see how bright, and pure, and sweet;
And think that up from earth they came
In peerless beauty, kissed the dews,
And lent the zephyr sweet perfume
To waft to lovers' happy bowers.

Go view the lofty oak and elm
That proudly lift their heads on high,
In summer clad in richest green,
In winter bared to face the storm;
And think that but a little seed
In earth unnoticed once they were.

Go watch the mighty thunder-storm,
As up it looms, so dark and dread,
And see the forked lightning flash
From cloud to cloud, and cloud to earth;
And think, beneath its mighty hand,
How meagre is all human power.

Go stand you by, in midst of storm,
Old ocean's strand, and see its waves
As mountains high, and hear it shriek,
And groan, and roar. Then look you on,
In summer's calm, and see how bright
Its waters are; and think how many,
Many tribes beneath its waves,
In depths profound, do ever roam
Through coral groves, and dwell secure.

Go view the fiery mountain's top,
And see its flames, and hear its roar;
And feel its deep foundation shake,
While down its steeps, in rivers wide,
Its liquid fires do madly flow.

Go view the sun, the moon, the stars,
As proudly on through space they roll,
And on have rolled, nor changed their course,
Nor lost their way, but rose and set,
As wont to do "through years that go
Far back into eternity."
When thus you've done, and pondered well,
Then ask yourself if there's a God.

A FLIGHT IN THE DARK.

BY CAPTAIN TREMAIN.

My father was an engineer before me, and gave up a tolerable business in a large provincial town to take an engagement under a railway company; and when I left school, he put me into his office, where I stayed till I was twenty years old.

"This sort of work wont do for you any longer, Tom," said my father to me one day. "You are getting as lanky as a clothes-prop, and round-shouldered into the bargain. We must get you out into the fresh air. Suppose you go as engine-driver for a couple of years; it will do your health good, and you will get an amount of genuine practical knowledge that way, which you could get in no other, which may some time be of great use to you in your profession. When you have had enough of that, you shall try your hand at surveying for the new branch they are talking about."

So I, by no means loath, went into the engine-shed; and and after a short experience as "cleaner," went out on the Firefly, as stoker, under old Sam Preston, one of the most experienced drivers on the line.

The life of an engine-driver, when once you have got over the disagreeableness of being, while on duty at least, in a chronic state of greasy blackness, is by no means an unpleasant or an unhealthy one; and speaking for my own part, I certainly liked it much better than being cooped up all day in an office.

We had a week of night-duty and a week of day-duty alternately; and were always employed to run either the express or mail trains—a task for which none but the best drivers are selected. You must understand that all this took place more than twenty years ago, when the railway-system was in its infancy, and before the electric telegraph was an

accomplished fact. The Firefly was running, on the week in question, between Mellingshall and Rippinghurst—the former, as you are aware, being one of the largest manufacturing towns in the northern counties, and the head-quarters of the line on which I was employed. Mellingshall has two lines of railway running into it—one from the north, and one from the southeast; both of which lines meet at a junction about half a mile from the station, and run their trains between those points on rails common to the two.

The Rippinghurst mail started at eleven P. M.; that for the north half an hour earlier; but our instructions were to have everything in readiness a quarter of an hour before the time of starting, and to run the engine from the shed on to a spare line used for the purpose just outside the yard, there to await the signal-bell which announced that the main line was clear, and then run back to the platform, and take up our train. As we drove slowly up to our waiting-place, Sam was in the habit of dropping off the engine most evenings, to have a few minutes' gossip with a friend of his, a pointsman, whose tastes, in common with Sam's, ran on large gooseberries and small dogs; and as I came back past the pointsman's box, on my way into the station, in answer to the bell, Sam would bid his friend good-night, leap blithely on to the engine, pull on his greatcoat, tie a shawl round his throat, and prepare for the long, dark journey before him. At the point where the Firefly took up her position, waiting for the signal, the line on one side was open to the fields, while on the other were several wharfs, opening on to an adjacent canal, beyond which lay the town of Mellingshall with its thousand lamps.

I had driven up to the waiting-place one cold autumn night, dropping Sam, as usual, at his friend the pointsman's box, and had just lighted my pipe, thinking to have a quiet smoke for ten minutes before the bell should ring, when I was startled by the sudden appearance, close to the engine, of two gentlemen—for if not gentlemen, they were dressed as such—who seemed almost as if they had sprung from the ground, so quiet had been their approach, so unexpected was their appearance. "Railway nobs these," I muttered to myself, smuggling my pipe out of sight in hot haste. "Probably a couple of directors. Too bad of them, though, to come prying about a fellow's engine at this time of night, trying to find out something against him. They'll fine poor Sam, if they find him off his perch." One of the strangers was stout, and the other was slim. They were both well wrapped up, for the night was chilly; and the slim one carried a small, square leather case in one hand—judging by that dim light, it might be either a despatch-box or a small portmanteau.

"You are waiting here to take out some train, young man?" said the stout gentleman.

"Yes sir—the mail for Rippinghurst."

"And that starts—when?"

"In twelve minutes, sir, from the platform."

"Ay, just so." He began to walk slowly round the Firefly with his hands behind him, looking at her admiringly from every point of view, and talking to me all the time. "I suppose your engine is coked and watered ready for the journey?"

"Yes sir."

"And how far do you run before taking in fresh water?"

"We always take in water at Merryvale, thirty-eight miles from here. We have to stay there three or four minutes on account of the letter-bags."

"But supposing you had no train behind you, how many miles could you run to-night, say at the rate of forty miles an hour, before being obliged to stop for coke or water?"

"About seventy miles, sir."

"About seventy miles! Just so. Really, these steam-monsters seem to me the most wonderful inventions of this or any previous age;" and as he said these words, he mounted coolly on to the engine. Then I felt more certain than ever that he must be a director or some great railway functionary; while the slim gentleman with the despatch-box, standing so quietly on the ground, beating his chest with one hand to keep himself warm, was probably a clerk or amanuensis.

No sooner had the stout gentleman clambered up beside me, than he commenced another rapid cross-fire of questions, and made me explain to him the method of working the engine. I showed him how to start her, how to stop her, how to put on the brake, and sound the whistle. He expressed himself as being immensely gratified; and when his list of questions was exhausted, called to the slim gentleman to get up beside us, in order that he might explain to him some more interesting point than common.

The slim gentleman, still holding the despatch-box carefully, had hardly complied with this request, when the bell sounded which summoned me to the station, and I at once started the engine.

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"We will ride as far as the platform with you," said the stout gentleman, watching my movements attentively.

The ordinary programme of proceedings was as follows: on hearing the bell, to run the engine slowly forward to the second pointsman's box, where a man was in waiting to turn her on to the main line, after running on which for a few yards, she was reversed, and run back, tender first, into the station, taking up Sam Preston at the first pointsman's box on the way in.

On the present occasion, as soon as I heard the bell, I sounded my whistle as a notice to pointsman number two; and on seeing his green light exhibited, ran the engine forward over his points till we were on the main line. I was just about to reverse the engine, for the purpose of running back into the station, when the stout gentleman spoke to me.

"How far is it from here to the junction where the line to Rippinghurst separates itself from the north line?"

"About half a mile, sir."

"And what means has the pointsman at that junction of distinguishing one set of trains from the other, or of knowing on to which line they ought to be turned?"

"His table informs him at what time each train ought to arrive or depart, in addition to which, all engines going north give two distinct whistles, while those going south to Rippinghurst and other places, whistle three times before reaching the junction, and thus notify to the pointsman which route it is intended they should take."

"Just so; two whistles when you go north, and three when you go south. *Le moment est arrivé!*" Scarcely had the stout gentleman, who was standing behind me, uttered these words, when I felt myself seized suddenly round the throat with an iron gripe, while my head was wrenched violently back; and the next moment I became insensible. Had such a mode of attack been known in those days, I should certainly have said that I had been garrotted.

When I came to myself, I was lying on my back among the coke in the tender, with my overcoat put under my head by way of a pillow. I staggered to my feet, feeling very dizzy and faint, and with a choking sensation in my throat that was far from agreeable. The Firefly was tearing along at a terrific pace, with no train behind her; going, too, not south to Rippinghurst, but along the main line to the north, as I saw when I looked round, for the night was fine, and the stars shone brightly; and I was familiar with every turn and feature in the landscape. Mellingshall was ten miles away, and two stations had been passed already. I had but just time to make these observations when the stout gentleman turned to address me.

"Getting round again, I perceive," said he; "you will be all right in another quarter of an hour. Here, take a dram of this brandy; you will find it improve you wonderfully. You will, I am sure, forgive me the little rudeness I perpetrated a few minutes ago. Necessity compelled me to act as I did. You are better already, I see. And now I will yield up my post of driver to you, having every confidence in your ability to conduct me and my friend safely to our journey's end."

"And where may that be?" asked I, somewhat sullenly. "This is not the road to Rippinghurst."

"Just so. It is the line to the north on which we are now travelling—I whistled twice at the junction, according to your instructions—and it is northward that I wish to go. My friend and I were too late for the mail; we could not afford to wait for the next train, which, in fact, does not start till six to-morrow morning; so we were compelled, in this rude and violent fashion, to invent a special for ourselves."

Fool that I was! how egregiously had I allowed myself to be deceived! I had actually taken one of these men for that awful personage, a railway director; whereas the two of them were probably nothing better than a brace of swindlers. With what dire punishment I should be visited when I got back to Mellingshall, I durst not just then pause to contemplate. It was true that I was being carried away against my will; but I had been wrong, in the first place, in allowing a stranger to get on to the engine, and so render it possible for any one to usurp the command placed temporarily in my hands. The mail would be delayed; and when it was discovered that I had absconded with the engine, they would put me down as a lunatic at once. But a few minutes more would bring us to Fallowdene station, at which place I would stop and give up the two strangers into custody, and prove my innocence at the same time.

"This sort of thing may seem a pleasant game to you," I said, turning to the stout stranger; "but it's deucedly unpleasant to me.

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You've delayed the mail, and ran away with the engine—stolen it, in fact, and laid yourselves open to an indictment for felony. But we shall be at Fallowdene in three minutes, and then you will have an opportunity of explaining to some one higher in authority than me, the meaning of your singular conduct, for I don't intend to drive you any further."

"Your *naivete*, my young friend, is really amusing," said the stout stranger, with a grim laugh. "Understand, once for all, that I, and not you, am master of the situation; and that it is for you to obey my orders implicitly. Refuse to do so, or attempt to play any fool's tricks with the engine, and I will scatter to the winds what little brains you possess, and scrunch your bones under the wheels of your own engine!" At the same instant, I felt the cold barrel of a pistol pressed to my temples; and I staggered back, and should have fallen from the engine, had not the stout man caught me by the collar, and dragged me back.

"There now," said he, good humoredly, "you owe me some thanks for having saved your life. Do as I tell you, young man, and you have nothing to fear. I pledge you my word to restore you in safety to the arms of your disconsolate friends."

I saw at once that further resistance just then would be useless; I had better make up my mind to obey the orders of the mysterious stranger, keeping, meanwhile, both eyes and ears on the alert. So, with a shrill whistle, we flew past Fallowdene at full speed; and then I shovelled a lot of coke into the furnace, and poured a little oil here and there among the joints of machinery, and went quietly about my work, as though no strangers were present, but always keenly observant of what my companions were doing.

"I am glad to find that you have come to your senses so readily," said the stout man. "Keep your engine up to the mark, and our journey will be done all the sooner." So saying, he proceeded to fasten a white woolen comforter round his throat, and to put on a travelling-cap in place of his hat; after which, he lighted a cigar, and turned to look at his friend.

The slim man (gentlemen I call them no longer) had taken no part in the conversation; but seated from the first in one corner, with the despatch-box between his knees, had seemed to take a very despondent view of his position. Him, the stout man now turned to address; but when he spoke, it was in the French language, evidently that I might not understand what he said; neither of them dreaming that the greasy-looking stoker beside them was acquainted with more languages than his own.

"How melancholy you look to-night, my friend," said he; "one would think you were in love, so forlorn as you sit there. All our plans have succeeded; and although we missed the train, that is a matter of little moment, since, thanks to our clever *coup-de-main*, we shall not be above half an hour late at our destination; and Peter will surely wait that short time for us. This night, of all nights in the year, you ought to be as merry as a blackbird; for now you have been sighing, day and night, for six months past. So cheer up, my child, and be light-hearted, as I am; let the future take care of itself. *Vive la bagatelle!*"

"It is so cold sitting here," replied the slim man with a shiver, "with nothing to occupy either one's fingers or one's thoughts."

"It is because your thoughts are so busily occupied, my friend, that you are so gloomy and *distrait*. But you said you were cold: here, drain this flask, choice cognac, I assure you; not a headache in a bucketful of it. And here, take this overcoat of mine; for myself, I can do just as well without it;" and unheeding the remonstrances of the other, the stout man slipped out of his great coat, and inducted his friend into it; then pouring a quantity of cognac into the cup of his flask, made him swallow that; and finished up, by insisting that he should try a cigar. But in spite of these friendly attentions, and the cheering words which accompanied them, the slim man remained silent and shivering, brooding over some dark secret, known only to himself and his friend. When the stout man found that all his efforts to cheer the other were unavailing, he turned away with a muttered execration, and troubled himself no further in the matter, but went on smoking his cheroots, and watching all my movements attentively, as though he feared I might play him false.

He asked me the name of each station that we passed, and its distance from Mellingshall; and he became temporarily excited once or twice, when the red light (the signal to stop) was exhibited at some station; at which times I had to slacken speed, and whistle till the green light took its place, when we again put on all steam, and tore on our way. The cold glitter of a pistol-barrel would meet my eye at such times, and a muttered caution would fall on my ear, to beware that I did not attempt treachery. But the dangerous point

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once passed, the pistol would disappear for a while, and the stout man would go on smoking more furiously than ever, as if to make up for lost time. He took out his watch once or twice; and when he held it to the lamp to see the hour, I had for the moment a clear view of his face.

He was by no means ill-looking, and seemed to be about forty years old. He wore a thick black moustache, but the rest of his face was closely shaven; he had dark piercing eyes, that seemed to look through you, and, for the rest, was, in manners and appearance, as much a gentleman as nine-tenths of those who usurp that honorable title.

I kept the furnace of the Firefly well supplied with fuel, and she went along at a gallant pace, for I was determined to end this strange journey as soon as possible. Past one mile-post after another, standing whitely out against the dark embankments; with ever and anon a station, big or little, rushing madly up to us, staring at us blankly for a single second, and calling to us with a thousand iron tongues to stop, as it receded swiftly away into darkest space; under bridges innumerable, each of them a span of blackness that vanished in an instant; then into the great tunnel, wrapped and lost in its breath of steam and smoke, awakening its thousand echoes that have little time for sleep; and so out again into the fresh cool night; away—past silent farmstead, and sleeping village, and great furnaces that flare their hearts out to the unheeded stars: onward we went till Burkleigh station was reached, and sixty miles of journey had been achieved.

I gathered from the stout man's observations that he was well acquainted with this part of the country, and that our flight in the dark was now almost ended; indeed, the Firefly, good little engine though she was, could not have held out much longer without a further supply of water.

"Half-way between Burkleigh and the next station," said the stout man, "is the point where I wish to stop. You will make your arrangements accordingly; and you will further understand, that when I leave the engine, you will accompany me. I cannot afford to dispense with the pleasure of your company just yet."

Here was a new view of the case with a vengeance! and just as I was calculating how comfortably I could work my way back to Mellingshall, and reach home in time for an early breakfast.

I remonstrated, but to no purpose; he stopped me sternly, and at once. "Run your engine off the main line on to the first siding you come to," said he; "and, for the rest, hold your tongue."

I slackened speed at once; and about a mile further on we came to a small branch-line leading to a colliery some distance away. Here the slim man got down, and held the points open by my direction, while I ran the Firefly off the main line, and brought her to a stand. This done, I let off the steam, and raked some of the fire out of the grate, while the others stood by watching me impatiently. When all was done that was necessary, the stout man took me by the shoulder, and addressed me impressively.

"Look here, my young friend," said he, "you have acted sensibly to-night in not disputing my orders. Continue to do as I tell you, and no harm shall befall you; but attempt to deceive me, or to take French-leave, and you will have something sent after you that will silence you forever. On one point make your mind easy—I am a dead shot; I never miss my aim."

"Go ahead," said I, sulkily; "you needn't talk so much about your confounded pistol."

The stout man replied with a laugh, and slinging the despatch-box by a strap over his shoulder, led the way at a quick pace from the branch-line over a tract of rising ground, out on to a wide stretch of bleak moorland, intersected by several roads, never hesitating for a moment as to the path he ought to take, but leading the way as confidently as though he were familiar with every inch of ground, which probably he was. I followed close behind, and with the slim man brought up the rear. After walking thus for a mile or two, we came to a plantation of firs, the edge of which skirted the road we were traversing. The stout man whistled twice in a peculiar way, and we all stood still to listen. In a moment the response came—a similar whistle, and close at hand. Next we heard the noise of wheels, and presently a carriage of some kind came out of a narrow lane, that ran by one end of the plantation, and drove slowly up to where we were standing. As well as I could make out by that light, it seemed nothing more than an ordinary hackney-coach, with perhaps a better horse than common in the shafts; while as for the driver, he was so thoroughly muffled up, that it would have been impossible to recognize him again. He began to swear at us, as soon as he got near

enough to be heard, for having kept him waiting so long; but at a few whispered words from the stout man, his objurgations lapsed into a muttered curse or two, and then died away in sulky silence. We three pedestrians, together with the despatch-box, were quickly inside the cab; the windows were closed, and the blinds pulled down; and we were driven off at a good pace, which was kept up without break or rest for what seemed to me a very long time, till at last we rattled over the paved streets of some town, and about five minutes later came to a stand. I had some acquaintance with that part of the country, and I knew that within a radius of fifteen miles from the point where we left the engine, three country towns were situated, all of them busy, populous places. To which of these three towns had I been taken? On this point I was as helpless to form a judgment as if I had been born blind.

On alighting from the vehicle, I had only time to take one hasty glance round, and to observe that we had been driven into a small court or enclosed yard, overlooked by high gloomy buildings on every side, when a door in front of us was silently opened, and we all went in. The door seemed to close of its own accord behind us; and the next moment a light appeared at the further end of the long passage in which we were standing, carried by one of the most singular-looking beings these eyes have ever beheld. He seemed, at the first glance, more like a resuscitated corpse than anything else; he was very old, and very withered, with a wicked shrivelled-up little face—the face of a century-old ape, lighted up with two eyes, so restless, cunning, and suspicious, that they seemed to distrust everybody, himself included. He was dressed in an old red flannel dressing-robe, which fell in voluminous folds to his slippered feet, while his cadaverous jaws were bound up in a dirty white handkerchief, fastened in a huge knot on the top of his head, on which a few spiky hairs were still sparsely scattered. Holding a lamp above his head with a shaking hand, he grinned a hideous welcome to us, and addressed the stout man with the familiarity of an old friend.

"Welcome home again, Mr. William—welcome home!" he mumbled. "What luck, eh—what luck? But who are these? Strangers, eh? Friends of yours, did you say? But are they safe, Mr. William—are they safe?"

Chattering thus, the old man led the way into a large but plainly-furnished room, where a table was laid ready for supper, showing that the arrival of one or more had been expected. Another plate was quickly brought, and the slatternly-looking middle-aged woman who waited upon us served up a plain substantial supper, to which we all did ample justice. The slim man seemed, if such a thing were possible, to grow more moody and despondent with every mouthful that he ate. Behind his chair stood Black Care, the terrible, the unbidden, and poisoned the contents of cup and platter with a touch of its skeleton finger. As for the old man, he mumbled and jabbered away in his aspish, inane fashion, unheeded by everybody, Mr. William being just then too much pre-occupied with his own thoughts to pay the least attention to him.

When supper was over, Mr. William and the old man left the room together; but in a few minutes, the former came to the door, and beckoned to me to follow him. I accordingly stumbled after him up a long dark flight of stairs, and was finally ushered into a room having a small camp bedstead in one corner; while close to the brightly-blazing fire stood a large easy-chair and a small table, in the former of which the old man was already seated.

"You will have to make yourself comfortable here for the night," said the stout man, turning to me. "That bed is at your service; and here," patting the old man on the shoulder, "is one who will attend to your requirements. Good-night, and pleasant dreams."

So saying, he quitted the room, locking the door behind him; and I was left alone with the old man, who grinned and nodded his withered head at me; and pointing to a chair in the opposite corner, invited me, in a shrill quavering voice, to come and sit down by the fire, unless I felt disposed to go to bed at once. As I never felt less inclined for sleep in my life, I drew the chair up to the fire, and sat down opposite the old boy, who was busy concocting a basin of gruel for himself, he having taken no part in the supper down stairs. I tried him with a few questions, being especially desirous to know how long it was probable that I should be detained there against my will; but at each of my queries, the old rascal put on a vacant, puzzled look, and replied with something altogether irrelevant to my question, so that, after one or two futile efforts to get a sensible answer, I gave up the task in despair, and watched him in gloomy silence, while he took his gruel, seasoned largely with cognac.

Sitting thus, I heard from some far-off steeple the faint tones of a clock tell the hour of three, and I remembered for the first time that it was Sunday morning. It would not be daylight yet for three hours. Following close upon the striking of the clock came the rumble of a distant cab or mail-cart, rattling over the paved streets: there was a pleasant sense of companionship in the sound that spoke warmly to my heart, and brought with it an intense longing to escape.

To escape! was such a thing possible? My heart throbbed, and the blood rushed to my face when I first asked myself the question; so that when I looked up, and saw the old man's suspicious eyes fixed intently on me, I felt as if my hidden thoughts were discovered. But I sat very still, and strove to look as unconcerned as possible; and when the old man was again busy with his gruel, I set to work to evolve quietly out of my brain some plan of deliverance. The door, as I have already said, was locked on the outside; but even had it been otherwise, to venture down through the lower parts of the house would have been a most dangerous proceeding. The window, then, was the point to be considered. This was secured inside by stout shutters, but there would be no difficulty in opening them; the only real obstacle lay in the fact of the window being so high above the ground—far too high for me to drop from. Then there was the old man to dispose of; that, indeed, was the first thing to do, for once let him give the alarm, and all my efforts would be fruitless.

I sat brooding intently for about half an hour, at the end of which time I had thought out a plan which seemed to me the only one at all feasible. There were some small pieces of wood lying on the hearth, fragments left after the fire had been lighted. I picked up one of these, and in the course of a few minutes had fashioned it with my pocket-knife into a sort of rude spatula, round which I tied a piece of stout string that I found in one of my pockets. The old man sat watching my movements attentively, apparently unsuspicious of what I was about to do.

Everything was now ready for my attempt. Occasionally I heard the faint murmurs of voices below stairs, showing that there were other inmates of the house still awake; and now and then the opening or shutting of a distant door sounded preternaturally loud at that quiet hour. I confess that now the final moment was come, my heart failed me for a minute or two, and I began to doubt my ability to carry out my plan to a successful issue. But this fit of weakness was of short duration, and gave place to an unfaltering resolution to do and dare everything to effect my escape.

I rose suddenly from my chair, stepped across the hearth in two strides, and seized the hoary rascal by the throat. "Speak, or make a noise, and I'll murder you!" I whispered sternly in his ear, and I passed the bright blade of my knife close before his eyes. Then before he had time to recover from the shock of an attack so sudden and unexpected, I had twisted the bell-rope into a large loop far out of his reach as he sat there. "Open your mouth," I said to him, "but do not speak, or you die." He was shivering with fright, and had hardly sense enough left to understand what I said. "Mercy! mercy! good young man," he gasped, and then the piece of wood was inserted between his teeth, and tied securely in its place, and he could say no more. I next fastened his hands behind him with my handkerchief, then drew a sheet off the bed, and cutting it with my knife into long strips, twisted these, and proceeded to tie him securely in his chair. When I had satisfied myself that he was so fastened that it would be impossible for him to release himself, and further, that he was in no danger of being choked by the gag, I turned my attention to the window; and having taken off my boots, so as to make as little noise as possible in crossing the floor, I proceeded to try the shutters, and after five minutes' patient labor, succeeded in opening them almost in silence.

The next point was the window; but I found, to my dismay, when I came to examine it, that it was composed of small diamond panes set in lead, and opened by means of a casement only, far too small to permit any hope of egress that way. My whole scheme seemed to collapse as I looked, for my intention had been to escape through the window, and reach the ground by means of a rope made out of the bed-clothes. What to do now, I knew not; and as I turned despairingly away, the old man's eyes met mine with a malignant glance of mingled rage and triumph. Suddenly a thought struck me. Although the stout man, on leaving the room, had locked the door behind him, was it not probable that the old man had in his possession another key that would open it? This was a question that I solved at once by searching him, and in one of his pockets I found a peculiar key—a master-key, I imagine it to have been, which

probably fitted every door in the house; at all events, it opened the door of my prison, as I was not long in discovering. Although this was only the first step towards my escape, I could not repress the joyous bounding of my heart when the door turned on its hinges, and I stepped cautiously out on the landing, and then stood listening to the murmur of the voices below stairs. But the most difficult part of my enterprise was still before me; this was to pass without discovery the open door of the room below, and then go down the second flight of stairs to the ground-floor, and so out by the first door I could find.

Before venturing down in the direction of the voices, I gave one last look round my prison, and examined once more the bonds of the old man; then I blew out the candle, and locked the door; and having removed the key, began to feel my way down the stairs, one at a time, pausing to listen between every step. Fortunately, the house was one of the old-fashioned kind, and strongly built; and not the faintest creaking of a stair betrayed my presence. At length I reached a large landing, giving access to four rooms. The door of one of these rooms was only partially closed, and through the opening shone a faint stream of light, while now and then a muttered word or two, whose tones I at once recognized, told me that there sat my captor and his friend. Their conversation was nearly over by the time I reached the landing, but they still seemed to be silently busy over something. What was the nefarious business that occupied them at such an unholy hour?

Noiseless as a shadow, I moved forward till I stood on the mat at the entrance to the room. The door was too far closed for me to see the occupants of the room, or for them to see me; but from where I stood, I could see the chimney-piece, and the large pier-glass which stood on it; and in this glass I could see the reflection of the stout man and his friend—could see, too, distinctly, what they were doing, which kept them so silent and so busy.

They had got the brown leather portmanteau open between them, and were intently examining its contents, which consisted of watches, chains, rings and pins, together with several small boxes filled, apparently, with precious stones of different kinds—all, without doubt, the proceeds of some great robbery. I stood like one fascinated, forgetting for the moment the danger of my position. At length the stout man spoke. "A very pretty little haul, Master Matthew!" said he. "As nice a stroke of business as I've done for a long time, and neatly done, too, though I say it that shouldn't. I've got two little black leather travelling-bags up stairs, which will do admirably to hold the swag. I'll go and fetch them, and then we'll make a fair division, as agreed on, and pack up, ready for a start. I must give a look to that young shaver up stairs, and see that he's all right."

He got up, and pushed back his chair. "Now, you stay here," he said, "while I run up stairs. I shall be back in five minutes, and then we'll go share and share alike."

I waited to hear no more, but hardly knowing what I did or whither I was going, sped noiselessly up stairs again. Before coming down, I had noticed on the upper landing a small closet or lumber-room, in which stood a large ragged screen. Intuitively the idea came into my mind to hide for a minute or two behind this screen, and take my chance of escape in a rush down stairs, while the stout man was engaged with the first surprise of the discovery that would greet him on entering the room where I had been confined.

By the time I had reached the landing, the stout man was ascending the lower stairs; and the same instant that I crept behind the screen, he paused, opposite the door to feel for his key, and the next moment the door of my prison was opened, and he went in. "Hallo! what's this? Why are you in the dark?" I heard him exclaim; and then I stole from my hiding-place, crossed the landing, and turning the key in the lock, made both him and the old man prisoners, and then rushed down the first flight of stairs at a breakneck pace. I paused for a second or two on the lower landing, noticing, with some surprise, as I did so that the room where the two men had been conferring only a minute before was now in darkness. Why had not the slim man awaited the return of his friend, as the latter had requested him to do? That, however, was a question which just then did not concern me.

I had now the lower flight of stairs to descend, and here I was obliged to proceed more cautiously, being unacquainted with the ground. I had turned two corners in safety, and was on the top of the last short flight, when a sudden thundering at the locked door above startled me from my balance, and I stumbled headlong down the remaining stairs, bursting open a door at the foot of them, and landing in a large kitchen, at the other door of which—the door leading into the street—

stood the slim man, with a very white face, trying with nervous haste to unfasten the bolts, and so let himself out. On the dresser close by his side stood the candle brought from up stairs, and at his feet the portmanteau shut and partially strapped. I understood his little game at a glance, even if his ghastly tell-tale face had not proclaimed it. He had taken advantage of his comrade's brief absence to abscond with *both* shares of the stolen property, trusting in the darkness to get clear away, and secure the whole of the booty to himself. A look of relief shot over his face when he saw that it was not his terrible comrade come to avenge his treachery. With a snarl of rage, he turned from the door, and drawing a pistol from his bosom, fired it point-blank at me just as I was rising from the ground. The wind caused by the bullet stirred my hair, but there was no further damage done, and before he had time to fire again, I had sprung at his throat, and we grappled together, and reeled from side to side of the room in a wild struggle for mastery. He was agile and wiry as a panther, and quite my equal in sheer physical strength, for you must remember that I was little more than a lad at that time; and it would perhaps have gone hard with me had I not brought to bear a little trick with the leg which I had learned among the Westmoreland wrestlers, which stole his feet from under him before he knew what was the matter, and brought him crashing to the ground, with me on the top of him. In falling, he struck his head with tremendous force against the edge of the oaken dresser, and next moment his grasp relaxed, his eyes closed, and a pallor as of death overspread his face. I thought in truth that he was killed.

All this time, the stout man was thundering at the door above stairs, making desperate efforts to get out; and as soon as I had struggled to my feet, the instinct to escape, to get away from that horrible house, came over me as strongly as before. I drew the remaining bolts, and opened the door, and felt the cool night-air blow freely over me with a feeling of thankfulness which no words of mine could express. I turned for a moment, as I crossed the threshold, for a last look at my opponent lying motionless across the hearth, and as I did so, my eyes fell on the portmanteau, and acting on the impulse of the moment, I seized it, and flinging it over my shoulder, closed the door behind me, and hurried away into the silent streets.

To the first constable whom I met, I gave myself and the portmanteau in charge, and was by him hurried off to the station, where I told my strange story in as few words as possible; and four constables were despatched to the house, which was at once recognized from my description, as it had long been looked on with suspicion. When they returned, it was in company of two out of the three inmates of the house; but the stout man had got clear away before their arrival. The slim man, who had recovered his wits by this time, finding the game up, volunteered a confession, the details of which were afterwards found to be substantially correct, and the chief points of which I will now give you as briefly as may be.

The jewelry, etc., contained in the portmanteau had been stolen from the establishment of Bellingham & Co., the great jewellers and silversmiths of Mellingshall. Mr. Bellingham's chief assistant and confidential servant was one Matthew Lamplough—he who has hitherto been designated as the slim man—a person who had gradually worked himself up from the position of shop-boy, till he had become practically the manager of the whole concern, for Mr. Bellingham was getting old, and glad to move some of the cares of business on to more youthful shoulders. But Lamplough's ambition at last overstepped his prudence, as he found to his cost, when he one day asked the old man to give him his daughter's hand in marriage—his daughter, who was so handsome and so accomplished, and would some day have thirty thousand pounds to call her own. The old man's reply, as soon as amazement would let him speak, was a peremptory refusal, accompanied by some disparaging remarks on the vileness of Matthew's origin—he had gone to Bellingham & Co.'s from the workhouse—and followed up by the intimation that he, Matthew, should retain his confidential post no longer, but be put back to the position of an ordinary assistant in the establishment. Matthew vowed to be revenged, and he kept his word. He made the acquaintance of an individual going by the name of Captain de Vaux—who was staying for a few weeks at the best hotel in Mellingshall. De Vaux wormed himself into Matthew's confidence, and heard from his lips the narrative of his wrongs, as he deemed them to be; and then by slow degrees he unfolded a plan by which Lamplough might both revenge and enrich himself at the same time. Matthew stared aghast at the proposal when it was first

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unfolded to him; but the cunning De Vaux gradually familiarized him with the idea, till at length he seized it with avidity. The first thing to do was to obtain duplicate keys of the strong boxes in which the stock of Bellingham & Co. was stored in the cellars below the shop. Wax impressions of the genuine keys were easily obtained by Matthew, from which De Vaux had real keys manufactured.

Mr. Bellingham always left town on Saturday evenings, to spend Sunday at his villa in the country, the premises being left in charge of Matthew and two other assistants. Matthew was to ask leave of absence from Saturday night till Monday morning; and after the departure of Mr. Bellingham, go down into the cellars, open the safes with his false keys, load his portmanteau with the most valuable property he could find, relock the safes, and then quietly take his departure, as though he were going on his proposed journey. All this was safely accomplished. Lamplough got out of the house without being suspected by his fellow-servants, but not till half an hour past the time agreed on, so that when he and De Vaux reached the station, they found the last north train had been gone five minutes. Their plan had been to get down by train to the station nearest De Vaux's house, then take the cab which would be in waiting for them, and so reach home about one o'clock in the morning. Here the spoil was to be divided, the necessary disguises assumed; and by six o'clock on Sunday morning, they were to be on board one of the foreign steamers which started at that hour from a neighboring port, by which means they would be safe out of England before the robbery was discovered.

The old man was too cunning to allow himself to be implicated in any way. Captain de Vaux was merely his lodger, he said; as to what his pursuits were, he knew nothing; and he had been requested to take care of me as being a mild lunatic, whom De Vaux was about to conduct to a private asylum. The *soi-disant* Captain de Vaux was captured several years after in France, for a daring robbery committed in that country, and condemned to the *travaux-forcees* for—I forget how many years.

"THAT MEAN WOMAN."

BY M. A. BATES.

"THAT mean woman will ruin us, yet, George! Only see that string of customers passing into her store!"

George Dickson's face grew savage in its look, as he paused in his employment of rolling ribbons behind the counter, to direct his attention over the way to the millinery store, whose neat sign proclaimed Lucy Vincent as proprietress.

"The darned mean old maid," he snapped, spitefully, while his wife, who was standing by the door, reflected this feeling in her every feature. "Yes," pursued Dickson, as they eagerly regarded the little black-clad figure actively supplying the customers he coveted. "I would rejoice if something awful should happen to that mean woman to repay her for drawing off our trade, by her lies about us and our goods. Something must be done, Clara, to enable us to get a revenge upon her."

"Suppose we mortgage our cottage and raise money to flourish a larger and superior stock than hers," suggested his wife, eagerly.

"A good idea," said Mr. Dickson, approvingly; "and all is, when I get our store refurnished, if people are still such fools as to prefer her poor trash, I'll just sell at cost, or any way, so that we can nettle her and ruin her trade."

"I rather guess," returned his wife, pressing her lips, "that she'll be made to regret having, by her artifice, turned her best friends against her. But there, George," she continued, with sudden doubt, "what if she should imitate us in this way?"

"No danger of that; for I'm sure that she can't have any money except what she has invested in her business," replied Dickson, confidently.

About a week succeeding the above conversation, Frank Vernon—a cousin of the derided milliner—popped into her store, exclaiming, as he pointed over to Dickson's:

"I declare, Lu, I wouldn't give much for all the custom you'll have now. Those new goods in his window are superb! But, after all, coz," he added, looking half pityingly

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away from them to her, "he may not be able to sell many of them, for people know what a real hog he has proved in not only wanting his own share of patronage, but trying, by fibbing about you, to get yours. Any one can see what all this new display on his part means."

"Frank," said the little woman, while her brown eyes moistened, "you cannot tell how miserable I feel over this estrangement between the Dicksons and myself. A year ago, before I commenced business, we were the warmest of friends, as you know; and what evil person led them to believe that I depreciated their goods to my customers I cannot think. I've always been willing—yes, glad to see them prosper, and have frequently sent persons, whom I couldn't supply, to trade with them."

"You can be sure that nothing has given them so unmerited a thought of you save their own jealous hearts," replied young Vernon, positively. "Don't cry, Lu, I'll tell you how you can spite them—I'll lend you money enough to buy up a stock which will outshine theirs to their misery, I guess!"

"I thank you, cousin, for your goodness," she responded, her voice trembling from her painful thoughts, but firmly adding, "I never will bribe my better nature to do such a meanness. No! I don't envy them at all any luck that their beautiful goods may bring them. I wish that an understanding could occur between us; but I'm sure, from their hard talk of me to others, that they do not want to be friends again."

"Lu, you're altogether too kind and forgiving," said her spirited relative, who hurried away, thinking of the one whom he had just left; how she had struggled, and nobly, to support herself since she went out almost moneyless from the mortgaged home of her dead parents. He thought, with his love growing brighter for his unpretending cousin, of her goodness to Jeremy, the poor, crippled wood-sawyer, for whom she had prepared food and comfortable clothing so long. He could seem to hear, as he walked on, the praises and blessings which were throbbing for her in the heart of this poor old man.

"Hallo! Been a pretty smart fire since I left Oakland! Were the merchants who lost their goods mostly insured?"

"A few, only," responded the policeman, as he turned to the speaker who had just reached the black ruins caused by the terrible fire of the night previous. "There's where Lucy Vincent used to keep," he added, pointing to a huge black space in the walls before them.

"O, yes, I recollect," returned the one addressed, with lively interest. "I hope she was insured. Was she not?"

"I'm glad to hear that she was, fully so," the policeman answered.

"Thank Heaven!" replied the other, fervently, "for there never was a kinder-hearted woman than she is! I've often wondered how she could be so lenient towards those Dicksons who, I see, haven't been neglected by the fire-fiend. They used to tell the greatest lies about her, and just before I left Oakland, tried to ruin her by flourishing the most elegant stock of millinery goods to be had in the city."

"Well," replied the policeman, with a half chuckle, "they didn't have that pleasure, for, you see, conscientious people, understanding their motive, and being aware of their envy and harshness towards the good little woman, wouldn't buy of them as they expected. They're flat enough, now; for these very goods, which he mortgaged his cottage to its full value to procure, hadn't the first cent of insurance on them."

"Who's his mortgagee?"

"Bond, the flour-dealer," answered the policeman.

"I pity his case, then," was the other's brief yet significant reply.

"So do I," agreed his friend, emphatically; "for a harder man about money affairs don't walk the street than Grant Bond. And, I was about saying, I heard him declare this morning that, if Dickson didn't pay up his mortgage note in a month's time, which will terminate the period for which it was to run, he would sell the house over their heads! But, after all, though Dickson is a mean fellow in some respects, yet I think it's a shame for old Bond to make this threat, when he and all his family are sick, and so painfully situated."

"Rather rough, surely," coincided the other, turning away, adding, "Grant Bond will keep his word if it send a man to perdition the next moment."

"Is your mistress any better, Ann?"

"Sorry a bit," answered the Irish girl, whom Mr. Dickson, coming into his house, had thus anxiously interrogated.

"Has Mr. Bond called?" he again asked, a look of despair darkening his pale face.

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"Yes," said Maggy, "and shure his coming and spaking in the cruel way about the sale is what has made her no better, jist! O, the hard-hearted ould thing!"

Without a reply, George Dickson hastened away from his indignant servant, and sought the presence of his sick wife, whom he had previously left to drag himself, in his almost helpless state, up town.

Poor Mrs. Dickson, lying there so still and pale upon her couch, little resembled the angry and revengeful woman of a few months before. Her manner also indicated, as she replied so brokenly to her husband's remarks, as he took a seat near her, that her misfortunes, both pecuniarily and bodily, had burnt out with their fire these feelings in her heart. Grief, only grief, was sobbing there now at the thought that this night would be the last which their relentless mortgagee would allow them to call their pretty little cottage, *home*.

All at once Clara raised herself upon her pillow, looking anxiously at the despairing man, whose face was pressed tightly against his thin hands.

"Did you succeed, George?" she asked, in a low, yet eager tone. She gasped and moaned together the next moment as her husband lifted his face from his hands, and his hollow eyes flashing out all the desolation and wretchedness he had till now hidden within him, when in her presence. It was a weary half hour before he answered the question which his pitying wife wished she had not asked; then he said, in weak tones:

"No, Clara; I have tried to persuade every moneyed man that I know in Oakland to loan me money enough to prevent the auction of our home to-morrow. They all sneered, and said that their taking a new mortgage on this cottage would only prove a sham; for one so incapable of business or work as I now am would never pay them, and then they would have the bother, as they called it, of advertising and selling it before they could even obtain a cent, and of which they might be in immediate want."

"But our furniture," said poor Mrs. Dickson, almost despairingly; "we can live on the sale of that a little while—it will give us shelter somewhere."

"Dear wife," returned her husband, tremblingly, "I—I might as well tell you all. During our sickness, I had to mortgage that to procure us necessaries. We must go to the alms-house until I can get strength to work again."

"God help us!" sobbed the sick woman, who knew how this alternative cut the soul of her sick yet still proud husband.

The ensuing night Mr. Dickson never slept, but walked in a distracted state from his wife's room to the one where his two little sons were slowly recovering, under the faithful Maggie's care, from the violent fever which had prostrated himself.

The auction was to occur in the morning at nine o'clock, and not few were the times that he wished he might die before the coming of that time which would make them all paupers. And as the morning dawned he began to blame with less bitterness, those who had refused him the sum he asked, without being able to give them security; for he felt that he should have acted a like part had he been so importuned by a person in his own situation. The thought of Miss Vincent's good fortune in being insured against the accident which had brought him his misery, made him almost frantic; for there was still in his heart a blind hatred for her, and now, at this time, his mind alighting on the contrast between her lot and his, he felt still more bitterness to her.

Six o'clock in the morning, Maggie had made her master some tea. After drinking some, to calm him, as he thought, for the approaching sale, his wife persuaded him to take some rest, so he reluctantly went and laid down in the cozy sitting-room.

He might have remained there half an hour, in the sleep prostration had forced upon him, when the quick ring of the door-bell over his head aroused him. He started up, determined to give Bond, as he thought the one who had disturbed him, the full measure of the indignant words which his agitation brought up at the thought that the grim mortgagee had come thus early to encroach upon this last morning in their home. He jerked back the hall door with all the force of his feeble strength; but the kind face that looked its pity into his surprised one, little resembled that of the rough, stern Grant Bond—Miss Vincent, his enemy, stood before him. In his astonishment he could not speak; but when her little hand glided into his, with its hearty pressure, he managed, without a like reciprocation, to coldly ask her if she wouldn't walk in. She assented quickly, and he led the way, wondering what had brought her hither, into the little sitting-room, where he seated himself, after having placed a chair for her, distant from himself. Without heeding the

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slight, the little milliner laid her hand upon it and drew over by his side. She looked embarrassed as she took her seat, for she saw how freezingly he regarded her. However, the unselfish and admirable object warming her heart soon forced her doubts away, and brought out on every feature of her pale face a beautiful light.

"Mr. Dickson," she said, her tone slightly trembling, "I returned to Oakland last night, after an absence of some weeks. Some friends called upon me, and I was surprised and grieved to learn from one of them how much trouble you were in. Indeed," she quickly went on, as Dickson was about uttering, in his belief that she had come here to triumph over him, a scoffing, What's that to you? "I had no idea before how sick you all were, or I should have left the place of my visit and hastened to aid you in every way I could."

"O, O," groaned the discouraged man, softened by her words, "I—"

"There is one thing further," interrupted little Miss Vincent, taking a huge wallet from her reticule; "I became aware from some informant that Grant Bond had meanly determined to deprive you of your home to-day; and O sir," with a wavering voice, "it made my heart ache when I heard of your vain endeavors to obtain money to avert an occurrence so cruel in your present helplessness. Take this and use it, dear sir, as the welcome loan of a friend who feels for your sorrow."

Before he was hardly aware of it, Lucy had thrust the wallet into his agitated hands. In his great astonishment he could scarcely believe that there, beneath that leather, was his redemption; and, most of all, that it was she, his despised enemy, who so generously brought it. He looked from it to her in a sort of daze, as shame, remorse and gratitude struggled within him. Then, for he had suffered much, he burst into tears.

"Dear, noble woman!" he cried, grasping the hand which was on its way to conceal the emotion all over her face, "can you ever forgive us!"

Did not her noble act assert her entire good feeling? Yet to please him she assured him in words that all was forgotten. Then she told him, as he expressed his fears that the loan which he declared should be paid before long, if he lived, would embarrass her in her business, how she had for nearly three years deposited money in the bank, and this, with a sum she had borrowed from her willing Cousin Frank, was the loan which he now held.

In a moment more, Dickson led the way to his wife's room, where the good news he brought renovated her like magic; and her heart was also repentant and grateful as she embraced the friend who had proved no summer one.

Grant Bond, dropping in a short time later, was very much surprised to hear Dickson request the note which had enabled him to cruelly determine the poor man's ruin; and his wonder increased as George Dickson paid over to him, without any bravado, the unexpected favor. The hard mortgagee left the note, and went away with a conjecture puzzling him of who it could have been that had shown mercy to his victim.

So the lowering shadow passed away from over George Dickson's head. His family recovered, while his own health at length enabled him, without embarrassing his cottage, to pay the debt which had redeemed it. And now, to this day, the hearts of himself and wife are full wells of grateful love flowing out to their friend and saviour—THE LITTLE MILLINER.

THE HUMAN FIGURE.

The proportions of the human figure are strictly mathematical. The whole figure is six times the length of the foot. Whether the form be slender or plump, this rule holds good. Any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty of proportion. The face, from the highest point on the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. The chest is one-fourth: and from the nipple to the top of the head is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the length of the face from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division terminates the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The navel is the central part of the human body, and if a man should lie on his back with his arms extended, the periphery of the circle which might be described around him, with the navel for the centre, would touch the extremities of his hands and feet. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the same as the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended. The Greeks made all their statues according to the above proportions.

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ON KISSING.

BY PERRY BENJAMIN PIERCE.

[Dionysius Lambinus, an honest old commentator, in his notes upon Lucretius, sagaciously observes, "*Suavius viros osculantur puellæ labiosæ, quam quæ sunt brevibus labiis!*" which, being interpreted, signifieth, "Girls who have large lips kiss very much sweeter than their more delicate-mouthed sisters!"]

Tell me not—O, tell me not,
Thou grave philosopher of kisses,
That man's supremest, sweetest lot,
In searching out these hidden blisses,
Is found 'mong girls whose mouths so wide appear,
That one would think they stretched from ear to ear!

No! my taste, perhaps, than some
More critical and prudish is,
But the dainty, rosy lip that 's won
By teasing, most my relish is:
For by it's pouting blush it seems to say,
"Come, if you dare; I 'll meet your own half-way!"

And the lip that larger is,
Whose size knows neither band nor fetter,
May do, perhaps, for his
Who never felt or tasted better;
But, O, that lip is mine, so small and sweet,
Whose coyish touch proves always such a treat!

Then keep your large-lipped maid,
But leave for me her small-mouthed sister;
For as light illumines shade,
So glows my soul when once I've kissed her
Fresh lips that, with so much of *naivete*,
So roguish seem to get right in the way!

OCEAN-PEARL:

—OR,—

THE FISHERMAN'S TREASURE.

BY BARBARA BROOME.

THE clear fresh voice came carolling cheerily across the water. It struck pleasantly upon Martin's ear as he sat on the sand making nets. He caught up the refrain, "Row, brothers, row."

Martin's singing was wonderful! His great gruff voice, heard above all others, mid the fiercest howling of storm and tempest, softened now as he sang, into melody as magically sweet as the breathings of a flute. His weather-beaten face lighted up as he sang. He was so glad she was coming home—his joy, his treasure, little "Ocean-pearl." No mother's love could be greater than the absorbing affection Martin felt for this, he had picked out of the sea.

He watched the little dory as she made for the shore; the shining drops fell in glittering showers from the glancing oars, as up through the golden track made by the slanting rays of the setting sun, floated the fairy-boat. The fearless eyes of the fisherman's child gazed straight forward, unblinded, into the dazzling glare. As the keel grated upon the pebbly bottom, the girl bounded like an antelope from the bows and knelt on the sand by Martin's side, her whole frame quivering with excitement.

"O, papa Martin! I have got *so* much to tell you. Don't you think—did you know that—that they—O, dear, *dear*, DEAR me. I can't say it right at all."

"My child,"—he drew her to him as he spoke, smoothing tenderly her wind roughened locks,—"have the sights and sounds of the great city turned completely this little head?"

"Wait till I tell you all about it, Marty dear," replied the child, breathlessly.

"But you know you went on business; let us hear about that first."

Nene—that was what Martin had named her, for it was what her own baby lips had lisped the night he found her. Nene had drawn herself up with a dignified air.

"Did you bring me the check from the bank?"

Very importantly, she brought from the deepest recesses of her pocket a folded bit of paper.

"The letter, you carried that?"

A brisk nod for answer.

"Did you pay all the bills?"

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"Yes," very short.

It was a new thing to have Martin asking so many questions, just now especially. It really seemed as though he were trying to put what she wanted to tell him off as long as possible.

"Let me see," he went on; "you are sure you remembered the butcher."

"Yes, yes, yes, the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker, I remember them all."

"Did my little housekeeper get the bed-screws and the new soup-ladle?"

"They are all in the boat."

"O, I know what you forgot. My dark lantern."

"But I didn't though."

Nene was hopping on one foot with impatience, somewhat vexed at this treatment. Just then she caught the twinkle in Martin's eye, and then Miss Nene took justice summarily into her own hands, by pouncing like a little sea-gull upon the half-finished net and racing desperately away with it. Helter skelter, hither and thither, dodging behind rocks, stumbling into the long looped sea-weed! Heigho! but that was a fine game of romps they had on the sand that day. Indeed Martin seemed strangely awkward and clumsy, and at last he sank down as if in despair. A merry shout of victory and a skillful fling and she had him in the net.

"Now, you naughty man, you're caught. What shall I do with my pretty little fish? O, I know. You shall stay just so, while I tell you the news. *That* shall be your punishment."

The big "fish" stayed very composedly in his cage, while Nene arranged matters to suit her own convenience. First she patted him on the head, and then telling him he looked "a little mite sharkish," she drew away as if afraid, and finally seated herself, all in a heap, and resting her chin very comfortably between her two knees, told her story.

"I shall begin at the very beginning, papa. As I went up the river, I saw the flags flying from the steeples, and all the ships had hoisted their colors. Nearer the city, the water was alive with little boats. O, it was a brave sight! Every one was dressed in their best, and everybody nodded at me gayly. 'Ah, here comes little Ocean-pearl come up to see the lords and ladies too,' they said. So I rowed along slowly, and by-and-by I came to the grand ships, and there were beautiful ladies on the decks, and bands of music playing, and alongside there were barges moored, with silken cushions and curtains the color of the sky, and rows of white oars tipped with gold. They didn't seem strange to me at all, only *nice*. I know I have seen just such boats sometime before. You see they had come from Spain, to visit the lord mayor."

"And what has Spain to do with my little ocean-pearl?" asked Martin.

"Spain? Did you not say it was my country, and that some day you would take me there? I am tired waiting. O, I want you to go back in one of those ships. I know I shall find my mother. I feel it way down here."

She stood upright, clasping both hands over her heart. No sun could tan or wind freckle her. Her pure skin shone out clear and white as alabaster, or as the pearly inner lining of an oyster. It was the fishermen along the coast who had adopted the name of ocean-pearl; and she well became her name. She was beautiful, with a rare, highbred Spanish beauty, that struck every beholder.

"Child, child!" Martin's voice trembled, but his face was hid behind the meshes of the net. "Why should you care for your mother? Cannot you be content with old Martin the fisherman? Has he not been a father and a mother both, to you, these ten years?"

"I shall never leave you, you know, but O, Marty, I *do* want my mother, besides."

She unwound the net as she said this, and clung round his neck. The tears rolled over Martin's cheeks as he took her in his arms.

"It is ten years ago to-night, ten years, and just the same appealing look in your baby eyes. And I, a heart-broken, despairing man, whose sufferings had led him to shun the world as a mockery, who courted every danger, prayed for death, felt my heart bound and melt within me at sight of you. I prayed to live then. Yes, thank God! the last ten years have made up for all the trials that came before."

"You have been very good to poor Nene. Was that all the word I could say that first night, Nene?"

"Yes, and when you had said it you shut your baby eyes smilingly, and fell fast asleep as content with my rough nursing, as with a mother's lullaby."

"Now, tell it all over, wont you?"

Martin could never resist the child's pretty coaxing.

"It was a dreadful storm!" he began with a shudder; "there has not been such a one since. The great waves rose up mountains

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high, and lashed against the rocks white with fury. The night was black as death, except when the lightning would shoot athwart the heavens. By the lurid glare I saw a ship driven among the breakers. I launched my lifeboat. I knew there was hardly a chance, but I courted death then. I could hear the ship's guns booming, but when the next light came she had sunk. All on board went down with her."

"Only me. You saved me, you know," said Nene, with eyes of vivid splendor.

"Yes, all sunk but you. My boat rode like a cockle-shell on the waters, pitching violently down into the trough of the sea, or tossing like a crazy thing on the topmost crest of the angry waves. At last it swamped, and I had a good mind to give up further effort and perish, but something beyond my own will urged me on. A spar dashed up against me, and I turned upon my back and clutched it."

"O Marty! to think that was me." Nene drew a long breath.

"Yes, when I finally made land, I found that what I held in my grasp, was a little child bound firmly to a spar. The moon was shining out full and clear by that time, for the tempest had suddenly ceased. I feared you were dead, you were so cold and white."

"Then what did you do?"

Nene always asked the same questions at the same places; for Martin had wiled away many an hour with the oft-repeated recital. But she always listened to it with the same thrilling, unflagging interest. Martin went on with the story.

"Then I carried you to the hut, and tried every means to bring you to life, and when I had begun to despair, you woke to consciousness. Poor baby! how you sobbed and moaned, and held out your little hands. I took you to my heart, and felt the Lord had known what was best for me. For I had prayed for death, and he had sent me you."

"Don't stop, papa Martin. I always like what comes next best."

"And so do I," said the old man. "I shall never outlive the exquisite sensation that thrilled my whole being when you nestled up to me, and stealing both your tiny hands round my neck lisped out your name Nene. Then you cuddled down on my shoulder and went to sleep still clinging to me. I vowed then to protect you and study your interests; even, if need be, carry you myself in search of your kindred. I have hesitated long, but now I will no longer delay it. We will go to Spain."

"And that's the end!" She thought a minute. "Do you suppose that is really my name?"

"It may be: your clothes are marked with a coronetted 'N.' The coronet stamps you nobly born."

"And now we are going to Spain?"

"Yes," answered Martin, with a sigh.

He knew it would come sometime. He could not expect always to keep his treasure. It was time he tried to do her justice. He had dreaded to hear what she had to tell him, for he foreboded what it would lead to.

"Do not look so sad," cried Nene. "Are you not sure that I shall never consent to be parted from you? We shall live so happily, there in Spain, after I have found mother. But is it not strange, papa Martin, that I never think of finding my own papa? Something tells me he sunk with the wreck. But we three will live very happily. We will have a splendid villa embowered in an orange grove, down by the sea. Will we not?"

Martin shook his head sorrowfully.

"Why can't you live in Spain, as well as here?" asked the child.

"Because—I am a Spaniard myself, and many years ago things you could not understand, embittered me against home and country. My true name is Martinico De Scoto, and it is a high and powerful family to whom the name belongs. It is thirty years since I have spoken my right name, until now. But for your sake, I will take it again; will go to Spain. I know you are Spanish; your looks, your manner, your accent, all declare it; and the pieces of the wreck that drifted ashore were of Spanish make."

"I know so, too," said the child, passionately.

"It is but a slender thread to go by, but we will follow it up closely. The money I have hoarded all these years, knowing no use for it, will serve us well now. Come, Nene, it is getting late, let us go in. To-morrow we will be getting ready for our journey."

Nene walked on slowly. This was a great change that was coming to her. She looked wistfully about her. She always thought of the spot, in after years, as it looked that night. A wild bleak point stretching far out into the sea. The wildest, bleakest part of the whole of that coast. High banks of sand, with here and there a huge boulder, nothing that looked like a human habitation, only the black hull of a ship rising out of the sand.

This was what Martin called his hut. This was where he and the child lived. The port-holes served for windows, and the inner part spoke well for Martin's mechanical skill and genius. She thought, too, of the rude fishermen along the coast. She had been as a queen among their wives and daughters. They had ever recognized in her something above their own coarser natures. It was they who had given her the picturesque name of "Ocean-pearl." She said to herself, that she would never forget them, as long as she lived.

The next day the sun rose fair, and soft, and radiant. Martin the fisherman mended no nets on the sand that day, and the child's purchases of yesterday lay unthought-of in the boat. The sun rode on to its zenith. Then Martin and his child went out on the sands. You might have known the two belonged to a warmer clime by the way they luxuriated in the hot rays. The blue smoke curled lazily up from Martin's meerschaum, as he half-lay with his eyes closed. Nene could just see, far to the southward, a whale spouting.

They neither of them knew of the curious ship, that, with white sails all set and filling in the breeze, bore down towards them. The figure-head at the bows, half-woman, half-fish, glittered and seemed to move its golden burnished scales as alive. The dainty barge, with its score of swarthy foreign-dressed rowers, put off from the vessel's side. Nearer and nearer they came; a lady seemed to be urging them on. She was nearly buried in the pale-blue cushions, covered over with rare East Indian shawls, centres of vivid scarlet contrasting richly with their borders of heavy fringed gold.

Nene had often imagined how her mother would look, pale-faced and sweet-looking, with soft eyes searching ever for something lost. She was buried in one of those day-dreams now, as she gazed absently out upon the water, seeing nothing but the whale spouting, and the sea meeting the sky. When Martin touched her she turned absently.

"Mama, Mama!" She stretched out her arms to the soft-eyed lady. Here, then, was the reality of the dreams and longings. Martin could not but believe in the resemblance between the two; he placed Nene in her mother's arms. No other proof was needed beside this sudden faith that held their hearts.

The Spanish fleet sailed out of the harbor, after a while, bound for Spain, and Nene was carried away forever from the wild scene of her early childhood. Her name now was Nina Castella Fanella. So you see her own baby lips had fashioned the first name pretty closely, when she called it "Nene." And Martin, or rather Senor Martinico de Scoto, went with her. He walked the deck like a Spanish hidalgo. He was to live with Nina and her mother, and he was contented to go back to the world again, since he had something in it to love and cherish. All the rough fishermen flocked round Nina's ship, to take a last glimpse of the beautiful child who for ten years had beamed upon their rough lives like some shining star. Then tears dropped fast and thick as they bade her farewell.

"Good-by. Heaven be ever with you. The good God bless you, little Ocean-pearl," they said, huskily.

And never in all her grand and happy after-life did Nina Castella Fanella ever receive better wishes or more fervant blessings; yearly did she send them from over the seas many a substantial token of her remembrance for their kindness. And she lived as she had dreamed in a fair Spanish villa, midst ever blossoming orange-trees laved by the sunny waters of the Spanish main.

MOUNT LEBANON.

Lebanon is a range of mountains more than one hundred miles in length, and contains a population of more than four hundred thousand souls. To describe Mount Lebanon, would tax the powers of golden-tongued eloquence. It is so vast, so grand in all its proportions, so magnificent in its physical beauty, and sublime in its heights and depths, and lovely in its fruitful slopes and luxuriant valleys, that none but a master-spirit should attempt, either with pen or brush or tongue, to do justice to its character. In its natural beauty it is full of loveliness and grandeur. Its high peaks, far above the clouds, bask in the sunlight long after the sun has disappeared in the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and receive its first warm glow as it rises in the east. Old friends are they—the mountain heights of Lebanon and the king of day—the last to part when the shadows of night hang as a garment upon that goodly mountain, and the first to greet when bright Aurora wakes the sleeping world; but with all this apparent friendship it ever turns the cold shoulder to the rising and the setting sun; and the snow that rests upon the summit resists the melting influence of the summer months, and cools their breezes.

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Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

BALLOU FOR 1866.

The *twenty-third* volume of BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE will commence with the number for January.

The year 1865 has been the most prosperous of any since its establishment. We have averaged through the year a circulation more than *double* that ever attained by this Magazine under its former proprietor, being larger than that of any similar publication in the world. We account for this circumstance, from the fact that BALLOU gives more and better original articles than *any* other magazine, not excepting those, even, of more than double the cost.

Our readers are informed that we have several well-known and talented *new* contributors, who will furnish fresh stories and sketches for its pages, during the year 1866; that our engravings will be more than usually fine—nearly all of them being engraved expressly for the Magazine; while our poetry and humor, anecdotes and valuable miscellany, together with the funny pictures, will be unsurpassed.

During the year, we shall publish several charming stories, especially calculated to please the young of both sexes, and make them long for the monthly visit of BALLOU, as that of a dear friend. In short, we shall make this Magazine as *good* as ever, and improve every opportunity to *better* it.

TERMS FOR 1866.

Single subscriptions for 1866 will be $1.50; SEVEN COPIES, $9.00; THIRTEEN COPIES, $15.00. In other words, we will send a copy *gratis*, *one year*, to the persons who will send us *six* names with *nine dollars*, or *twelve* names with *fifteen dollars!*

☞ We will send THE AMERICAN UNION and BALLOU one year for $4.00. THE FLAG OF OUR UNION and BALLOU for $5.00. THE NOVELETTE and BALLOU for $3.25.

☞ We will send *all* the above publications together, one year, including MAGAZINE, AMERICAN UNION, FLAG OF OUR UNION and NOVELETTE, for $9.00!

The cheapest and best reading issued in this country.

Subscriptions should be sent in at once, in order to secure the January number as soon as issued.

RICHMOND IN THE PRESENT.

Having recently returned from a visit to the capital of the late Confederacy, in which we had ample facilities for informing ourselves thoroughly as to the existing condition of affairs, we propose to lay before our readers a brief summary of what we saw and heard while there. Much has been written on this topic that had best been left unpublished, for its tendency has been only to do harm. The highest duty of a journalist now, is to lend all his influence to the bringing back of the happy state of harmony that prevailed between North and South previous to the war. The Southern people are, we are convinced, sincere in their willingness to be true and loyal to the Government to which they have succumbed, and it is our duty to take them frankly by the hand.

No city in the South was more thoroughly wedded to the cause of the late Confederacy than was Richmond, and now no city is more prominent in the work of restoring the authority of the Government. Her public men are anxious to lead the people back to the paths from which they wandered, and the people, with but few exceptions, are prepared to sustain the president in his measures. The same men who controlled the press of the city during the war, and who did their utmost to destroy the Union, are in charge of the new journals, and are faithfully fulfilling their pledges to the Government. The proprietors of "The Republic," which is now the most loyal journal of the city, were, during the war, connected with "The Examiner," and "The Dispatch."

The city suffered severely by the fire which occurred at its evacuation by the Confederates. Almost the entire business portion lay in ashes. Thousands were by this terrible conflagration ruined in a few hours. The leading merchants of the city were impoverished, and the sudden destruction of the value of Confederate money made bankrupts of the entire population. There was no circulating medium during the war but this currency. Gold was to be had only at ruinous rates, and the suddenness of the collapse gave no one any chance to turn his "greybacks" into good money. When the evacuation and capture of the city occurred, the people found themselves without funds, and many of them without provisions. This caused great suffering. Many who had lived in wealth previous to this, were forced to depend on the rations issued by the Union forces. This suffering has been alleviated in a slight degree, but still prevails frightfully. It will increase during the winter, which in Northern Virginia is very severe. There are few who are able to lay in supplies of fuel, and we learned to our surprise that many, very many, have scarcely clothing enough to keep them from freezing during the winter.

Business is reviving. There is a vigorous trade with the North springing up again, and to this we look with great hope. A return of the old commer-

cial relations must be followed by a return of good feeling. The great difficulty, however, that merchants labor under is the scarcity of money. The people need almost everything that can be bought, but they have no money. The army and the throngs of visitors from the North have kept up a moderate circulation of "greenbacks," but the citizens have been able to purchase but a small portion of what they absolutely need.

The conduct of the army has done much to influence the feelings of the citizens. The brave men who have saved the Union have won great glory by their conduct in Richmond. They have treated the people with respect and sympathy—not as conquered foes, but as erring brethren who have been brought back home. Valor honors valor, and there has sprung up between the army and the people a warm feeling, which we hope and believe will continue to increase until it pervades our whole land.

If Richmond has erred, it has suffered terribly. The sword, fire, famine and sickness have carried sorrow to every hearthstone. Its best men are dead, or in want. Thousands of competent, energetic citizens are compelled to remain idle, without any hope of being able to maintain themselves or their families. Places that were once musical with the hum of machinery and the sounds of industry, now echo only to the footfall of the passer-by, and the city that once sat so beautiful on her seven hills, now bears upon her breast a hideous wound that half a century will not heal entirely. We talk of suffering here, but we can form but a faint conception of the extent to which it prevails not only in Richmond, but in the entire South. It is heart-rending; and what makes it worse is the fact that these men are our brethren, misguided and erring, but still our brethren.

They bear their trials bravely. They do not like to ask for assistance, but they need it greatly. During the winter, we doubt not, frequent appeals will be made to us to help them, and we hope for the honor of New England, they will be met heartily and promptly. This city, especially, has never been sparing of its sympathy when distress has asked for aid, and it will add a bright gem to the crown it wears so worthily by giving relief to the suffering South. What though the people of that section brought this trouble upon themselves? What though they might have been as happy and as prosperous as we, had they been true to their allegiance? Let us not forget that they are our countrymen—citizens of that Union which we have made greater and more glorious than ever. They are the countrymen of Washington—many of them the children of his compatriots, those giants of our iron age. Let us show them that we can forgive as well as resent, and that as we knew how to meet them in a fair open fight, we know also how to greet them now as friends. What city is so fit to take the lead in this great and good work as Boston? Massachusetts had no better friend than Virginia when she needed aid in the good days gone by. Her heart is great and warm. She has done her duty to the Union. Now let her come forward and lead in the work of making that Union a happy one. She will never have a better opportunity.

The people of Richmond are representatives of the entire South. They are anxious to be united to us once more in heart as well as in name. The question for us to decide is whether we will receive them with kindness, or stand coldly by and see them suffer untold misery. We may depend upon it, the best way to make them love the Union, is to do what we can to help them in their day of trouble.

A WORD OF ADVICE.—"My dear," said Mrs. Dogberry to her daughter, "you should not hold your dress so very high in crossing the street."—"Then, ma," replied the maiden, "how shall I ever show the beauty of my flounced pantalettes, that have almost ruined my eyesight to manufacture? I'm sure I don't care if the beaux do look at me." Mrs. Dogberry spoke of "the sin of vanity and the beauty of decorum," and walked off to her chamber.

END OF THE WORLD.—A British army officer, Captain W. A. Baker, of the Royal Bombay Engineers, has at last settled the year in which the world will come to an end. In a work just published in England, entitled "The Day and the Hour: or, Notes on Prophecy. A Sketch of the Future, extracted from the Bible," he states that the day of judgment is fixed for September 20, 1878. Notes due on the 20th will accordingly be payable on the 19th.

A SHARP WIFE.—During a divorce case in New York, a husband cross-examined his wife, and got a rap as follows: He claimed that she had wished him dead, and had expressed the wish before witnesses. She denied the statement. "Well," said he, "if you had got your wish and I had died, there would have been the devil to pay." "No," she answered, "I think the divil would have got his pay."

AN EARLY MARRIAGE.—As a specimen of early marriages, none is more remarkable than that of one of the Holkar's sons at Indore lately. The bridegroom is only six years old, and the bride three years old. The head ornaments of one of the elephants was made of pure gold. A salute of two hundred and ten guns announced to the people the union of the happy pair.

DRYING WET CANDLES.—In a village not far from Chester, a lady entered her kitchen and found her oven swimming with grease. On asking the servant, a Welsh girl, the cause, the maid answered with the greatest simplicity, "Look, you mistress, the candle was fall in the water and I was put her in the oven *to dry!*"

GOD AND THE SOLDIER.

In times of war to God we humbly pray
To bless our arms, and grudge no soldier's pay;
When danger 's o'er, they 're both alike requited,
God is forgot, and the poor soldier slighted.

A DOUBTFUL STATEMENT.—A correspondent, who has been travelling through Nevada, thinks the silver resources of that State "are sufficient to pay off a national debt of twenty billions, present each returned soldier of the Union with a silver musket, and then plate all our war vessels with silver thicker than they are now sheathed with iron."

NOT HIS FORTE.—When General Grant was a clerk in his brother's store at Galena, he was considered a man rather below mediocrity because he had to try two or three times before he could succeed in tying up a bundle neatly.

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The Florist.

Crocus.

There are nearly a hundred named kinds of crocus, including hybrids and varieties; but there are only about thirty distinct species. All the kinds have bulb-tubers or corms, and they should not be taken out of the ground oftener than once in three years, being replanted as soon as possible. The commonest kinds are *C. vernus*, of which there are many varieties, all, however, having in them some shade of lilac mixed with white; *C. versicolor*, to which division belong the beautifully-feathered kinds of purple; *C. biflorus*, the Scotch crocus, striped white and purple, and generally the first to flower in spring; *C. susianus*, the cloth of gold, striped orange and very dark purple; *C. sulphureus*, very pale yellow, or cream-colored; and *C. luteus*, the common yellow. Besides these, there is *C. sativus*, the autumn-flowering crocus, or saffron, which is cultivated on a large scale, in some parts of England, particularly near Saffron Walden, in Essex, for its flowers, which, when dried, become saffron, and are used in dyeing. There are also large plantations of saffron in France; but in that country the bulb is frequently attacked by a fungus, which the French call *mort de safran*, which makes it wither up and perish. All the kinds of spring crocuses should be grown in light sandy loam well drained, and they may be planted either in rows or beds; or they may be made to form a kind of arabesque pattern in the borders. In whatever way the crocus may be planted, the leaves should never be cut off till they begin to wither, as without their assistance the plant cannot accumulate matter to form its new bulb for the ensuing season. The new bulb always forms above the old one; so that in four or five years they will have almost pushed themselves out of the ground; and from this habit of growth, crocuses are generally planted three or four inches deep. Crocuses, when in flower, are frequently destroyed by sparrows, which peck at them, and the bulbs are often eaten by mice. They ripen abundance of seed, but the seedlings do not flower till the third or fourth year.

Habranthus.

Bulbous-rooted plants, (some of which will thrive in the open ground, though others require a greenhouse, and others a stove,) the culture of which exactly resembles that of the amaryllis. The flowers are also similar, though very much smaller; and, as in the amaryllis, they are produced before the leaves. The habranthus appears to exemplify the doctrine of bulbs being underground stems; for we are told hat the bulbs of this species, though round when imported, after having been potted a year become gradually elongated. Plants of this genus are generally grown in a mixture of sandy loam and peat.

Erodium, or, the Wild Geranium.

The genus Erodium differs from Geranium and Pelargonium in the shape of its seed-vessel. In all the three, the seed-pod resembles the head and beak of a bird; in Geranium it resembles a crane's bill, in Pelargonium it is a stork's bill, and in Erodium a heron's bill. The Erodiums are dwarf annuals and perennials, with pretty flowers, only suitable for rockwork. The tender kinds are grown in a mixture of sandy loam and peat, and the hardy ones in any common garden soil; and they are increased by seeds, division of the roots, and cuttings.

Cotton Grass.

The very curious plants contained in this genus are natives of Great Britain. The commonest species, *E. angustifolia*, is by far the handsomest, and the tufts of long snow-white silky hairs, which envelope the seed, are so extremely ornamental, that the plant might be introduced advantageously in any marshy situation, or on the edge of a pond, etc.; as all the species will only grow in moist places.

The Witch Hazel.

A hardy shrub, a native of North America, which will grow freely in any soil that is not too rich, though it prefers a dry stony gravel. It has the peculiarity of flowering during winter, beginning to expand its rich deep yellow flowers just as its leaves are falling off, and dropping its flowers when its branches begin to be re-clothed with leaves in spring.

Hæmanthus.

Bulbous plants, with large red flowers of very singular appearance and no particular beauty. They are very coarse-growing, and take up a great deal of room. All the species require the heat of a greenhouse, and to be grown in sandy loam and peat; they should also have a season of complete rest.

Habenaria.

Hardy North American perennials, with tuberous roots and very curiously shaped flowers, which are generally yellow, but sometimes purple, and sometimes white. They grow best in a shady situation, and in a peat soil, kept rather moist than dry.

Gardoquia.

Half-shrubby dwarf plants, mostly natives of South America and Mexico; one species of which, commonly called the Scarlet Thyme, which is a native of South Carolina, is very handsome. It should be grown in sandy peat and loam, in well-drained pots, and the plants should be plentifully supplied with water while they are in a growing state. It is nearly hardy, only requiring protection from frost, and it will continue flowering for several months. By frequent re-potting and careful management, this plant may be greatly increased both in size and beauty; and it looks very well trained over a wire frame.

The Japan Day-lily.

Bulbous-rooted plants, that were formerly considered to belong to the genus Hemerocallis. They are natives of China and Japan, and are grown in the open air. *F. cærulea* is quite hardy, and will grow anywhere, but *F. alba* requires a warm, dry border, as do the newly-introduced species. They are all very ornamental, and some of them are fragrant.

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The Housewife.

Jumbles.

One cup of butter, and two of sugar, beaten together; one cup of milk, half a teaspoonful of saleratus stirred into the milk, and four eggs. Beat it well together, add spice of any kind, and six cups of flour; roll it rather thin; cut it with a tumbler and with a wineglass to form a ring; brush them over with the white of an egg, and sift on a very little fine white sugar before baking. Bake them fifteen or twenty minutes.

Hard Molasses Gingerbread.

One pint of molasses, half a pound of butter, one cup of sour milk, two tablespoonsful of soda, one cup of ginger, one tablespoonful of cloves, the rind of one lemon, and flour enough to make a stiff paste. Butter the tin sheets; roll the cake on them, with fine brown sugar, as thin as possible, and bake very quickly.

Ginger Snaps.

Half a cup of butter and half a cup of sugar beat together, half a pint of molasses, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, two of soda, one cup of milk, and flour enough to make a stiff dough. Roll it about quarter of an inch thick; cut with a small wineglass, and bake them hard.

Soft Gingerbread.

Two cups of white sugar, one of butter, one cup of milk, two teaspoonsful cream tartar, one of soda, flour enough to make it as stiff as pound cake, and the rind and juice of one lemon. Bake in shallow pans one hour and a quarter.

Seed Cake.

One cup of butter, two of white sugar, three eggs, half a cup of seeds, and flour enough to make a stiff paste. Roll it very thin, with sugar instead of flour on the board, and cut it in rounds. Bake it about fifteen minutes.

Indian Meal Gruel.

Boil a pint of water in a saucepan; mix two spoonsful of Indian meal in a little cold water, and stir into the boiling water; season it with salt, and boil fifteen minutes; stir it frequently. Sometimes add a cup of milk, or a glass of white wine, a little sugar, and a little nutmeg. Oatmeal gruel is made the same way, except it must be boiled twenty minutes.

Beef Tea.

Cut in small pieces a pound or more of beef, depending upon how much tea you wish to make; put the beef into a pitcher, or any earthen vessel, covered tight. To a pound of beef add a little salt and a pint of cold water; let it steep two hours. You will have half a pint of tea; set it to cool a long while, to get off all the fat.

To boil Tapioca and Sago.

Soak a cupful in cold water one or two hours; then wash it out; put it into a saucepan with one quart of water; let it boil until the water is absorbed; add a little salt.

Milk Porridge.

Take half a pint of boiling water; mix a large spoonful of flour in a little cold water, stir it into the water while it is boiling, and let it boil fifteen minutes; then add a teacupful of milk, a little salt, and give it one boil.

A very strengthening Drink.

Beat the yolk of a fresh egg with a little sugar; add a very little brandy; beat the white to a strong froth, stir it into the yolk; fill up the tumbler with new milk, and grate in a little nutmeg.

Chicken Tea.

Cut up a fowl in small pieces, taking off the skin; put it into an earthen vessel, with some salt and three pints of water; let it boil three hours; strain it; set it to cool six or eight hours; then take off the fat. The tea will be like a jelly.

Stewed Pears.

Take large honeyed pears, and peel, core and quarter them. Take two quarts of the pears, a pint-bowl of sugar, a pint of water, and put all this into a preserving-kettle or saucepan. Cover it tight, and stew gently one hour.

Chicken Broth.

Cut up a chicken; put it into an iron pot with two quarts of water, one onion, two tablespoonsful of rice, a little salt, and boil it two hours; then strain it through a sieve. This will make one quart.

Beef and Mutton.

Four pounds of beef lose one pound by boiling, and a pound and five ounces by roasting, and one pound three ounces by baking. Four pounds of mutton lose fourteen ounces by boiling, and one pound six ounces by roasting, and one pound four ounces by baking.

Mutton Chops.

Cut the saddle of mutton, separating each bone; trim off the thin fat; rub them over with yolk of egg and bread crumbs; broil or fry them. Serve with gravy as for other chops.

Mutton Broth.

A small scrag of mutton boiled two or three hours in two quarts of water, with a little rice, an onion, and a little salt.

To make Toast-Water.

Toast some slices of bread quite brown, put them in a pitcher, and pour on them boiling water, and let it steep.

Smoked Tongue.

Smoked tongue should be laid in cold water over night; then put into cold water, and boiled four hours.

Sugar Gingerbread.

Three quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, four eggs, a little rosewater, half a cup of yellow ginger, and one pound of flour. Bake it thin.

Curious Matters.

A remarkable Story.

An incident is just now being discussed in military circles, so extraordinary that, were not the truth capable of being vouched for by official authority, the narration would be deemed absolutely incredible. The Liverpool Post relates it as follows: Our officers quartered at the Cape between fifteen and twenty years ago, may remember a certain Dr. Barry, attached to the medical staff there, and enjoying the repntation for considerable skill in his profession, especially for firmness, decision, and rapidity in difficult operations. He was clever and agreeable, save for the drawback of a most quarrelsome temper, and an inordinate addiction to argument, which perpetually brought the former peculiarly to play. He was excessively plain, of feeble proportions, and labored under the imperfection of a ludicrously squeaking voice. Any natural "chaffing" with regard to these, however, especially roused his ire, but was at length discontinued on his "calling out" a persevering offender, and shooting him through the lungs. About 1840 he became promoted to be medical inspector, and was transferred to Malta.

There he was equally distinguished by his skill and by his pugnacious propensities, the latter becoming so inconveniently developed upon the slightest difference of opinion with him, that at last no notice was allowed to be taken of his fits of temper. He proceeded from Malta to Corfu, where he was quartered for many years, still conspicuous for the same peculiarities. When our government ceded the Ionian Islands to Greece, and our troops, of course quitted the territory, Dr. Barry was elected to leave the army and take up his residence for the rest of his days at Corfu. He there died a short time ago, and upon his death was discovered to be a woman! By investigation, not only was the discovery placed beyond a doubt, but it was equally beyond a doubt brought to light that the individual in question had, at some time or another, been a mother! This is all that is as yet known of this extraordinary story.

Soda Water—Its History.

We will venture to say that very few of our readers who frequent the soda fountains know the manner in which the beverage is made. Soda water is simply pure water impregnated with carbonic acid gas. It is known by its agreeable, pungent taste, by its slightly exhilarating qualities, and its bubbling and scintillation. The water to be impregnated with the gas is placed in a strong vessel, usually made of iron or copper, called a fountain. The gas, after being passed through water to purify it, is conducted to the fountain, and after sufficient agitation in contact with the gas, at a high pressure, the water becomes impregnable, and is then what is known as soda water. The first experiments were made by Venal, in France, 1750, and published in 1776; by Priestly, in 1796; and later by Bergman, Black, Van Helmot and others. The first manufactory in the world was established at Geneva, by Goss, an apothecary of that city, whose annual sales amounted to 40,000 bottles of "Eau de Seltz." In 1790, his partner, Mr. Paul, founded an establishment in Paris, where were compounded not only the principal mineral waters of France, but even those of foreign countries. From this time onward, laboratories multiplied all over Europe, and the manufacture of simple agrated water is now conducted on so large a scale in all civilized countries that a very large amount of inventive talent has been successfully employed in improving the necessary apparatus.

The Electric Light at Sea.

Some interesting experiments have just been made at L'Orient, on board the Coligny, the object of which is to utilize the electric light at sea. By means of a submarine reflector, the water was illuminated to a great depth, so that it was possible to look down from the deck and see the fish, attracted by the light, swimming round the lamp as if in an aquarium. A kind of diving-bell, with a large glass eye in one side, and arranged to supply air to a diver, was also let down to a depth of thirty-eight fathoms. By means of this apparatus, it will be easy to inspect submarine constructions, to fish coral, etc., and recover wrecked property. Signals were likewise exchanged, by means of the electric light, between the Coligny and the semaphore of Belle-Isle. These different applications of the electric light were made, in presence of a military commission, by the inventor, M. Bazin, civil engineer, of Angers, and were found to give satisfactory results.

A singular Dream verified.

While the plague was at its height at Alexandria, a Mahomedan merchant dreamed that eleven persons would die of the plague at his house! When he awoke he remembered the dream; and there being exactly eleven persons in his house, himself included, he became very uneasy. His alarm increased, when on the following day his wife, two female slaves, and three children died; but he became quite certain that his death was at hand, when, on the fourth, his two remaining children, a woman servant, and an old man servant sunk into the grave. He accordingly made his preparations to pass into eternity—related his dream to some of his friends, and begged them to make inquiry every morning, and, in case he should be dead, to have him buried with the usual solemnities. A cunning thief, who had heard the circumstance, took advantage of the merchant's fright to open his door in the night, and when the terrified man called out, "Who's there?" to answer, "I am the Angel of Death," in order, while the merchant concealed himself underneath the bedclothes, and was quite beside himself, to pack up what effects he found in the house and carry them away. Unluckily for him, he was seized with the plague and died on the stairs. The merchant, however, did not venture for many hours to put his head from under the bedclothes, till at length his friends came, heard from him what had happened, found the effects, recognized the thief, discovered the truth, and confirmed the strange accomplishment of the dream.

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Facts and Fancies.

TRICKING A SCOTCHMAN.

A correspondent who has recently visited a gentleman who is fond of tricks on travellers, relates how a Scotchman was served the first night he stopped at the house:

The Scotchman was treated with extreme hospitality; he was helped to everything to excess; his glass was never allowed to stand full or empty for one minute. The potations were suspended not until, and only while the cloth was laying for supper, during and after which, they were resumed with renovated energy. Our entertainer was like the landlord described by Addison; the liquor seemed to have no other effect upon him than upon any other vessel in the house. It was not so with this Scotch guest, who was by this time much further advanced upon the cruise of intoxication than "half seas over."

In this state he was conducted to his chamber—a fine lofty Gothic apartment, with a bedstead that seemed coeval with the building. I say seemed, for that was by no means the case, it being in reality a modern piece of structure. It was of dark mahogany, with its four posts extending completely to the ceiling of the chamber. The bed, however, was not more than about two feet from the floor, the better to enable the party to get into it. The Scotchman, with a good deal of assistance, was soon undressed, and had his body deposited in this place of repose. All the party then retired, wishing him a good-night, and removing the candle for fear of accidents.

When the door was closed, I was for the first time made acquainted with the structure of the bedstead, which our host considered as his masterpiece. Upon the touching of a spring, outside the door, the bed was so acted upon by a pulley, that it ascended slowly and smoothly through the four posts, until it came within two or three feet of the ceiling. The snoring of the Scotchman was the signal for touching the spring, and he was soon at the proper altitude.

The servants required no instructions how to act. In one moment the house was in an uproar; cries of "fire! fire!" were heard in different directions. A pile of shavings was set in a blaze opposite the window where poor Sawney slept. The landlord's voice was continually heard, exclaiming:

"Good heavens! save the poor Scotch gentleman, if possible; the flames have got into the room just under him!"

At this moment, we heard him fall, and bellow out. A sudden silence took place—every light was extinguished, and the whole house seemed to be buried in the most profound repose. The Scotchman's voice could alone be heard, roaring out, in the high dialect of his country, for assistance.

At length, two of the men servants, in their shirts, entered the room, with a candle just lit, and yawning, as if just aroused from their first sleep. They found him sprawling on the floor.

"O dear, sir; what is the matter with you?"

"Matter!" says he; "why, isn't the house on fire?"

"Not at all, sir."

"What was the reason of the cries of fire, then?"

"Bless you, sir, you must have been dreaming; why, there's not so much as a mouse stirring, and his honor and the whole family have been asleep these three hours."

The Scotchman now gave up all credit in the testimony of his own senses.

"I must ha' been dreaming, indeed, and ha' hurt myself by falling out of the bed."

"Hurt yourself, sir!—not much, I hope, the bed is so low;" and by this time it had been made to descend to its first level.

The poor Scot was quite confused; quite ashamed at disturbing the family; begged a thousand pardons; accompanied the servants to the door, closed it after them, and was once more left in the dark.

But the last act of the pantomime was not performed. The spring had been immediately touched upon closing the door; and the bed was soon beyond the reach of our guest. We could hear him groping about, and uttering frequent ejaculations of astonishment.

He easily found the bed-posts, but it was in vain he could endeavor to get in. He moved his hands up and down. His leg was often lifted by way of stepping in, but always encountered the floor upon its descent. He uttered exclamations of surprise not loud but deep, for fear of again disturbing the family. He concluded himself to be in the possession of some evil spirit.

In short, when it was found, by his silence, that he had given up the task as hopeless, and had disposed of himself upon one of the chairs, the bed was allowed to slide down again, and in the morning Sawney could not but express his astonishment at not being able to find it in the dark. For a long time he did not understand the trick that had been played on him.

A THINKING YANKEE.

When the prospect of forming a large manufacturing town on the Merrimac river was in contemplation, some of the persons concerned sent up Mr. B——, a young gentleman skilled as an engineer, and who was also fond of sporting, to view the water privileges carefully, and to make inquiry as to the price of land in the vicinity. He went with his dog, gun and fishing-tackle, and obtained board at a farmer's house—a Mr. F.,—and spent his time in viewing the falls, and the river, and grounds, with occasional fowling and fishing. After remaining some time there, in talking with the farmer one evening, he told him that he liked the place very well, and thought that he should be pleased to come and live there. The man said he should be pleased to have him.

"Well, Mr. F., what will you take for your farm?"

"Why, I don't want to sell it, Mr. B., nor would I, unless I can get twice what it is worth, as I am satisfied here, and don't want to move."

"Well, what do you say it is worth. Mr. F.?"

"Why it is worth $1500, and I wont sell it for less than $3000."

"That is too much," said B., "I can't give that."

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"Very well, you need not."

Here the conversation ended. Mr. B. continued his sporting, and having received his instructions in the course of a few days, renewed his talk with Mr. F., and said to him, "Well, Mr. F., I have made up my mind that I should like to live here very well, and though you ask so much, I will take up with your offer, and give you $3000."

"Why, as to that, Mr. B., you did not take my farm when I offered it to you, and I am not willing to sell it now for anything less than $6000."

"You are joking, Mr. F."

"Not so, Mr. B., I am in earnest, and I shan't continue my offer more than twenty-four hours."

B. finding he was determined, went off for instructions, and the next day told Mr. F. he would give him $6000. The purchase was made, deed passed, and money paid. Some time afterwards, Mr. B. asked the farmer what reason he had, in the course of a few days, to double the price for his farm, and to insist upon it.

"Why, Mr. B., I will tell you. A day or two after I offered you the farm for $3000, I saw two men on the opposite side of the Merrimac river, sitting on a rock, and talking for some time. Then they returned, and seemed in earnest conversation for half an hour or more, when they arose and went away. I did not know what it meant, but I thought something was in the wind, and I determined, if you asked me again to sell my farm, I would demand double the price."

Thus began the purchase of land upon which the city of Lowell has been erected.

A COOL STUDENT.

Some years ago a student who belonged in Philadelphia, found himself in Baltimore without a cent in his pocket. Nevertheless he put up at a first class hotel, where, after tarrying a day or two, he finally at the heel of a grand dinner, "*omne solus*," in the private apartment, franked with abundant Champagne and Burgundy, resolves to disclose all to the landlord. Summoning a servant, he said, "Ask the landlord to step up to my room and bring his bill."

He clattered down stairs laughing, and shortly after his master appeared. He entered with a generous smile, that made me, says the student, hope for 'the best his house afforded," and that, just then, was credit.

"How much do I owe you?" said I.

He handed me the bill with all the grace of a private secretary.

"Let me see—seventeen dollars. How very reasonable. But, my dear sir, the most disagreeable part of the matter is now to be disclosed. I grieve to inform you that at present I am out of money; and I know, by your philanthropic looks, that you will be satisfied when I tell you that if I had it, I would give it to you with unqualified pleasure. But you see my not having the change by me, is the reason I cannot do it, and I am sure you will let the matter stand and say no more about it. I am a stranger to you, that's a fact, but in the place where I came from, all my acquaintances know me as easy as can be."

The landlord turned all colors.

"Where do you live, and how?"

"In Washing—I should say, Philadelphia."

His eyes flashed with angry disappointment.

"I see how it is, mister; my opinion is that you are a blackleg. You don't know where your home is, you begin with Washington and then drop it for Philadelphia. You must pay your bill."

"But I can't."

"Then I'll take your clothes; if I don't, blow me tight."

"Scoundrel," said I, rising bolt upright, "do it, if you dare, and leave the rest to me."

There were no more words. He arose deliberately, seized my hat and my only inexpressibles, and walked down stairs.

Physicians say that two excitements can't exist at the same time in one system. External circumstances drove away, almost immediately, the confusion of my brain.

I rose and looked out of the window. The snow was descending as I drummed on the pane. What was I to do? An unhappy *sans culottes* in a strange city; no money, and slightly inebriated. A thought struck me.

I had a large, full cloak, which, with all my other appointments, save those he took, the landlord had spared. I dressed immediately, drew on my boots over my fair drawers, not unlike small clothes; put on my cravat, vest and coat, laid a travelling cap from my trunk jauntily over my forehead, and flinging my fine long mantle gracefully about me, made my way through the hall into the street.

Attracted by the shining lamps in the portico of a new hotel, a few squares from my first lodgings, I entered, recorded some name on the books, and bespoke a bed. Everything was fresh and neat, every servant attentive, all augured well. I kept myself closely cloaked, puffed a cigar, and retired to bed to mature my plot.

"Waiter, just brush my clothes well, my fine fellow," said I, in the morning, as he entered my room; "mind the pantaloons; don't spill anything from the pockets, there is money in both."

"I don't see no pantaloons."

"The devil you don't. Where are they?"

"Can't tell, I'm sure; I don't know, s'elp me God."

"Go down, sir, and tell your master to come here immediately."

The publican was with me in a moment. I had arisen and worked my face before the mirror into a fiendish look of passion.

"Landlord!" exclaimed I, with a fierce gesture. "I have been robbed in your house; robbed, sir, robbed. My pantaloons and a purse containing three fifty dollar notes are gone. This is a pretty hotel. Is this the way you fulfil the injunctions of scripture? I am a stranger, and have been taken in with a vengeance. I will expose you at once if I am not recompensed."

"Pray keep your temper," replied the publican. "I have just opened this house, and it is getting a good run; would you ruin its reputation by an accident? I will find out the villain who robbed you, and I will send for a tailor to measure you for your missing garments. Your money shall be refunded. Do you see that your anger is useless?"

"My dear sir," I replied, "I thank you for your kindness. I did not mean to reproach you. If those trowsers can be done to-day, I shall be satisfied; time is more precious than money. You may keep the others if you find them, and in exchange for the one

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hundred and fifty dollars which you give me, the contents are yours."

The next evening, with new inexpressibles, and one hundred and forty dollars in my pocket, I called upon my guardian in Philadelphia for sixty dollars. He gave it with a lecture on collegiate dissipation, that I shall not soon forget. I enclosed the money back to my honorable landlord by the first post, settled my other bill at old Crusty's the first publican, and got my trunk by mail, and thus endeth my first and last streak.

WASHING FOR UNCLE SAM.

A day or two since an unsophisticated darky waited upon a certain military gentleman with a bill of $115, for washing at the camp hospital; which after undergoing a rigid scrutiny by the officer, was returned with the following explanation, which the astonished son of Ethiophia listened to with an equal amount of wonder and perplexity:

"This bill," said the gentleman, "will first have to be sent to the quartermaster general at Washington, and he will report to the adjutant general, who will lay it before the secretary of war for his approval. The adjutant being satisfied, it will be sent to the auditor of state, who will approve of it and send it to the secretary of the treasury, who will at once despatch an order to the collector of this port to pay the bill."

The darky relieved himself of a long drawn sigh.

"Then, massa," he remarked, "dat last gentleman you spoke of pays de washing, does he?"

"No," continued the other, "he will hand it to the quartermaster; but as there is no such officer here at present, some proper person must be appointed by the secretary of war under direction of the president, and his appointment must be approved by the Senate. Congress not being in session now, the commission cannot be issued until after it meets. When this commission is received, the quartermaster will show it to the collector, and demand the funds. You will then call upon him, he will examine your bill, and if correct, he will pay it, you giving your receipt."

The unfortunate negro first scratched his head and then shook it, and finally said, "I guess I'll hab to let dis washing slide, but it am de last job I does for Uncle Sam, shua!"

YANKEE TRADING.

A certain farmer who in the course of a year, purchased a hundred dollars worth of goods (and always paid for them), called at the store of a village merchant—his regular place of dealing—with two dozen brooms, which he offered for sale. The merchant (who, by the way, is fond of a good bargain,) examined his stock, and said:

"Well, Cyrus, I will give you a shilling apiece for these brooms."

Cyrus appeared astonished at the offer, and quickly replied:

"O no, John, I can't begin to take that for 'em, no how; but I'll let you have 'em for twenty cents apiece and not a cent less."

"Cyrus, you are crazy," replied John. "Why, see here," showing a fine lot of brooms, "is an article a great deal better than yours" (which was true) "that I am retailing at twelve and a half cents apiece," (which was not true by seven and a half cents).

"Don't care for that," answered Cyrus; "your brooms are cheap enough, but you can't have mine for less than twenty cents, no how!" and pretending to be more than half angry, shouldered his brooms and started for the door.

The merchant, getting a little nervous over the probable loss of a good customer, and fearing he might go to another store and never return, said:

"See here, Cyrus, hold on awhile. If I give you twenty cents for your brooms, I suppose you will not object to take the price of them in goods?"

"No, don't care of I do," replied Cyrus.

"Well, then," said the merchant, "as you are an old customer, I will allow you twenty cents apiece for this lot. Let me see—twenty times twenty-four make just four hundred and eighty—yes, four dollars and eighty cents. What kind of goods will you have, Cyrus?"

"Well, now, John, I reckon it don't make any difference to you what sort of goods I take, does it?"

"O no, not at all—not at all!" said the merchant.

"Well, then, as it don't make no difference to you, I will take the amount in them 'ere brooms of yourn at twelve and a half cents apiece! Let me see—four dollars and eighty cents will get thirty-eight brooms and five cents over. It don't make much difference, John, about the five cents, but as you are a right clever feller I believe I will just take the change in terbacker."

When Cyrus went out of the door with his brooms and "terbacker," John was seized with a serious breaking out at the mouth, during which time he was distinctly heard to violate the third commandment several times, by the bystanders, who enjoyed the joke hugely.

VAT YOU CALL DEM?

——"Vat you call dem tings vit long bills zat fly and make a noise, b z-z-z?" said a Frenchman the other day.

"Woodcock," we replied.

"Eh bien? I kil zis morning, before mine breakfast, twenty-five woodcock."

"The deuce you did! Where did you find them?"

"In mine chamber bed."

"Twenty-five woodcock in your bed-chamber! You must mean musquitoes."

"Eh, bien, zen. I kill twenty-five musquitoes."

SOUL-HARROWING.

"What a soul-harrowing thing that steamboat explosion was!" exclaimed a lady, who had just been reading an account of a recent blow-up. "I know a more *sole*-harrowing thing than that," responded a gentleman, who was limping past.—"What can it be?" asked the lady, in surprise.—"*Pegs in your boots.*" snarled the gentleman, as he limped away.

LITERARY NOTE.—In what form did Burns address his departed Mary?—In a polygon (Polly gone), we presume.

"Do you play by the *ear?*" inquired a pupil, of a dancing-school fiddler. "No, my dear, I play by the *night.*"

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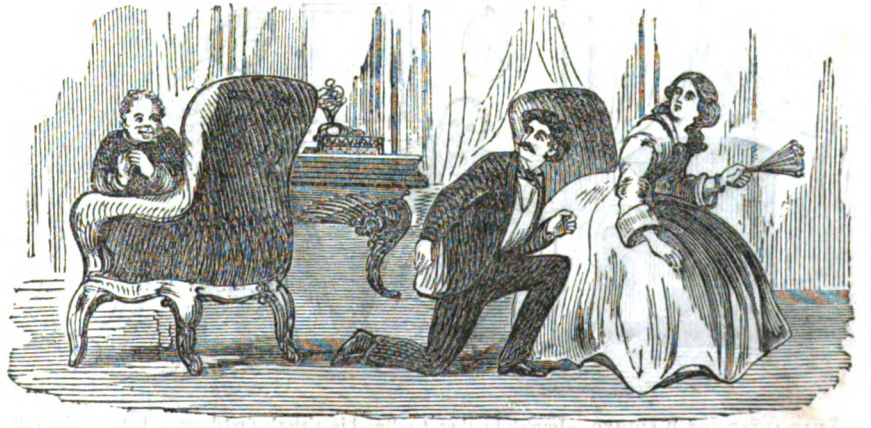
Courting and Marrying under Difficulties.

THE INTRODUCTION.—Impish brother of the young lady makes preparations for a little fun on his own account.

GRAND TABLEAUX—The result of pinning a coat-tail to a table-cloth.



AN ENGAGING SCENE.—Imp of a brother, in an encouraging tone. "Pile it on, old feller! Don't mind me! She likes it, I know she does."

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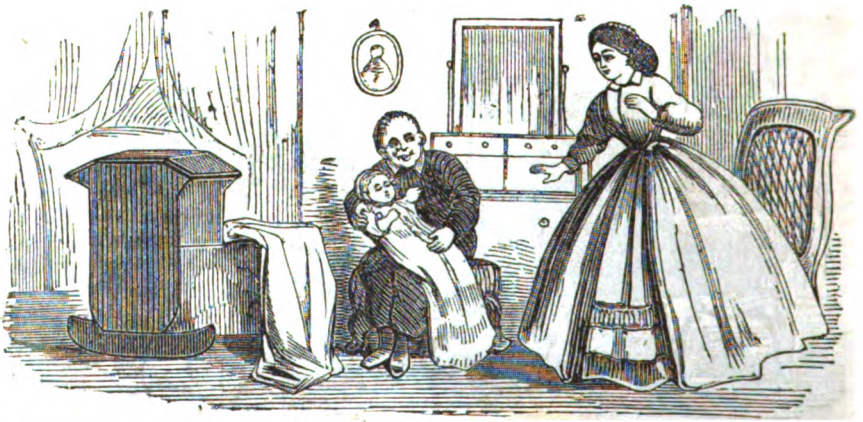
The result of inviting an impish brother to accompany an "engaged" party on a shopping expedition.

THE WEDDING.—Impish brother determines to astonish his friends, and succeeds by the aid of a bunch of fire-crackers.



ONE YEAR AFTER THE WEDDING.—Impish brother, tending his sister's first-born, "Let him drop, sis? No, I guess I wont let him drop! I want him to grow up, so I can teach him how to smoke a meerschaum, and plague his sisters."

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